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Delight in Disorder.

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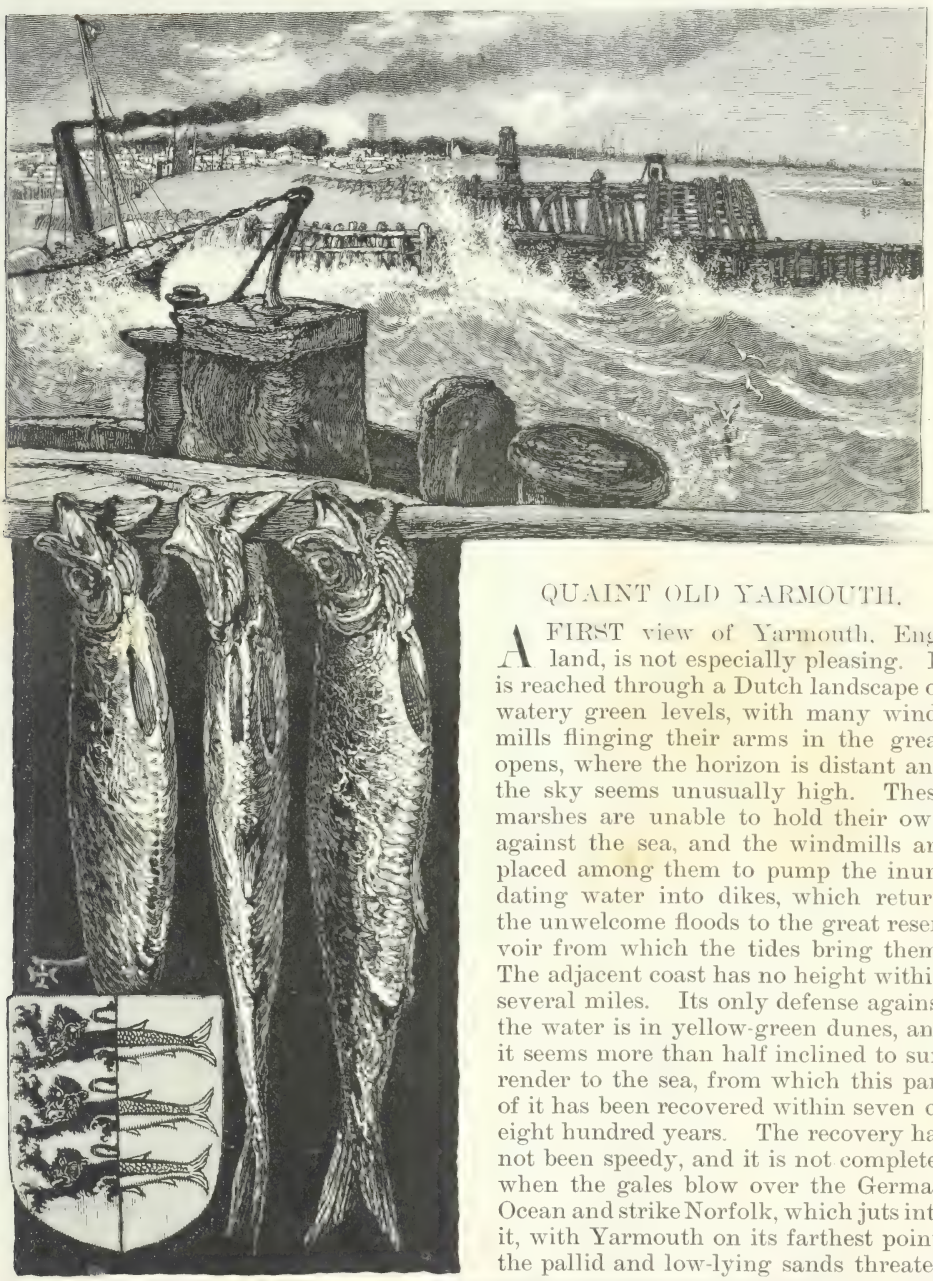
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QUAINT OLD YARMOUTH.

A FIRST view of Yarmouth, England, is not especially pleasing. It is reached through a Dutch landscape of watery green levels, with many windmills flinging their arms in the great opens, where the horizon is distant and the sky seems unusually high. These marshes are unable to hold their own against the sea, and the windmills are placed among them to pump the inundating water into dikes, which return the unwelcome floods to the great reservoir from which the tides bring them. The adjacent coast has no height within several miles. Its only defense against the water is in yellow-green dunes, and it seems more than half inclined to surrender to the sea, from which this part of it has been recovered within seven or eight hundred years. The recovery has not been speedy, and it is not complete; when the gales blow over the German Ocean and strike Norfolk, which juts into it, with Yarmouth on its farthest point, the pallid and low-lying sands threaten

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SALT MARSHES.

to dissolve, and let the sea regain the boundaries which it once had some twenty miles farther inland.

Yarmouth is built on one of these banks, a strip of beach stretching north and south along the coast, less than half a mile wide at one end, and more than a mile at the other. The Yare, flowing along nearly the whole of the length of its western borders, and emptying at its southern extremity, gives it the form of a peninsula. At one time this river, from which its name is derived, also cut it off from the mainland at the northern end, and in finding the sea by two channels, made an island of it; but the northern passage was gradually choked up by the sand, and was finally closed in 1336, when the south channel became, as it is now, the only outlet to the sea.

Perhaps the reader remembers that young David Copperfield went on a visit to Yarmouth with his mother's handmaiden, who bore the name of Peggotty, and that he has recorded his impressions of the place with some humor: "It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river, and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles, which would account for it. As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it, and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that for her part she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth bloater."

Geologically speaking, Yarmouth is an infant in arms, not having been called up from the depths until the time of William the Conqueror, when the capricious tides left it an insular sand-bank, visible along the edge of the mainland. Its chances of survival seemed very small, and its resources were so meagre that it was said the sands had set up business for themselves. Barren as it was, however, there were good reasons for its existence, as we shall see by-and-by, and though from time to time the sea endeavored to cancel its gift, the people who came to live on it successfully resisted the assaults by which the original possessor sought restitution. "As the sand upon which Yarmouth is built did grow to be drye, and was not overflowen by the sea, but waxed in height, and also in greatnes, much store of people from the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk did resorte thither, and did pitche tabernacles and boothes for the enterteynenge of such sea-faring men and fishermen and merchants as would resorte unto that place, eyther to sell their herringes-fish, or other comodoties, and for provideenge such things as those seamen neede and wante."

This account of an old writer is supplemented by another, in which the orthography is more fantastic. "In the tyme of Kinge William Rufus, Kinge of this Realm, one Herertus, Bisshop of the Sea of Norwiche, perceyvenge greate resorte and concourse of people to be daylie and yearlie uppon the said Sande, and intendinge to provide for there sowles healthe, did founde and buylde uppon said Sande a certen Chappell for the devotion of the people resortinge thither, and therein did place a Chappelayne of his owne to saye and read divin service, and to receyve

such oblations and offerings as the people wolde give and bestowe upon him, and this continewed aboute the space of fourtye years at the leaste. Afterwardes, in the tymes of the Reignes of Kinge Henrye the Firste, Kinge Steven, Kinge Henrye the Second, and Kinge Richard the Firste, Kinges of this lande, the saide Sand did grow into firme grounde by the providence of Almightie God, and was conjoined to the mayne contynent of the yland of Est Flegge on the north parte. The which thinge caused muche people as well of the Citye of Norwiche, as of the Counties of Norff. and Suff., to repaier unto said place, who being soe gathered together beganne to buylde howses and dwellinge places there. And the foresaid Kinges being enformed of the resorte of people there, by there commission did appoynte a Ruler and Gouvernour by the name of there Provost of Iernemouth. And the Bisshop of Norwiche seeing such Buyldengs made, and stur of people resortinge thither, buylded by himselfe and by devotion of good people a fayer and goodlie church, for the honor of God and St. Nicholas. To the whiche Churche, beinge buylded, were given many offeringes and tythes by the seamen thither resortinge."

Though the sand was at length made permanent, the sea was grudging, and kept the occupiers busy for centuries in preserving it. Without a harbor it was worth no more than any half-submerged knoll which adds to the difficulties of mariners; and though when formed it had a snug haven along the whole of its inner boundary, with two seaward outlets, one of the latter was soon filled up, and the other was only kept open by constant labor.

The sands, having set up in business for themselves, proved to be distressingly shifting and irresolute. Having been choked up five times, the harbor was nearly rebuilt for a sixth time, when it was destroyed by rebels, and then followed a disastrous inundation, when men could row up and down the unfortunate little streets. It was several years before the people shook off the despair which this brought upon them; but when they did, the men were helped in building the seventh harbor by women and children, and they were rewarded with success, the seventh harbor being the one which still exists and shelters many thousand vessels in a year. Those built before it, had only lasted thirty years on an average, while the present one has now been in use three hundred and twenty-one years.

Some credit is due, no doubt, to a Dutch engineer who was invited to come from Holland to take part in the work, and who brought with him an experience in the erection of the dikes which save his country from the flood. Had the work not succeeded, the fate of Yarmouth would have been sealed, and Robinson Crusoe would not have had it for a shelter in the gale which struck the ship of that luckless mariner soon after he left the port of Hull. The inhabitants had little patience left, and their money was exhausted. They had sold the church ornaments, the communion plate, and the bells in the steeple to secure money for the preservation of their harbor; another failure would have dispersed them, and the pirates hanging out on the dunes, as a warning to others of their kind who were still at large, would have had the sands to themselves.

Taking things as we find them, according to Peggotty's advice, let us see what sort of a town has grown out of the struggles of these early inhabitants. A cursory view of it, as we have said, is not pleasing. It is not smart and new, nor old and sedate. It appears, in a hasty survey, to be much younger than it is, for many of its ancient buildings have been modernized out of all recognition. The houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with their façades of cut flint or moulded brick, high-pitched roofs, round chimneys, ample porches, and latticed casements, have disappeared in sweeping alterations; and though the walls of some of them are standing, the fronts have been sheathed with white brick, and the ornaments removed; useless parapets have been run up to hide the high-pitched roofs and dormer windows; fashionable porticoes have been substituted for the former porches; and in the interior wainscoting and tapestry have been torn down, and carved panels and sumptuous chimney-pieces painted white. The aim of these changes has been to make the houses look new, and they have been so general that the town has not the old-time air which a stranger expects it to have; indeed, it must be confessed that on first acquaintance Yarmouth seems absolutely commonplace and uninteresting. The streets are fairly straight, and the ground is

level and sandy. Most of the houses in the older part of the town are white-washed, a few are of original red brick, and a still smaller number are of cold, steely-gray flint. There is scarcely any variety of form among them, and their similarity is wearisome. Above the cornice line of what seems to be a building of recent date, a sagging roof of fluted tiles, a curious gable, or a quaint chimney shows that only the front is new, and that behind is an old house.

Unless the stranger is observant, the picturesque nooks and corners escape him, however, and he may cross the town from the western limit to the fine Parade, three miles long, on which Yarmouth faces the German Ocean, without finding anything striking.

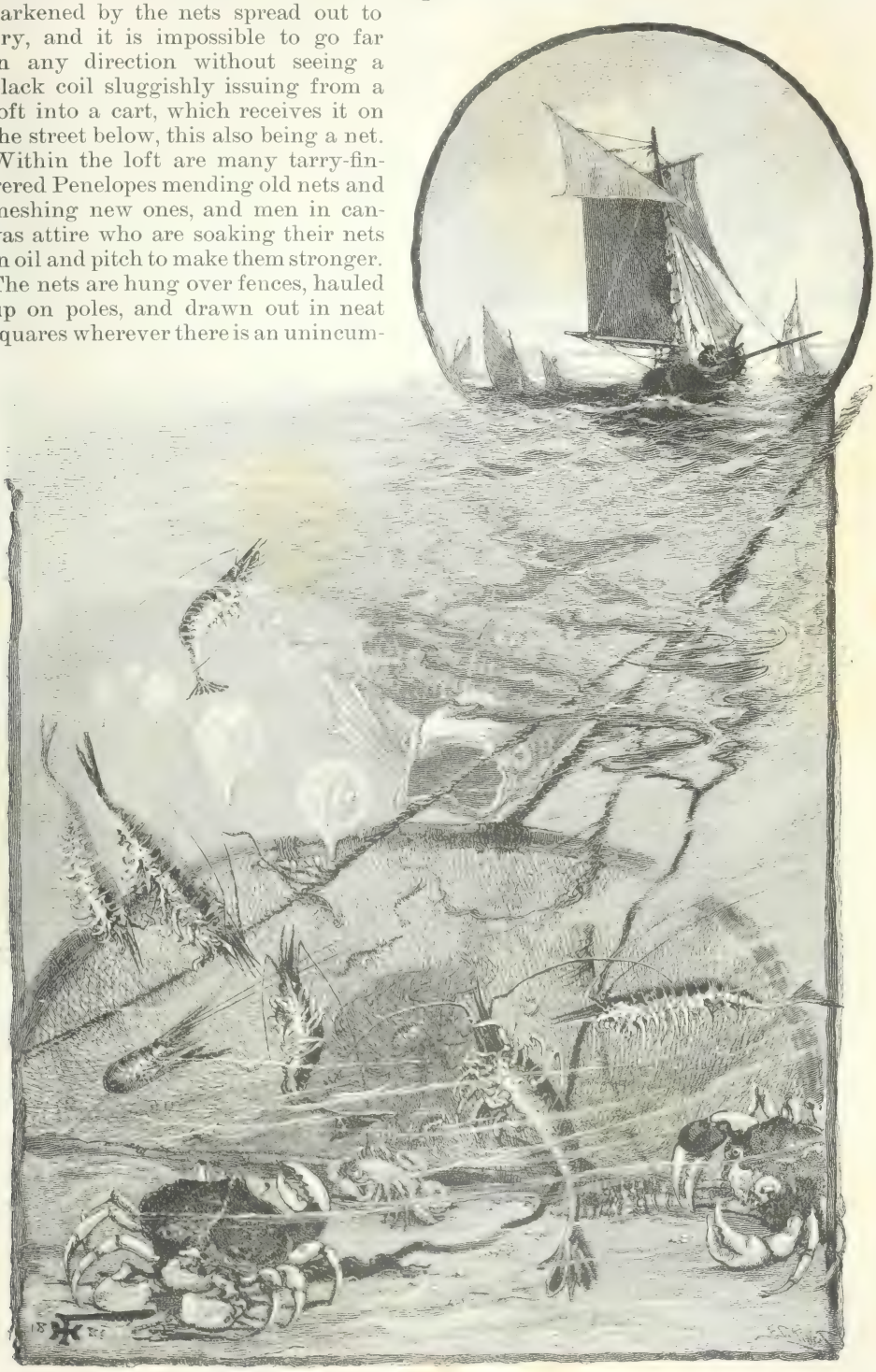
The Parade is very fine, after the fashion of English watering-places: it is quite straight, and has hotels and lodging-houses on one side, and a white sandy beach, with the wheeled sentry-boxes called bathing-machines, and gayly painted pleasure-boats, on the other. It has a sea-wall of masonry and three piers projecting into the sea. The houses and hotels, with bay-windows and little gardens before them, are of a good class, clean and inviting, and the fronts of some of them are draped with vines. Nearly all the traffic which passes along the English coast from Leith, Hull, Sunderland, and Newcastle to London and other southern ports can be seen from the Parade, and so many vessels are in sight at all hours that it seems like the estuary of a great river rather than the open sea. The shapeless colliers, with their funnels far astern, are more numerous than any other steamers, and the horizon is often laced with the brown cords of their smoke. The endless procession in the water also includes some handsomer steamers belonging to the Mediterranean trade, and fleets of brigs, barks, and schooners, which in unfavorable weather cast their anchors in the Yarmouth roads. When the water is smooth and the wind in a suitable quarter, Yarmouth itself sends out two hundred or more shrimp boats, which mottle the sea with their dun-colored sails, and several times a day a cutter as smart as any yacht may be seen beating up to that haven with a load of fish on board, and her agent's ensign and a pennant as long as her mast flying from her peak.

A Yarmouth cutter is as handy, as swift, and as pretty as almost any craft afloat. If the wind is not against her, she is independent of the tug-boat which is sent out to meet her, and only accepts the escort near the mouth of the harbor, where the channel is not easily managed under sail. The fishing-boats themselves, to which the cutters are tenders, collecting the fish from the fleet in the North Sea and carrying it to port, are graceful and swift vessels, and one of them is usually in sight of the Parade, coming home from an eight weeks' cruise, or going out to rejoin the fleet, which may be two or three hundred miles off. Thus the summer visitors to Yarmouth, who are numbered by thousands, have a picture full of life always before them; and as a holiday ground the old town is increasing in favor every year. The openness of the sea is a disadvantage in winter. The houses on the Parade are not more than sixty yards from the low-water mark, and the easterly gales heap up the sands against their doors, and even carry the spray over their roofs. The wrecks also are brought to their very doors, and the tenants draw their blinds upon many a pitiful sight in the gray mornings. Our comfortable landlady told us how she looked out of the window and saw seven bodies cast up lifeless by the remorseless sea in one day of January last—an experience which has many parallels in Yarmouth.

Just here let us modify our assertion that it is possible to walk from end to end of the town without, in a cursory observation, seeing anything striking. The extent to which the people are interested in the fisheries is visible in many ways and in every direction. A sort of conscription seems to have attached nearly all the inhabitants to this industry, from the freckled and tanned urchin who wears a big oil-skin sou'wester with a fan-shaped brim that reaches over his shoulders to his waist, to the merchant who, though in another line of business, owns a smack, or has some shares in a curing-house.

The fisheries have been the *raison d'être* of Yarmouth from the beginning, and coals are not a more evident staple in Newcastle than the produce of the sea is in this old Norfolk town. The dark-blue guernsey shirt is a uniform among a large number of the inhabitants, and colors every gathering. The oil-silk suit, spread out like a scarecrow, dangles in the windows and over the doors of many shops, in which jackknives, high boots,

tin plates, very small mirrors, and the miscellaneous articles of seamen's wardrobes are also displayed. The scant vegetation of the dunes outside the town is darkened by the nets spread out to dry, and it is impossible to go far in any direction without seeing a black coil sluggishly issuing from a loft into a cart, which receives it on the street below, this also being a net. Within the loft are many tarry-fingered Penelopes mending old nets and meshing new ones, and men in canvas attire who are soaking their nets in oil and pitch to make them stronger. The nets are hung over fences, hauled up on poles, and drawn out in neat squares wherever there is an unincum-



SHRIMP AND SHRIMPER.

bered and convenient space. The odor of them is pungent in the air. The fish carts, of a light two-wheeled pattern, rattle along the streets with impressive speed and urgency; and one of the features of the beach and the harbor mouth is the number of lookout boxes perched on the roofs of houses, and on props of their own, in which blue-jacketed and oracular men with copper-bronzed faces are constantly aiming telescopes at shadowy specks against the horizon. Yarmouth is piscatory beyond comparison and beyond description. The conversation on the quays has fish for its burden. A shy-looking man with a brown face, far-looking eyes, and a guernsey is accosted by another person with an amphibious exterior. "Hello, my boy! hello, old shipmet! how many fish?" cries the latter, and the person addressed shrugs his shoulders and looks at the sky as he gives the inquirer the particulars of his last catch. Then we meet a young fisherman coming home, with a soft yellow beard, grown during his absence, and his canvas bag thrown over his shoulders—an open-faced young Saxon, marching happily between two friends who are welcoming him; and there are few places in the world where there are more such fair, winsome Saxon faces as his than in Yarmouth — honest brown faces with flaxen beards and glistening blue and gray eyes — or where the speech is more courteous or less servile, and the manners so independently bluff without a touch of incivility. On the borders of the town the red brick curing-houses, which look like arsenal stores, are conspicuous; and though the old boat in which the Peggottys lived has disappeared from the spot on the south dunes where it stood up to a year ago, the obsolete vessels of the fishing fleet are utilized in many ways for which they were never intended, and sections of their bulwarks may be seen filling up the gaps in the fences on the western meadows. Some of these veterans are laid up in ordinary on the Suffolk side of the Yare, dismasted and altogether unequipped, but more beautiful



MENDING HERRING NETS.

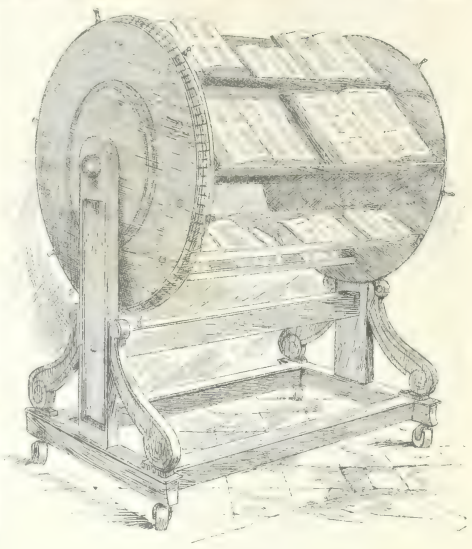
than ever they were when prepared for sea, and their successive coats of paint have melted into one another, and the sea and the sun have refined them into the softest tints. Even the parish church is dedicated to Nicholas, patron saint of fishermen, and the municipal arms are three demi-lions impaling three herrings' tails. Anciently there were three herrings argent on a field azure, but Edward the Third, in acknowledgment of the services done for him by the town in his wars with France, "demidiated" them with his own, and the herrings are now anomalous beasts, half appetizing bloater and half royal lion.

From the Lizard to Cape Wrath there is not a "fishier" town than Yarmouth, and thus it will be seen how much our assertion that at a first glance it contains nothing striking needed revision.

As soon as we begin to know it, moreover, it turns out to be one of the quaintest old towns in England. Its picturesqueness is not abundant on the surface, but if any one has patience to dig for the gold, as he must do in England to find its old-time life, he will not go unrewarded. The old Church of St. Nicholas, which, seen from the sea, looms up splendidly above the low-lying town, a bulk of sad gray, with a spire serving as a landmark, is the largest parish church in the country, and exceeds the dimensions of eighteen of the cathedrals. Much increased and altered, of course, it is the same church which was founded by the Bisshop of Norwiche in 1101 for the souls' salvation of the fishermen who built their huts on the tide-given spit of sand; and in these centuries it has been wrought upon in many different styles of architecture without the harmony of purpose which was necessary to



SEAT MADE FROM A WHALE'S VERTEBRA.



AN INGENIOUS READING-DESK.

make it as beautiful as it is bulky; and the weather, too, the unsparing chisel of time, has done its work on the gray walls, and left many fractures and ragged apertures. The roof of the nave and aisles is so low that the full proportions of the interior are lost. The congregation often exceeds three thousand persons, and if the seats were removed, there would be standing-room for over ten thousand persons. The oaken pews are sufficiently uncomfortable, and the atmosphere is warmed by the distillations of many stained-glass windows, one of the richest of which was inserted by a general subscription of the towns-people to the memory of Sarah Martin, a poor sewing-woman who devoted all her leisure and her small means to the reclamation of the prisoners in the borough jail. The church library contains many treasures, and the key is always in the not-inaccessible depths of the parish clerk's pocket.

Perhaps the best of them is an old black-letter Bible, which is interesting for its laborious orthography, and also for its proof that Bible revision is not a guarantee of invariable improvement, though this, after all, is a matter of opinion. Thus the present version of Deuteronomy, xxvi. 13, "I have not transgressed thy commandments," reads in the black-letter, "I have not overskypped thy commandments"; and Numbers, xi. 18, "Ye have wept in the ears of the Lord," reads, "Your whynynge is in the ears of the

Lorde"; while Joshua, x. 25, "Be strong and of good courage," reads in the black-letter far more idiomatically, "Be stronge and plucke up your hearts." In I. Samuel, xix. 10, of the accepted version, "And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin," reads, "And Saul entended to nayle David to the wall with the iavelin." Proverbs, xx. 14, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth," is rendered in the old version, "It is naught, it is naught (sayeth he that byeth anyethynge); but when he cometh to hys owne house, then he boasteth of his penyworth." If some of the changes are unaccountable, a few of them are for the better, however.

The same bland, accommodating sacristan shows us an illuminated manuscript on vellum which contains the whole of the Book of Esther in Hebrew, illustrated with many droll little figures in the margin, and mounted on a carved ivory handle upon which it rolls, making a parcel not a fifth the circumference of this Magazine; but better than anything else which he has in his collection—better than the seat near the western door formed of the skull and first vertebra of a whale which drifted ashore and was captured at Caistor, hard by—is a reading-desk of the Middle Ages, which is so superior to anything we have in this nineteenth century that we wish some ingenious and adaptive person would find out the secret of its mechanism and give it to the world. It is apparently as simple as possible, consisting of a series of rotary shelves placed between two uprights. The shelves are ample to hold a score or more of quarto volumes, and on them a student could put every book he needed in a day's work, and by a touch of a crank bring any one before him in an instant without upsetting the others. The shelves are something like the paddle-wheels of a steamer, but they keep at one angle while they are revolving. That is the beauty of them, and therein is the secret. On each upright is a cylinder, and in this cylinder is the controlling mechanism. Who that has had twenty books of reference before him and has had to take each one up and put it down and take it up again at least twenty times, reaching across his table and upsetting his ink-pot, or stumbling off a ladder while groping at the ordinary shelves against the walls, losing his composure and his inspiration, all to verify some petty but arbitrary and requisite fact—who that knows these mishaps and vexations of a library would not give much to possess such a boon? It was made about the end of the sixteenth century, and is therefore far beyond the reach of the priority claims of modern inventors.

Having shown this to us, the parish clerk says to us, "Now, gentlemen, you have seen all I have," with the fine suavity which the Duke of Devonshire might display in relieving himself of a guest at Chatsworth, and a strong suggestion of personal ownership, which we recognize by tipping him what Mr. Junius Henri Browne has called "the omnipotent shilling."

Yarmouth was a walled town, and a good part of the ancient inclosure has been preserved, with the old towers which stood at the gates. The veneration in which it has been held is remarkable, in contrast with the desecrating spirit which has gutted so many of the old houses; and when the new board schools were built near the north gate, a large section of it which stood in the way was not sacrificed, but embrasures were made in it to give access to the shining academic buildings, and the raggedness of the openings was smoothed with the flaring scarlet brick of the schools, which blazes in contrast with the mottled gray and grass-tufted walls.

The antiquities of Yarmouth especially recommend it. Where else in the United Kingdom can the British traveller eat his chop in such a public room as that of its old tavern with the cut flint front? The old-fashioned tavern is one of the greatest of modern humbugs in most things: it is dear, inconvenient, and mismanaged. An uncovered beam in the ceiling, or a window with diamond panes, is looked upon by some foolish people as compensation for no end of deficiencies in more vital matters, and the toughness of the winking landlord's mutton is excused on account of the shape of the fire-place, or because the roof has a certain number of gables. But this old tavern of which we speak is old in the best sense—in the generosity of its space and the worthiness of its decorations. The coffee-room has the substantial magnificence of a hall at Chatsworth or Knebworth. The fire-place is a very cavern of warmth, with a blue and white background of shining Dutch tiles, and a massive wainscot of oak, which has been ebon-



TOWER ON THE WALL.

ized by the smoke of centuries, reaches almost up to the high moulded ceiling.

On Middlegate Street, not more than a stone's-throw from this tavern, is the borough jail, which has been known for ages as the Toll-house, because in the old times the bailiffs were accustomed to receive their tolls in the great chamber on the first floor; and there are few buildings in England of more interest from an archi-

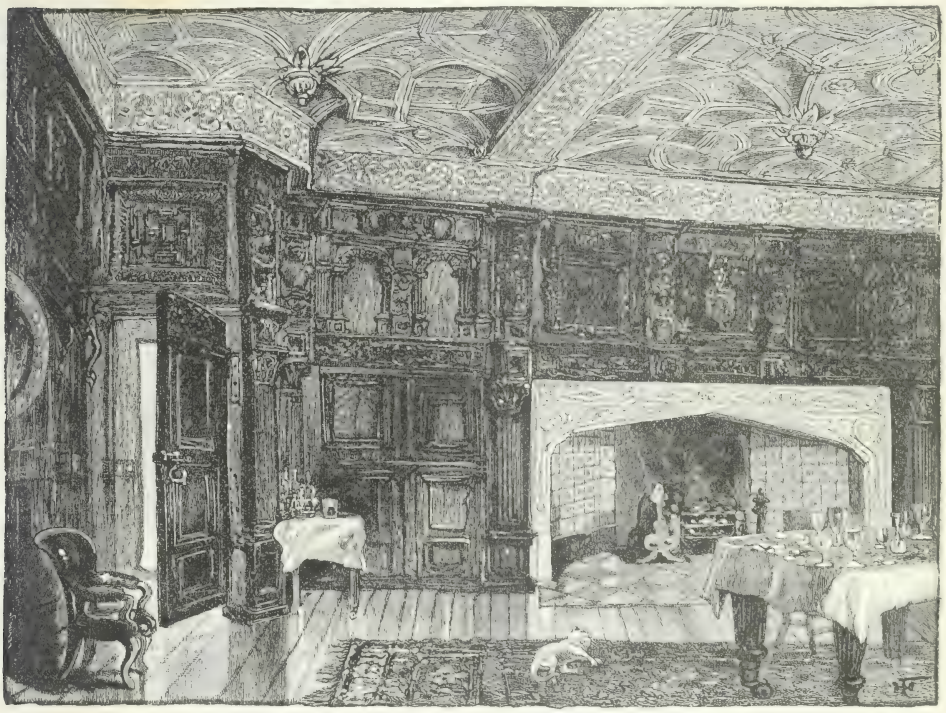


THE TOLL-HOUSE.

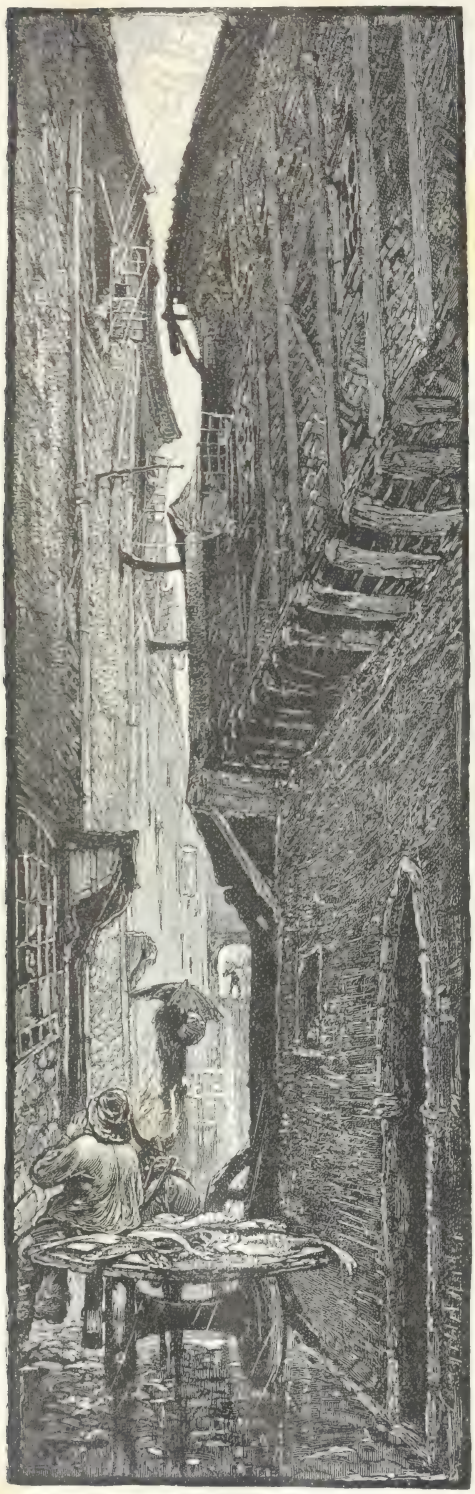
tectural point of view than this, which has an external balustered staircase and gallery, and has been untouched by the indiscriminate hands of modern improvers. The staircase leads to an Early English stone doorway, with good mouldings and shafts, and at the side are two unglazed Early English windows with cinque-foil heads. The building has been used as a jail for over six hundred years, and that seems but a moderate span in so old and quaint a place as Yarmouth, where no effort is required to put one's self back into the Middle Ages.

At one time the inhabitants of this old borough took to living on a plan almost entirely their own, and the Rows in which they built their houses remain to this day the most curious of all the features of the ancient town. The Rows are narrow streets leading to and from the quay—not narrow in the ordinary sense, but narrower, perhaps, than any other streets in the world, their average width

being six feet. They are not isolated, infrequent lanes left between more commodious thoroughfares by the incomplete modification of early plans, but they form a system, and their aggregate length is about eight miles. Six feet is their average width, but some of them are scarcely more than three feet, and two persons can not pass one another without contracting themselves and painfully sidling in the opposite directions. The pavement is of rough cobble-stones, with sometimes a strip of flags down the middle to ease the way of the pedestrian. The houses tower up with smooth perpendicular walls, like cliffs, on both sides, and shut out the light, the upper stories projecting in many cases beyond the lower, and forming an arch over the narrow passage below. Most of these houses are very old, and the material of which they are built is flint or stone, often whitewashed, though occasionally left in its natural condition, with open timbering in the fronts; in one or two the masonry is of the herring-bone pattern; but huddled up as they are, without regard to privacy or ventilation, staring into one another's faces with undesirable intimacy, they are of a good class, and are in good condition, and some of them have court-yards before them, with nasturtiums and scarlet-runners dragging a tender green web over their white walls. The narrowest of the Rows is only two feet three inches in width. There are in all one hundred and fifty-six of them, each known by its number. The object of the frugal plan in which they originated is a mystery. One of the guesses at it is this: The fishermen spread their nets out to dry very carefully, and leave on the four sides of each net a clear passage four, five, or six feet wide. It is suggested that the ground on which the Rows stand was once used for this purpose, and that the passages became so well defined from constant traffic that eventually they were perpetuated as streets. However this be, it is certain that some of the houses in the Rows were among the first built in the town, and certain also that, leading from the main street, they give easy access to the quay, whereon Yarmouth finds its chief interest. When the moon is full,



COFFEE-ROOM IN AN OLD YARMOUTH INN.



A YARMOUTH ROW.

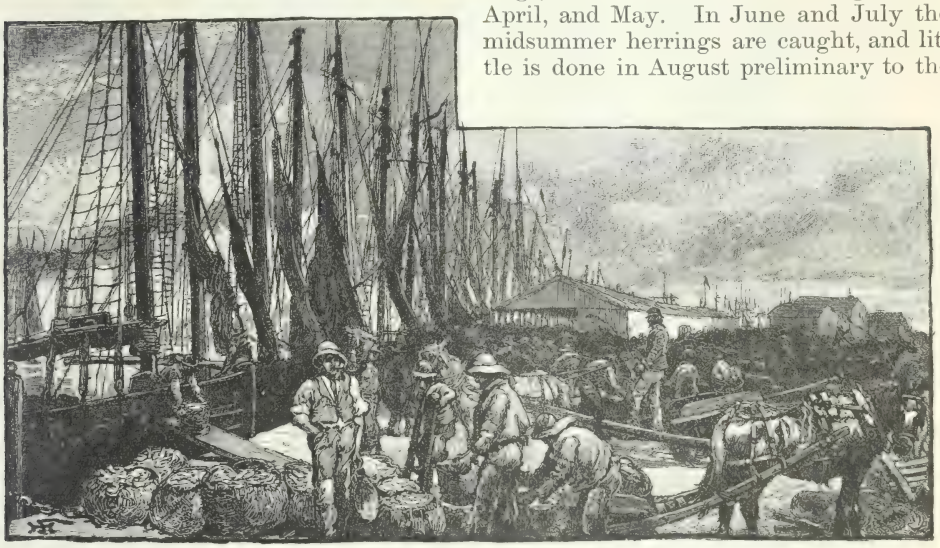
and throws black beams of shadow across these alleys, and opens seeming pitfalls in their rugged pavement, a stranger hesitates to enter them. At all times they seem to properly belong to conspirators; but they are quite safe and reputable. In olden times the watchmen patrolled them, "crying the wind" for sleepless merchants and anxious skippers; and the bellmen of the Church of St. Nicholas prayed in them for the souls of those who had bequeathed money for the purpose. The wind holds pretty well to one quarter in Yarmouth, and it is said that the watchmen seldom had occasion to vary their announcements: "East is the wind; east-northeast; past two, and a cloudy morning."

Having invented the narrowest streets in the world, the inhabitants had to devise an original vehicle for their locomotion, as no ordinary cart could enter them, and this necessity was relieved by the "trolly"—a peculiar cart about twelve feet long, with two wheels revolving on a low axle placed underneath the sledge, the extreme width of the vehicle being about three feet six inches.

Even in the dead of night the Rows are not quite still. All of them lead toward the river, and some of them reveal the black lines of clustered masts and rigging. Many of the houses are occupied by fishermen, who are astir at all hours. The shrimpers go out to meet the tide at eleven or twelve o'clock, and though the river has some traffic with distant ports, the most frequent vessels on it are the "dandy-rigged" boats and the rakish cutters which belong to the great industry of the town.

The industry is great in every sense of the word. Over three million dollars, or six hundred thousand pounds, is invested in it; it employs more than one thousand vessels and eight thousand men, and the late Frank Buckland computed that the herrings caught in one year would be sufficient to make fourteen meals for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. The herring is the mainstay of the town's prosperity: it was the abundance of this palatable and wholesome fish that attracted the early settlers to the sands. Statistically it is nearly as interesting as it is upon the breakfast table. Yarmouth and the adjacent town of Lowestoft catch four hundred and fifty million a year, and the gross yearly produce of the North Sea and East Atlantic

fisheries is said by Mr. William Watt, of Aberdeen (the author of an exceedingly interesting essay on the subject), to be not less than twenty-four hundred million, or two herrings to every man, woman, and child in the world. The cod, ling, and hake destroy twelve times as many herrings as all the fishermen of Europe catch, and the shoals are also preyed upon by other fish and great flocks of birds. Nearly all the fish that swim prey upon the herring at one stage or another of its existence. The spawning grounds are ravductive power which enables the species to hold its place. The North Sea is the principal home of the herring, and the shoals come and go from the shore to deep water and back again, influenced by temperature, spawning, and the location of their food. In the north of Scotland they are most abundant by the 1st of August, while in the vicinity of Yarmouth the principal fishing does not begin until September. No herrings are caught in January. Toward the end of February the fishermen begin to catch spring herrings, and continue to do so during March, April, and May. In June and July the midsummer herrings are caught, and little is done in August preliminary to the

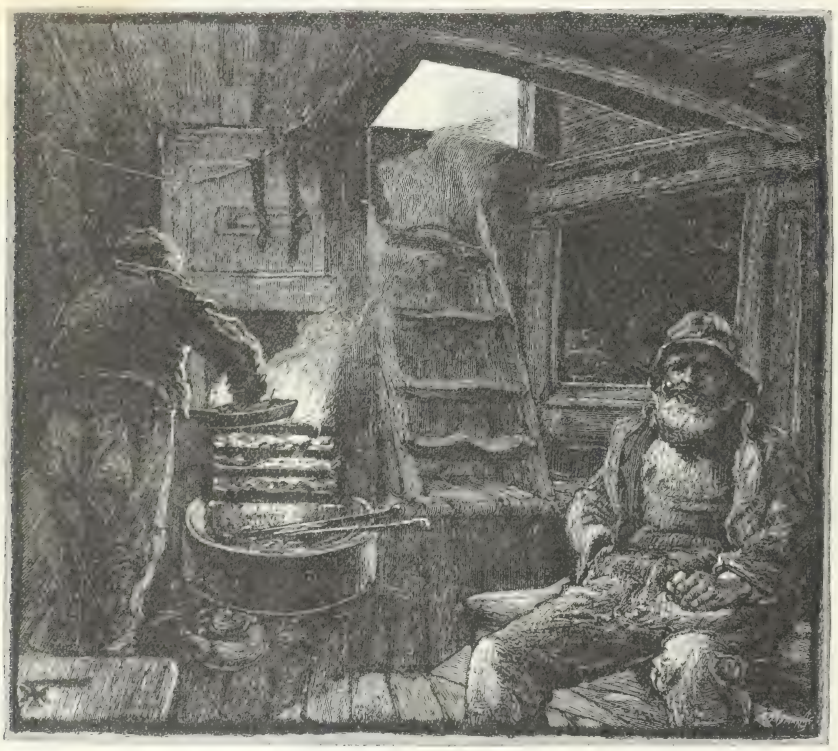


FISH WHARF IN THE HERRING SEASON.

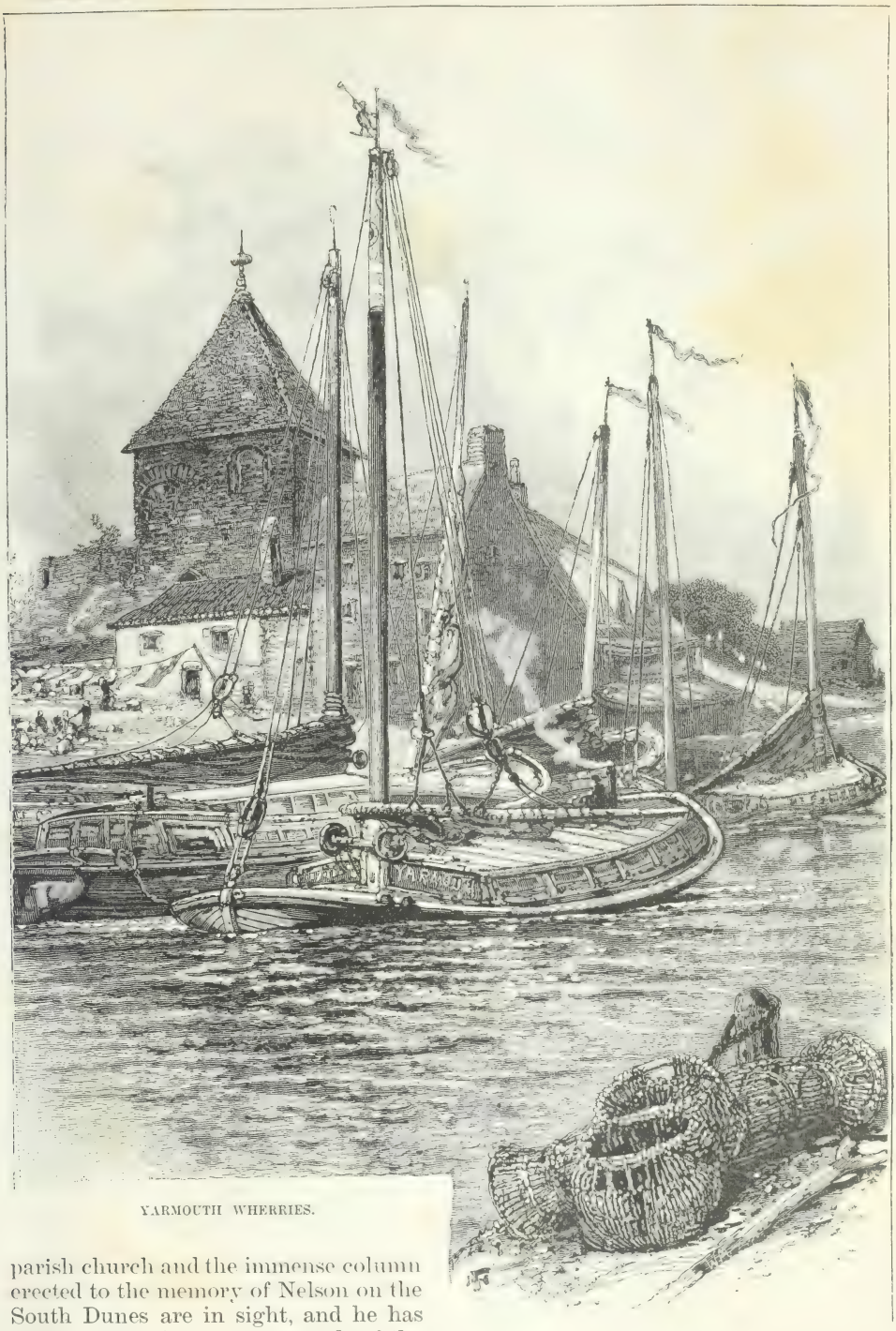
aged by crabs and lobsters, and by all sorts of flat-fish, and the fry is consumed by the haddock, the whiting, and the herring itself. The shoals are sometimes four miles long and two broad, and the fish are so densely packed that those in the rear have been known to push the front ranks ashore. The nets used by the Scotch and Yarmouth fisheries together are long enough to reach from Liverpool to New York more than four times; and yet some commissioners who were appointed to investigate the subject have reported that nothing which man has done has diminished the stock of herrings in the sea, and nothing which man is likely to do can diminish it. The fecundity of the fish is so great that the progeny of a single female would at one spawning, if all the ova were hatched, be sufficient to fill about forty barrels, and it is this reproopening of the autumn or home fishing, which lasts from September until about Christmas. Two or three days before the great festival, all the boats come in, and are moored along the wharf, bow on, from the Southtown Bridge to the estuary where the Yare empties between two picturesque wooden piers into the sea.

The boats are too new and too shapely to be picturesque. They are not like the broad-beamed, red-sailed luggers of the south coast, which are so effective in water-color pictures, and the artist sighs despairingly over their slender proportions and yacht-like neatness and grace. They are decked vessels of from twenty-five to forty-five tons, narrow and low in the water, with a slope from stem and stern to the centre, and they have the speed as well as the appearance of yachts. Their rig is what is known as the "dandy" pat-

tern, probably from its trimness. But their resemblance to a yacht is only external. The greater part of the interior is taken up by the hold, in which the fish is packed, and far astern is the small cabin in which the captain and his crew take what little rest they can get. Cabin! Let the reader picture to himself a small coal cellar, and consider that this is better ventilated and quite as light as the quarters given in many of the boats to eight men. The whole space is about seven feet square and six feet high from deck to deck, and it is utilized with the ingenious economy of a portable kitchen in which pot fits within pot and the grate compasses the whole paraphernalia. Let into the sides are two bunks, each about thirty inches high, for the accommodation of four men, and a bench is fixed to three sides, with mysterious lockers under it; the fourth side gives way to an infirm ladder leading to the upper deck, and a stove about ten inches square, across the front of which a chain is drawn to keep the kettle from rolling off in the lurching of the boat. The sleeping and eating of the crew and the cooking are all accomplished in this close and dusky kennel. Out of the herring season, the boats are at sea for eight weeks, trawling for mackerel, whiting, cod, and soles, and they often get as far away from home as two hundred miles, and are out in the heaviest gales. It is nothing but work and wet and cold for the men during these eight winter weeks, and they have no recreation but sleep, and little food in addition to their own fish. Perhaps, if they have money, they get boozy on the grog supplied to them by the floating dramshops which are sent out by the Dutch; perhaps, if they have not money, and are dishonest, which is rarely the case, they still attain this felicity by giving some part of the boat's tackle in exchange for the illicit spirit. At the end of eight weeks, the captain, whose knowledge of navigation is very small, gropes his way home, depending on soundings and the look of things rather than on any exact observations for his guidance, and not sleeping until the gray spire of the old



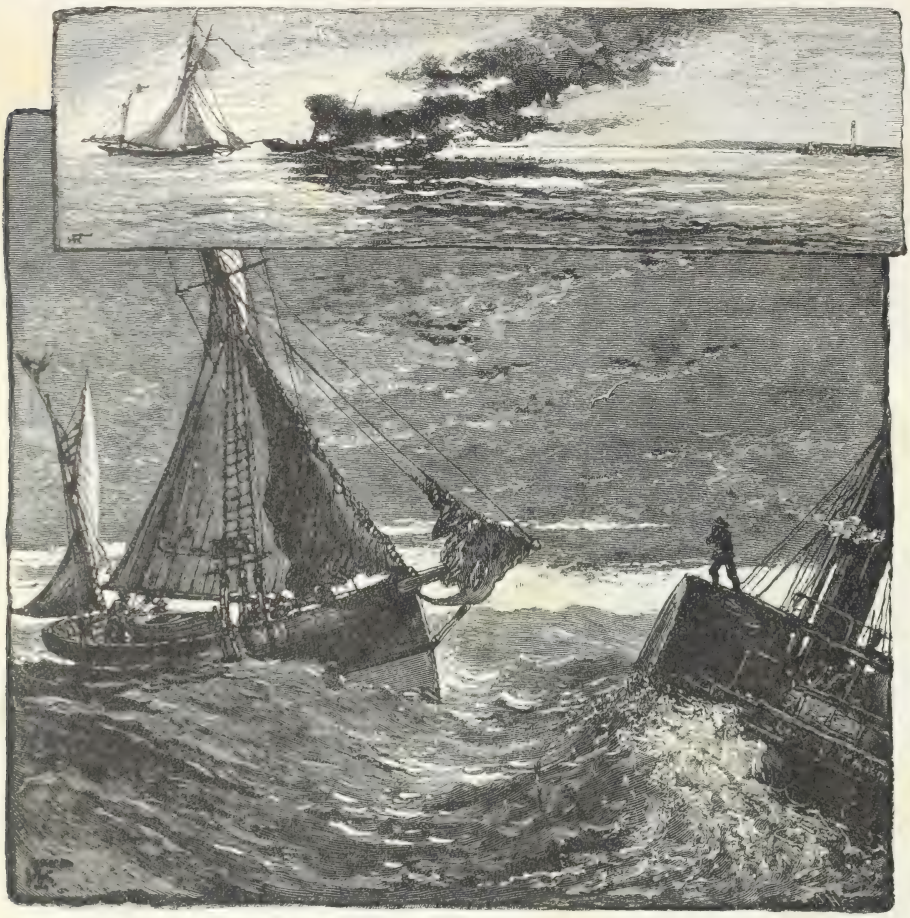
CABIN OF SMACK.



YARMOUTH WHERRIES.

parish church and the immense column erected to the memory of Nelson on the South Dunes are in sight, and he has safely passed the narrow mouth of the Yare, from which many maritime wiseacres have been watching him for hours.

A week ashore is allowed for refitting between cruises, and the crew is then paid off. The captain receives for his ceaseless toil about eighteen shillings a week, and a small percentage of the value of his cargo, which does not average more than



BRINGING HOME THE CUTTER.

eight shillings a week extra, and the men are paid from eighteen to ten shillings a week.

While the boats are in the trawling grounds they are divided into fleets, each fleet being under an "admiral"—one of the most experienced of the masters, who receives a small sum for directing them in sailing and trawling, and in conveying their fish to the carrying cutters. The boats do not bring their fish into port, but deliver it to fast cutters, which go among them to collect it, and take it to Yarmouth, or sometimes, when the wind is favorable, to Billingsgate. The coming in of the cutters is one of the prettiest and most familiar sights in Yarmouth. With a fair breeze, they travel at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour, and are as fast as almost any tug-boat, and make the harbor without assistance; but when the wind is against them, and they are expected, all eyes are strained in the lookout boxes at the harbor mouth, and a steamer is sent out to help them in. Although the steamer is hired at a guinea an hour, and her connection with them ends as soon as she has brought them up to the wharf, her crew take a personal interest in the search, and speak of the particular cutter for which they are sent as "our cutter," and the pennant which she carries as "our pennant." There was a poor coal-blackened fellow, who bore the triple labor of stoker, deck hand, and cabin-boy, on board the steamer in which we went out, whose zeal in this every-day business of looking for a cutter knew no bounds. It was evidently a passion with him.

When the cutter is found, she is triumphantly towed over the bar and up the narrow river to the commodious new

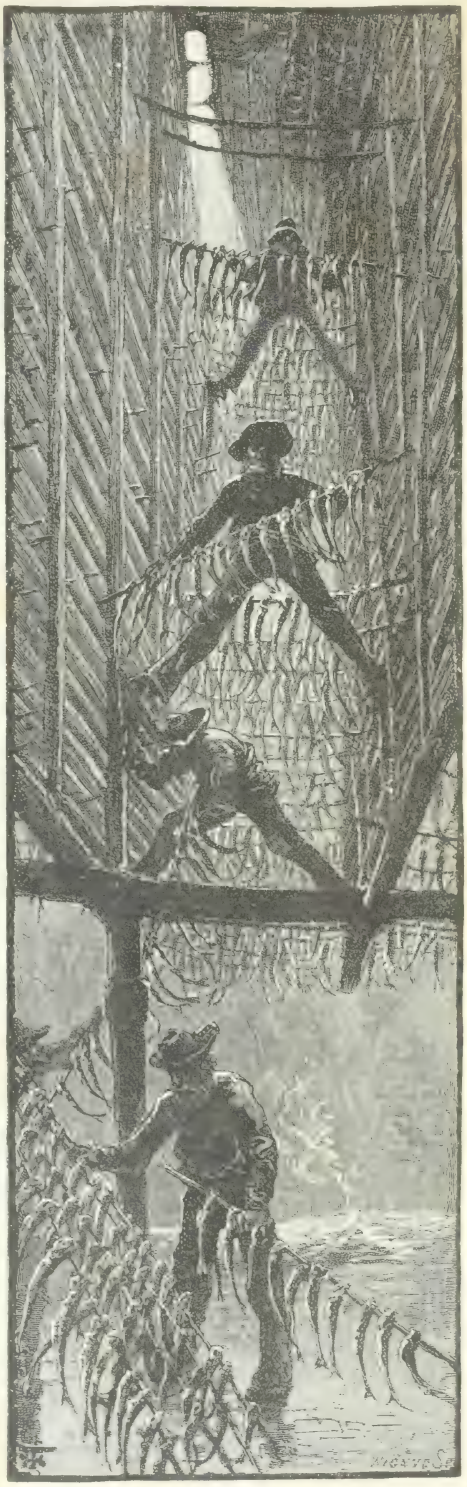
fish wharf if her load is for the Yarmouth market, and soon there is a clanging of bells and a crowding of men, who gather about the auctioneer in response to the urgent invitations of his clerk. "Now, you mackerel-buyers!" "This way for soles!" "Now, you haddockers, this way! this way!" If the load is for London, it is taken to the railway wharf farther up the river, and shot along smooth planks from the deck into the truck. The fish is packed on board the boats in small wooden crates, each bearing a tag with the name of the vessel to which it belongs, and they are covered with ice as they are piled up in the truck.

In the herring season, instead of being out eight weeks at a time, the boats are only away for a day or two. The best fishing is on dark nights, for the herring knows a net when he sees it, and the moonlight enables him to avoid it. Drift-nets are used, each from eighteen to twenty yards long; and while the boat is fishing, her mast is lowered to ease her rolling. There are few brisker sights than the fish wharf on a sunny morning in season, when hundreds of boats are moored alongside, and the fish, overflowing the baskets, lie in silvery heaps on the stones.

The glory of Yarmouth is its bloater, but the highest qualities of the bloater are so fleeting that only those who live in or near the town can know how deserved the glory is. Take one of the primest of these herrings, "spit" it, and smoke it for between eighteen and twenty-four hours; thus the common herring is transmuted into the delicate and incomparable bloater. The arsenal-like red brick buildings seen in many parts of the town are used for this purpose. The choicest of the herrings, technically "bloater stuff," are selected, and threaded through the gills on sticks or "spits" about a yard long, and placed in racks, one above the other, to a height of thirty feet or more, in a building called the smoke-house. One man stands in the racks with his legs astraddle, and puts "spit" after "spit" in position, about twenty-five herrings being on each "spit," until thousands of the fish are hanging like stalactites under the high roof. "We call these loves," an old man told us as he climbed up the racks: "I'm up among the loves."

"Loves?" we repeated, incredulously.

"Yes, l-o-v-e with a hes," he replied,



"UP AMONG THE LOVES."

positively, though we afterward found out that he was mistaken, and that the proper but inexplicable name of the racks is louvres. When they are filled, a log of oak is lighted and left to smoulder, and in about eighteen hours the herrings have absorbed a certain proportion of the smoke, and become perfect bloaters with an unmatched delicacy of flavor. They have so little salt in them and are so finely cured that they are too perishable to be sent any distance, and thus it is that in this condition the bloater is only known to those who are in or near Yarmouth. Smoked for a longer period, and salted, they are prepared for the foreign markets, and an exposure of twelve or thirteen days to the fumes of the oak produces the vulgar red herring. The stale fish, and those which have lost their heads or are in any way disfigured, are packed in barrels and compressed by a machine like a cheese-press, in which form they are sent to Italy, where they may often be seen in the shop windows adding a shining disk to the glitter of a Venetian day.

After the herrings the things caught in greatest abundance by the Yarmouth fishermen are shrimps, and one of the commonest signs in the town is this:

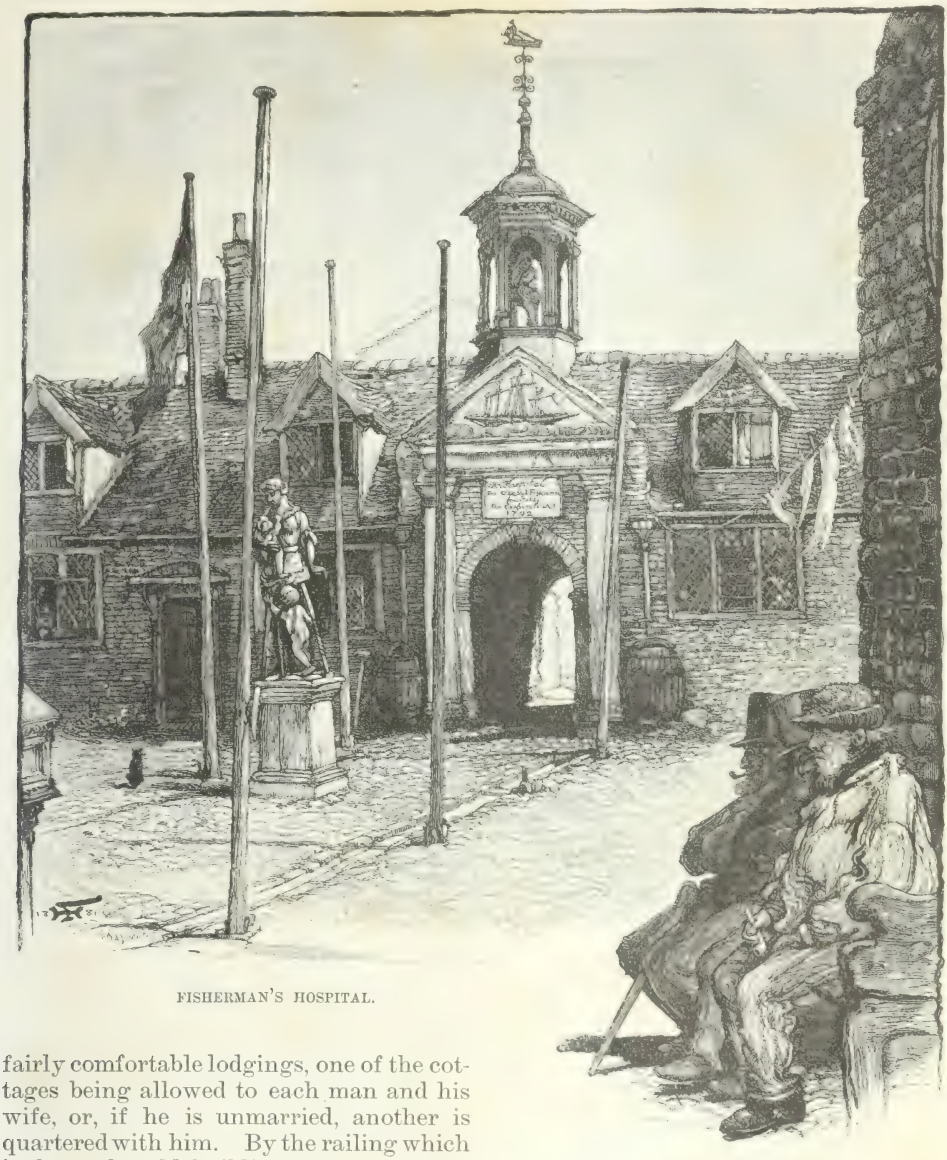
Shrimps Boiled and Alive,
Sold by the Catcher.

The catcher is usually out all night in a small open boat. He uses a small trawling net, which drags along the bottom of the sea, and receives all the things it disturbs. When he hauls it in, it contains many strange creatures besides the frisky, grasshopper-like decapod crustacean for which he is seeking, but when the weather is fair and the tide favorable, he gets a fair load of the latter, which he brings home alive in the morning.

Considering how much they have done for it, and the arduousness of their lives, the town has done little for its fishermen. In a corner of the market-place is a low building of dusky red brick, with a steep red-tiled roof, and dormer windows with diamond panes. It is nearly two centuries old. It forms a hollow square, and is divided into twenty cottages, each containing a bedroom and a sitting-room. Here twenty poor fishermen, all of them over sixty years of age, are provided with



HAULING IN HERRING NETS.



FISHERMAN'S HOSPITAL.

fairly comfortable lodgings, one of the cottages being allowed to each man and his wife, or, if he is unmarried, another is quartered with him. By the railing which incloses the old building from the street are two benches, one opposite the other, and on these, in fine weather, one may see the pensioners, very old and feeble men indeed, who cough and chat among themselves, and wait with dreamy resignation for the end of their days. Many of them wear blue guernsey shirts with canvas trousers, but among them are all sorts of make-shift costumes, and on Sundays all of them reach the dignity of a chimney-pot hat. In honor of this day and all festivals they hoist up any old flags they can get hold of—the discarded streamers of a circus, or the advertising banner of a shop-keeper—and when sunset comes, they bring this shabby old bunting down, and after a quiet pipe, steal off silently to their rooms. They seem to be content. Their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, going to the parish school near by, come in and chat with them, and they have visits from dutiful daughters who help them in keeping their rooms in order. The last we saw of them was in leaving the parish church one Sunday evening, when they were punctiliously lowering their flags as the sun went down, and it seemed to us to be their sun that was setting.



ELLIN NORTH MOALE.

ONE bright autumn evening, about a quarter of a century ago, the late John P. Kennedy gave a small dinner party at his pleasant home on North Calvert Street, Baltimore. The entertainment was in honor of Washington Irving and N. P. Willis, who always made Mr. Kennedy's house their home during their frequent visits to Washington. Upon this occasion the table was graced by the presence of several of the most beautiful women of Baltimore—the only women that, in his later years, made Irving regret that he was no longer young. After the ladies had retired, and the gentlemen were sitting over the wine, N. P. Willis, who, whatever else may be said about him, certainly possessed an exquisite appreciation of the graces and refinements of social life, said:

"I have seen the women of many lands—the classic beauties of Greece, the dark-eyed girls of Naples, the sparkling dames of Paris, the brown-haired girls of England, and the soft, voluptuous women of the East—but for all those qualities of mind and body that make the lovely sex irresistible I have seen no women that equal the fair daughters of the Monumental City. They make Baltimore the *social Athens of America.*"

In 1730, the site of the Southern metropolis was half swamp, half farm. The domain upon which the city was built was sold by Mr. Carroll for forty shillings an acre. Twenty-two years later, only twenty-five houses marked the spot which now numbers nearly four hundred thousand people, and one brig and one sloop formed the entire shipping of a port which is now the second in importance on the Atlantic coast.

The destruction of Acadia, whose story has been told with such sweet pathos in Longfellow's "Evangeline," drove to Baltimore many French exiles from their once happy home. In 1756 occurred this first immigration, which was destined to give a distinctive character to the business and social aspects of the city.

"Friendless, homeless, hopeless, wandered they from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannahs."

The band of refugees that settled in Baltimore were frugal, industrious, and refined. They established themselves in South Charles Street, which was for many years known as Frenchtown, and where some of their quaint old houses are still standing, in striking contrast to the imposing warehouses of modern times erected in the immediate neighborhood. The French Revolution and the insurrection of San Domingo drove thousands of exiles to Baltimore; these, with the English Quakers, Scotch merchants, Irish immigrants, and German refugees during the Napoleonic wars, combined to form the

cosmopolitan character which has always distinguished Baltimore society, and made it so attractive to strangers.

Mr. John Moale, a native of Devonshire, England, owned that portion of land, included within the present corporate limits of the city of Baltimore, known as Moale's Point. This tract was originally selected as the site of the future city, but Mr. Moale, who believed there were iron mines on his land, availed himself of his position as a member of the Colonial Legislature to defeat the plan, and the northwestern instead of the south branch of the Patapsco was chosen. We know not whether Mr. Moale realized his expectations from the iron mine, but we know his want of foresight deprived his descendants of a gold mine which might have been realized from the sale of city lots. The son of this prudent merchant, Mr. John Moale, Jun., became a prominent citizen of Baltimore: he served as one of the Town Commissioners for many years; was one of the original Sons of Liberty—an association organized in Baltimore in 1766 for the purpose of protesting against the encroachments of the British government; he took an active part in the stirring events in Baltimore that preceded the American Revolution, and was a member of the Correspondence Committee, and a delegate to the Provincial Convention of 1774. After the war he was for many years one of the judges of the Criminal Court for Baltimore city. He married Ellin North, daughter of Captain Robert North, an English gentleman, who was one of the first settlers of Baltimore, and one of the commissioners appointed by the Maryland Legislature to lay out the town. Ellin North was the first white child born in Baltimore; this event took place in 1741, when the place did not contain one hundred inhabitants. She lived to see it a city containing a population of seventy thousand. In 1824, when Lafayette visited Baltimore, he called to see this venerable lady, then in her eighty-fourth year. She died in March, 1825, having survived her husband more than a quarter of a century. Their descendants have always held the highest social position in the city which their ancestors helped to make prosperous.

On the walls of the Maryland Historical Society is a rough but interesting map of Baltimore town in 1752. It is in ink, and is supposed to have been drawn by John Moale, Jun., in his youth. Every individual house (there were twenty-five in all) which the place then contained can be counted on this map, including two taverns, one church (St. Paul's), and one school, but no newspaper, for Baltimore advertisements then, and for some years afterward, appeared in the *Maryland Gazette*, published at Annapolis. What a change has taken place since that old map was made! In October, 1880, Baltimore celebrated its sesquicentennial. The twenty-five houses of 1752 had increased to ninety thousand in one hundred and twenty-eight years; three hundred thousand strangers joined the resident population in viewing the novel and brilliant street pageants, which continued for a week.

So early as 1770 there was an aristocratic class in Baltimore, educated and wealthy, who lived in splendor, and dressed in velvet and laces. The lines were very strictly drawn between the aristocracy and the lower classes. The manners of the ladies and gentlemen were elegant and courteous, but rather stately and ceremonious. Hospitality was general and boundless. The ladies wore pyramids of pasted hair surmounted by turbans, and their jewelled stomachers and tight-laced stays held their bodies as in a vise. Their trains were fifteen feet long. A favorite dress of the ladies was a blue satin gown and white satin petticoat; the shoes were celestial blue, with rose-colored rosettes. The ladies rouged, and indulged in all kinds of extravagance, sometimes paying their *coiffeur* a salary of one thousand crowns a year. The gentlemen wore elaborately powdered wigs, with blue or maroon velvet coats, the skirts of which were stiffened with buckram so as to make them stand out; their heads were covered with three-cornered hats, elaborately laced with gold or silver galloon; the neck was encircled by a white cravat with long lace ends; the coat sleeves were trimmed around the wrist with ruffles of deep lace; their breeches were of black satin or red cloth, tight and plain, and buckled at the knee. They carried a gold or ivory headed cane, five feet long, in addition to a sword, and wore square-toed, low-quartered shoes, with silver or gold buckles, while their stockings were tightly strapped over their calves, and carefully gartered at the knee.

One of the finest representatives of Maryland women at this period, and a little earlier, was Elizabeth Calvert, daughter of Benedict Calvert, the son of Charles,



ELIZABETH CALVERT.

the fifth Lord Baltimore. Visiting England, she was seen at a court ball by Benjamin West, who, struck by her beauty, requested permission to paint her portrait. She complied, and the result was an exquisite miniature, now in the possession of her grandson, Dr. William Frederick Steuart, of Catonsville, Maryland. It is said to be the only miniature ever painted by West. A copy of it accompanies this article. Miss Calvert returned to Maryland, and married Dr. Charles Steuart: from them some of the most distinguished families in the State are descended. She died in 1814.

One of the most prominent of the French *émigrés* that settled in Baltimore was Louis Pascault, whose beautiful daughter Henrietta was a reigning belle at the time Elizabeth Patterson captivated Jerome Bonaparte. Among the French naval officers who accompanied Jerome on that visit to Baltimore, which was to result so remarkably, was Lieutenant Rubell. While the false and fickle Jerome was vowing eternal fidelity to Miss Patterson, Rubell fell in love with her intimate friend Miss Pascault. They were both married about the same time; but how different their future destinies! Elizabeth Patterson played at high stakes. She aimed at a crown, and reached—disgrace from an imperial despot, but attained a social position in Europe which few American women have ever enjoyed. The fastidious Baron Bonstetten said of Madame Bonaparte: "Si elle n'est pas reine de Westphalie, elle est au moins reine des cœurs."

Rubell was older than Jerome, and Napoleon held him partially responsible for his brother's *mésalliance* in Baltimore. The Emperor vented some of his wrath upon this occasion upon Lieutenant Rubell, who deemed it the better part of valor to absent himself from France for the present, and for some time after his marriage he resided in a small house belonging to and adjoining the residence of his father-in-law. Eleonora, another daughter of Mr. Pascault, married Columbus O'Donnell, one of the merchant princes of Baltimore. This lady seemed to possess the spring of youth and beauty which Ponce de Leon vainly sought to discover. When past threescore and ten, she retained the vivacity, fascination, and loveliness of twenty-five, and was a belle every season at Saratoga. Josephine, the youngest of these Baltimore beauties, married the son of Albert Gallatin, the distinguished statesman and diplomatist. Mrs. Gallatin is still living at Paris, the last survivor of this beautiful trio of sisters.

Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell's eldest daughter, Josephine, married Mr. Thomas S. Lee, the grandson of Governor Lee, of Maryland. Their summer residence is Needwood, Frederick County, Maryland. Eleonora, the second daughter, married Mr. Adrian Iselin, of New York; Emily, the youngest daughter, married Colonel Sol Hillen, formerly Mayor of Baltimore. By the death of her father, in 1873, Mrs. Hillen acquired a fortune of $500,000, being previously in very moderate circumstances; this acquisition of wealth was the occasion of a splendid ball, which was one of the leading social events in Baltimore during the winter of 1877. C. Oliver O'Donnell, the eldest brother of Mrs. Hillen, married Miss Helen Carroll, the great-granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and sister of the late Governor of Maryland.

For more than a hundred years the Howards have occupied a distinguished position in the social, political, and military annals of Maryland. Brave in the field, wise in the Senate, and polished in society, they have always maintained a

reputation which has made them the peers of the proud aristocracy of England, from which they are descended. The most distinguished of this family was Colonel John Eager Howard. He was born at the seat of his ancestors—in what was then Baltimore County, but which has long been absorbed by the rapidly growing city—on the 4th of June, 1752. When the war of the Revolution commenced he joined the Continental army, with the rank of captain, in the old Maryland Line. At Monmouth, at Camden, at Cowpens, and at Eutaw he displayed a courage which won for him the warmest recognition from Congress, from Washington, and from Maryland. It was Colonel Howard who first led the American troops to a bayonet charge against British veterans. At Cowpens he charged with his brave Marylanders against Tarleton's famous legion, and swept them from the field. At the close of the day he held the swords of seven British officers whom he had taken prisoners, including General O'Hara, who had clung to his stirrups asking quarter. At Eutaw a portion of the American army showed signs of weakness, and were about to retreat, when General Greene ordered Colonel Howard to reserve his fire and charge with the bayonet. He did so in the face of a close and murderous fire, which was poured into them as they advanced. Howard's regiment was met by the Buffs, a brave Irish corps. A hand to hand fight took place, the ranks mingled together, bayonets were crossed, and a terrible death-struggle ensued; but the Buffs were at last obliged to give way, and the battle was won. At the close of this splendid charge General Greene rode up and complimented Colonel Howard and his men in the highest terms, and in his dispatch to Congress said: "Nothing could exceed the gallantry of the Maryland Line. Colonel Howard and all his officers displayed the most uncommon bravery, and the free use of the bayonet by this corps gave us the victory. Howard deserves a statue of gold no less than Roman and Grecian heroes." On every field where he was engaged Colonel Howard won the title which was afterward conferred by Napoleon on Marshal Ney—"the bravest of the brave."

At the close of the Revolution, Maryland showed her appreciation of his gallant services by three times electing him Governor of the State, and afterward sending him twice to the United States Senate. He was also invited by Washington to a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of War, which he declined. Washington, in several letters still in possession of the family, deplored his refusal to accept the position as a loss to himself and to his country. The President endeavored, through the



JOHN EAGER HOWARD.

interposition of a friend, to induce Colonel Howard to change his resolution, but finding all efforts vain, he finally wrote: "The reasons you have assigned carry conviction with them, and must, however reluctantly, be submitted to."

In 1814, when the British army, flushed with their easy victory of Bladensburg, advanced on Baltimore, some of the more timid citizens proposed to secure their property by a cowardly capitulation. The veteran Howard answered this proposition in a manner worthy of his heroic character: "I have as much property at stake as most persons, and I have four sons in the field, but sooner would I see my sons weltering in their blood, and my property reduced to ashes, than so far disgrace the country." Happily such brave counsel prevailed, and the Baltimore militia drove the invaders back to their ships. Colonel Howard gave to the city of Baltimore the

ground upon which the Washington monument stands, the corner-stone of which was laid with imposing ceremonies on the 4th of July, 1815. This was the first monument erected to Washington; hence the title of the *Monumental City*.

John Eager Howard inherited from his father the splendid estate of Belvidere, and after the Revolutionary war he built there the beautiful mansion which was recently pulled down to make way for the extension of Calvert Street. In the rear of the house there was a colonnade which commanded a fine view of the river and bay to the southeast, while from the front of the house lovely vistas of park scenery met the eye in every direction. Howard's Park was indeed a princely estate, including all that portion of Baltimore extending from Jones's Falls on the east to Eutaw Street on the west, and from Pratt Street on the south to the extreme northern limits of the city. These boundaries now include all the most beautiful and fashionable streets of Baltimore, and had the Howards retained their original estate, the family would have derived, from ground-rents alone, an income surpassing that which the Duke of Westminster derives from the land which he owns in the city of London.

Colonel Howard married Margaret Chew, daughter of Benjamin Chew, who was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania under George III. Miss Chew was the lady in whose honor Major André rode in the tourney of the Mischianza fête. The marriage was celebrated at Judge Chew's seat, Clifden, near Germantown, in 1787. Washington and other distinguished persons graced the occasion by their presence. Colonel Howard's first sight of the home of his bride was during the battle of Germantown, when Chew's house, which was occupied by the British, welcomed the Maryland Line with a shower of balls.



BELVIDERE, THE HOME OF THE HOWARDS.

Very few houses in this country have been the scene of so many brilliant social gatherings as Belvidere. Here came the old Revolutionary soldiers to fight their battles o'er again—Generals Smith, Smallwood, and Williams of the old Maryland Line; Charles Carroll and the brilliant ornaments of the Baltimore bar, when that bar was the first in the country—Pinkney, Harper, Winder, and Taney were frequent visitors. Here also came the Adamses, Winthrops, and Quincys from the North,

the Middletons, Pinckneys, and Hugers from the South, and distinguished strangers from France and England. In 1824, when Lafayette visited the United States for the last time, Colonel Howard gave him a princely entertainment at Belvidere, which was one of the most brilliant affairs given to our illustrious guest during his triumphant progress through the country.

Many hearts were lost and won in the beautiful groves of Belvidere. Many a lover's vow was whispered in the "shady woody places" where now are heard the busy hum of trade and the ceaseless noise of city cars. Many a stately minuet has been danced where baggage wagons hurry to and fro from the Union Dépôt. In Howard's Park were held the encampments of the city militia, Fourth of July celebrations, political gatherings, barbecues, etc.; but all its glory has now passed away, and lives only in the memory of the few who are old enough to recollect the former splendor of Belvidere.

Benjamin C. Howard, the third son of Colonel Howard, married Jane Grant Gilmor, the eldest daughter of William Gilmor. The bride had not completed her eighteenth year at the time of her marriage. The early married life of the young couple was passed at Belvidere, and Mrs. Howard, who is now an interesting lady past fourscore, has a very agreeable recollection of the gayety that reigned there when Colonel John Eager Howard was the head of the house. Benjamin C. Howard was for several years a member of Congress from Maryland, and afterward for a long time the reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States. At the commencement of the civil war he resigned this position, and in 1861 was nominated, as the most popular man in the State, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Maryland, but withdrew, on the day of the election, to pervent a civil commotion in Baltimore. Charles Howard, the youngest son of the hero of Cowpens, married Miss Key, the daughter of the author of the "Star-spangled Banner." Mrs. William George Read was the last surviving child of Colonel Howard. She died last November a year, in the eightieth year of her age, within sight of the place where once stood the stately home of the Howards.

Four generations of the Gilmor family have been prominent in the business and social circles of Baltimore. Robert Gil-



MRS. B. C. HOWARD.

mor, the founder of the family in this country, was born at Paisley, Scotland, on the 10th of November, 1748, and christened the same day by the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, who was afterward president of Princeton College, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. John Gilmor, the father of Robert, was a wealthy manufacturer. At the early age of seventeen his son displayed so great an aptitude for business that his father took him into partnership. Within a year, however, from this time, Robert, who had previously made several successful business trips to London, now determined to further extend his commercial enterprises, and with an assortment of goods suitable for the American market, he embarked on the 15th of July, 1767, for this country, and landed at Oxford, Maryland, toward the end of September. This little place was then much resorted to by British vessels to obtain the products of the country. The young man realized fifteen hundred dollars from his venture, and being pleased with the country, determined to settle there. While on a visit to Dorchester County he made the acquaintance of his future wife, Miss Louisa Airey, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Airey, with whose brother he formed a partnership before he had been in the country one year. On

the 25th of September, 1771, he married, and after being engaged in business on the Eastern Shore of Maryland for over ten years, he removed to Baltimore, believing it offered a wider field for his business. Mr. Gilmor soon developed a character of great prudence and industry, and showed a decided talent for making money.



ROBERT GILMOR, JUN.

Among Mr. Gilmor's business correspondents at this date were Messrs. Thomas Willing and Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, both of whom were members of the Continental Congress, and the latter one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They traded under the firm of Willing and Morris. These gentlemen, together with Mr. William Bingham, Mr. Willing's son-in-law, anticipating a treaty of peace after the surrender of Cornwallis, were desirous of forming an establishment at Amsterdam for the purpose of exporting more largely the staple products of Maryland and Virginia, and deeming Mr. Gilmor a suitable person to represent the concern in Holland, they offered him a copartnership, which was accepted. In accordance with this arrangement, Mr. Gilmor sailed with his family on the 27th of November, 1782, and arrived safely on the 12th of January, 1783, at his destination, where they met Captain Joshua Barney, on his way to America with the preliminary treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, and the United States. At Paris Mr. Gilmor met John Adams, one of the negotiators of the treaty of peace, who gave him a letter addressed to Messrs. Wilhem and Jan Willink, the bankers of the United States in Holland, and one of the richest houses in Europe. This was the beginning of a commercial connection between the Gilmors and the Willinks which continued from father to son for upward of fifty years, during which transactions took place to the amount of many millions of dollars.

The house in Amsterdam, under the management of Mr. Gilmor, soon commanded an extensive business, extending all over Europe, and to the West Indies and the United States. Among the correspondents were the Barings, the Hopes, and other leading European houses. Eventually the firm thus constituted was broken up by the death of Mr. Samuel Inglis, one of the Philadelphia partners. Mr. Bingham, who was at that time living in London, wrote to Mr. Gilmor to come there, with a view of arranging a partnership with him. He did so, and the result was the establishment of the firm of Robert Gilmor and Co., of Baltimore, in which Mr. Bingham was the other member. By his successful enterprises to all parts of the world, Mr. Gilmor, in the course of fifteen years, became one of the merchant princes of Baltimore.

In 1799 the business connection with Mr. Bingham was dissolved, and Mr. Gil-

mor associated his two sons, Robert and William, with him, under the firm name of Robert Gilmor and Sons. The correspondents of the old firm were continued to the new, and many years of commercial prosperity followed. Robert Gilmor, Jun., did most of the travelling for the firm, and was thus enabled to combine pleasure with profit. His fine personal appearance, attractive manners, and cultivated tastes made him a favorite guest in the first society of America and Europe. When a young man of twenty-two he visited Mount Vernon, and was entertained by Mrs. Washington, and shortly afterward he attended a grand ball given to General Washington in Philadelphia a few days before his retirement from office, and the next day was presented to him by Mr. Bingham. In speaking of this afterward, Mr. Gilmor said: "I never shall forget the dignity and kindness of Washington's manners. The Society of the Cincinnati entered while I was there, and I had an opportunity of seeing him receive in the most affectionate manner those brothers in arms." Mr. Robert Gilmor, Jun., visited Europe four or five times, and travelled extensively. On one of these visits he spent a week at the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry on Loch Strangford, near Belfast, and in Dublin was entertained at dinner by Tom Moore, especially to meet Lady Morgan. In London, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke entertained him, and secured him desirable invitations elsewhere. At Paris, the Duke of Wellington gave Mr. Gilmor a dinner. He became acquainted with the Iron Duke through Mrs. Robert Patterson, of Baltimore, who afterward married the Marquis of Wellesley, and whose sister was Lady Harvey, the wife of Sir Felton Harvey, the favorite aide and confidential secretary of Wellington.

In the spring of 1818, Mr. Robert Gilmor, Jun., sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for his portrait. When finished, the artist pronounced it one of his best portraits. This portrait, a copy of which embellishes the present article, is now in the collection of Judge Robert Gilmor, a great-nephew of the original. For many years it has been regarded as among the finest specimens of portrait painting in the United States.

When Lafayette visited Baltimore in 1824, Mr. Gilmor was chairman of the committee of arrangements of the grand ball given in honor of the distinguished guest. On the 28th of December, Lafayette dined with Mr. Gilmor, in company with a number of old Revolutionary officers, including General Samuel Smith, Colonel John Eager Howard, and Colonel Paul Bentalou, in whose arms Pulaski died. In October, 1825, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar visited Baltimore, bringing letters of introduction to Mr. Gilmor, and was hospitably received.

A daughter of William Cooke, president of the Bank of Maryland, was Mr. Gilmor's first wife. She died in May, 1803. He spent the winter of 1806 in Charleston, South Carolina. Among his friends there was General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, president of the Cincinnati Society, having succeeded General Washington. Another friend was John Rutledge, Jun., son of John Rutledge of the Revolutionary army. During this visit Mr. Gilmor had frequent opportunities of enjoying the Southern hospitality for which Charleston was famous. The house of Major James Ladson was at that time one of the gayest in the city. Mr. Gilmor was a frequent visitor there, and became engaged to Sarah, one of Major Ladson's daughters. They were married on the 9th of April, 1807.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilmor, Jun., never had any children, and both being hospitably inclined, their house became the centre of social life in Baltimore. Every distinguished stranger who visited the city was entertained by them. Mr. Gilmor at an early age showed a taste for art, and he formed one of the finest collections of pictures in the United States. He was a liberal patron of American artists. He induced Gilbert Stuart to visit Baltimore, and secured many sittings for him. In April, 1826, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor went to New York to attend the Italian opera, then for the first time introduced in the United States, by Signor Garcia, whose charming daughter Signorina Garcia (afterward the celebrated Malibran) was the chief attraction. It was an unusual thing in those days for persons to go so far to attend a public amusement, and the visit of the Gilmors was noticed in the newspapers. Much attention was paid to them in New York. The fortune of this gentleman being ample, it was within his means to accumulate many valuable works, and take a generous part in public improvements. He continued to take the deepest



ELLEN WARD GILMOR.

interest in the prosperity of Baltimore to the last, and died in 1849, universally lamented.

His younger brother, William, was married at an early age to Mrs. Marianne Drysdale, a young widow of nineteen. She was a daughter of Isaac Smith, of Northampton County, Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor had twelve children. Their eldest son, Robert, graduated at Harvard in 1828, and afterward went to Europe as *attaché* to the legation with Mr. Rives, our Minister to France. After remaining abroad, visiting places of interest, and meeting with a great deal of attention, he returned in the autumn of 1829. It was his good fortune during this trip to spend several days at Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott, and often referred to it with pleasure. Mr. Gilmor's country-seat was Glen-Ellen, in Baltimore County. He married Ellen Ward, daughter of Judge Ward, of Baltimore, whose memory is cherished as one of the most admired ladies that ever graced Baltimore society. Besides great beauty, she was rarely endowed with engaging manners, and a disposition so good, so gentle, and so sweet as to win friends on every side and amongst all classes. The Hon. Robert Gilmor, who has been for more than twelve years one of the judges of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, is a son of this lady. He possesses the love of art which is hereditary in his family, and owns a number of fine paintings and engravings formerly possessed by his relative. Mr. William Gilmor, who married Miss Key, a descendant of Francis S. Key, and Colonel Harry Gilmor, who won distinction as a dashing cavalry officer in the Confederate service during the late war, are brothers of Judge Gilmor. Other branches of the family are represented, and in its links, by intermarriage, it has connections with many well-known Baltimore families.

During the first quarter of this century Baltimore was a happy little town, with its social aspects more scrupulously defined and determined than now. The assemblies were aristocratically exclusive: Almack's in its best days was not more so. The belles and beaux danced and flirted with dignity and elegance, and supped on tea, chocolate, and sweet rusk perhaps with more satisfaction than the present belles and beaux derived from Mrs. Brown's magnificent reception last winter. Greater deference was shown to ladies than in these busy and bustling days. "A gallant of that time," says the late John P. Kennedy in his lecture on "Baltimore Long Ago," "accosted a lady on the street with a bow that required the whole side of the pavement to make it in, with a scrape of his foot, his cane thrust under his left arm till it projected behind along with his queue like the palisades of a *cheval de frise;* and nothing could be more piquant than the lady as she reciprocated the salutation with a courtesy which seemed to carry her into the earth, with her chin bridled to her breast, and such a volume of dignity." From these same interesting reminiscences we learn that "Baltimore Street in those days was enlivened by apparitions of grave matrons and stirring demoiselles moving erect like wooden and pasteboard figures of a puppet show. These were the grandmothers of the present generation, arrayed in gorgeous brocade and taffeta, luxuriously displayed over hoops, with comely bodices laced around that ancient armor the stay, disclosing most perilous waists, and with sleeves that clung to the arm as far as the elbow, where they took a graceful leave

in ruffles that stood off like the feathers of a bantam. And such faces as they bore along with them!—so rosy, so spirited, with their hair all drawn back over cushions till it elevated the eyebrows, giving an amazing fierce and supercilious tone to the countenance, and falling in cataracts upon the shoulders. Then they stepped away with such mincing gait, unconscious of many glances, with formidable points to the toes, and high tottering heels fancifully cut in wood, their tower-built hats crowned with tall feathers that waved aristocratically upward with each step, as if they took a pride in the slow paces of the wearer."

Toward the close of the period thus humorously described, and when the severe arrangement of the hair had been greatly modified, one of the chief ornaments of Baltimore society was Miss Isabella Pinkney, daughter of the famous orator William Pinkney. The position acquired by her father as the leader of the American bar, minister to half the courts of Europe, and Attorney-General of the United States, opened to his daughter the best society of the time. At an early age she married Joseph White, whose father, Dr. John Campbell White, was one of the leaders of the Irish rebellion of 1798. Foreseeing the disastrous termination of that ill-advised outbreak, he escaped to America, and settled in Baltimore, where he became one of the leading physicians. One of Isabella's brothers was Edward C. Pinkney, who was pronounced by Edgar A. Poe to be the finest of American lyric poets. At an early age he entered the navy, where he passed six years, resigning in 1822 in order to challenge his superior officer, Commodore Ridgeley, who had unwittingly given some offense to the junior officer. The commodore having declined the challenge, the fiery young midshipman posted him in the streets of Baltimore. After leaving the navy, Edward Pinkney studied law, and in 1824 was admitted as a member of the Baltimore bar. At that time one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in the city was Georgiana, daughter of Marcus McCausland, an Irish gentleman who settled in Baltimore toward the close of the last century. He had a large family of daughters, all of whom were beautiful, but Georgiana surpassed the rest. Her eyes were of a deep violet color; her glossy black hair fell over a forehead exquisitely shaped and as pure and white as polished marble, while on her cheek the rose and lily were equally blended. She played the harp, and sang divinely. Her beauty and accomplishments made her a much-admired belle. A lady now living in Baltimore remembers seeing one evening Edward Pinkney, Charles Carroll Harper, and Charles Carroll, the grandson of the signer, surrounding Miss McCausland, who was singing some favorite ballad while accompanying herself on the harp. These gentlemen were all lov-



ISABELLA PINKNEY WHITE.

ers of the fair Georgiana, but young Pinkney carried the day by his manly beauty, his dashing manners, and the sweetness of his love songs. It was this lady to whom was addressed his beautiful serenade:

"Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which than on the lights above
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and lights;
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night!

"Sleep not: thy image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast.
Sleep not: from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day."



HENRIETTA D'ARCY WILSON.

Mrs. Somerville, another Baltimore lady, inspired his grateful "Health," beginning:

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone—
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven."

Edward Pinkney and Georgiana McCausland were married on the 12th October, 1824, a few days after the groom had completed his twenty-second year. In 1825, Pinkney's poems were published in a thin volume, which is now so scarce that it has become one of the rare books in American literature. Although these poems were mostly written when the poet was only twenty years old, they show no evidence of immaturity. They possess an originality, a beauty of rhythm, and a delicacy of imagination which seemed to proclaim to the world the advent of a master of song in the young Baltimore poet. Having shown what he could do, he did not continue a poetical career, but accepted the position of Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Maryland. In December, 1827, he was chosen editor of the *Marylander*, a powerful political journal, at that time published in Baltimore. In this new position the versatility of his talents was displayed in a new field. Those who had admired his poetical genius and his legal ability were astonished to find a young man of twenty-five successfully coping with trained veterans in journalism. The independence and dignity with which he defended the truth and the boldness with which he exposed falsehood attracted the attention of the country, and a brilliant career seemed opening before him. But his days were already numbered. Early in the spring of 1828 a cruel malady obliged him to relinquish his editorial duties, and on the 11th of April, while his relatives were weeping for the loss of one so young, so beautiful, and so gifted, he begged them "not to weep for him, for his death was a blessing," and expired without a sigh or a struggle. His remains now lie in Greenmount Cemetery, where so many of the honored dead of Baltimore are buried.

In 1816, Henry Didier, a young Baltimore merchant, met, in the studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence, John N. D'Arcy, an Irish gentleman, who, like himself, came to sit to the most celebrated portrait painter of his age. Meeting there daily, their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and the result was the formation of a business partnership in Baltimore, and the marriage of Mr. D'Arcy to Amelia Didier, his partner's sister. The transactions of the firm were large and extensive, including the West Indies and South America. In 1819, in the midst of the South American struggle for independence, the Baltimore house sent two vessels with arms and provisions to the assistance of the Chilians, who contracted to pay Messrs. D'Arcy and Didier $800,000 upon the delivery of the cargoes in Chili. One of the vessels arrived safely; the other entered the port of Buenos Ayres, where the vessel was seized; but the valuable cargo was soon released, and taken across the Andes to Chili, where the arms contributed to securing the final independence of the Republic. The heirs of Messrs. D'Arcy and Didier have filed a claim against Chili in the State Department at Washington for $800,000, and interest for sixty-two years, amounting in all to four millions of dollars. Mr. D'Arcy was the

father of six daughters, who in the course of time became leading ladies in Baltimore society. Henrietta, who was considered the most faultlessly beautiful woman in Baltimore between 1840 and 1850, in 1845 married Dr. William T. Wilson, a gentleman of refined taste, and an intelligent patron of art. A younger sister, Ellen, personal beauty, possessed a vivacity of manner, a sprightliness in conversation, and a brilliant variety of accomplishments which made her the most famous belle of her time. After having half the young men of Baltimore at her feet, and refusing a hundred offers, she married Mr. George Pendleton, of Winchester, Virginia, who



AMELIA DIDIER D'ARCY.

who was also a great beauty, married Theodore Wetmore, of New York; Virginia D'Arcy married Hermann Von Kapff, a Baltimore merchant of German birth; Maria and Amelia married respectively Thomas J. Wilson and Rev. L. Van Bokkelan; Margaret, the eldest of these charming sisters, died unmarried. Mrs. Van Bokkelan, the youngest, is the only survivor.

Contemporary with the Misses D'Arcy was Miss Charlotte Robinson, daughter of Alexander C. Robinson, one of the merchant princes of Baltimore. Her mother was Miss Peale, daughter of Charles Wilson Peale, the painter. Mrs. Robinson's beauty was remarkable even in a city so famous for its beautiful women as Baltimore. Her daughter, in addition to great was afterward for several years the presiding judge of Berkeley County, Virginia.

An English traveller who visited Baltimore described one of the belles of the city as possessing a supreme perfection of form and feature. He said he spoke of her as reverently as if he were drawing the portrait of the Austrian Empress or any other crowned beauty. He looked on that face as a wonderful picture, and so remembered it. He confessed, Englishman as he was, that he had never beheld a countenance more faultlessly lovely. The pose of the small head, the sweep of the neck, resembled the miniatures of Giulia Grisi in her youth, but the lines were more delicately drawn, and the contour more re-



HARRIET LANE JOHNSON.

fined; the broad open forehead, the brows firmly arched, without an approach to heaviness, the thin chiselled nostril and perfect mouth, cast in the softest feminine mould, reminded you of the first Napoleon. Quick mobility of expression would have been inharmonious there. With all its purity of outline, the face was not severe or coldly statuesque—only superbly serene, not lightly to be ruffled by any sudden revulsion of feeling: a face of which you never realized the perfect glory till the pink-coral tint flushed faintly through the clear pale cheeks, while the lift of the long trailing lashes revealed the magnificent eyes, lighting up surely and slowly to the full of their stormy splendor.

This language will not be considered exaggeration by those who remember Miss Mary Grafton Dulany in the prime of her youth and beauty. She is the daughter of Grafton L. Dulany, who ranked high at the Baltimore bar when it was graced by such men as Taney, Johnson, Meredith, Wirt, McMahon, and others. This lady married Mr. Gardiner G. Howland, of New York, whose father, bearing the same name, married Miss Louisa Meredith, also a Baltimore belle. Miss Mary Dulany was a particular favorite of Washington Irving in his latter years. He frequently met her at John P. Kennedy's. One of the greatest attractions for him in Baltimore was the society of this charming girl. She was married a year or two before his death, and a magnificent reception was given to her in New York at the residence of Mr. Howland senior. Mr. Irving came down from Sunnyside to be present, although he was then in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and took great pleasure in speaking of the beauty of the bride, who was also, as he said, "such a *good girl.*" This was his last appearance in society. Of late years Mrs. Howland has almost retired entirely from the gay world, in order to devote herself to works of charity. We regret that photographers both in this country and in Europe have failed to produce a correct likeness of Mrs. Howland; but judging from what those say who knew her well, she must have been the most beautiful bride that Baltimore has ever given to New York. Her face recalled that of the Madonna di San Sisto, in which heaven and earth are said to meet upon Raphael's canvas.

Baltimore has never been a clubable city. With three or four hundred thousand inhabitants, there are only three or four clubs, and the majority of these, in accordance with the peculiar spirit of the people, are of a social character. The Maryland Club is the oldest, the most pretentious, and the most conservative, and enjoys a wide reputation for its *cuisine*, although a fastidious English visitor once declared that it was "pitilessly monotonous in its *carte*." Nowhere are terra-



ROBERT GOODLOE HARPER.

pins, canvas-back ducks, and other delicacies of the Chesapeake prepared more deliciously than by the *chef* of the Maryland. Most of the members are *bons-vivants*. The cellars of the club are stocked with wines of a fabulous age, including the famous Glenn, Hoffman, and Noble Madeira, bottled in 1810, 1819, and 1826. A supper at the Maryland is something to remember, and worth a trip across the Atlantic to the man who considers a good meal the *summum bonum* of human existence. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table humorously attributed the want of appreciation of literature in Baltimore to the tempting delicacies of the table, so lavishly supplied by the waters of the Chesapeake, and suggested that Baltimore's chief monument should be crowned by a canvas-back duck. Although this club is not so exclusive as formerly, it still prides itself upon having for its presiding officer a "gentleman of long descent." This position, which was once held by the son of a king, is now occupied by the grandson of a Revolutionary hero.



EMILY McTAVISH.

A little less than a quarter of a century ago a number of Baltimore artists and others were in the habit of meeting one

evening in the week at the studio of Frank B. Mayer. Gradually, as the number increased, it was determined to organize a regular club, and in the winter of 1858–9 they established themselves at No. 40 St. Paul Street, the former residence of Dr. John Buckler, and adopted the name of the Allston Association. As the membership continued to grow larger, the rooms were found inadequate, and in February, 1863, they removed to 64 Mount Vernon Place, known as the Oliver mansion. Owing to the pronounced Southern sentiments of its members, the club-house was closed by order of General Schenck, commandant of the Middle Department, on the 30th of June, 1863, the first day of the battle of Gettysburg, when the result of the battle was uncertain, and the Confederate army was hourly expected in Baltimore. The club-house remained closed during the continuance of the war. General Schenck advised his successor not to allow it to be re-opened, as it had been "a nest of secessionists."

Wednesday was the musical evening at the Allston, when string instruments accompanied quartettes, quintettes, glees, and choruses. Among the prominent of the musical members were the late William Prescott Smith, Dr. A. J. Volck, Henry C. Wagner, Professor Otto Sutro, and others. When the Allston Association was suppressed, these and other music-loving members continued to meet at the rooms of Mr. Sutro, No. 67 North Charles Street. In the autumn of 1869 it was proposed to form a club, devoted strictly to music and the drama, and on the 13th of November, 1869, the Wednesday Club was organized, and continued its separate existence until June 8, 1870, when it was merged into the Allston, which had been reorganized the previous winter. Finding the Allston was becoming merely a social club, cards and billiards taking the place of music and art, the former members of the Wednesday Club determined to separate from the Allston, and in the winter of 1876 it resumed its separate existence. The people of Baltimore are devoted to music, and the Wednesday Club became so popular in a few years that it was found necessary to build a club-house on North Charles Street, of which they took possession on December 15, 1879. The first entertainment given there was on the 30th of December, 1879, when Gade's *Erl King's Daughter* was rendered by members of the club. Mr. Edward Reuling was Sir Oluf, Miss Bessie McIlvaine was the Erl King's Daughter, and Mrs. J. E. Lindsay was the mother. During the same winter, Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, the *May Queen*, etc., were produced, and more recently Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah*.

One of the most honored ladies now living in Baltimore is Miss Emily L. Harper, who, since the death of her cousin the Duchess of Leeds, on the 8th of April, 1874, has been the sole surviving grandchild of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Miss Harper is the daughter of General Robert Goodloe Harper, who was a contemporary of William Pinkney at the Maryland bar, and pronounced a splendid eulogy on the great orator when he was suddenly cut off in the midst of his brilliant career. The best society of this country and Europe has been graced by the presence of Miss Harper; but in the homes of the poor she is as well known as in the gilded saloons of fashion. Some years ago, when no Catholic princess in Europe was deemed worthy of the Golden Rose, which is annually presented by the Pope, Miss Harper, as the most distinguished Catholic lady in the United States, was mentioned as a proper person to receive it.

Few ladies have presided over the White House with more distinction than Miss Harriet Lane, the niece of President Buchanan. Educated at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, while her uncle was Secretary of State under the Polk administration, she spent Saturday and Sunday every month in Washington with him. At his house she was early introduced to all that was best, brightest, and distinguished in the nation. In this society she acquired the ease and grace of manner which afterward made her remarkable in Queen Victoria's drawing-room. After leaving the convent school, Miss Lane returned to her uncle's home at Wheatland, where she saw much company, and occasionally visited New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. In 1852, Mr. Buchanan was sent to England as United States minister, and Miss Lane accompanied him. Her many charms of mind and person made a decided impression upon the Queen, and the fair young American was honored by distinguished marks of royal favor.

The most interesting social event connected with the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan was the visit of the Prince of Wales and suite to Washington in the

autumn of 1860. Miss Lane contributed greatly to the pleasure of the Prince by the admirable manner in which everything was ordered at the White House for the accommodation and entertainment of the royal party. This was the first occasion that an heir-apparent to the English throne had visited the capital of the lost colonies. The most interesting circumstance of the visit was the presence of the great-grandson of George III. standing with bowed head before the tomb of George Washington. As a mark of his appreciation of the cordial hospitality extended to him at the White House, the Prince, upon his return to England, sent Mr. Buchanan a portrait of himself, and Miss Lane a set of engravings of the royal family, with an autograph letter, in which he said, "The cordial welcome vouchsafed to me can never be effaced from my memory."

At the close of his administration Mr. Buchanan and his niece retired to Wheatland. Here Miss Lane remained until January 11, 1866, when she was married to Mr. Henry E. Johnston, a prominent Baltimore banker. The two had first met at Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania, in the golden days of youth. The acquaintance thus early begun continued to increase in warmth during all the dazzling career of Miss Lane at home and abroad until it culminated in a happy marriage. After a trip to Cuba, Mr. Johnston took his wife to Baltimore, where he had fitted up a luxurious home for the lady of his love. For fifteen years Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston has been one of the brilliant ornaments of Baltimore society. Their beautiful house on Park Avenue has been the centre of a refined and graceful hospitality, where all that is most attractive and winning in the Monumental City gather. Here the stately lady whose grace and dignity adorned the most elegant of European courts appears in the less brilliant but not less charming character of the queen of the domestic circle.

In the winter of 1863, George Lawrence, who is so well known as the author of *Guy Livingstone*, arrived in Baltimore on his Quixotic expedition to the South. With the proverbial hospitality of the city, he was dined and entertained by the most fashionable people. He showed his appreciation of their cordiality in his book, *Border and Bastile*, which described his adventures in this country. We quote: "The freedom and independent self-reliance of the Baltimorean demoiselles is very remarkable. At home they receive and entertain their own friends of either sex quite naturally, and taking their walks abroad, or returning from an evening party, trust themselves unhesitatingly to the escort of a single cavalier. It speaks well for the tone of society where such a state of things can prevail without fear and without reproach. I never heard a slander or a suspicion levelled against the most intrepid of those innocent Unas. On the appearance of a *débutante* in Baltimore, the first question asked is, 'Is she beautiful?' For many years past common report has conceded the golden apple to the Monumental City. I think the distinction has been fairly won. The small, delicate features, the long, liquid, iridescent eyes, the sweet, indolent *morbidezza*, that make Southern beauty so perilously fascinating, are not uncommon here, and are often united to a clearness and brilliancy of complexion scarcely to be found nearer the tropics. At the hour of 'dress parade' you can not walk five steps without encountering a face well worthy of a second look."

There are at this time many fair Baltimoreans to whom this enthusiastic description might apply. We are not guilty of a want of delicacy when we mention Mrs. John Carroll, who, a few years since, as Miss Mary Thomas, was one of the brightest ornaments of society. Miss Emily McTavish belongs to a family in which beauty is hereditary. She is on her father's side the great-granddaughter of Mrs. Richard Caton, whose three daughters were known at the court of George IV. as the American Graces, and whose marriage to English noblemen created so great a sensation in the fashionable society of Great Britain. On her mother's side Miss McTavish is the granddaughter of General Winfield Scott. The wealth and high social position of the family place this lady in the front rank of Baltimore society. Stately in her bearing as Tennyson's Maud, and calm in her manners as her grandaunt the Duchess of Leeds, whom she is said to resemble in personal appearance, Miss McTavish possesses that conscious repose and high-born grace which we see in Vandyck's female portraits, representing as they do the transmitted beauty and refinement of a dozen generations.

Among the beauties who have been

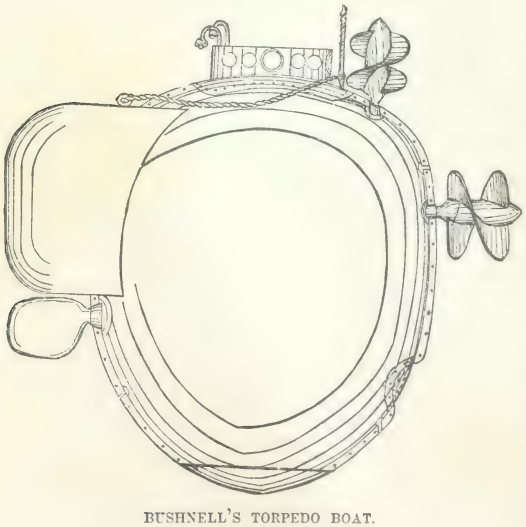
taken from Baltimore to adorn the society of other cities, besides those already mentioned, were Miss Judith Moale, who married Mr. Robert Cutting, Jun., of New York; Miss Lillie Dulany, who married Mr. Robert Cushing, of Boston; Miss Florence McPheeters, who married a Mr. Padelford, of Savannah, Georgia. This lady possesses in perfection the blonde type of beauty which is peculiar to Baltimore, and which has distinguished so many of its lovely women. One of the most attractive ladies in the society of the Monumental City thirty years ago was Miss Ellen Swan, who married Philip Barton Key, of Washington. Their son, James Scott Key, after figuring in Baltimore society for a few years, abandoned the profession of the law, which has been hereditary in his family for three generations, and went on the stage. Previous to doing that, he delivered an address at the Academy of Music on the "Origin of the Star-spangled Banner," which his grandfather, Francis Scott Key, wrote while a prisoner on board a British man-of-war during the bombardment of Fort McHenry on the 13th of September, 1814.

An evening party in Baltimore is something to be enjoyed and remembered. Gentlemen from other cities have confessed themselves astonished at the battalions of beautiful women to be seen on such occasions. Along the wooded avenues of Druid Hill Park faces glance from carriages, and figures are seen strolling along the green alleys, which might have inspired Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." A peculiar charm of the Baltimore girl is her gentleness; she is exquisitely feminine. There is nothing about her of the "girl of the period"; she is not a "husband-hunting woman"; she is not one of the "grim females"; not one of the "shrieking sisterhood"; there is nothing fast, aggressive, or "advanced" about her; she is the very reverse of anything offensive in the term "strong-minded." Her reading is more sweet than strong; on her boudoir table you will not find the last French novel or the last poem of Swinburne, but you will find the works of Jean Ingelow and Adelaide Procter. Free from the wear and tear of the fashionable life of other cities, Baltimore women often retain their youthful freshness of complexion and grace of form until threescore, thus illustrating the lines of the poet:

> "How lightly falls the foot of time
> That only treads on flowers!"

TORPEDOES AND TORPEDO BOATS.

THE history of the adoption of the torpedo as a recognized implement of warfare is not unlike that of gunpowder or of shells. Each in its turn was met by the cry, "Inhuman, barbarous, unchivalrous." But the genius of modern war requires the use of those weapons which shall inflict the greatest possible damage upon an enemy in the shortest possible time, and hence the once despised torpedo now occupies a place in the front rank.



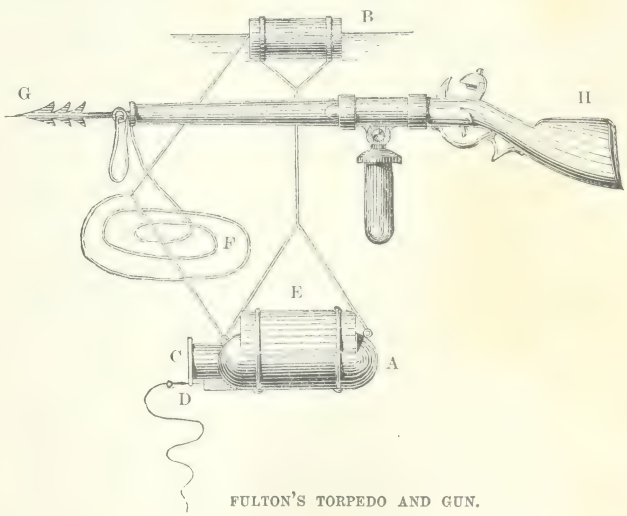
BUSHNELL'S TORPEDO BOAT.

In the short space of a magazine article it is impossible to take more than a mere cursory glance at our subject; but so complete in its details was the first recorded torpedo boat that it merits more than passing notice. Mr. David Bushnell, of Connecticut, who well earned the title of the "father of torpedo warfare," built in 1775 a boat intended for submarine attack upon an enemy's vessel. This craft contained sufficient air to enable the operator to remain half an hour under water, and it was so arranged as to be sunk to any desired depth by the flow of water into the hold; rising was effected by pumping this water out.

The depth was indicated by a glass water gauge illuminated by a piece of phosphorus. A screw-propeller, worked by hand or foot, afforded the means of moving through the water, while a similar screw assisted in the descent and ascent. There was carried upon the outside of the boat a tin case, containing one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, so constructed as to be lighter than the bulk of water it displaced. To this case was attached a rope, the other end of which was fast to a wood-screw; this latter was turned by a rod which passed through a tube in the top of the boat. The operator was supposed to make his way under the bottom of the vessel selected. Here he was to turn this rod, causing the screw to enter the planking. This being done, the rod was to be removed, and the magazine cast off, when it would float the length of the rope, and thus remain in contact with the bottom. The detaching of the magazine set in operation a train of clock-work, arranged to run any desired length of time, at the expiration of which a strong flint and steel gun-lock was sprung, and fire thus communicated to the powder. A boat constructed after Bushnell's plan was used in 1776 in an unsuccessful attempt upon the *Eagle* in New York Harbor. A year later, Bushnell made an attempt to destroy the *Cerberus* in New London by using two floating torpedoes connected by a long line. These were set adrift on the ebb-tide, his idea being that the line would foul the chain of the frigate, and upon being discovered would be hauled in. As this was done the torpedo would strike the side of the vessel, and explosion would ensue, the mechanism being not unlike that just described. Fortunately for the *Cerberus's* people, a captured schooner was lying near. The line fouled her chain, and an explosion destroyed her entirely.

Bushnell also arranged the barrel torpedoes which were floated down the Delaware at Philadelphia, giving rise to the much-talked-of "Battle of the Kegs."

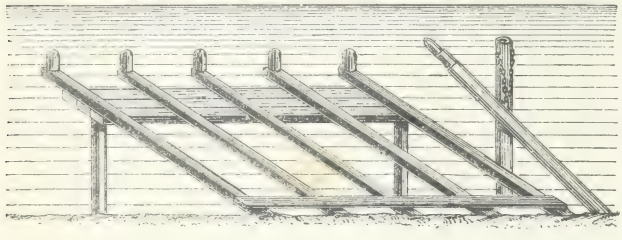
Fulton next appears upon the scene with his invention of the *Nautilus*, intended for the same purpose as Bushnell's earlier essay: this one, however, was of the familiar cigar shape. In it Fulton remained over four hours under water, he having arranged a tank with a supply of compressed air which enabled him to do this. He blew up a small vessel in the harbor of Brest with a twenty-pound torpedo which he had attached to her bottom. The French government gave him little encouragement; consequently he transferred his stock in trade to England, where Pitt, then Premier, assisted him in various ways. His plans included not only his submarine vessel, but also torpedoes which, floating at or near the surface, should be brought by the tide in contact with a vessel; with one of these last he blew up a brig in presence of Pitt and various naval officers. The Earl St. Vincent remarked that "Pitt was the greatest fool that ever existed, to encourage a mode of war which they who commanded the seas did not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it." Herein the noble earl was unquestionably correct, for a weak nation can now defend itself more easily than ever before. His views prevailed, for Fulton was dismissed with a gratuity, and returned to this country to lay his plans before the government. He seems to have dropped the *Nautilus* altogether, as his proposals took the shape shown in the illustration, in which A is the torpedo; B, a



FULTON'S TORPEDO AND GUN.

cork float; C, a box containing clock-work and gun-lock, the train being set in motion by pulling out the pin, D; E, a float buoying up the torpedo; F, a line connecting with a harpoon, G, fired from a gun, H, to

be carried in a launch or other row-boat. The gun being fired at the bow of a vessel, the harpoon would stick in the plank, the torpedo would float against the side, and explosion would ensue. After a number of trials, he succeeded in destroying a vessel at New York, and finally Congress appropriated five thousand dollars to enable him to make experiments against a naval vessel. A commission was appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to witness them, of which Commodore Rodgers was a member. The commodore so surrounded the *Argus* with nets and other obstructions that Fulton was foiled, and the attack was unsuccessful. Although Chancellor Livingston thought it "one of the most important military discoveries," and though Morgan Lewis deemed the torpedo "entitled to rank among the best and cheapest defenses of ports," yet Commodore Rodgers's report was so utterly condemnatory that nothing further was done, and Fulton in disgust dropped the subject forever.



FRAME AND PILE TORPEDOES.

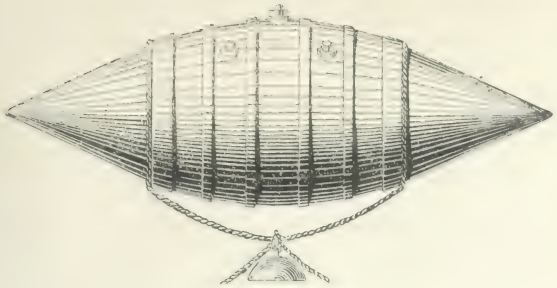
In 1842, Samuel Colt, best known to the world as the inventor of the revolver, brought to the notice of the government his scheme for torpedo warfare. He first employed electricity as an igniting agent, and by this means destroyed a schooner at anchor in the Potomac, while five miles distant from her: later he destroyed a vessel under way, a few minutes after her abandonment by the crew. Notwithstanding these successes, he received no encouragement, the general sentiment of both the military and naval authorities being averse to this mode of warfare. Colt's methods were secret, but to him unquestionably belongs the honor of being the pioneer in the use of the electric current by means of an insulated cable.

Torpedoes were employed to some extent by the Russians in the Crimean war, but without any great effect, save to give the enemy a wholesome horror of them.

It remained for our own civil war to bring them into prominence, and naturally they first appeared upon the Southern side, being first found by our forces in the Savannah River in February, 1862. These were rather crude affairs, it being intended that passing vessels should entangle lines, which, on being pulled, should cause a friction primer to explode. These were not successful, being quite easily found and removed, so that there was but little delay caused in the movements of the besieging force. About this time, however, a regular Torpedo Corps was organized at Richmond, and much attention was paid by them to the perfection of this very important weapon. Naturally the first use was for defensive purposes, and frame or pile torpedoes were very successfully used to close various water-courses. It was nearly impossible to remove them, and hence our vessels never attempted to penetrate channels where they were known to be planted. The shell was secured to the timber by heavy bolts, and explosion ensued whenever a passing vessel struck one of the fuses. These were so sensitive that a blow of ten pounds was quite sufficient to explode them. They were protected from the water by a very thin cap of soft copper, which yielded readily to a slight pressure. Another device for a fuse was a leaden tube containing a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar, inclosing in turn a glass tube in which was sulphuric acid; upon the lead being struck, the glass was broken, and the contact between the acid and the mixture resulted in a fierce flame, which was communicated to the powder.

A most easily constructed and much-dreaded affair was the barrel torpedo, made of a lager-beer keg rendered watertight by being pitched, and given flotation by the addition of conical pieces of pine. They were provided with several of the sensitive primers already described. They were easily made and readily placed, but required to be most securely anchored, for if once adrift, they were as dangerous to friend as to foe.

A more elaborate affair was the buoyant spar torpedo, with its accompanying "devil's circumventor." Owing to its

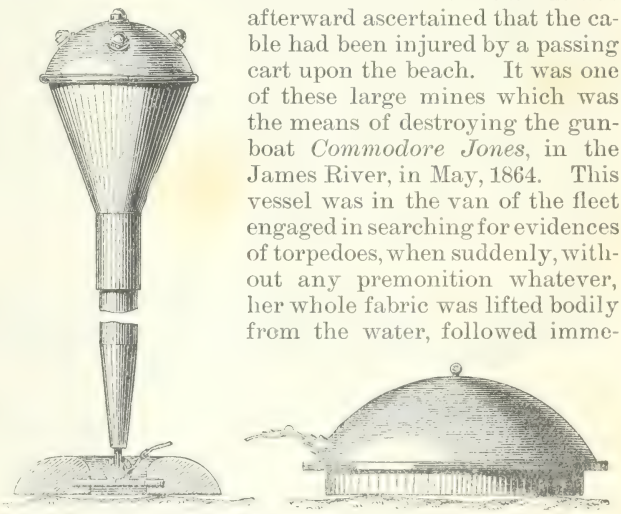


BARREL TORPEDO.

form and mode of anchoring, it was quite unlikely to be discovered; but if such an event should occur, a line attached to the primer of the circumventor would in all probability cause its explosion, to the great damage if not destruction of those engaged in the work.

Various devices were used to "carry the war into Africa." The most formidable were in the shape of a lump of coal. They were made of cast iron, and when covered with a mixture of tar and coal dust, would readily be taken as pieces of the indispensable fuel. They were intended to be placed in the coal piles whence our vessels were supplied. A number of explosions, otherwise entirely unaccountable, are attributed to the use of this peculiarly wicked and treacherous device. A tremendous explosion was caused at City Point by the use of a plain case of wood, having clockwork and a percussion arrangement in one corner. This was placed near the powder which was being unloaded, by a man in the guise of a laborer, who belonged to the secret service corps upon the other side.

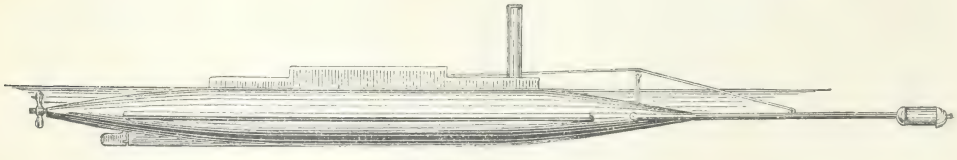
All these and many other inventions were left, however, altogether to circumstances, and hence the chance of the explosion of any given torpedo was but very slight. The electric fuse, however, obviated this difficulty, and placed the control of the weapon in the hands of an operator on shore. These weapons were generally of boiler iron, the fuse being in the centre of the charge; the fuse was simply a small section of goose-quill filled with fulminate of mercury, through which passed a small platinum wire connected to the copper wires leading from the battery; upon the passage of the current this platinum became heated, exploding the fulminate, which, in turn, set fire to the powder. Briefly stated, this is the principle upon which electric fuses are still constructed, though other forms are in use. Possessing control of the torpedo, it became economically possible to construct them of huge dimensions, some holding nearly a ton of powder. They were generally placed in narrow channels, where a vessel passing would be obliged to go directly over them, or nearly so, and they were exploded when the operator considered the proper time to have arrived. A defect in the connections of course rendered the torpedo perfectly harmless—a circumstance which proved of infinite importance to the *New Ironsides* during the siege of Charleston. On one occasion this vessel was directly over one of these huge mines for more than an hour, but it could not be fired. It was afterward ascertained that the cable had been injured by a passing cart upon the beach. It was one of these large mines which was the means of destroying the gunboat *Commodore Jones*, in the James River, in May, 1864. This vessel was in the van of the fleet engaged in searching for evidences of torpedoes, when suddenly, without any premonition whatever, her whole fabric was lifted bodily from the water, followed immediately by a column of water, which tore through her hull, carrying great pieces of her frame-work, mingled with a confused mass of guns, stores, and human beings, high into the air. When the water, with its unaccustomed freight, had subsided, only some small fragments of the *Jones* were found floating in the river, together with a few struggling wretches, who were quickly picked up by the boats of the fleet.



FLOATING SPAR TORPEDO AND DEVIL CIRCUMVENTOR.

A similar occurrence took place at Mobile, where the iron-clad *Tecumseh* was sunk almost instantaneously. No nobler instance of heroism adorns the page of history than that exhibited by the chivalrous Craven, her commander, who, having given orders for the abandonment of the ship, and finding himself and his pilot at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret and to safety, gallantly stepped to one side, saying, with a polite wave of the hand, "After you, sir," thus (so short was the time) going down with his ill-fated craft, while the pilot, the water following close upon his heels, reached the roof of the turret, and was saved —saved to tell the story how the gallant Craven gave to his subordinate the one chance for life which remained between the two. One of the inexpensive barrel torpedoes was the cause of the *Tecumseh's* loss; a similar one sunk the *Patapsco* at Charleston in less than a minute after the explosion. Many other successful cases of torpedo explosions induced the Torpedo Corps to make attempts at using the new weapon offensively, and torpedo boats were planned after many ingenious devices. The diminutive proportions of these little craft, as compared with the huge bulk of their antagonists, rendered the comparison of the shepherd boy of Israel and the giant of Gath not an inapt one, and they were known to our forces by the generic term of Davids. The illustration shows very clearly the salient points of these vessels; the torpedo was carried on the end of the protruding spar, and was exploded on contact, being provided with the sensitive primer. A number were built, and had the war lasted longer, much damage would doubtless have been inflicted upon our fleet. They were propelled by steam, having a speed of seven or eight miles an hour. A vessel at anchor on the blockade, seeing one of the Davids, found her only safety in instant flight; but they were so low in the water that they could readily approach very close before being detected.

The first attack ever made by a steam torpedo-boat upon an enemy's vessel would seem to merit some attention. The vessel whose destruction was attempted was the frigate *New Ironsides*, whose appearance in action was always viewed with dismay by the enemy, so extremely rapid and accurate was her fire, driving the gunners to their bomb-proofs, and permitting the work of the army to go on unmolested. Naturally her continued presence was a source of pride to one side and of mortification to the other. Shortly after nine o'clock one evening in October, 1863, the lookouts of the *Ironsides* discovered something which looked like a boat approaching; the only answer to the hail, "Boat, ahoy!" was a musket-shot, followed instantly by an explosion close alongside, which shook the vessel to her centre, throwing a great quantity of water into the air. A perfect hail-storm of bullets was sent after the adventurous little craft as she drifted into the darkness, and a boat was sent in search of her. Two of her crew were found floating by the aid of life-preservers, but no vestige of the David. After the war had closed, it was ascertained that two of the crew, finding their vessel not sunk, swam to her, and once more kindling her fires, steamed back to Charleston. Not long after this the *Housatonic*, a wooden sloop of war, was destroyed by a David. The little craft which accomplished this feat had quite a tragic history, having during her experimental trials been thrice sunk, each time with the loss of her crew, and finally going down, for the last time, with all on board, when she had finished her mission.

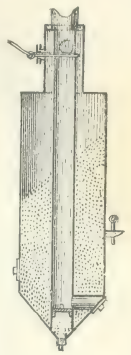


CONFEDERATE DAVID.

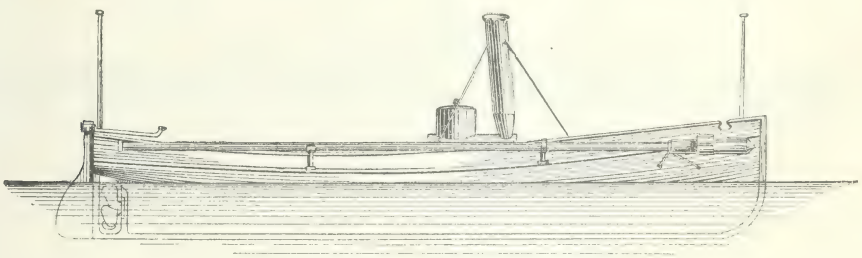
While the Southern naval men were thus active, they were building in nearly every blockaded port one or more ironclads as well. One of these, the *Albemarle*, had been successful in a battle with our vessels in the sounds of North Carolina, and her continued existence greatly endangered our naval supremacy in these waters. About this time Messrs. Wood and Lay, of the Engineer Corps of the

navy, had invented a torpedo to be used in steam-launches, the method of operating which will readily be understood from the illustration. It was constructed so as to be lighter than its bulk of water. The air-chamber at the top was supposed to give direction to the effect of the charge. Through the centre of the torpedo was a tube, at the bottom of which, communicating with the powder, was an ordinary percussion-cap. A small grape-shot was held by a pin at the upper end of this tube, and to the pin was attached a lanyard, which was controlled by the operator in the boat. The whole affair rested in a scoop at the end of the spar which projected from the boat, and was kept in its position by a second pin, the lanyard of which was also worked by the operator. A third rope, fastened on one side of the scoop, passed round the base of the torpedo, and when hauled upon in the boat, after the pin had been drawn out, threw it clear of the scoop, when it immediately assumed an upright position, and rose until it touched the bottom of the vessel attacked. Whenever in the judgment of the operator this contact had taken place, he pulled the remaining lanyard and drew out the pin, allowing the grape-shot to fall upon the cap, when explosion ensued. This weapon, of so complicated a character that it would seem almost impracticable to have everything work successfully, has been so fully described be

of lieutenant-commander when but twenty-one years of age. In such enterprises as this Cushing was in his element. He had secured to his person the three ropes necessary to be pulled in order to successfully attack his foe; and in addition he held cords leading to the engineer and helmsman, by which he could transmit his orders without speaking. With all this complicated system of cords to manage, he never for an instant became confused, but worked everything to a charm. Having slowly approached the *Albemarle*, he was hailed by her lookouts; then, as he dashed at her with the full speed of which his little craft was capable, the light of a fire on shore permitted him to observe that she was surrounded by a cordon of logs, some thirty feet from her side; at the same time a hail-storm of bullets was poured around the devoted little band, so that, to use Cushing's own words, "the air seemed full of them." Several were wounded; but "Cushing's luck" stood him in good stead, and he remained unhurt, though three bullets pierced his clothing. A less cool head than his would have rigged out the spar at first sight of the



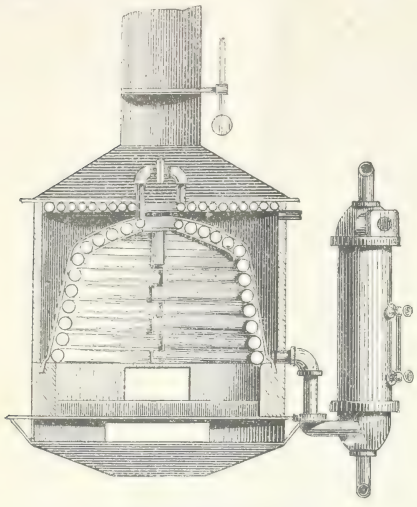
SECTION OF TORPEDO USED BY CUSHING.



BOAT USED BY LIEUTENANT CUSHING.

cause with one like it was the launch armed with which the dauntless Cushing sunk the vessel which threatened to change the existing state of affairs in a manner not pleasant for us to contemplate. Of this feat a high English authority said that "it equalled the best deeds of the time of Nelson," and for it the youthful hero received the thanks of Congress, and was promoted to the grade

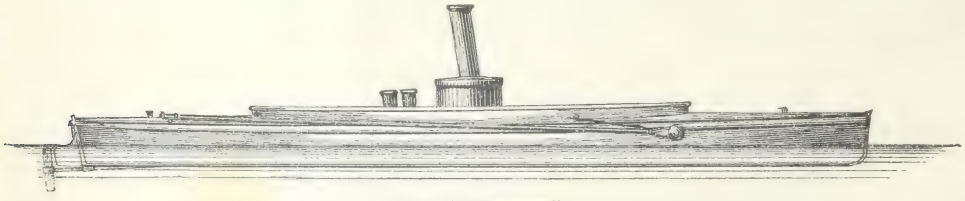
enemy; but Cushing took in the situation quickly, and knew that he must put the spar *over* the boom, if he would be successful. He therefore waited until his boat struck it and pushed it in some distance toward the enemy; then, with the bow half out of the water, still in the face of the musketry fire, and in momentary expectation of being opened upon with the great guns which he could hear being



THE HERRESCHOFF BOILER.

worked, he coolly launched his spar, and pulled his three lanyards in succession. This was accomplished just as the *Albemarle's* first gun was fired, simultaneously with which the torpedo exploded, tearing a great hole in the ship's side, and causing her to sink quickly. The column of water thrown up, in its descent filled the launch, and as she sunk beneath his feet, he told his comrades to save themselves as best they could. His adventures on his return to the fleet read like a fairy tale; but the charmed existence which he ever seemed to bear took him through this, as through all other of his perils, in safety.

Only a very small number of the many different sorts of torpedoes invented during the continuance of the war have been noticed, but enough has been detailed to show how much damage the comparatively inferior weapons of that day could accomplish. Since the close of that struggle, which established the torpedo as an authorized weapon, much time and talent have been devoted to its improvement. Still the main reliance of a torpedo attack is upon "a bag of powder on the end of a pole," as it has been called; it is chiefly in the speed of the launches and in the method of firing the torpedo that the greatest gain has been made. Much has been done in the way of increased speed. In this country we build launches of the Herreschoff type. The *Lightning*, one of this kind, has made a speed of twenty-four miles an hour. The great peculiarity of these boats is their boiler, in which steam can be raised to working pressure in five minutes or less, and can be kept there without difficulty. The illustration shows the salient features of the boilers, the water being contained in the coil of iron pipe, and passing to the separator in the form of steam. The propeller and rudder are also peculiarly arranged, and the whole boat (which is built of wood) is so light that she can be stopped in her own length when going at full speed, and she steers just as well when going astern as when going ahead. Unfortunately she is not well adapted for war purposes, save in an emergency; still, in smooth water and under favorable circumstances, she might make a successful attack, provided she escaped in safety from the shower of balls and bullets which machine guns and revolving cannon would be casting at her. In England, Farrow and Thornycroft have built boats of great speed; these are constructed of steel, and hence are very light. They have several water-tight compartments, and afford a protection for the crew from musketry fire, as they are covered over with a whale's-back, through which man-holes are cut to the different compartments; they are also nearly noiseless, and some of them are smoke-consuming. Some of them are quite capable of service in a seaway, having proved this by steaming across the Bay of Biscay, one even venturing to cross the Atlantic to the South American coast, where she was wrecked. These boats are of course intended for torpedo service alone, and pre-



THE "LIGHTNING."

sent great contrasts to the dull craft used in Cushing's exploit. Their torpedo gear, however, does not differ in principle from that used by him; strong, light, hollow steel spars carry the torpedo, which is fitted generally to explode either on contact or by electricity, and is not dependent upon the clumsy, complicated method upon which he was obliged to rely. Smaller boats are also built, which, like the *Lightning*, can be carried on board a man-of-war, so that few foreign vessels of any size are unprovided with these additions to their armament.

A very peculiar form of torpedo is the invention of Commander Harvey, R.N. This is towed from a ship, or from a large tug specially constructed for the purpose, and being hung similarly to a boy's kite, it diverges from the vessel's wake at quite a large angle. It is somewhat heavier than water, and is supported by a buoy of cork, which prevents it from sinking when placed in the water. So soon as a strain is brought upon the tow-rope it darts quickly to its place, remaining at the surface until the line is slacked, which is done as it approaches an enemy. The torpedo then dives, and upon contact with the bottom of the vessel is exploded. This was thought to be so excellent a weapon that it was adopted in the English navy, and largely in other services. Later developments have caused it to be dropped as a practical weapon. A boat large enough and of sufficient speed for its use can be more effectively employed, and as an addition to the outfit of an ordinary cruiser, Harvey's invention is, to say the least, of but doubtful utility.

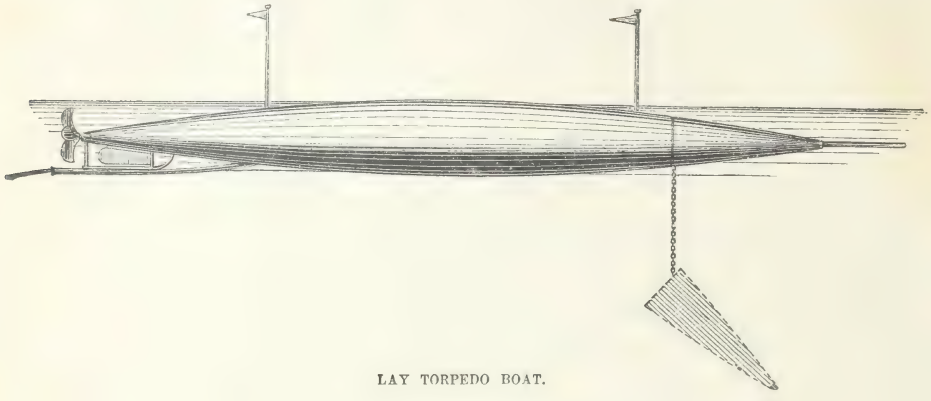
The cruising vessels of our own and of several other navies are provided with spars which project some forty feet from the side, and carry torpedoes containing about a hundred pounds of explosive. It remains to be shown in practice whether this plan will prove of utility in action.

England has built one or two quite large vessels solely for torpedo purposes, and her example has been followed by other nations. In our navy we have the *Alarm* and *Intrepid*, the former designed by Admiral Porter. She is of iron, with double bottom and water-tight compartments. She carries one heavy gun in the bow, and is provided also with a ram and torpedo spars, the latter projecting through the side some feet under water. She has also an additional spar extending, directly in line with the keel, some thirty feet beyond the point of the ram. Facility of manœuvre is gained by the use of the Mallory steering propeller, which may be briefly defined as rudder and propeller in one. The four inches of armor at the bow is intended to deflect any shot that might strike her. Unquestionably, if the great desideratum, speed, can be obtained, she will prove a most formidable vessel; and she seems to combine in an advantageous manner the elements of the coming gunboat fleet. The *Intrepid* can not be said to be a success; almost any large tug will be as serviceable as she, for she has at present no special torpedo appliances that can not be used by other vessels.

The latest vessel designed solely for torpedo warfare is the production of the genius of John Ericsson. If the accounts which have reached the public are trustworthy, the *Destroyer* is not excelled by any torpedo vessel now afloat. She is reported to have great speed, and to be so constructed as to be practically invulnerable to ordinary shot. Her chief point of merit lies, however, in the armament. This consists of a gun submerged several feet below the water-line, which discharges through the bows a shell or torpedo containing two hundred and fifty pounds of explosive material to be fired upon contact. This new weapon is forced from the gun by a comparatively small charge of gunpowder, its extreme range being about two hundred and fifty yards. Contrary to the ordinarily received ideas, Mr. Ericsson has succeeded in demonstrating that this shell can be so fired, and we may look for great efficiency from this new triumph of his genius.

All these craft which we have been considering require the presence of human agency on board in order that they may perform their work. We come now to the more ingenious and more formidable type, which is propelled by machinery contained within itself, and which is only large enough to carry the explosive in addition to the engines. This type is divided into two classes: those which, once launched and their machinery set in motion, act automatically, and those of which the control is retained by an operator on shore. Of the first, the most successful, and in fact the only one ever practically perfected, is the celebrated Whitehead. This is built of thin iron or steel, being in its general form not unlike the Lay, though not quite so

large as the latter; its motive power is compressed air, contained in one of the compartments into which it is divided. It is provided with a most ingenious system of steering and diving rudders, the latter being adjustable so that the torpedo will remain at any desired depth during its flight. It is launched either from a gun or tube by means of compressed air, or it may be started by hand; tubes for firing it (quite similar to those of the *Destroyer*) have been fitted to many foreign vessels, and the inventor has reaped a great harvest, nearly every European government having purchased the secret at a heavy price. Our own government, however, has not yet deemed it advisable to make any purchase, though it has been pressed upon the naval authorities at various times. The explosive is carried in the bow compartment, being fired on contact; its speed for a short distance is at the rate of more than twenty miles per hour. It is believed to be, on the whole, too complicated and costly, and has not yet met with any great success in the trials it has had in actual warfare.



LAY TORPEDO BOAT.

One of the earliest controllable torpedoes was devised by Ericsson; its motive power was compressed air, furnished to the engines from a pump on shore, through a tubular cable paid out as it progressed. An increase or diminution of the normal pressure caused a movement of the helm; it was also provided with an ingenious diving apparatus. Its great and apparently insurmountable defect was want of speed.

The most successful type of the movable torpedo is found in the invention of Mr. John L. Lay, of Buffalo, New York, who has heretofore been mentioned as associated with Chief-Engineer Wood in the invention of the torpedo used by Cushing. As excellent as the Lay undoubtedly is, it still has the same defect as others, namely, want of sufficient speed; this, however, does not seem to be an insuperable obstacle, and with each successive construction a greater speed is obtained. This boat is always under the control of the operator, who can stop or start it, steer to either one side or the other, or fire the charge whenever he pleases. All these things are of course extremely advantageous, and greatly enhance the value of the weapon. The motive power is carbonic acid gas. This gas (as is well known) becomes liquefied under a pressure of forty atmospheres, and in this state it is stored in a flask in the boat. When the valve closing this flask is open, vaporization ensues, and the gas is taken to the engine, first passing an automatically acting reducing valve, so that the pressure will not be too great. As the liquid expands, great cold is produced, and trouble is experienced from its use as a motor; this, however, is not a serious difficulty, and some remedy will doubtless be found. The explosive chamber, containing five hundred pounds of material, is at the bow, and is so constructed that on contact with a vessel it is disengaged from its resting-place, and drops several feet, the idea being that an explosion in that position will do more damage than at the water-line. In one compartment of the boat is a drum, from which is paid out the cable through which the electric current passes. A suitable arrangement of magnets opens a valve which allows gas to enter a cylinder, the piston in which causes the helm to be put in the

desired direction; and a similar arrangement causes the throttle of the engine to open or close. The explosion is caused on contact if it is desired, or it may always be kept under the operator's control. Some of these boats have but one wire in the cable, over which the various functions are caused to operate; others have a multiple cable, with a wire for each thing required to be done. Over a mile and a half of wire is carried, so that the effective range becomes very much greater that that of any of its rivals. Mr. Lay is constantly at work introducing improvements, all of which are protected by numerous patents. His system has been definitely adopted by Russia after a satisfactory trial of ten of the boats built for her. A factory has been established, and it is proposed to use them very extensively in any future war.

The sensation is by no means a pleasant one that this fish-like monster causes when seen pursuing its way through the water as if endowed with life, obedient to the will of the operator, who controls its motions by the simple pressure of a key. To aid him in directing the course of the boat, there are two guide-rods elevated some five or six feet above its top, which is just awash. These rods bear different-colored flags by day and lanterns by night; these are screened from view except from aft, so that the approach of the boat is entirely hidden. So noiseless is the advance, and so little opportunity is there for discovery, that at an experimental trial before the Belgian authorities one was sent, upon a dark night, between two boats anchored about twenty feet apart, without the slightest intimation of the fact to the officers who were on the lookout for it; it was not until after the torpedo had passed them that they saw the lights. This feat was accomplished by an operator more than half a mile distant. So far as the question of controllability is concerned, the Lay is far in advance of any other; it now remains only to devise some means by which the speed can be raised to sixteen miles an hour to render it the most formidable of all torpedoes.

A boat driven by an electro-motor has been invented by Mr. Simms, which promises very well, having attained a very reasonable degree of speed. With the recent advances in electrical practice, there is not much doubt that in the near future an efficient craft of this kind will be built, the aid of steam being called in to turn a dynamo-electric machine on shore, from which the current will be transmitted over a cable, paid out like that of the Lay, to the electro-motor which will drive the boat. Both the Lay and the electric torpedoes, however, have some disadvantages: the former requires to be used near some place at which the gas may be liquefied; the latter necessitates the use of a steam-engine. The Whitehead has the advantage over these that it can be carried in sea-going vessels, as suitable machinery for compressing the air necessary to drive it can readily be accommodated. In this respect the electric boat is superior to the Lay, for it also can be carried to sea, space for its dynamo machine being readily attainable. When we have such a torpedo with a speed of twenty miles an hour (and it can be built), we shall possess a weapon which will be able to sink the stoutest iron-clad that floats.

The latest wars have shown a few examples of the use of the torpedo. The very latest device used by the Peruvians was the setting adrift of a launch loaded with vegetables, fruits, etc.; underneath them was stowed a large amount of explosive. This boat was picked up by a Chilian vessel, and hauled alongside to be discharged. As the articles were removed, the weight upon a spring was lessened, and finally the mine was fired, causing the destruction of the vessel and the loss of many lives.

In the Franco-Prussian war the fear of the torpedoes with which the Prussians were reported to have stocked their waters was quite sufficient to deter the French from making any serious attempts to annoy their enemy: this is a good example of their moral effect. An eminent officer of our own navy once very truly said that "it would require an extreme amount of moral courage for a commander to expose one of the costly iron-clads of the present day to the chance of destruction by torpedoes: the amount at stake was too great to enable one to use his ship as of old, when she was exposed only to the fire of artillery."

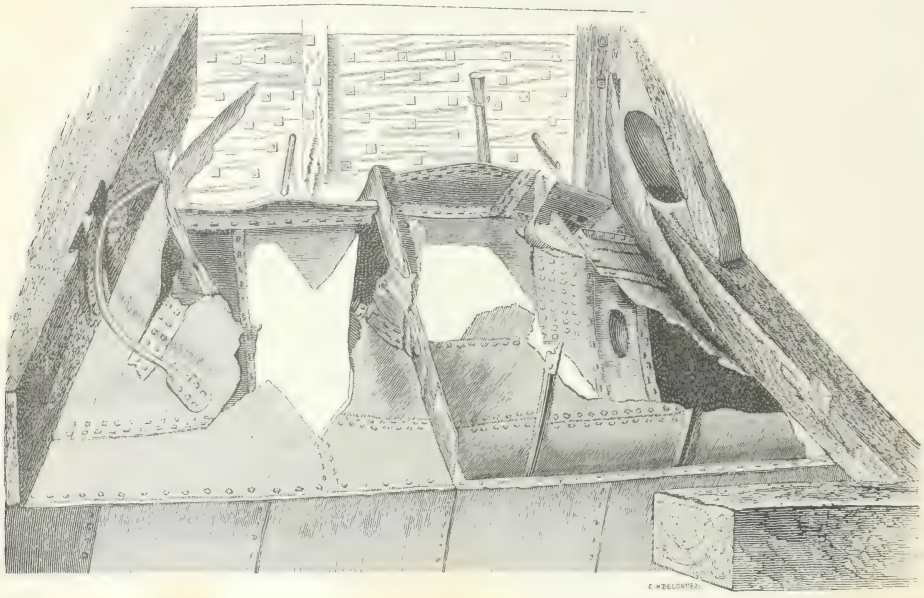
In the Russo-Turkish war a number of attacks were made by the Russians. With launches armed with the spar torpedo, of five attacks but one was successful, a double-turreted Monitor being destroyed. At another time the Russian boat got alongside a Turkish iron-clad without being discovered, but the torpedo did not explode,

owing to defects in the connecting wires from the battery, caused by the cable having been chafed by the screw. On another occasion the torpedo was exploded just an instant too soon, before contact was fully made, the only result being to deluge both the assailant and the assailed with the column of water. With the Whitehead but one vessel (a revenue-cutter) was destroyed, though several attempts were made.

In the case of the torpedo launches, the attacks were always made by three or more in company. A device likely to be employed in future wars was the use of a large merchant steamer to carry a number of small boats fitted with spar torpedoes, thus enabling a descent to be made upon a blockading fleet from seaward. The moral effect of these weapons was again shown, and the truth of the remark referred to above proven, in the fact that the Turkish fleet kept at a safe distance from the Russian ports during the entire war.

No allusion has been made either to the explosives used or to the various ways from time to time brought forward for their ignition, as these matters alone would fill quite as much space as is allotted to the whole of this article. Suffice it to say, however, that in lieu of gunpowder there have been employed the higher explosives, gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine in its various forms. Doubtless these will in the future entirely replace the more bulky and weaker powder. Torpedoes for offensive purposes are generally provided with both automatic and controllable electric fuses, the current being generated either from a battery or a small dynamo machine.

The subject of the defense of harbors by torpedoes or mines is one that can not fully be entered into here. For our own coast, the accomplished head of the engineering school at Willet's Point, General Abbott, has devised plans which are of the most comprehensive character. Generally speaking, mines of this description are provided with outlying buoys, in which is some sort of an arrangement by which on being struck by a vessel the circuit of the battery is closed, and the mine fired. This is in addition to the control which is possessed on shore, whence explosion can be caused whenever it is desired. Should a friendly vessel wish to pass, the battery can be switched off, and the passage made with safety. Methods are devised by which, with a chart of the harbor, upon which is indicated the location of each mine, the course of an entering vessel can be followed, and when she is in the correct



EFFECT OF SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR POUNDS OF GUNPOWDER ON A TARGET (THE BOTTOM OF AN IRON-CLAD) AT A DISTANCE OF TWENTY-THREE AND A HALF FEET.

position any given mine can be exploded. The mines are planted in rows, and they must be at such a distance from each other as to prevent the explosion of one causing that of others. Those in one row are opposite the passages in the next, and in this way access to a port is rendered very dangerous. If to these mines we add an *Alarm* or two, and several of the Lay or Simms boats, it would go hard with any fleet which attempted to enter a port thus defended.

The torpedo, once regarded with such horror, has now fully taken its place among those legitimate weapons by which hostility is made so expensive that nations will be forced to think whether arbitration may not solve their difficulties, and to hasten slowly at declaring war. That nation which is the most fully prepared for war is the most certain to be able to maintain its peace.

KING WILLIAM AND HIS ARMIES.

I.

I THINK it well to announce, right in the beginning of this story, that Miles Bunkly is not properly its hero, though some preliminary things must be told concerning him. Although Miles had loved Miss Caroline Thigpen long before Mr. Bill Williams courted her, yet he never had told her so in set words, until—well, you may say it was too late. Yet everybody was surprised. Miles was a most excellent young man, industrious, sober, thrifty, fond of laying up, and had a right good deal laid up already. Then he was quite passable as to looks. Mr. Bill could not have been said, even by Miss Thigpen, to have any advantage of Miles as to looks. As for the rest, all except Miss Thigpen and his own mother considered him the inferior. Yet Dukesborough manners, or something else, put him in the lead on his first entry upon the field. It was then, and not till then, that Miles Bunkly made one, and but one, avowed effort, and failing, gave up the contest, and resigned himself to what he called mollonchol y.

He had never been—at least he had never seemed to be—a cheerful-minded person anyway. His courtship even had been a rather solemn piece of business, and the final declaration sounded somewhat as if he had invited Miss Thigpen to go with him to the grave-yard instead of taking charge of his domestic affairs. The lady, after gently declining his suit, and claiming the privilege of regarding him as a friend—nay, a brother—announced her intention of ever keeping his proposal a secret, and requested him to do the same.

"No, ma'am," said Miles; "no, Miss Car'line. I shall *not* deny it, nor I *shall* not deny it. I'm much obleeged to you, and I shall be a friend to you and to yourn. The waound is in my heart, and it 'll stay thar, and it 'll be obleeged to stay thar, but I'll be a friend to you and yourn."

On his way home he called to his neighbor and friend Abram Grice, who was standing in his door:

"Mawnin', Abom."

"Mawnin', Miles. 'Light and come in."

"Step out here a minute, Abom, ef you please."

Mr. Grice came out to the gate.

"Kicked, Abom."

"Kicked, Miles? Who?"

"Me."

"Kicked bad, Miles?"

"Powerful."

"Your horse, Miles, or a mule, or a steer?"

"Nary one. It's here, Abom."

Then he laid his hand broadly on his breast.

"In the stomach, Miles? Bad place to git kicked. What in the thunder kicked you 'way up thar? Git down; come in and take a drink, and tell me about it afterward."

"It's not my stomach, Abom; it's my bres. The waound's inside—'*way* inside. Sperrits wouldn't do it any good; it wouldn't retch it."

"My goodness gracious! Miles Bunkly, what in the dickens *is* the matter with you?"

"I've been yonder, Abom," and he pointed mournfully toward the Thigpens', "and my desires is to tell no lies. I got it from a human person over thar, and that not of the sect of a man person."

"Who?—Miss Car'line?"

"Ef I was to name the name, Abom, that were the name I should name."

Mr. Grice shouted with laughter.

"Miles Bunkly, you skeered me out of a year's growth. I thought you been kicked by a team o' mules, or at least a yoke o' steers. Well, look here, you ain't a-goin' to stay kicked?"

"It's done done, Abom."

"Yes, but, Miles, I've knowed sich as that *on*done. Why, Sarann kicked me three

times han' runnin'; but I told her every time she done it that sich talk as that didn't *phaze* me. That's women, Miles. Them's their ways. They ain't a-goin' to let a fellow know, not at the first off-start, that they goin' to have him. I don't know what it's for, 'ithout it's jes natchelly to try to git the whip-hand of him at the start. It's the natchel instinc of the woman sect. You go back to Car'line Thigpen, and don't let on that you 'member anything about her kickin' of you, and that you ain't even phazed by it. You're sorter slow, old fellow—that is, in sich motions—but Car'line Thigpen got too much sense to give up sich a chance."

"'Nother person, Abom," replied Miles, most mournfully—"'nother person, of the male sect."

"Who's he?"

"William Williams."

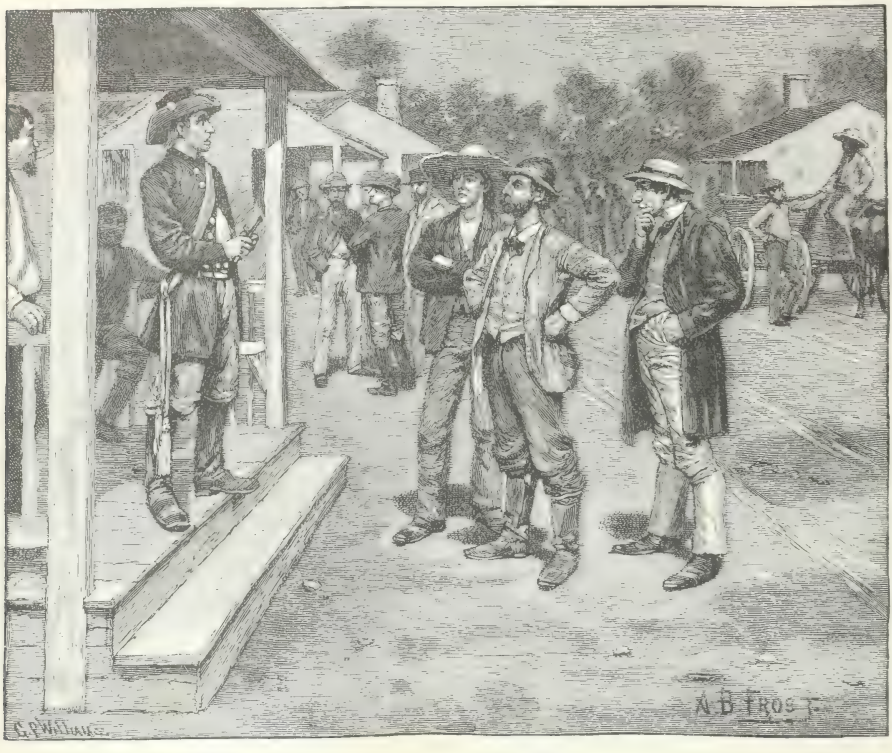
"Who? Bill Williams?" exclaimed Mr. Grice, in astonishment and disgust.

"That's the name of the name, Abom."

"Well, Miles Bunkly, ef you can't whip out Bill Williams, even *with* his Dukesborough ways he got by livin' in town six months, all I got to say is you *ought* to git kicked by a yoke o' steers, and run over by the keart in the bargain.

Such and similar remonstrances were ineffectual to make Mr. Bunkly continue the contest. He retired at once, leaving the field to his rival. At the wedding, though he did not join in the dance, nor even in the plays, yet he partook sufficiently, it was thought, of meats, cakes, and syllabub. Mr. Bill and Miss Caroline, her brother Allen and his young bride Betsann, were specially attentive to his wants. He yielded with profound sadness to their persistent offerings of good things, and the more syllabub he took, the mournfuler grew his deportment. To several persons, mainly elderly, he said during the evening that it was the mollancholiest of all days to him.

"Yit, furthersomemore," he would add, with touching unselfishness, "ef her who is now Missis Car'line Williams, and who



THE CHALLENGE.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

were Miss Car'line Thigpen, be it her or be it hern, ef her or them might ever want for anything which it might be her and their good rights or their desires, and ef then I'm a-livin'—providing, you understand, I'm a-livin'—they shall have it, ef it's in my retch."

II.

Some four years passed. Mr. Bunkly, though plunged in his dear melancholy, yet attended punctually to his business in a gloomy, slow, sure way, made good crops, sold at good times, added to his land and plantation stock, and claiming to despise wealth, heaped it up more and more, as if to show, evidently, how vain are earthly goods for the happiness of a man in whose breast is an incurable wound.

Mr. Bill Williams was getting along too, better than had been expected and prophesied. Much of the exuberant vivacity contracted by several months' residence in town had subsided in these four years of living with a wife (a settled 'oman, he styled her) who was probably the most industrious woman in the neighborhood. He well knew that everybody believed Miss Thigpen to have made a mistake in preferring himself to Miles Bunkly, and he had said to himself at the beginning of his conjugal career that he should take it upon himself to convince the world that it was mistaken. When his twin sons, Romerlus and Remerlus, were born and named, he felt that he was making reasonable headway on that ambitious road. Then he too had added somewhat to his estate, and his wife, a famous weaver, had picked up many a dollar by her extra work. They did not rise as rapidly as Miles, but Miles remained but one, while Mr. Bill, so to speak, had been two, and now he was four. People can not ignore figures in such calculations, especially when they represent mouths. Never mind, thought Mr. Bill—never mind. Thus the contemplation of a former rival, with whom, however, he was on the friendliest of terms, spurred a nature that otherwise might have been wanting in the energy becoming the head of a family. The coming of the twins lengthened, strengthened, and sharpened this spur wonderfully.

Only one thing interfered with the happiness of that rising family, and that was becoming serious. It would sting the wife painfully sometimes when she would hear of the practical jokes put upon her husband, who had become rather liable thereto by what had been considered in the neighborhood his too great forwardness of speech and other deportment. Too great a talker, as from the very first she had told him he was, she would tell him further that a man who got into scrapes ought to get out of them. In these four years he had sobered much under that benign influence. Yet when a man has once been the butt of neighborhood ridicule, it requires time to release him even when he has ceased to deserve it. Sometimes it seems that the only way to obtain such release is to fight for it. That exigency, in the opinion of Mrs. Williams, had now arrived.

One night, when the children had been put to bed, she said, "William, you've got to whip somebody."

She spoke pointedly.

Mr. Bill looked behind him at the trundle-bed, and asked himself, "Is it Rom, or is it Reme?"

"Nary one," was the audible answer. "It's somebody bigger'n them, harder to whip, and a more deservin' of it."

Then Mr. Bill peered through the window into the outer darkness, and speculated if there were insubordination among his little lot of negroes.

"Nor them neither. It's white folks; it's Mose Grice, that's who it is, and it's nobody else—that is, to *start* with."

Mr. Bill was startled. Colonel Moses Grice had indeed been extremely rough with Mr. Bill on several occasions, and (being a childless married man, and thought to be sore on that point) had especially and repeatedly ridiculed the father of the twins. Yet he was a man of means, a considerable fighter, and colonel of the regiment. So Mr. Bill was obliged to be startled, and he looked at his wife.

"You've been joked by Mose Grice, William, and poked fun at, and made game of by him, until *I* don't feel like standin' of it no longer, nor I don't think Rom and Reme would feel like standin' of it, not if they were big enough and had sense enough to understan' his impudence."

"Why, Car'line—" remonstrated Mr. Bill.

"Oh, you needn't be a-Car'linin' o' me!" she said. And never before had Mrs. Williams addressed her husband in precisely

that language. But her feelings had been hurt, and allowance ought to be made. She cried somewhat, but tears did not serve at once to produce the softening influence that is their legitimate result.

"There's brother Allen," she continued, "and which Betsann told me herself that Allen told her that the fact of the business was, if you didn't make Mose Grice keep his mouth shet, 'specially about Rom and Reme, *he would;* and then there's Miles Bunkly—"

"Oh, Lordie!" exclaimed Mr. Bill.

"There's Miles Bunkly, and which Betsann say is about as mad as brother, and which, ef he *ain't* any fighter, yit, when Mose Grice was one day a-makin' game of him about his molloncholy, Miles told him that his molloncholy was his business and not his'n, and that if he kept on meddlin' with it, he mout ketch the disease, and Mose Grice let Miles Bunkly's mollocholy alone, he did."

"And then," Mr. Bill said afterward, "Car'line sot up a cry, she did, and it woke up Rom and Reme, and they sot up a howl apiece, and I says to myself, I'll stand a whippin' from Mose Grice rather'n run agin sich as this."

III.

After that night Mrs. Williams did not again allude to its matter of conversation, and was as affectionate to her husband as always. Mr. Bill gloried in the possession of her, and he had good reason. He brooded and brooded. The allusion to Miles Bunkly stung him deeply, usually imperturbable as his temper was, though not a jot of jealousy was in the pang. He would have known himself to be the greatest of fools to feel that. Yet, easy-going, self-satisfied as he was, he knew that other people, including his brother-in-law, still regarded his wife less fortunate than she might have been. The more Mr. Bill brooded, the more serious appeared to him the relation of his case to that of several others, especially Colonel Grice.

Superadded to a general disposition to impose upon whomsoever would endure him, Colonel Grice had a spite against Mr. Bill on account of the friendship that, since the intermarriage with Miss Thigpen, had grown up between him and Abram Grice, the Colonel's younger brother, whose relations with himself were not only not fraternal, but hostile. The colonel was a fighter, and had managed somehow always to come victorious out of combat; for he was a man of powerful build, and of great vigor and activity. Some, indeed, had often said that he knew whom to encounter and whom not. His position of head of the regiment had been obtained at a time when military ardor, after a long peace, had subsided, and leading citizens cared not for the *éclat* of the office. He had sought it eagerly, and obtained it because there was no strong competitor, and especially because his election was expected and intended to ridicule and discourage regimental parades. He was greatly exalted by his election, and became yet more overbearing whenever he could do so with safety.

"That's Mose," said his brother Abram one day to Miles Bunkly—"that's jest him. He'll impose on anybody that 'll let him, and he'll try it with anybody that he thinks likes me. He's been so from a boy. He imposed on me till I got big enough to whip him, which I done a time or two, and then he quit it. But he took his revenge on me by cheatin' me out of part o' the prop'ty, and he done that the quicker because he knowed I, bein' of his brother, wouldn't prosecute him for it. That's Mose—that's jest him."

"I hate the case, Abom," answered Miles, "because I has that respects of Car'line Williams that it mortify me, and make me, so to speak, git mollocholier than what I natchelly am, to see a man that's her husband, and the father, as it were, o' them two far pinks of boys, runned over in the kind o' style that Mose run over him, nigh and in and about every time he come up along of William Williams. I never keered no great deal about him, with them town ways o' his'n, untell he were married to Miss Car'line, and then I knowed that there were obleeged to be that in William Williams which people in general never supposened."

"Ah, Miles, old fellow," said Abram, "you ought to took that prize, and you'd 'a done it ef you'd 'a listened to me, and been perter in your motions, and hilt on longer."

"No, no, Abom," answered Miles, his arm giving a mournful deprecatory wave. "It were not my lot. I tried, and I tried honest and far. I were not worth of Miss Car'line, Abom. I didn't know it, but she did. And yit I could see it hurt her to put the waound where she knowed it were obleeged to stay. I wasn't a supposenen,

though, as to that, that William were worth of Miss Car'line neither. But Car'line Thigpen—I ain't a-speakin' o' your wife now, Abom, and a-leavin' of her out o' the case—Car'line Thigpen, but which she is now Missis Car'line Williams, is the smartest woman, and got the best jedgment, *I* ever saw. And sence she have choosed William Williams, I been certain in my mind that there were that in William Williams that the balance of us never supposened, and which 'll show itself some day if William can ever git farly fotch to a right pint."

Thus that nature, upright, unselfish, simple, fond to persuade itself that it was unhappy, took its chief solace in contemplating and magnifying its own disappointments, and in sympathizing with those who had been their chief occasion.

IV.

It was muster day for the battalion. Colonel Grice always felt it his duty to be at these occasions, preparatory to the great regimental parade. The exercises, after many hours, were coming to an end, as the companies marched, with short intervals between, down the one street of the village, preparatory to disbandment. Alternately had the colonel been complimentary and censorious, as he rode, sometimes in a walk, other times at full gallop, up and down the lines.

"Peerter, peerter, major," he remonstrated with Major Pounds, respectfully indeed, but with a warmth that seemed difficult to repress—"peerter; make them captains peerten up them lines. My blood and thunder! my Juberter and Julus Cæsar! if the enemy was to come upon us with fixted bannets— Oh, you've done your part ad*marr*ably, major. It's them captains."

It was just before the final halt that the colonel addressed Captain Collins, whose company was in the centre, and then immediately in front of Bland's store. "Ah, Cap'n Collins, look to your rar. It's so fur behind that it look like two companies 'stid o' one. That sergeant o' yourn you'll have to talk to and drill in private. He's arfter makin' *twins* out o' your company. Sergeant Williams is a great man for twins, you know, cap'n. But you better tell him to make 'em keep his cubs at home. We want solid columns when we come to the field of battle."

The warrior enjoyed his jest, that had been heard by all in the company, and others besides. But he did not allow himself even to smile when at the head of the military forces of his country, in order to keep himself ever on the alert against sudden attacks of her enemies. His gloomy brow indicated indignation at the thought that a petty subaltern, from some vain notion of making his own domestic status the model of the nation's principal means of defense, sought to demoralize it, and actually invite invasion.

"My Lord!" said Allen Thigpen, when they told him, "if Bill don't fight him for that, I will! To think that sister Car'line's feelin's is to be hurt by hearin' of sich as that!"

"I don't think, Abom," said Miles (who overheard the remark), "that it can be put off any longer. Ef there's that in William Williams which I been a-supposen is obleeged to be thar, he'll fetch it out now. Now you go right on home, Abom."

Miles said, afterward, "My respects of Abom was that as he wouldn't stand up *to* his brother, it wouldn't look right to be agin' him."

When the battalion was dismissed, Allen walked rapidly to Mr. Bill. The latter was wiping the tears from his eyes with his handkerchief. Having finished this operation, he went with a resolute step toward Bland's piazza, whither Colonel Grice, after dismounting and giving his horse to a servant to hold, had repaired.

"Ah, Mr. Bland," said the colonel, about to light a cigar, "you peaceful men, you who follow in the peaceable ways—departments, I might ruther say—of dry-goods, and hardwar, and molasses, and blankets, and trace chains, and other sich departments, so to call all o' the warious warieties of a sto'-keeper's business—you don't know—I may say you don't dream—Mr. Bland, of the responsuability of a military man whose country's enemies may be at the very gates—"

"Colonel Grice!" said Mr. Bill Williams, in a tone nobody had ever heard from him before. The colonel turned to see who called. Mr. Bill was standing on the ground, Allen Thigpen and Miles Bunkly by his side.

"Hello! Bill," said the colonel, with careless cordiality. "What 'll you have, my dear fellow?"

"I'll have satisfaction, Mose Grice. I'm not a fightin' man, and I know I have sometimes been keerless in my talk, yit I

never went to hurt people's feelings a-purpose, and I always helt myself more of a gentleman than to insult women and little childern, and which you can't say for yourself without tellin' of a lie, and a fightin' lie at that."

Those words operated the greatest surprise that ever befell Colonel Moses Grice. Partly in astonishment, partly in wrath, and partly in deprecation, he exclaimed:

"What in this wide omnipotent world! Is the Colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment got to study his langwidges—"

"Come, Mose Grice," said Miles, slowly but distinctly, "the muster's over now, and William Williams is your ekal, and he is liable to have his satisfaction, onlest you apologizes for your langwidges."

"I don't *want* his apologies," said Mr. Bill. "I won't *have* his apologies. He's got to fight, 'ithout he gits on his horse and runs away."

"I can't stand that," said the colonel. Throwing off his coat, he came rapidly down the steps to where Mr. Bill, similarly stripped, awaited him.

V.

Whoever has not seen a combat between two powerful, irate men, with no weapons other than those supplied by nature, has missed the sight, though he may not regret it, of a thrilling scene. The blows, the grapplings, the struggles of every kind, are as if each combatant had staked every dear thing upon the result, and set in to save it or die. The advantages on this occasion, except the right, were with the colonel. Taller by an inch, though perhaps not heavier, agile, practiced, and in the full maturity of his physical powers, he had, besides, a contempt for his adversary, and expected to prevail speedily. Mr. Bill himself rather counted upon this result; but he had made up his mind that such was preferable to what he would endure without an attempt to punish this persistent insulting raillery. He had never been a participant in a fight of any sort; but he had labored habitually at the heaviest work upon his farm, and he had broken, unassisted, many a colt, horse and mule, of his famous Molly Sparks—the most willful and indocile of dams. He had now the special disadvantage of having been upon his feet during several hours of tiresome exercises.

"He'll try to ride you, Bill," said Allen, hastily, "but you keep him off. He can fling you, I expect; but you can outlast him in licks. Don't let him ride you."

As the colonel advanced, Mr. Bill—

But, alas! I am not an epic bard, nor even a Pindaric, nor is there one whom I can command to duly celebrate this combat. Mr. Bowden, the village postmaster, was a person somewhat addicted to poetry (reading it, I mean), and he was heard to say several times afterward that it reminded him, he thought, more than any fight he had ever witnessed, of the famous one between Diomede and Mars on the plain of Troy. But the school-master, who was a Homeric scholar, rather intimated to some of the advanced pupils that Mr. Bowden did not seem to him quite clear in his mind which was Mars and which Diomede. For a first fight, and that with an experienced antagonist, Mr. Bill conducted himself with surprising dexterity in the giving and evasion of blows, and when evasion was not successful, with becoming fortitude. It was, however, a tiresome business. He showed that, and once, after putting in one of his best, when he was attempting to withdraw himself from the return, he had the misfortune to tread upon a corn-cob that happened to be lying in his rear. This turning beneath him, he lost his balance, and the colonel rushing upon him, he fell to the ground upon his left side.

"There, now!" said Miles Bunkly. "Hadn't been for that confounded corn-cob—"

Unable to finish what he would have said, he raised his hands on high, and clasped them in intense grief. Whispering to Allen a few words, he took out his handkerchief and covered his eyes for several moments.

"Bill," said Allen, "Miles says, hold on as long as you can. If you git too badly used up, he'll help you take care o' Rom and Reme."

Then Mr. Bill Williams was worth seeing, though prostrate on the field. These words fell upon his ear with a force irresistible. But for Mr. Bowden's incertitude as to the impersonation of those combatants of the heroic age, he might have compared these words of Miles to those of Pallas, when

> "Raged Tydides, boundless in his ire:
> 'Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.'"

As it was, Mr. Bill pronounced the names "Rom" and "Reme" once, and then he

gave a groan that sounded less a groan than a roar. And then, in spite of the superincumbent weight, he suddenly reached his arm around the colonel's neck, and drew his head to the ground.

It was said of Miles Bunkly by people of veracity, and those who had known him longest and most intimately, that this was the only occasion during life whereon he was known to have shouted. Then, with the mildness yet the solemnity of an experienced good man whose admonitions thereto have gone unheeded, he remarked to the colonel, as the latter's body was slowly but inevitably following his head beneath Mr. Bill, like the stag in the anaconda's mouth, "You see how it is, Mose; I told you, if you didn't mind, you'd ketch the mollonchoty yourself some day."

The colonel, apparently concluding that the time had come, said, as distinctly as he could, "Stop it, Bill; I give it up."

"Let him up, Bill," said Allen; "you got his word."

"No, sir, not till he's apologized. He's jest acknowledged hisself whipped; he hain't apologized."

"I'm sorry, Bill, for havin' hurted your feelin's and your wife's," said the colonel.

"So fur so good," answered Mr. Bill, leisurely stretching himself at ease on his foe, as if he would repose after his fatigue —"so fur so good; but what about Romerlus Williams and Remerlus Williams?" He never called the full names of his boys except on impressive occasions.

"Come, Bill," said Allen, taking him by the arm, "enough's enough."

Mr. Bill rose with the reluctant air of a man roused from a luxurious couch whereon he had been indulging, though not to the full, in sweet sleep and sweeter dreams. The colonel arose, and, unpitied of all, slunk limping away. Miles Bunkly, the tears in his eyes, laid his hands on Mr. Bill's shoulders, and said:

"I knowed it were obleeged to be in you, William, ef it could be fotch out; and my respects of a certain person was that, that I knowed she'd fetch it out in time. It's done fotch out, and from this time forrards you and yourn may go 'long your gayly way down the hill o' life, and all I got to say to you and them, William, is, Go IT! And now go wash your face and hands, and go 'long home to happiness and bliss. I don't say you never deserved 'em before, but I do say you deserves 'em now."

VI.

"My!" said Mr. Bill, when he had washed, and was feeling the knots and bruises on his face, and trying to open his eyes— "my! but ain't it tiresome? I ruther maul rails all day 'ithout my dinner, or break two o' old Molly's colts, mules at that, than to have to go through sich as that agin. Thanky, Miles, and come and see a fellow." He bade all adieu, and went on home, where something in the bosom of his family awaited him that is worth relating. The news having preceded him, his wife, a pious woman, was a little troubled in her mind at first for having given to her husband the spur to a feeling that was not entirely consistent with duty; yet when they had told her the whole story, she rose, laid aside her work, went to her chest, got out her very best frock, and every thread of her children's Sunday clothes, including many a ribbon that had survived its ancient use, and arrayed herself and them to greet the hero upon his return. The whicker of old Molly at the foot of the lane, and the answer of the colt in the lot, announced the joyous moment. Dismounting at his gate, Mr. Bill would fain have indulged his eyes with that goodly sight; but one of them was entirely and the other partially closed. He became aware of the rushing into his arms of a person of about the size of his wife, and justly guessed to be her, and the cries of two children which he rather thought were familiar to his ears. For the boys, when they saw their father all battered and bruised, set up a yelling, and retreated.

"You Rom! you Reme!" cried the indignant mother, laughing the while, "if you don't stop that crying and making out like you don't know your father, I'll skin you both alive! Come back here, and if you as much as whimper, I'll pull off them ribbons, strip you to your shirts, and put you to bed without a mouthful for your supper!"

They came back, did those boys.

"Look at him, sirs. Don't tell me you don't know him. Who is it?"

"Pappy," said Rom, on a venture, followed by Reme.

"And ain't he the grandest man that's a-living?"

"Eth' m," said Rom.

"Eth' m," said Reme.

"Now git behind thar, and le's all march in."

"And we did march in," said Mr. Bill, afterward—"me, and Car'line, and Rom, and Reme; and as we was a-marchin' along, I felt—blamed if I didn't—like King William at the heads of his armies."

Miles Bunkly had become too fond of his "molloncholy" to let it depart entirely; but its severest pains subsided in spite of him, now that the rival who had been preferred to him had justified the preference.

"My respects of William Williams," he would often say, "is that, that it riconcile me and do my molloncholy good that he's the husband and the protector, as it were, of—well, ef I should name the name, it would be Car'line Thigpen that were."

For some weeks immediately following the day of the fight he had been observed, from time to time, in the intervals of other business, engaged with a work seeming to require much painstaking, the result of which will immediately appear. One morning Mr. Bill, standing in his door, called to his wife:

"Come here, Car'line, quick! Who and what can them be yonder a-comin' up to the gate? Somebody, 'pear like, a-leadin' of a par o' dogs hitched to a little waggin."

Mrs. Williams, looking intently at the comers, cried:

"It's brother, leading of a par o' calves yoked to a little cart."

She was right.

"Good gracious, brother—"

But Allen paid not the slightest attention to his sister, not even saying good-morning.

"Here, Rom; here, Reme" (his business being with them), "here's a present for you from Miles Bunkly; and he in particklar charge me to tell you, and which ef you weren't old enough yit to have sense enough, 'twouldn't be long before you would be to understan' sich langwidges, that his respects of your father was that, that he sent you the follerin' keart and steers, and which he made the keart with his own hands, the paintin' and all, and likewise broke the steers, and which they're jest six months old to-day, and which you moutn't believe it, but they are twin calves, them steers is, of his old cow Speckle-face, and which he say is the best and walliblest cow he ever possessioned, and which them was the very words he said."

Then turning to his sister and brother-in-law, he said, "Mawnin', sister Car'line; mawnin', Bill."

Mr. Bill roared with laughter; Mrs. Bill shed tears in silence, both in their abounding gratitude.

"And twins at that!" said Mr. Bill, "jes' like Rom and Reme!" An idea struck him as with the suddenness of inspiration.

"Allen," he asked, vaguely, "does you know the names o' them steers?"

"No, Bill; Miles didn't—"

"Makes no odds ef he did. *I* names them steers; and you see they're adzactly alike, exceptin' that that one in the lead got the roundest—a leetle the roundest—blaze in the forrard." Going slowly to the latter, and laying his hand upon his head, he said, "This here steer here is name Mierlus." Then walking slowly down around the cart and up to the other, he laid his hand upon his head, saying, "This here steer here is name Bunkerlus." Then he took his boys, lifted them into the cart, contemplated all with a satisfaction that had no bottom to it, then waved his hand in preparation for a harangue that few other things could have prevented than that which immediately transpired. Miles Bunkly himself appeared at the gate, and walked in, his face wreathed in melancholy smiles.

"Why, Miles, you blessed everlastin' old fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Bill.

They were people too honest and plain to feel any embarrassment. The generous donor at once took the cart lines into his hands, and led the procession several times about the yard and the lot, as innocent and in many respects as much a child as those on whom he had bestowed his gift. The ardor of Mr. Bill could not be subdued as he looked upon the scene. Tears like those in his wife's eyes came into his own, and he said, softly, to her and to Allen:

"I never spected to live to see sich a skene and sich a ewent. Thar they goes, Romerlus Williams, and Remerlus Williams, and Mierlus—ahem!—Williams, and Bunkerlus Williams, and Miles Bunkly hisself, *and* the keart and all; and I'll channelge, I don't say this county, but this whole State o' Georgie, to pejuce a skene and pejuce a ewent as lovely as the present skene and the present ewent on this lovely mawnin' like. It do look like, Allen—it do look like the families is united and jinded together." Mr. Bill's throat choked up with just enough space left to

allow of breathing, but of not another word.

"Allen," said Miles, when, the visit being over, they were on their way home, "to think of William a-couplin' of my name along with them lovely boys! Well, Allen, I never expects to git intirely over my molloncholy, but I tell you, Allen, I were never as nigh of bein' of riconciled to it."

MRS. WINTERROWD'S "MUSICALE."

"WHO'S Mrs. Winterrowd?" There is a question that shocks me as I write it down. Nevertheless, it is what my friend McAloon (who had the misfortune to be graduated from a Western college) asked me when I told him we had an invitation to her musical affair of Wednesday evening, January 18.

Of course nobody else needs to be told about her; but I had to explain to McAloon that Mrs. Winterrowd, though not herself famous, knew many famous people, and that, although she was not the mother of her great-grandfather, nor in any way responsible for him, she had done the best she could for that gentleman and for herself by being descended from him, and was fully aware of her meritorious conduct. He, you remember, was no other than General Killamy Matchett, an early commander of the Valiant Horse Fencibles (one of the first military troops formed in the province of the Massachusetts), who won great distinction by having predicted the revolt of the colonies, and then dying comfortably at home before the outbreak of hostilities. Mrs. Winterrowd has, among other heirlooms, General Killamy's sword, with which he would probably have slain many British oppressors had he lived.

The Matchetts were very good at inheriting or marrying property. They were distinguished, and it took all their time and energy to supply the distinction; therefore those who married them had to furnish the funds. Mrs. Winterrowd's husband is descended from a fine old typical Boston merchant, and is wealthy, of course.

When I had finished enlightening poor McAloon on these points, "I feel a great deal better," he announced, "for, however insignificant I myself may be, I am now sure that there is somebody in the world for whom it is worth while that it should go on. But will you explain why it is called a *musicale* instead of a music party, or simply a musical?"

"That is Mrs. Winterrowd's style, my dear fellow," said I. "Don't you appreciate it? It is like the mark of nobility implied in saying inva*lide*, instead of invalid. That single letter e added to the word musical marks all the difference between your hopeless Western crudity and the refinement of centuries."

"I see," said my friend, meekly; and I think he was prepared after that for the felicity in store for him.

When the evening arrived, we repaired to the dignified mansion on Commonwealth Avenue where this delightful party was to take place. One of the very first persons I met in the drawing-rooms was Sophia Morne, a very lovely girl of great attractiveness, whom I had promised my companion much pleasure in seeing. She is a little white, but not enough so to detract from her peculiar beauty, like that of an old portrait, always young. Her dress also was white, with many clever lines breaking up the surface, and giving a chance for artistic trimming, puffs, folds, and soft shadows. Her hair is unlike almost anything I have ever seen in others, being brown, yet with a kind of brightness about it that makes it look as if some beam of light were playing upon it, and just about to vary its hue a trifle. She wore it drawn up from the forehead that evening, and at the lower tips of her ears you saw the gleam of very small topaz gems. All this added power to the sweet, thoughtful eyes, the plaintive repose of her mouth, and the grace of those delicate cheeks, which I never can help fancying are made thin by some unknown sadness, until I see her smile, and then the notion takes flight.

I wonder what Planetsure, the eminent scientist, thought of her as he stood there talking to her, with his hands, like relics of the Stone Age, tightly clasped across the very recent deposit of dress-coat that covered his back? The two were very deep in some severe discussion, but Miss Morne bowed to me. I confess I should have been unhappy if she had not done so.

Our hostess, to whom we had said good-evening, passed me just then, bearing McAloon to the large room at the rear, where the two pianos stood. I soon saw that she was going to present him to Miss Fetters, the brilliant authoress, whose

books one ought not to read without standing on glass bottles, to lessen the electric shock. Turning away rapidly to avoid watching him in his perilous position, I came upon the Reverend Griswold Porbeck, with his mild smile and arrogant, spectacled upper face. In fact, the apartments were filled with people intellectually, socially, or otherwise notable. There was Mrs. Orton West, at whose house the meetings of the Knotty Point Club are held, and Miss Truesdale, secretary of the Women Engineers' Society; Leverett, who published a poem of eight lines in one of the magazines last autumn, and has been so lionized by the ladies ever since that he is afraid to print anything more; also that charming Miss Mignon Stanlow, the heiress, who looks so exquisite in her half-mourning. Here too was Miss Yarrow, the poet's daughter, who scanned all the young men as if they were very imperfect rhymes for her—all except Jim Torringford, who has grown a British beard, and has become a most insufferable snob, since leaving college. But even there, I remember, we used to call him "the Bull pup," because of his trotting after English models so subserviently. It is not likely that all these people really knew or cared much about music, but they wished it to be understood that they did.

Suddenly there was a stir. Messrs. Rall and Tando (two professionals, who, distinguished as they are, were nevertheless immensely flattered at being invited to perform here) were seen seated at the upright pianos, like leaders of hostile forces in the transient hush before battle. They were about to begin a duet. With a blind crash the attack opened. Their fingers plunged into the keys in a truly awful manner, as if they were imbruing their hands in human blood. They glared, almost snorted, dug at the ivory, and—as the pianos were placed back to back—seemed to threaten ploughing their way straight through the rose-wood breastwork, and engaging in combat at short range. When Rall flung his head back in an agony of feeling, Tando leaned forward over *his* key-board with eager exultation. And when Tando bade fair to have everything his own way, and was sweeping the field with a succession of stormy martial chords, Rall watched his opportunity, and pounced down with a sharp volley of high notes which completely routed his opponent.

When peace had been restored, I got Mac away from Miss Fetters, and presented him to Sophia Morne.

"And you are very musical in Cincinnati too?" she half queried, while her topaz ear-rings gave a quick flash with the swift turn of her head. "They even say that you are carrying off the honors in that way now from Boston and New York."

"I see that 'they' have hardly convinced you, at any rate, Miss Morne," said he, noticing the doubt in her voice.

"I don't know; I've never been there. I've heard a great deal about it, though, from some friends. And I should *so* like," she recommenced, with unforeseen enthusiasm, "to see Cincin—"

"*Should* you?" inquired my friend, at once eagerly responsive, leaning forward impulsively.

"I—I think so at times," Sophia answered, all at once eying him a little more distantly.

"You are fond of music," he resumed, in a rapid, perfunctory tone. "What did you think of the duet?"

Sophia said, candidly and with a little smile, "I don't like it."

Hereupon McAloon and I confessed the same. I saw that these two people would soon come to a good understanding, and never before that moment had I been fully aware how handsome my young Westerner was.

The situation must have impressed Mrs. Winterrowd too; for had she not her niece Bertha staying with her, for whom a brilliant match was but a natural destiny? She came up and interrupted.

"Miss Morne is a veritable protestant in musical matters," she began. "She is always trying to reform us; she will never give up to the orthodox opinion if she can help it. I remember you were firmly opposed to Von Bülow," she added, turning to the charming culprit.

My friend's eyes lighted again. "And you preferred Rubinstein?" he asked.

Miss Morne was not afraid to give a quiet assent.

Then began the usual patter about Joseffy, Marie Krebs, Von Hammer, Van Pummel, and the rest, which I have myself been through so many times. I escaped to the neighborhood of Miss Stanlow, observing at the same time that Bertha Matchett had moved nearer the group, with a friend. In a moment or two more her

aunt, accidentally discovering her, had entrapped McAloon.

"What an unfortunate name!" exclaimed Miss Stanlow, when I mentioned it to her.

I was surprised to find that the remark gave me an unaccountable comfort, though I had not known till that instant that I stood in need of any. Could it be that I was the least particle jealous of Mac?

"Ah, Miss Stanlow," I half sighed to the graceful creature at my elbow, "why are we forever talking about something and professing to care for something that is really of secondary moment? Don't you get dreadfully tired of it?"

"I'll tell you the exact truth," said she. "I get tired of almost everything except the Diagonal."

I laughed, and yet I believed her.

"I hope you include your partner," I continued. "The last time I danced the Diagonal was with you at Mrs. Shaw Stevenson's. Don't you remember?"

Was it more than ordinary intention that caused Miss Stanlow to answer, with a full, dark glance, "I have not forgotten, Mr. Endicott"? There is a species of subtle understanding between two good waltzers who are in the habit of dancing together, unlike any other *rapport*. It may lead to further sympathies, or it may remain always exactly the same. For a moment I fancied this pleasant waltz sentiment of ours might be budding into something else. (And why not? Mignon had money enough for us both.)

"Ah, now we are to have the quartette," I heard her saying, in the midst of my transient reverie.

The quartette had the effect of waking everybody up. All the distinctively musical people got together in groups and held animated confabulations. The words "opus," "sequence," "high color," "polyphony," "shading," and the like, echoed on every side; and young Stiles went about telling all the people he hadn't said it to before how exploded the Beethoven mania was.

"One of the new interpretative composers," Miss Stanlow murmured to me, with her half-cynical smile, "ought to write a 'Conversation Symphony,' descriptive of musical criticism in a drawing-room, translating it into sound—"

"And fury," I threw in.

"Signifying nothing?" queried my companion.

At this point, however, we went down to supper. Mac had succeeded in getting back to Sophia Morne, whom he took down, and Miss Stanlow and I, coming behind, could hear them conversing in a tone of agreeable intimacy, which I didn't altogether relish.

"No," he was saying, "I quite agree with you that this is not the pleasantest way to listen to music. One needs a little more solitude. In fact, a single sympathetic companion is enough. Don't you think so?"

"I'm not sure," was the answer. "But at least that shows you don't demand a great deal."

"It's well to be moderate," he laughed, quietly. "Still, what I ask for is not so easily found."

The supper was superb, and the Reverend Porbeck, warmed with secular wine, entertained a select group by descanting on Greek music and old Church anthems (his favorite theme at these parties), while Rall and Tando cooled their jangling passions in plates of ice-cream. Then we went up stairs again, and had some more music. Last of all on the programme came Virgin, our new composer—a most lovable fellow, though sad and ill from his long struggle with popular indifference.

"God pity a genius like Virgin," exclaimed McAloon, as we walked home, "if he has to wait for recognition from that whimsical circle!"

"Then you didn't enjoy the party?" I inferred. "Why not? Tell me what you thought of the people."

"Well," said he, restraining his usual impetuosity, "they were almost enthusiastic after supper."

"Go on," I urged him. "But at least you'll admit they were critical."

"Frankly," he replied, "I thought the company made a merit of their apathy; and when they at last began to feel and enjoy to a slight extent, they flattered themselves they were giving discriminating praise. Poor Virgin! I wish he'd go out to Cincinnati with me. I wouldn't like to be in his shoes."

"By-the-way," I asked, "don't you compose at all?"

"Hardly."

I forgot to mention before that Mac was himself a pianist of great endowments; the most brilliant amateur I think I ever heard; but he had forbidden me to let the fact loose upon Boston.

We were crossing the bridge over the swan pond in the Public Garden, when he burst out, a good deal as if he were striking a full chord on the piano:

"Great Heaven! that girl's eyes were worth all the melodies I ever heard."

I was not perfectly ingenuous, I suppose, in asking, "Whose?—Bertha Matchett's?"

"No; Miss Morne's. You haven't said a word about her since we left Mrs. Winterrowd's," continued my emotional comrade, almost with petulance. "Can you see, think, and feel, and yet keep silence about such a dream of a woman? Do you do this, and profess to be alive?"

"I profess, but I hope I'm not really alive," said I, "for in that case I'm a mistake not easily repaired."

"That's your Boston way of keeping your sentiments to yourself, I suppose," he retorted. "But tell me something about Miss Morne, can't you?"

I assured Mac that she was of excellent family, but that "family" had nearly been her father's ruin. *His* father had suddenly lost his money, and the younger Morne had had an opportunity to go to the West at a very favorable time, and enter the pork-packing business. But his relatives had all opposed it, on the ground that poverty and the scraps of a social prestige in Boston were infinitely preferable to seeking a new fortune in so questionable a field.

"What business were the Mornes in?" asked McAloon, rather gravely.

"It used to be called groceries, but on Morne's account we now call it, in a general way, 'importing.'"

"Oh!"

"He is doing better at this time than he has heretofore," I went on. "He took the advice of his relatives, and has spent his whole life and strength trying to cling to the edge of fashionable society. I think it's been a hard position for his daughter, but she has been well treated."

He soon saw her again. I took him to call at the house some days later. He didn't seem to mind in the least that the white paint of the old street door was blistered all over by age into a fine crackle; nor that Sophia's father was a shallow old gentleman in an emaciated coat, who wore a mildly alarmed expression, as if forever fearing that somebody would remember that one wrong impulse of his youth, and would get the impression that he *had* gone into pork-packing after all.

Very soon Mac began to have ideas that conflicted with mine about the disposition of our evenings, and it ended in his going his way, and my going mine. Of course I knew what this meant. Meanwhile I was fortunate enough to have another delightful evening of waltzing with Miss Stanlow.

Mac pretended (so I thought) to be very much occupied with some business ventures. He was continually running down to Devonshire Street, and looking for the latest reports of sales in the papers. It was hardly possible that these interests should absorb his evenings; but one night when he gave me to understand he was going to talk things over with his broker at the Tremont House, I sauntered out toward Bowdoin Street, with some intention of calling on Miss Morne.

As I came near the house I paused. Then suddenly from within some penetrating notes of a piano rolled forth. No, not "rolled"; I ought to say stalked, for they came like ghosts to me. I felt my friend's hand in the touch. He seemed to be working with those sounds a spell of warning and disaster against me. Oddly enough, I felt it impossible to seek admittance at the old crackle door after this.

"An unfortunate name," Miss Stanlow had said, and I consoled myself with the words. Do what he would at the piano, my friend could never throw any music into "Mrs. McAloon," and I said to myself persuasively that Sophia would never be induced to accept that title.

It took very little time for the secret of Mac's musical prowess to get abroad after he had betrayed it. Mrs. Winterrowd began to make a tremendous fuss over the discovery. "I shall never have any confidence in you again," she declared to me, with playful rage, at Mrs. Orton West's kettledrum. "You knew it all the time, and ought to have told me. But I don't believe you have a bit of music in your soul—no, not a bit."

But she did what she could by giving a dinner, and chaining him to the piano for exhibition after it. In fine, she made a lion of him, insisted on his accompanying Bertha and herself to various entertainments, made him perform at a charity matinée, and assumed the part of having unearthed his genius, and even of having

pointed it out to Mac himself when he was hardly aware of possessing it.

Seeing this, certain old ladies of the Back Bay settled it in their minds that he would soon be offered up to Bertha Matchett. But they were destined to enjoy a greater surprise. One day when I had got back to our rooms from a committee meeting at the club, and was soothing my nerves with Apollinaris and a cigarette, Mac came striding in under great excitement.

"Endicott," he cried, in his nervous, musical manner, closing and stretching his long fingers as he glared at me, "you have a great many fine girls in Boston."

"I don't need to be told that."

"Some of them are beautiful," he next remarked.

I again mildly assented.

"But only Miss Morne has a *soul!*" he wound up.

Here I felt obliged to protest. "My dear boy, you are aware that I have a sister here, several cousins, and—"

"Oh, yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I suppose they have souls, some sort of souls—that is—you know what I mean, don't you?" I'm afraid I looked negative; but his eye fell on the piano; he darted at it, sat down, and swept the keys with a wild sunny strain, which he wouldn't take the trouble to finish, and then he whirled around and looked earnestly at me. "The fact is," he said, "she has consented. I'm going to marry her."

I threw away my cigarette and looked at him seriously.

"Heaven and earth!" said he, jumping up. "Does it affect you so badly? What's the matter, old fellow? You don't congratulate me."

"I will as soon as I've taken breath," said I. (I was wondering how Sophia had reconciled herself to the name.) "Here's my hand," I continued. "Since you have won Miss Morne's, take mine too."

"That's a queer form of congratulation," he said, presently. "I wonder what it means?" Then, in a solemn tone: "I think you cared more for her than you ever told me."

"You jump at conclusions, Mac."

"But if you did," he went on, "why didn't you take her before I came in your way?"

I hardly know what moved me to go on, but I said: "Granting your assumption, if I had asked her to have me, she couldn't have afforded it."

McAloon's eyes grew smoky with battle. "Do you mean to insult her, Endicott—or me?"

"Neither. Take it *andante cantabile.* I think Miss Morne is the loveliest creature in the world, but I never offered myself to her—no. You know well enough, Mac, that I'm a man of expensive habits, with a small and droughty income."

My friend still looked displeased. "I don't see anything in that," he said.

"But don't you understand, there are traditions—duties to society? I've told you what Morne sacrificed; how he has struggled to keep his place in our circle, and so on. You don't imagine I want to put myself in the same position? I dare say Miss Morne has had enough of it too. But with you—why, the whole affair is very different."

Mac's face darkened. The man's moods changed as swiftly as those of a sonata. He had entered the room in a whirl of delight, suffered a disappointment, grown angry with me, and now he fell a prey to suspicion.

"So you think she is willing to marry me because my father is rich?" he demanded.

"I say nothing of the kind. No, I don't think it. It doesn't present itself to me in that way at all."

"Nevertheless—" he began, but walked away to the window, and looked out in a threatening manner. "This is damnable, Endicott," he muttered, suddenly coming back, and looking contemptuously at the bottle.

"What is?"

"I'm completely upset. After what you've said, it must be so. At any rate, I shall never feel certain. I've always thought it foolish to bother myself with such ideas, but it does make a great difference. If Sophia has been influenced—"

"Listen to me," I interrupted. "Why should you inquire? You love Miss Morne. She has accepted you. It is to be presumed that she returns your feeling; and, without flattery, I don't see why she shouldn't. There is no obstacle to your union, so—In fact, that's the whole story."

But, "It's not so easily settled," he insisted, and went off to his own room.

I was still thinking it over, and trying to analyze my own feelings (if I had any),

when he came in again, and after walking about a little, halted by the fire-place. "That was so, was it?" he began. "You never proposed to her? If you had, it would have been better. I should feel more confidence."

"Mac," said I, "I have just one thing to say, and that is, drop your doubts. I'm not going to discuss this subject with you any further."

"No, I didn't mean to," he returned, to my surprise, apologetically. "I drifted back to it. What I came in to speak about is quite another thing. You mentioned your income just now."

"Yes, but—"

"Wait a moment; you'll see that has nothing to do with it. I am surprised that you don't improve your affairs."

"How?"

"By speculation. For the last month, while I was uncertain whether Miss Morne would have me, I have found I must have some excitement, besides music, to distract me. So I have been falling back on my business streak. I took flyers—copper, gold, railroads, whatever I could get into. The result is, with what I've turned in and what I carry, I'm ten thousand dollars better off than I was."

"*Ten thousand!*"

"Yes. And you can do the same."

"Nonsense. You know I can't risk any money in that sort of thing."

"You needn't risk your own. I'll lend you what you like."

"But if I should lose it—"

"Never mind. As I tell you, I've made this profit, and if I lose the whole, it wouldn't matter; so there's no sort of reason why you shouldn't take a part, and lose it, if you prefer to do that."

The proposition was so abrupt that I hardly knew how to receive it. I could see, however, that he was bent on my accepting it. So I thanked him, and agreed to borrow two thousand.

He gave me the sum in a draft on his father, and we went down to the broker's in Devonshire Street, where I invested to that amount; but, from a perversity I couldn't wholly account for, I went very lightly into the mines and railroads Mac had chosen.

For the next four days the state of the market was, as Planetsure said when I described it to him, like a geologic convulsion. But my luck was astounding. On reviewing my condition, I saw that my gains were very nearly sixteen thousand dollars.

At the very moment when I was trying to comprehend such good fortune, the broker received notice from his bank that a telegram had come, saying Mac's draft had been dishonored.

"What can it mean?" I exclaimed.

"Very extraordinary," said the broker, fingering the note he had just read. "A man of Mr. McAloon's standing! There must be trouble ahead."

"And so I lose my investments?" I inquired.

"I should be glad to take them," said the broker, who was a club man. "But you'd better sell off enough to cover the two thousand and commissions, and retain the rest."

"Sell off every penny's worth, then," I besought him, "and give me what belongs to me."

The order was carried out at the second board.

"Your friend's stocks have fallen off badly," observed the man of business, meanwhile. "And now this dishonored draft—" He drew in his breath and looked puzzled.

"Yes, so I have observed. Mac has been losing every day while I've been gaining. It is very queer luck."

My rapid sales caused me some loss; but after paying what I owed, I came away with about thirteen thousand.

Then I went in search of my friend. He was alone in an upper room at the club, and he too had received a telegram. It was from his father, and ran thus: "Wheat combination treacherously broken. Falling market has cleaned me out."

"Cleaned him out!" I echoed. "That means he's ruined, doesn't it? But it can't be. I thought he was worth two or three millions."

"That doesn't make it any pleasanter," said Mac, rather bitterly. "He *was* worth it, as you say."

"Well, I've got a mere atom of a fortune here in my pocket," said I, drawing out the broker's heavy check. "Let me assist you." And then I told him of the dishonored draft.

He smiled, with a wan look. "You don't owe me anything, then. It's good of you to offer help; but I've got something left. My stocks have tumbled horribly, but"—here he figured rapidly with

his pencil on the margin of a newspaper—"they still leave me something like thirty-seven hundred altogether; and perhaps they'll come up again."

"It's only fair," I insisted, "that I should hand you enough to make us even, since I'm indebted to you for all I have made."

Mac tore off the pencilled margin, twisted and crumpled it, and seemed to be thinking of something else. "No, I'd rather not," he said, at length, decisively. "But have you reflected, Endicott, that I shall now have an opportunity to solve my doubts?"

Here was a man wrapped up in his passion!

"No, I had hardly thought of that," I said.

"Well," he went on, in an altered tone, but trying to appear cool, "I shall release Miss Morne from her engagement—send her a note this very afternoon."

He darted, as he spoke, an almost fierce glance at me, as if he held *me* responsible for this state of things.

"Possibly you're right about the money," said I, paying no attention to his manner, "but you're utterly wrong about Miss Morne. Why need you give her up?"

This he received with a grating laugh. "Oh, *you* advise me not to, do you?" he inquired, incredulously.

I could not doubt any longer that he had been smitten with an insane jealousy of me. "I don't give you any advice," was my answer. "I merely asked you a question. It seemed to me that, as you understand business, and have some capital left, you could go on speculating and recover yourself."

But the odd mixture of the artist, the man of fancy, in this keen-witted Westerner promptly negatived the notion. "It was an excitement with me, not a trade," he declared. "I can't afford it now."

I ceased to urge him.

"Do me a favor," he requested, abruptly. But if we had been on the stage, I should have inferred from his aspect that his part required him to stab me the next moment. "When I have freed Sophia, go and ask her to marry you."

"Mac, this is very distasteful," I remonstrated, though it was exactly what I had been thinking of. Surprise sometimes forces a man to be a humbug.

"Very," he returned, sardonically. "Probably it is as much so to me as to you. But I mean it. It will be a great satisfaction to me."

"I should never think it, to look at you," I observed, with some cruelty.

"Very well, then," he retorted, in a smothered tone, "consider that you would be inflicting a savage wound on me, if that pleases you better. In either case you won't need much urging, I see," he added, with a sneer. "Do you agree?"

"I agree to retain the liberty that belongs to me, nothing more," said I, now thoroughly angry. And yet I pitied him.

When I was alone I began to think he deserved a defeat. The question whether I could administer that defeat next grew to have a dangerous fascination. I fell asleep late at night, brooding over this; and when I woke in the morning I was filled with an ardent desire to test it.

Mac appeared at breakfast exhausted and unnerved. "I sent the note," he said, shortly, and relapsed into silence. After a while I asked him whether he had any idea what he should do in the future.

He held up his long hands. "Here's my living," he said.

"What? Music?"

He nodded.

Neither of us wanted to talk. A constraint almost like that between strangers had come between us, and it was clearly better that we should separate promptly. I therefore took care to spend the day away from him. And a very strange day it was.

Finally, when evening came, and I was on my way to the old house with the white door, I knew that I had resolved to offer myself to Miss Morne.

It was a point of pride with her, I suppose, to receive me, though she did not look in her usual spirits, by any means.

"Of course you know of the misfortune," she said at once—"that Mac (she had adopted that diminutive) has become a poor man?"

"Yes, and that something else has happened also."

Her eyelids fell. "Then he told you what he meant to do?" she responded, almost in a whisper.

If one can pity and admire at the same moment, that was what I did in watching the soft shadowy blush upon her cheek. She was dressed in pale brown silk, judiciously trimmed with white lace of a heavy pattern; three rose-buds bloomed at her

belt, and the color of the pink ones was darkly repeated by a garnet pin partly hidden in the lace near her throat. If the costume had been expressly designed to blush in, it could not have been better.

"Yes, he has confided in me," I answered. "Are you willing, Miss Morne, to do the same?"

"What a very singular question!" said Miss Morne, with something of sternness in her eyes as she lifted them and glanced quickly at me. "That would be a different thing altogether. And what have I to confide?"

"I am anxious to know what you are going to do."

"Going to do?" she smiled. "That's more singular than the other question even. I don't know why you should ask me these things."

"I hope," said I, "you understand that I wouldn't ask them without very special reasons."

"Ah," she returned, dropping into a more easy defense, "then he has sent you? That was very wrong."

"No, he did not send me," I made answer, embarrassed.

"You are mysterious." And again she smiled. But the sadness I had been wont to fancy in her cheeks was really there now, and these faint smiles did not drive it away. "But I will be frank, at any rate. Papa was greatly troubled at first, but I think he is rather relieved now. He appeared to think that Mr. McAloon would insist on the engagement, but now he is convinced it won't be so."

What had convinced him, I asked myself? Evidently his daughter's determination to receive no overtures to a new engagement. This, then, was in my favor.

I resumed: "Miss Morne, my reason for those questions— Ah, I came here this evening—"

But in the very act of uttering my purpose I abandoned it. I can hardly describe the feeling that arrested me. There was something atrocious in taking advantage of Mac's misfortune, something abhorrent about having thrown the dice, as it were, for this woman, which I had been too much excited to comprehend until then. But it all revealed itself to me at that instant.

"Ah, yes, do tell me what you came for. It is so mysterious," said Miss Morne, with innocent perplexity.

"What I want to say," I replied, as if continuing, "is that I think you may do Mac an injustice. It was a generous impulse, no doubt, that made him write that note, but I'm sure he is regretting it at this moment passionately. If you had seen his face at the club—"

She threw out her hand with a brief gesture of pain. "I would rather not hear this," she said.

"Only let me say," I concluded, "that he already has a plan in his head for putting himself in better circumstances. If you would permit me to encourage him to come and speak with you about it— Oh, I know it's a great liberty."

"It's very kind of you," she answered. "I understand. The liberty I can forgive, Mr. Endicott. But I have no message for—for him."

Mortified and rather puzzled, I talked a little of other things, and then got up to go. But as I did so I ventured to say, "Those rose-buds are wonderfully fine. If you could forgive two liberties in an evening, I should ask for a bud."

"The tea-rose?"

"No, the pink." She disengaged it and gave it me.

"If Mac has been a trifle insane," I reflected, as I walked home, "I have too;" and I was quite at a loss to understand my own conduct fully. As for Sophia, I likewise began to suspect her. How account for her obdurate unwillingness to have Mac come and make amends for his note, unless she preferred to lose him along with his money?

He was playing stormily on the piano as I entered, but stopped and burst into violent laughter on seeing me. "Sit down!" he cried. "I have the oddest story to tell you."

"I have something to tell you too," I interposed.

But he insisted on my listening first. The constraint that had cramped our intercourse for a day or two seemed to have vanished.

"Where do you suppose I have been?" he demanded. "I've been to see Mrs. Winterrowd. What of it? Well, you shall hear;" and he proceeded to relate how he had called in Commonwealth Avenue, and received Mrs. Winterrowd's condolence on his father's failure.

"But I hope he will soon get over it," she had said.

"The inconvenience is only temporary," Mac had assured her. "As for me,

it is a shock, annoying and all that, but nothing more."

The patroness of music and lions expressed her delight.

He went on to make formal acknowledgment of many kindnesses during his stay in Boston. "I don't know how to thank you for giving me that opportunity to play at the charity matinée," said Mac; and she took it in good faith. "But, after so many favors, I am emboldened to ask one more."

"Ah!" Mrs. Winterrowd raised her noble eyebrows with a very charming expression.

"Yes, a very important one, a very serious one," he explained, "in connection with your niece."

Here the lady became pleasantly and becomingly grave.

"You will permit me, Mrs. Winterrowd, to speak plainly of my admiration for Miss Matchett. She is a very lovely young lady."

"Ah, as to that, we shall agree admirably," answered Miss Matchett's aunt.

"The favor I have to ask may have an important influence on my future," said he.

There could no longer be any doubt. "Ah, Mr. McAloon," replied Mrs. Winterrowd, "I can easily understand that, and upon hers too."

"You do me too much honor," said the young man, humbly.

"But before we talk of this," she continued, in a tone of most tender confidence, "don't you think it would be well to hear more from your father? It saves so much care to have one's future clear."

"Ah, but that's precisely what I want to settle now," said he.

"Naturally," said the matron, throwing herself lightly into the mood of youth. "Young people feel that there is only one question of importance to be settled, and in one sense that is true. Believe me, I fully sympathize with you, and I appreciate the import of this one question. It might perhaps be answered now, but my duty to Bertha, you know—"

"Your duty, madam! What has that to do with my giving Miss Matchett music lessons?"

Mrs. Winterrowd returned his feigned astonishment with a very real equivalent. "*Music lessons!*" she cried, in horror. "You, Mr. McAloon?"

"Undoubtedly. I must make my living in that way now, and it would have an important influence on my success if you were to give me your patronage."

"I see I have completely misunderstood you. Then that is really to be your future! Very odd; very odd." She already began to scrutinize her former lion with a distant, undervaluing air. But there was a vein of Yankee sharpness under her superficial grandeur, and a bartering scheme had occurred to her. "Possibly I can assist you," she began, "but of course you did not propose—you had not thought of compensation? The adver—I mean, of course, the reputation it would bring you to be giving my niece instruction would repay you for the time, I dare say."

"Unfortunately," answered Mac, with a touch of indolent magnificence, "my prices must be rather high, and I could hardly afford to enter into such an arrangement. We shall have to give it up, I'm afraid."

"There's *one* city finished off, then," I exclaimed, after hearing this recital. "You never can do anything in Boston now."

"I don't want to, either," he declared, vehemently.

"I have been to see Miss Morne this evening," said I, lighting a cigar.

All his gloom returned in a moment.

"But she won't have me," I added.

"She has refused you?" demanded he, bounding to his feet, and clutching the piano with one hand.

I hesitated; then I said: "You seem to take a special satisfaction in humiliating me. You heard what I said. Of course it was absurd to expect she would consider me. Are you content to let the thing rest as it is?"

Mac pulled out his watch. "Confound it! it's too late."

"What for?"

"To go to the Mornes'."

"*Allegretto—finale!*" I exclaimed. "Aren't you rather rushing the thing? Apparently you forget that you're not engaged any longer."

"No, I don't," said my hasty friend, "but I want to be. I can show Sophia that everything may still go well if she—that is, that I shall make a success of some sort in music."

His doubt and jealousy had passed; the transient cloud between himself and me was dissolved; but I can't say I was altogether pleased with this business of his re-

tiring in my favor for a day or two, and then fancying he could resume his romance. "You have offended her," I said. "It may not be so easy as you imagine to put off and take on this engagement."

But "Heaven helps fools like me," he asserted, "and frustrates wise men like you, Endicott." And I'm inclined to think he was right.

When he had gone to see Sophia the next day, I occupied his absence with a carefully constructed theory of the impossible, to wit, her becoming a music teacher's wife. When he returned, my theory was nowhere.

"And is this the end," Mr. Morne lamentingly asked me one day, "for which I have spent all my life trying to keep a position in society?" But his asides to me and his plaints to his daughter were of no avail.

Finding opposition useless, he tried to induce his prospective son-in-law at least to stay in Boston.

"I don't want to stay in a city," declared Mac, "where, for all its delightfulness, I have the example of poor neglected Virgin before me, and where your best group thinks it a favor to have 'treated Sophia well,' as Endicott says they have."

Knowing his irritable genius, I pardoned him, for my part. He went off with his bride to Cincinnati, and now Mac writes me that he makes a very good income.

I think Morne would like to follow too, but he can't leave his business, nor his place on the edge of society. Miss Yarrow and Jim Torringford, who had at several different times deigned to recognize Sophia, can not now endure even the mention of her name; and as for Mrs. Winterrowd, she reproaches me for ever having introduced Mac, who, she intimates, was almost an untutored savage.

One question still proves extremely puzzling to me: if I really loved Miss Morne, why did I abstain from testing my chances? But here the habit of a lifetime baffles me; I have been repressing my emotions so long, that I positively can't tell what particular one I repressed on that occasion.

Miss Stanlow and I still continue to look forward to dancing the Diagonal; but the satisfaction I take in that is divided with the pleasure I have in my pink rose-bud.

THE MEANING OF AN OPAL.

"See with what vivid and what varied flame
I love you, Aglæ," said my love to me.
Always so tenderly he breathes my name,
The little name seems a caress to be.

Clasped in an endless circlet of fair gold,
An opal—less a jewel than a fire—
Burned with bright hues whose symbols sweetly told
Of deathless love, of truth, and pure desire.

We studied this keen opal, he and I,
Cheek warm on cheek, hand safe in sheltering hand:
Here burned the blue of fair fidelity,
There shot the gold of wisdom and command;

Here vivid violet, in which red and blue
Blent cunningly to tell the truth of love;
And then all suddenly love's crimson hue
Triumphantly all colors spread above.

Next sprang to light the emerald's fairy sheen,
Whereat I looked to him; he, whisperingly:
"Of old, Hope's sacred symbol was this green;
Profaned it means, love's tender jealousy."

Then glowed an orange light, where red and gold
Met in an *oriflamme;* and softly he
Spoke yet again: "This union, sweet, doth hold
Sign of eternal wedlock that shall be.

"Fire-like, this trembling and most vivid light
Speaks deepest passion—hear you me, my life?
Yet purely above flame reigns virgin white,
So dares this opal speak of you, my wife!"



PYXIDANTHERA BARBULATA.

IN THE PINES.

IT seems almost like a miracle that in the very heart of civilization, in one of the most healthful regions in the Union, great tracts of fertile land still remain Nature's gardens, where she nourishes the sweet wild flowers in her own mysterious way, refusing to give her secret to her most ardent devotees. Here she has planted flowers not to be met with in any other part of the world.

First among her treasures is the delicate pyxie (*Pyxidanthera barbulata*), a little prostrate trailing evergreen, forming dense tufts or masses, and among its small dark green and reddish leaves are thickly scattered the rose-pink buds and white blossoms. It is strictly a pine-barren plant, and its locality is confined to New Jersey and the Carolinas, yet we may travel over large sections of these States without meeting it; but when we find its haunts, it is often in such profusion that the ground is thickly carpeted with its delicate sprays.

The trailing arbutus frequently blends its clusters of pink blossoms and exhales its delicious fragrance with the flowering sprays of pyxie. Nothing can be more

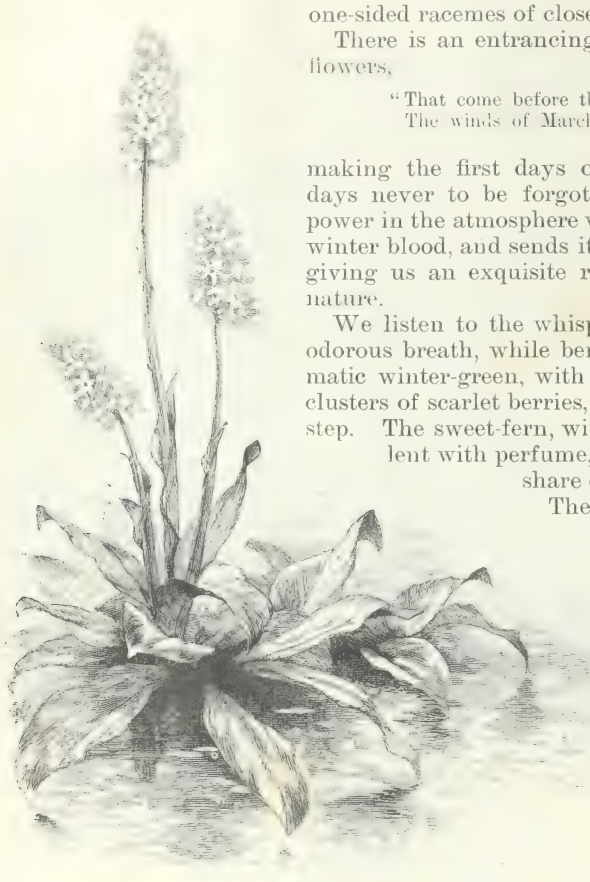
charming than Nature's blending of these two lovely plants. The arbutus blossoms from a month to six weeks earlier in the pines of New Jersey than in New England, where it takes the name of May-flower. It is not unusual to find it in the pines in full bloom by the middle of March. And by this time, or even earlier, we are sure to find the little shrub *Cassandra calyculata*, with its one-sided racemes of closely set bell-shaped flowers.

There is an entrancing influence about these early flowers,

> "That come before the swallow dares, and tint
> The winds of March with beauty,"

making the first days of early spring in the pines days never to be forgotten. And there is a subtle power in the atmosphere which stimulates the sluggish winter blood, and sends it coursing through the veins, giving us an exquisite realization of the delights in nature.

We listen to the whispering pines and catch their odorous breath, while beneath our feet the spicy aromatic winter-green, with its dark shining leaves and clusters of scarlet berries, yields its fragrance at every step. The sweet-fern, with its plumy catkins, is redolent with perfume, and the wax-myrtle adds its share of grateful aroma.



HELONIAS BULLATA.

The wax-myrtle, with its crowded clusters of greenish-white waxy berries,

takes us back to the early settlers, who, Kalm informs us, used these berries to make candles, and also an agreeable-smelling soap. And Thoreau says that in Beverley's *History of Virginia*, published in 1705, mention is made of the myrtle, and how the early settlers made a hard brittle wax from the berries.

"Of this they make candles, which are never greasy to the touch, nor melt with lying in the hottest weather; neither does the snuff of them ever offend the smell like that of a tallow candle, but instead of being disagreeable, if an accident puts a candle out, it yields a pleasant fragrancy to all that are in the room, insomuch that nice people often put them out on purpose to have the incense of the expiring snuff."

So our poet-naturalist tries to emulate the early settlers, and turn chandler himself, and gives us his process of making tallow in the following paragraph:

"I have since made some tallow myself. Holding a basket beneath the bare twigs in April, I rubbed them together between my hands, and thus gathered a quart in twenty minutes, to which were added enough to make three pints, and I might have gathered them much faster with a suitable rake and a shallow basket. They have little prominences like those of an orange, all creased in tallow, which also

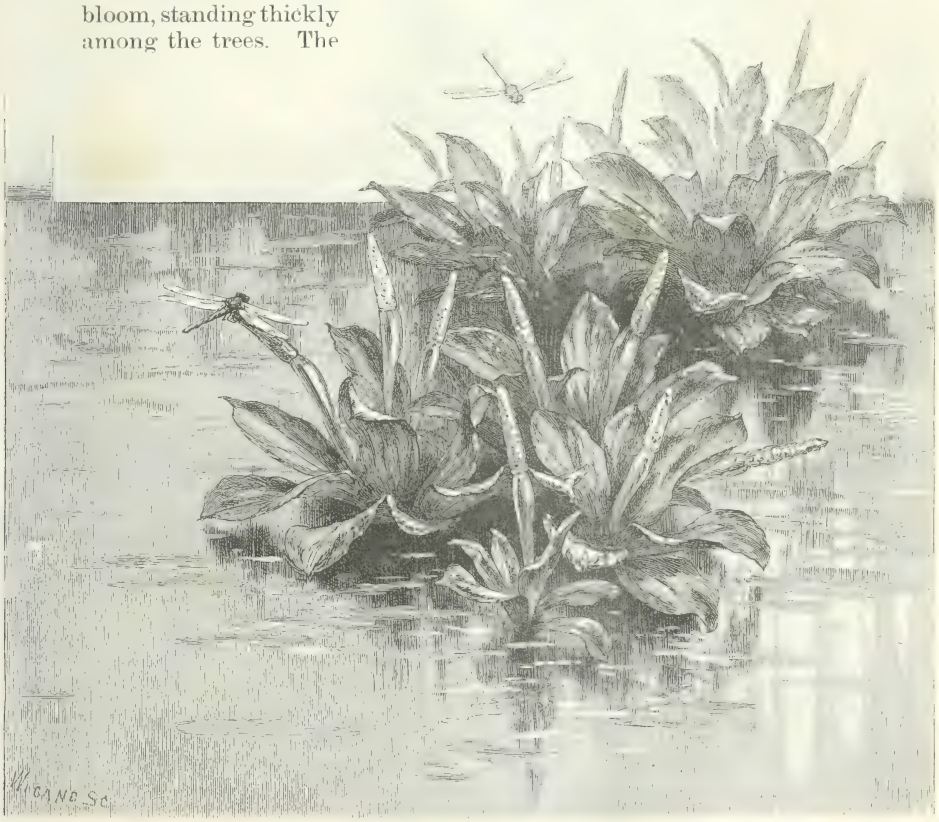
fills the interstices down to the stone. The oily part rose to the top, making it look like a savory black broth, which smelled much like balm or other herb tea. You let it cool, then skim off the tallow from the surface, melt this again and strain it. I got about a quarter of a pound weight from my three pints, and more yet remained within the berries."

What use he made of his tallow is lost to the world, and we are left to infer that the experiment was simply to test the truth of the record, which gives us another instance of his accepting nothing upon trust.

How many lives have come and gone since the children of the pioneers gathered the berries to light their cabins, and what a change in the lives of their descendants! while extensive tracts of pine-barrens are to this day unchanged—precisely the same as the early settlers found them two centuries ago. But within a few years past it has been found that the pine-barrens of Southern New Jersey are quite fertile, and at no distant day they are destined to become the greatest fruit gardens in the Union. And then farewell to the rare floral treasures which no art can save.

Looming in the distance is a long sinuous line of dense cedars, forming a dark background to the more open pine-barrens, toward which I direct my steps. I peer among the thickly set trees standing like sentinels, dark and forbidding—the place for ghouls. Darker and darker it grows as I cautiously advance, with an oppressive dread of something which I can not define. But the spirit of adventure overcomes the fear, and I am wholly occupied in finding secure spots to stand upon.

Ample compensation comes at last. Here, hidden among the underbrush, is the rare and local *Helonias bullata* in full bloom, standing thickly among the trees. The



GOLDEN-CLUB (ORONTIUM AQUATICUM).

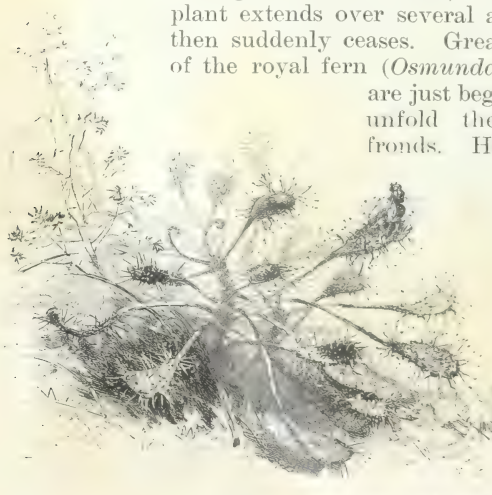
flower-stalk of this fine plant arises from a mass of large glossy evergreen leaves to the height of a foot or two, with a dense raceme of reddish-purple flowers at the summit. And here too is the golden-club (*Orontium aquaticum*), with its large dark velvety leaves and elongated scape of yellow flowers standing above the water.

It must not be inferred that the Helonias can be found anywhere in the cedars. At this point the plant extends over two or three acres, when it wholly disappears. And now we follow the winding course of the swamp, lured on by many attractive plants near its borders, halting now and then to gather the interesting sun-dews, especially the rare thread-leaved sundew (*Drosera filiformis*), which is just beginning to unfold its singular fly-catching leaves. On, on we go, through patches of the delicate little wind-flower (*Anemone nemorosa*), interspersed with the pretty trailing vines of the partridge-berry (*Mitchella repens*), and violets innumerable.

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Some of the shrubs of the Heath family are also coming into bloom. These lovely plants seem to have inspired the early botanists with poetic fancy. We find a genus dedicated to Cassiope, and another to her daughter Andromeda. Cassiope, however, belongs wholly to the mountains of the North, but Andromeda and Cassandra and Leucothoe skirt the cedars in profusion. The bright showy pinxter-flower (*Azalea nudiflora*) also helps to make up the coterie. And now, parting a thick clump of Ilex, we find the beautiful orchid Arethusa, hid away in the gloom as if guarded by this nymph of night.

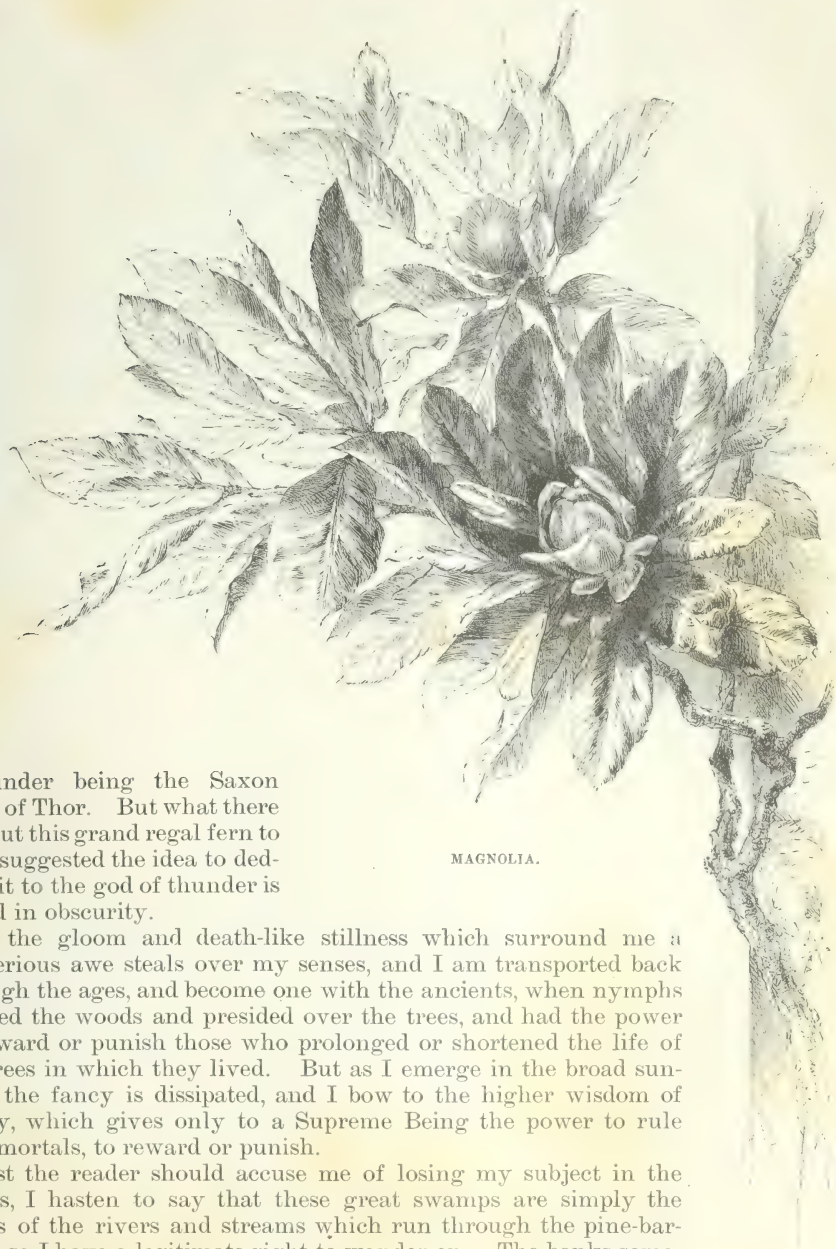
Still we wander on. Ten miles are passed before we come to another locality of Helonias. Again penetrating the dense forest, we find the plant extends over several acres, and then suddenly ceases. Great clumps of the royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*) are just beginning to unfold their large fronds. Here it at-



DROSERA FILIFORMIS.

tains almost gigantic proportions, the magnificent fronds towering above our heads—six to seven feet in height.

The origin of Linnæus's name, Osmunda, seems doubtful. Possibly he intended to dedicate it to the deity which presided over the mischievous spirits of the elements,



MAGNOLIA.

Osmunder being the Saxon name of Thor. But what there is about this grand regal fern to have suggested the idea to dedicate it to the god of thunder is veiled in obscurity.

In the gloom and death-like stillness which surround me a mysterious awe steals over my senses, and I am transported back through the ages, and become one with the ancients, when nymphs peopled the woods and presided over the trees, and had the power to reward or punish those who prolonged or shortened the life of the trees in which they lived. But as I emerge in the broad sunlight the fancy is dissipated, and I bow to the higher wisdom of to-day, which gives only to a Supreme Being the power to rule over mortals, to reward or punish.

Lest the reader should accuse me of losing my subject in the cedars, I hasten to say that these great swamps are simply the banks of the rivers and streams which run through the pine-barrens; so I have a legitimate right to wander on. The banks sometimes extend a mile or two beyond the edge of the stream, and are not very picturesque nor generally attractive. But when it is asserted that there is nothing of interest connected with them, it only shows how little some people can manage to see. The streams themselves are not devoid of interest. Their red waters



XEROPHYLLUM SETIFOLIUM.

are constantly undermining the trees, causing them to fall, when they do not decay, and the falling trees are slowly and continuously changing the bed of the streams. How far below the surface they extend I do not know, but they are found to a considerable depth in an excellent state of preservation. They are often extricated, and made into shingles and other useful things, which are said to be much more durable than when made from trees which have been cut for such purposes.

If the geologist did not tell us that the structure of the State of New Jersey forbids the possibility of ever finding coal mines within its borders, we might be disposed to think that we had not wholly emerged from the carboniferous era, and that ages hence coal would be found where these cedars now stand. The coal might even have the imprint of the great ferns which grow among the cedars, and earth's inhabitants might ponder over the impress of these strange ferns. This thought was suggested on seeing a log which had been extricated from beneath the black mud and left to dry. The rains had washed off the surplus mud, and I saw a large, well-preserved fern closely adhering to its surface.

But lest I get beyond my depth in the red waters, I will once more return to the glorious sunlight in the open pines. While I have been wandering amid the dark cedars and lost in speculation, the pines have come out in May-day attire—full gala dress. Brilliant clusters of pink and white laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) as far as the eye can reach, and graceful drooping panicles of the pure white blossoms of the

fringe-tree, add their charms to light up this enchanted garden. The heavy odor of the magnolia tells us of its close proximity. And now we come to another of Nature's plants which she has restricted to these gardens, the stately *Xerophyllum setifolium*. The flowering stem arises from a thick mass of long grass-like leaves to the height of three or four feet, and is surmounted with a large globular head of showy white flowers.

Until recently this fine plant has stood with Nuttall's name (*X. asphodeloides*), but in the *Revision of the North American Silvaceæ*, by Professor Watson, of Harvard, we find he has restored Michaux's name of *setifolium*. Of the smaller shrubs now in bloom we find the sand-myrtle, with its terminal umbel-like clusters of small pinkish flowers. And gaylussacia (named in honor of the distinguished chemist Gay-Lussac), with its lovely racemes of open bell-shaped white and pink flowers. The pitcher-plant and golden-winged iris also add their charms to this May-day attire.

As summer advances we find a constant succession of beautiful shrubs and herbaceous plants, the fragrant clethra, and azaleas and lovely orchids too numerous to mention. But we can not bid adieu to the pines without mention of the very local little fern *Schizæa pusilla*. This is one of Nature's rarest treasures, to which she has given but one lone spot on earth—in damp grounds amid the pines, where it extends a mile or two, and then is seen no more.

This little fern I have transported with the greatest care to similar-looking spots, miles away, and given it to the care of Nature, but she refuses to recognize any right to the change, and allows the poor plants to languish and die.

Southern New Jersey has ever had an irresistible fascination to the botanist, unequalled by any other section in the Union. Picturesque New England, with her charming flowers, can not equal it, nor the great plains of the West. And even Florida—the land of flowers—must yield the palm to the pines of New Jersey.



IRIS.



ORCHID.



AROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE.

THE FATHER OF THE PUEBLOS.

HIGH up on the western slope of the Sierra Madre, in New Mexico, nearly a mile and a half above the sea-level, and but a few miles beyond the divide, where scanty waters begin their timid and uncertain way down toward the Pacific, stands ancient Zuñi, the father of the pueblos. When Coronado made his famous march into the unknown North, the Zuñis, or Shi-wi-nas, as they call themselves, were the first, and also the most numerous and powerful, of the pueblo people encountered by him. Their towns covered a great territory, almost deserving the name of "kingdom"—term so lavishly and loosely used by Coronado and his contemporary explorers. Oppression and pestilence have so diminished their numbers, and their strict exclusiveness has so impoverished their physical condition, that the once mighty nation has now been reduced to a handful of people. These inhabit a single pueblo. But the country around is dotted with ruined towns upon whose walls is graven the symbol of the shi-wi-na, the sacred water-spider, whose figure forms the Zuñi coat of arms. Here, surrounded by the forsaken homes of their kindred and ancestry—crumbling heaps which in antiquity rival the storied stones of the Old World—the Zuñis live as their fathers lived, and jealously treasure their proud history.

Zuñi is still the largest of the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, and is looked up to by the others, which differ entirely in language, with the veneration and homage belonging to the elder member of their family, the source whence come their religion and institutions. By the census of 1880, under an accurate count, the population of Zuñi numbered 1602, nearly 500 more than that of Isleta, the next pueblo in size. Therefore it is still a considerable town. It is only a few years since the Zuñis numbered several thousand, but an epidemic of the small-pox decimated them terribly.

With the exception of the Moquis and the Java Supais, or Ku'h-nis, in Arizona—the latter an almost unknown pueblo in Cataract Creek Cañon, one of the "box cañons" of the Colorado—the Zuñis are the most isolated of all the pueblo tribes. They have therefore been little influenced by contact either with Spanish or Anglo-American civilization, and to-day live substantially the life they led when Coronado first started out in search of the seven cities of Cibola. The river pueblos, as

they are called—those ranging along the Rio Grande from Taos to Isleta—have monopolized the attention of travellers and writers, being the most convenient of access. But these, surrounded by the towns of the Mexicans on every hand, and latterly having come in contact with the more pushing American, who leaves his own indelible impress upon all whom he meets, they have naturally been materially influenced by the alien life around them, and their manners have been considerably changed thereby.

However good a copy may be, however faithful as a reproduction, the most of us have a strong preference for originals. So Zuñi, as the oldest of the pueblo families, as the father of their *Kultur*, as the Germans would say, and possessing the most distinctive characteristics, is decidedly the representative pueblo of New Mexico. For this reason, and because it had been little touched even by the pioneer tourists who have been brought to the new Southwest by the advent of railroads, we decided to visit it. It was well that we did so, for a mind of rare scientific attainments had been attracted thither for similar reasons, and the company of its possessor proved of much profit and pleasure to us.

The building of the new Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, with its strong, smooth track designed for heavy transcontinental travel, had just brought Zuñi within an easy day's wagon journey of one of the world's great highways, being about thirty miles southward from the military post of Fort Wingate, thus saving a fatiguing trip of many days across a forbidding country.

The land inhabited by the declining nation living on in the twilight of its ancient glory—worn out but not despondent, and lifting its head proudly to receive whatever fate may yet have to bestow before its life-sands run entirely out—the land also looks old and worn and weary of its prolonged battle of myriad centuries against the united elements: perhaps a foreshadowing of the time when the vital forces of all the globe shall be as spent as in this corner of it, and the great earth-ball swing its way through space as cold and dead and nakedly desolate as the lifeless, airless moon.

The hoary ruins of the other continent, draped with the verdure of vines, and embowered and crowned with arborescent beauty, impress us with the age of mankind. But here the ruined earth itself, sprinkled with the ruined dwellings of man, tells with awful eloquence of the antiquity of both the world and its dominant animal. And it tells that the youth of both is so unspeakably far away in the past! Since the ocean rolled over the land and forsook it, and mighty rivers coursed their way across it, the forces of nature have cut far down into the earth's surface, have eaten into it, hewn it away, worn it down, and skimmed it off, until now the former level only remains in gigantic detached tables, standing mountain-like thousands of feet above the arid plains of to-day. And upon the old upper plain of these mesas the ocean has left its shells, and the prehistoric rivers their bowlders and pebbles, their beds still plainly marking the surface of what is left of the structure of a continent before its geography was remodelled.

As if in sublime mockery of the insignificance of man and his works, time has wrought these ruins of a remote geological era into curious and fantastic semblances of human ruins. The most wonderful and majestically beautiful of architectural forms are here, carven in the rich sandstone which ranges through all the warm hues from brown to red and yellow, with gray and black for sober relief. Castles, halls, temples, with grand gables, terraces, gateways, and porches, turrets and pinnacles, lofty towers and graceful spires, form vast Titanic cities. Though only the theatre of the dusk of a race of man, here well might be the scene of the *Götterdämmerung*.

And here the earth's ruins only are foliage-garbed and tree-crowned. Nature has kept her funeral wreaths for her own remains alone. Forests deck the roofs of this natural architecture, and their fringes drape the sides, flank the towers, adorn the buttresses, and fill the crevices of the magnificent masonry. These forests are mementos of the time when the life-giving ocean winds swept free across the young continent, and wove a green garment for all its surface. The same winds still touch what is left of their old haunts, and their breath has still the same magic power. But before they sink into the dry depths of the later plains their moisture is wrung away. Meanwhile the ruins of man's buildings crouch pitiably bare at the feet of the mighty structures, with

no leaves to cover their nakedness, as if Nature denied her consolation to man, the desecrater of the forest temples she reared for his protection—man, who by his sacrilege is covering the world's fairest fields with desolation, and hastening the day of the planet's death. May there not be prophecy in the Northern myth that when Iduna with her youth-giving



FRANK H. CUSHING.

apples is gone, leaving the gods gray and weak in the twilight of their power, then on the last day shall come Surtur from his realm of Muspelheim—the flame-world—and destroy the gods and the earth with his fiery sword? For the gods are but the powers of nature, and the last day is Surtur's day.

At Fort Wingate — whose clustered buildings of light gray adobe look cheerfully out from a mountain-side background of dark green pinos across a brown plain to a panorama of this architectural sublimity—while sitting in the officers' club-room one warm afternoon, we saw a striking figure walking across the parade ground: a slender young man in a picturesque costume; a high-crowned and broad-brimmed felt hat above long blonde hair and prominent features; face, figure, and general aspect looked as if he might have stepped out of the frame of a cavalier's portrait of the time of King Charles. The costume, too, seemed at first glance to belong to the age of chivalry, though the materials were evidently of the frontier. There were knee-breeches, stockings, belt, etc., all of a fashion that would not have an unfamiliar look if given out as a European costume of two or three centuries ago. But it was a purely aboriginal dress, such as had been worn on that ground for ages.

Answering our inquiry, the army officer with whom we were talking said: "That is Frank H. Cushing, a young gentleman commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution to investigate the history of the pueblo Indians as it may be traced in their present life and customs. He is living at Zuñi, that being the best field for his researches. It is no streak of eccentricity that prompts him to dress that way; no desire to make himself conspicuous. He is one of the most modest fellows I ever knew, and the attention attracted by such a costume is really painful to him. But he bears it without flinching, as bravely as he has borne many perils and privations in the cause of science. He has an end in view, and wisely adopts the means best suited to its attainment. That is the course taken by all men successful in whatever may be their chosen pursuits. Stanley would have been a fool to wear the fur clothing of the arctic regions, or even his native starched linen, on his expedition into the heart of Africa. Neither would a miller follow his trade in a suit of black broadcloth. So Cushing, to make a success of his investigations, can not stand contemplating his subjects from the outside, like a spectator at a play. He must go on to the stage, and take his own part in the performance. There are no people more distrustful of the motives of strangers than are the North American Indians. One can only learn anything trustworthy from them by gaining their confidence and

sympathy; so Cushing has adopted the only sensible course. He has become one of the Zuñis for the time being, has conformed to all their observances, and learned their language thoroughly. He has been made their second chief, and is a recognized leader among them. His reward is that the curtain of a mysteriously hidden past and present has been lifted for him. To a primitive people rank and authority are most powerfully indicated by their outward symbols. To maintain his influence, Cushing must out-Zuñi the Zuñis, so to speak. A man sent to them from the great father at Washington, and with means and leisure, as he seems to have, must dress according to his station. And it pleases and flatters them to see him always arrayed in the full traditional costume of their nation—a dress such as they only wear on formal occasions. He is amply rewarded for all such conformities to their pleasure. As you are intending a trip to Zuñi, gentlemen, you ought by all means to meet him. To be there with him will alone make it worth your while to have come across the continent. His companionship will give you an insight into the life of a strange people whose strangeness is passing quickly away—a life which otherwise you could hope to know only by what the uninstructed, and therefore deceiving, vision might tell you."

We soon met Mr. Cushing, and spent a few pleasant days with him at the fort. The knowledge gained by our intercourse, which developed a warm mutual friendship, proved to be the finest preparation for the trip, like "reading up" before setting out on a tour to strange countries. Mr. Cushing was visiting his friend Dr. Washington Matthews, the post surgeon, and was engaged in packing some rare specimens to go to the Smithsonian Institution. Dr. Matthews was in hearty sympathy with Mr. Cushing's work, being himself an able ethnologist, who has made a reputation by his researches among the Hidatzas of the Northern plains, and is now making similar studies among the Navajos. Another energetic worker in the aboriginal field, whose duty happened to call him to Fort Wingate at the time, was Lieutenant Bourke, of General Crooke's staff, detailed to make special studies of the habits of the Indians. Lieutenant Bourke was modestly depreciatory of the value of his own work in comparison with that of Mr. Cushing, whom he termed the ablest American ethnologist. But Lieutenant Bourke's investigations, as recorded in his accurate and remarkably full notes, can not fail to form valuable contributions to ethnological science.

It was an early June morning, with hot sunshine, but clear, invigorating air, when we started in a four-mule ambulance on our trip of thirty miles to Zuñi. There were four of us—Mr. Cushing, a young lieutenant, the artist, and the writer. We were soon high up on the wooded uplands of the Zuñi range, enjoying on the ascent backward views over great plains expanding away to the blue distance of Arizona mountains. The forest scenery of the mountain heights was in delightful contrast to the dusty plain's dry waste. The road wound through shady groves of tall and sturdy pines, their trunks marked with clean red bark; also cedars with bark in queer gray scales, like the back of an alligator. The woods stood, not with closed ranks like an Eastern forest, but open and park-like, interspersed with beautiful grassy glades: just the places for grazing deer.

Time sped quickly in listening to Mr. Cushing's willing replies to our multitudinous inquiries. "If you are told that any primitive people is ignorant of its history, don't you believe it," said he. "They know all about it." And he told with what wonderful accuracy traditions are handed down among the Zuñis, the tales, repeated thousands of times, being transmitted from father to son without the change of a single word, for generation after generation. Reliance on written words seems to impair the retentive power of the memory of lettered races, and the marvellous memorizing capacity of illiterate peoples is illustrated in the handing down of the grand old Northern sagas by the Icelanders, until the acquisition of the alphabet enabled them to be recorded by that great author Snorri Sturluson; also the transmission for generations, among the same people, of the most intricate of genealogical details, involving the history of widely branched families for centuries, and covering all the lands of Scandinavia.

In the same way the Zuñis have an extensive unwritten literature, if the expression may be permitted. They have a vast accumulation of fables and folk-lore, and the past of the nation is given in what may be termed the Zuñi Bible. This sa-

cred work is publicly recited at rare but regularly recurring intervals. It is in four divisions, corresponding to four books, and each of these is divided into four chapters. Its recitation occupies two long evenings. It is in perfect rhyme and rhythm, and is highly poetic. When Mr. Cushing first came to Zuñi the charge of the Bible was officially intrusted to an aged, white-haired, and blind old man, a veritable native Homer. This was the sole duty of the bard, and he was supported by the public. He died, and the succession came to one of four whom he had trained up. These four are in turn continually instructing youth qualified for the high trust by birth and lineage.

To acquire and record this wonderful work, the Zuñi Bible, would be a Homeric task. Mr. Cushing has several times had the privilege of listening to its recital —it is very often recited informally; but to memorize it and write it down would demand the closest application. To get it repeated often enough for such a purpose would need the use of the nicest diplomacy. The Bible begins with the mythical origin of the people, and then enters upon what is evidently genuine history. This is brought down to comparatively recent times, but the work ends before the era of the Spanish conquest is reached. The story of the Zuñis is told from the time when their home was on the shore of the great ocean to the westward, probably in Southern California, and the various changes of abode are given during their migration to their present seat in the land of Cibola, as the country of the Zuñis, after much historical controversy, is now fully proven to be by Mr. Cushing. The sites of the seven cities of Cibola, described by Coronado and Friar Niza, have been accurately fixed by Mr. Cushing; they are in the immediate neighborhood of the present pueblo of Zuñi, which was established upon its present site not long after the Spanish conquest, having been removed from its location near by.

The accuracy of the information possessed by the Zuñis concerning the ruined towns where their ancestry lived is marvellous. These towns were successively settled and abandoned for various causes, chief among which were the pressure of hostile people, and the choking with sand of the springs upon which they depended. The history of these places, which are almost innumerable, is mostly back in obscure antiquity, as is certified by time's imprint upon the ruins. The region in which these ruins are found covers a large part of New Mexico and Arizona. Every investigation of ruins claimed by the Zuñis as theirs—their locations often having been unknown until Mr. Cushing was told that the Zuñis once lived in certain places, to be distinguished by certain marks and features—has verified their statements, their accuracy always proving unerring.

The language of the Zuñis is the reverse of barbarically crude, as might perhaps be expected of an aboriginal tongue. It has a finely ordered structure, and is very expressive, abounding in delicate shadings, and allowing fine distinctions of meaning. The order of sentences resembles that of Latin and German rather than English. The Zuñis are fastidious in their requirements for the correct use of the language, and are intolerant of ungrammatical speech; and, strange to say, they have an ancient or classical language, spoken centuries ago, handed down in the many sacred songs, and used to-day in their religious observances. This dead language bears a similar relation to their speech of to-day as Anglo-Saxon to English. It is not understood by the common people, but is familiar only to the priests and leading men. So here too is the Church the conservator of ancient erudition.

On every hand are met startling resemblances to the familiar civilizations of the East. The folk-lore, the recital of whose tales and fables begins after the frost comes, and fills the long winter evenings at the family firesides, offers many of these parallels. Some of their fables are, in substance, almost exactly identical with fables of Æsop. For spells and incantations the Zuñis use short rhymed couplets, just as did our Saxon ancestors. Their religious ceremonials are strangely like those of the ancient Egyptians and Greeks. A striking analogy between the Zuñi and the Northern mythology is found in the characterization of the spirit of evil. The Zuñis have two names for the Evil One, meaning respectively "the maliciously bad" and "the stupidly bad." In the same way the Northern mythology has two evil spirits—Loki, the cunning demon, the spirit of intelligent wickedness, who often dresses evil in an alluring guise, and the strong but blind Hödur, in whom the evil coming from the possession of power by ignorance

is typified, Hödur killing unwittingly his beautiful brother Baldur with the lance of mistletoe placed in his hand by the sly Loki. In view of these many resemblances, the query has been raised if the story of the lost Atlantis, the sunken continent, might not be something more than a myth. Might not this, the older continent, be the ancestral home of the oldest races of the Eastern world? Or do these resemblances simply show that for the mental development of man there are certain set forms, that these repeat themselves everywhere, and that the human intellect passes through regular stages of progression, of which these similarities are marks? These are questions which ethnology may be able to answer some day when it has become a more positive science.

Meanwhile we had begun to ascend the southerly slope of the Zuñi range, and the steepness of the way, together with its roughness, was calculated to arouse serious misgivings about arriving safely at the bottom. For a new sensation, driving on the plains and among the mountains of the Southwest may be commended. A team will fearlessly plunge, with brakes firmly set, down the banks of a deep arroyo—the dry bed of a torrent—and jauntily storm the almost perpendicular opposite bank. In an Eastern town the existence of such a road would fill the sleep of the selectmen with fearful nightmares of suits for damages to be brought by the owners of injured vehicles.

The beautiful valley of Las Nutrias (The Beavers) now lay smiling before us with fertile fields of growing crops, and ringed around by ruggedly picturesque mountains, sharp rocks and sombre pines contrasting with the peaceful beauty of the scene below. Las Nutrias is one of three or four small pueblos which, since the reduction of the tribe, have in recent years been abandoned as permanent abiding-places, but are used as summer residences, where people live while they tend their fields. The entire population is now concentrated at Zuñi.

Crossing a brook whose waters irrigated the broad fields around, we halted at one of these "summer villas" to rest for lunch. Its structure was rather different from the regular dwellings we afterward became familiar with. Like them, its walls were solidly built of adobe and stone, but in front was a sort of veranda, and a wide space had been cut away in the wall of the principal room, a large apartment, which was thus made into a sort of airy, open hall. The noonday was hot outside, but within there was an agreeable coolness, the light, dry air of these altitudes not retaining the heat away from the sunshine. An old man and a white-haired wife welcomed us cordially, and chatted vivaciously with "Kuishy," as they called our friend, while a chubby brown boy of four or five years, with pretty face and black mischievous eyes, romped around us. To the lunch we had brought along, the old woman added by setting before us a basket of parched corn, which proved something like our parched sweet corn. They always slightly parch their corn before grinding it into meal, spreading it out in the dome-shaped ovens which stand outside their doors, and often on their roofs, forming, as in the Orient, prominent architectural features of their dwellings.

Lunch over, we set out again, but a sick mule made our progress tediously slow. Under the circumstances, finding that it would be impossible to reach Zuñi that night, we turned toward Pescado, another of the summer suburbs, named for a fine large spring near by, full of little fish. This spring gushes out beautifully from beneath a great lava rock, giving fertility to a large district. Though eating many strange things, as we soon had opportunity to see, the Zuñis, together with other Southwestern Indians, have their own ideas of fastidiousness; and one thing which neither they nor the Navajos will touch is fish, showing the most intense disgust at the idea of eating it. Therefore the finny inhabitants which give their name to the Pescado spring remain undiminished in number.

The Governor of Zuñi, whom we had already met at the fort a few days before, was at Pescado attending to his farm. He was at work in a field near the road as we approached, and came to meet us. A joyful gleam illuminated his dusky face as he recognized "his young brother," and as he walked along beside our slowly moving team he humorously responded to Kuishy's playful queries. A member of the most powerful family of Zuñi, Petricio Pino is a man of middle age, with a thoughtful, reflective face, and a profile that is almost classically Greek. We reached Pescado none too soon, for the

moment we stopped, our sick mule fell to the ground, and in a few minutes was dead.

The cloudless sunset was speedily followed by calm moonlight, and the night



PORTAL AND PLUME OF THE GODDESS OF SALT.

air had begun to have a touch of chilliness in it when we were summoned in to supper—climbing up a ladder, and entering through the roof of a house that probably antedated the Spanish conquest, for Pescado is much older than the present Zuñi. A large L-shaped room, with a low ceiling, and dingy walls hung with blankets and weapons, was lit by the flickering flame in a corner fire-place, where a large kettle was steaming and sending out an odor of stewing meat grateful to the nostrils of hungry men. Two large bowls of the smoking stew were dished out; one was set before us, and we drew around it, sitting on sheep-skins and blankets spread over the earthen floor, while the dusky members of the household formed a circle around the other, close by. The dish was really excellent, a kind of thick mutton broth, with whole grains of wheat to give it body, and agreeably flavored with a kind of herb highly prized by the Zuñis. Rolls of the peculiar "paper bread" were given to us. In eating it, it is the custom to dip the end of the roll into the broth. The liquid part was eaten with a sort of spoon made of pottery—a spoon without a handle, but at the upper end of the bowl, where the handle should be, it was curved over backward so that it could be hung on the edge of the dish. There were, of course, no knives and forks, and the meat was taken out with the fingers. We learned that we had quite won the hearts of our hosts by doing in Rome as the Romans did; for they had been accustomed to see white visitors manifest much squeamishness about their food, and not unfrequently gingerly refuse to touch it at all.

As an "entrée," a dish of roasted locusts was handed around. The writer did not venture to try them, but his companions did. They are said to be as delicate and delicious as shrimps, with a similar flavor. Mr. Cushing confessed that, although he made it a rule to eat everything that the Zuñis did, he never could get over a certain repugnance to the idea of eating these locusts. But as lobsters, crabs, and shrimps are insects as well as locusts, there seems to be no logical reason why the latter should not be as edible as the others. To catch them, the holes where the locust larvæ lie are watched in the early morning. Just as the first rays of the sun strike the ground, they all appear simultaneously, as if at a signal call. The ground is suddenly covered with them, and they are captured by thousands, and taken home in baskets and bowls. They are put to soak in cold water, and left to stand overnight. This fattens them, and in the morning they are roasted in a dish over the fire, the mass being continually stirred until of a nice uniform brown.

After supper we lay back upon the sheep-

skins, quietly enjoying the novel scene about us. Sticks of pino wood had been placed on end in the corner of the fireplace, and their bright crackling flame sent a ruddy light through the large room, touching up the nearer side of all objects in sharp relief against the intensity of the shadows. Gay-colored clothing and blankets, hung on poles suspended from the ceiling, caught the dancing light; curious pottery was ranged along the floor by the walls; and here and there in the walls were little niches, just as we had seen them in the walls of ruined cliff dwellings. In these little niches were conveniently arranged little articles of domestic use, which had a delightfully bric-à-brac suggestiveness. The scene was just the same now as it had been within those walls hundreds of years before. We were away back in the centuries, and living the life of the remote past.

We started late the next morning. In the distance, here and there among the mountains, thin blue smoke curled up in the calm air. It came from fires which the Zuñis had made to burn over the ground for planting their peach orchards in favorably situated cañons, where the trees would be sheltered from the blasting winds. In these places the Zuñis raise an abundance of peaches of a delicious quality.

We passed along the base of a mesa whose steep sandstone sides were fantastically worn. In one projecting angle there was a large opening in the rock, through which the sky on the other side could plainly be seen. The Goddess of Salt, say the Zuñis in one of their myths, was so troubled by the people who lived around her home on the shores of the great ocean that she forsook them, and came to live in this region, where she wedded the God of Turquoise. They lived happily together for a long time; but at last the people here also became troublesome to her, and she left them, and disappeared in this mountain, making this hole by her entrance. But in passing through, one of her plumes was brushed off, and it remains to this day in the shape of the high monument of stone standing in the plain close by. The resting-places of the goddess are marked by the salt lakes, including the large one to the south of Zuñiland, from which the Zuñis gather their salt. In recognition of the ownership of the Zuñis in this lake, other Indian tribes who get salt there have always paid them toll for the privilege, and the lake has thus been a considerable source of revenue for them. The favor of the goddess for the Zuñis was markedly shown in this bequest. The footsteps of the God of Turquoise are marked by the turquoise deposits in the mountains.

We reached Zuñi at noon. The pueblo lies near the foot of the majestic mesa of Tá-ai-iä-lo-ne—the sacred thunder mountain. Close to the town flows the Zuñi River. Whoever knows the stream will smile broadly at the instructions given a government exploring expedition sent out soon after the annexation of New Mexico. The commander was charged expressly to examine the Colorado, Chiquito, and the Zuñi rivers, with particular reference to their value for steamboat navigation. The stream is generally so shallow that in most places its waters would hardly reach above the ankles, and for considerable stretches in its course it loses itself in the sand altogether. But in the wet season the river often becomes a powerful torrent; it was for this reason that the pueblo, which once stood on the left bank, where it was subject to inundations, was, not long after the conquest, removed to its present site on the right bank, which is somewhat bluff-like at this place. The knoll upon which Zuñi stands seems higher than it really is, owing to the way in which the houses are terraced above each other, giving the place a commanding appearance as it is approached. The prevailing tone of the pueblo and the surrounding landscape is red. Such is the hue of grand old Tá-ai-iä-lo-ne's face; the pueblo is built chiefly of red sandstone largely excavated from the ruins of the elder Zuñi across the river, the thin slabs, about the thickness of ancient Roman bricks, being laid in red adobe mortar from the tawny soil; and the wide stretching plain around is red, and worn bare of all vegetation by the thousands of sheep owned in Zuñi, and kept in the corrals, made of scrawny upright sticks, surrounding the place like a girdle of thorns.

Mr. Cushing's room at the house of the Governor was a picturesque mingling of culture and barbarism. A writing-table, a case of book-shelves with the books necessary to his studies, and the volumes of valuable notes that recorded his investigations, a stool, a student-lamp, and a hammock, completed the inventory of the civilized furnishings. But there was the

wonderful addition of a telephone which Mr. Cushing and his brother, who was visiting him, constructed out of a couple of old tin cans and several hundred yards of twine, to prove to the Zuñis the truth of what he had told them about the triumphs of American invention. The telephone was connected with the house of one of the caciques on the opposite side of the pueblo, about a quarter of a mile away. The Zuñis found it the most marvellous thing they had ever seen, and an old fogy among them, who had scoffed at it as beyond reason, on satisfying himself of its reality, stood beside it all day when it was first tested, watching its operation with intense interest. The hard earthen floor of the room was covered with Navajo and Pueblo blankets, their bright hues making them admirable for rugs—a purpose for which they are used with artistic effect in the quarters of the officers at various military posts in New Mexico. The walls were also hung with some choice examples of the blankets, giving a novel tapestry effect. With the photographs of some home friends adorning the wall, the room had a charmingly bright and cozy look.

Against the outside wall of the house were built large cages for the eagles, which are kept for the sake of their highly valued plumes. Eagle-farming is carried on among the Zuñis to a considerable extent. The majestic birds had lately been plucked, giving them a comically disreputable look, by no means in concert with the piercing, fearless gaze of their bright eyes. They were by no means tame, and even the tormenting spirit of the Zuñi children could not tempt those imps of mischief to transgress the bounds of a respectful distance from the cages. A blow from those powerful beaks would leave a mark never to be forgotten. The dignity of these eagles was unruffled—something



TÁ-AI-IA-LO-NE, OR THUNDER MOUNTAIN.

that could hardly be said of their plumage just then—and a slight turn of the head was all the notice their majesties condescended to take of by-standers.

The Zuñi children sported around the streets in cherubic nakedness. They were as rompingly mischievous as any children can be, and their delight in torment seemed abnormally developed, perhaps because their elders saw nothing out of the way in it. Most likely the savage love of torture in warfare may be ascribed to this. The poor dogs fared hard at the children's hands. Not unfrequently during our visit a succession of piercing yelps would be heard, while a poor cur disappeared rapidly around the corner, fleeing from a terrorizing piece of ancient pottery tied to his ruined tail, while a crowd of urchins yelling with delight followed at his heels. And the unhappy hogs straggling around in the outskirts, which nobody seemed to feel a proprietary interest in—no wonder that they were gaunt and razor-backed and never grew fat! no wonder that the Zuñis had no appreciation of the delicacy of pork! The wretched grunters were chased and hectored by the children from morn to night, until they became too exhausted to resist, and would submit listlessly to the wills of their tormentors. With such sharp, bristle-covered backs as characterized these swine, it was a marvel how the naked brats could take such pleasure in riding them.

It was a prettier sight to see the chubby brown bodies of the children as they lay by the dozen dabbling in the tepid waters of the river all through the hot hours, soaking in the pools, or scampering along the alkali-incrusted banks, noisily splashing each other. One thing to be said to their credit is that in their disagreements they never came to blows. The admirable Indian trait of considering it beneath the dignity of a human being to strike another seems to be inherent. The children are tenderly loved by their parents, and their training is carefully looked after. They have the universal child-love of toys, and the little girls cherish maternally rude woollen dolls. A favorite toy for the babies is a little stuffed kid.

Outside the line of the corrals for the ponies, sheep, and goats were the queer little gardens of the women. They were divided into small rectangular lots, separated by stake fences, and often by substantial walls of adobe, with narrow alleyways running between. These little gardens looked for all the world like collections of gigantic waffles, being divided into rectangular beds, each bed cut up by intersecting ridges of earth. The little spaces thus formed appeared to be of almost mathematical exactness in size, and were planted with onions and herbs. These little squares were thus ridged about to hold the water with which the ground was kept moist, each square receiving the contents of a large water jar. The gardens were carefully tended by the women, and looked wonderfully neat. All around on the plain were the corn fields, where crops were raised without irrigation, a remarkable thing for such a dry climate. The corn was planted very deep in holes punched with a sharp stick, and was very low in growth, the ears branching out from the stalk close to the ground. Maize had been raised in this way for ages. There are no irrigating ditches about Zuñi itself, but at Pescado, Las Nutrias, and Ojo Caliente the crops are elaborately irrigated. The labor in the fields is done by the men, who in all the pueblo tribes do not consider, as the savage Indians do, manual labor as something fit only for squaws.

The street scenes of Zuñi seem thoroughly Oriental. Narrow winding ways and irregular-shaped plazas, all of which have characteristic names, give the town a quaint picturesqueness. In places the terraced buildings tower to a height worthy of metropolitan structures. Low passageways carry the thoroughfare under the buildings here and there, giving artistic contrasts of light and shade, while the oddly costumed figures in the streets make a striking picture. The monotony of blank walls is here and there broken by the rude but massive stairways leading to second stories, rows of round projecting roof beams, and the gaunt ladders leaning against the buildings everywhere, each stretching two thin arms skyward. All the inhabitants have a sailor-like agility in the use of the ladders. The women go up and down with water jars on their heads without touching a hand to support or steady themselves; little children, hardly out of babyhood, scramble fearlessly up and down; even the dogs have a squirrel-like nimbleness, trotting in a matter-of-course way down the rounds of a steep ladder. If there were any more trees in Zuñi than the solitary cottonwood stand-

ing in the yard before the ruined Franciscan chapel, it would hardly be surprising to see the dogs climbing them like cats!

All through the day there is an unceasing carrying of water, the women passing and repassing through the streets on the way to and from the springs with the large ollas, or water jars, so nicely balanced on their heads as not to spill a drop, and walking with a fine, erect poise. But toward sunset is the time to visit the great spring on the hill-side just outside the city. It is a Scripture-like scene. Descending by a path between steep banks of clay, we come upon a large pool in an excavated cavern, a round chamber in the hill-side, and entered by a great arch-like opening. Here in the cool shadow crowds of girls come and go, dipping up the water, and pausing to gossip as they meet in the path or beside the well. Their soft voices fill the air like the chatter of swallows, and their white teeth gleam as they laugh. As they come down the sloping path the slanting sunlight touches up the bits of bright color that adorn their dark costumes, and their figures are bathed in a mellow glow, while those further down between the high banks are dusky in the gathering shadows.

Wandering through the place, we enter, according to the custom of the natives, any of the open doorways at pleasure, stroll quietly about the house, examine the pottery, blankets, and other household goods, the family meanwhile looking on with courteous curiosity. "I-mu" (be seated), they say; and if they are at their meals, one is welcome to join them, even though it chance to be their last crust. The woman of the house is perhaps at work baking paper bread. She takes a fresh sheet just off the fire, and making a roll of it, hands it to us. In her work she sits by the fire-place with a dish of the pasty corn-meal dough beside her made rather thin. She has no superfluous raiment, for the fire is hot. With a quick motion she takes a handful and skillfully spreads it over a large smooth stone slab, underneath which the fire is burning. It is baked almost immediately, being spread so thin. As soon as done, the sheets are laid above each other, until they form a considerable pile. They are in various colors, yellow, blue, green, or red, according to the color of the corn, which is carefully sorted, when shelled, with a view to this effect.

In their way the Zuñis are paragons of politeness, and the most polished nation of Europe could hardly excel them in genuine courtesy. One of them after shaking hands—they are great for hand-shaking—may be seen to lift his hand to his lips and reverently breathe upon it, an action designed to breathe into himself whatever superior influence from the other person may have been received by the friendly contact. Here is a dialogue between two Zuñis about to smoke. Says one:

"Why do you not light your cigarette?"

"Are you older than I?" asks the other.

"Yes."

"Then light yours first, for whoever goes before his elder brother will surely stumble."

The Zuñi houses have large rooms and real doors, contrasting agreeably with the close little cells of many of the pueblos in the region near Santa Fe, which are entered only through the roof. It is not uncommon to see a large room with three or four fire-places, each of a different pattern, one designed for roasting meat, another for baking bread, another for boiling, etc. These fire-places have a quaint mediæval look. They are generally built in the corner, with a large square hood flaring out over them from the chimney. A double fire-place may be built against the centre of a long side wall, and an immense broad fire-place often takes up the entire end of a room. A style consisting of a little arch in the corner is like those of Mexican houses; the other varieties are native, and are found in the oldest ruins.

The houses are owned by the women. The Zuñis are strictly monogamous, while savage Indian tribes are polygamous. This contrast between two branches of the same race, one living a settled and the other a roving life, shows that monogamy is an essential condition of the former, and is an effective argument against one of the cardinal doctrines of Mormonism. The Zuñi women are by no means the slaves of the men. They have their rights, and maintain them. When a man marries, he goes to live with his wife, and if dissatisfied with him, she has the right to send him away. Therefore a husband is pretty careful to keep in his wife's good graces.

As one of the great annual dances was to come off, we waited a week for the sake of seeing it. Its regular time was at the

full moon in May, but the two boys whose duty it was to repeat certain long prayers belonging to the ceremonials in the estufa had died, and novices had to be trained up in their places. Since the two prayers had to be committed word for word as they had been said for centuries, it was a long task, and the dance had to be postponed to the full moon of June.

Meanwhile the time passed quickly for us. During the day a mild hum of industry pervaded the place. The Zuñis take life easily, and never overwork, therefore they find no necessity for a periodic day of rest, but they are not lazy. Their wants are simple, and their work is ample to satisfy them. One of the most interesting things was to see them weave their fabrics on their hand-looms, producing beautiful designs by the nice calculation of the eye, but with no regular measurement. Our principal excitements during the week were the searching out of attractive blankets, either Navajo or Pueblo, and the opening of kilns of new pottery. Each family makes all its own pottery, as a usual thing, and every day kilns were burning all over the place. The news that a finely decorated *olla* had been seen going into a kiln in a certain street was enough to set us agog, watching to see it come out freshly burned. One household had a special reputation for making fine *ollas*, another for small ware, another for figures of animals, and one woman was famed for making very nice turtles. The vessels to be burned were arranged carefully on the ground, and a circular, dome-shaped structure of dried sheep's dung built up around and over them. This fuel is preserved carefully in hard-pressed, flat blocks, and is kept corded up for use. It gives an intense heat, and a kiln is baked in two or three hours.

Archæologists have been puzzled by the occasional discovery of fragments of hard pottery with glazed decorative lines, and theories have been formed that among the ancient Pueblos the art of glazing their pottery was known. But Mr. Cushing has discovered that this glazing is accidental, occurring only in the broken pieces of old pottery used to cover the articles in the kiln and protect them from the falling of the structure when it has mostly burned away. These fragments are made harder by the second firing, which also glazes certain mineral pigments used in their decoration.



MAKING POTTERY.

Another interesting industry was the grinding of meal or flour. A row of girls, sometimes half a dozen or so, is often seen at work. They all kneel beside and over a series of bins, each of which has a bottom of smooth stone hollowed in a semicircular shape. Each girl holds a bar of stone in her hands, and grinds the corn by rubbing it up and down with a motion much like that of a washer-woman at a scrubbing-board. The meal, ground coarse

in one bin, is passed on to the next, where the stone bar is of a finer texture, and so on to the end, when it is often ground as fine as flour. The jet-black hair of the girls, cut off about half-way down their face, forms a short thick veil, which is tossed up and down by the violent motion, their eyes showing brightly through as they regard the strangers.

The artist's work was a source of wonder to the Zuñis, and they looked upon his spirited portrayals with intense interest. They were, until recently, extremely superstitious about portraits, and nothing would induce any of them to allow their pictures to be made. They believed that something of their actual personality went with their likeness, and that whoever possessed it would also possess a certain control over themselves—a control which might bring evil upon them. But Mr. Cushing, who has a talent for sketching which has been of great service to him in his notes, banished this superstition. It nearly cost him his life one time. But they saw that no evil came of it, and so they outgrew their objections. There seems to be no Chinese conservatism about them, but when they see the light, they readily accept it. In Mr. Cushing's earlier days in Zuñi his sketching caused a secret resolve to be made to kill him for practices that might bring disaster to them all. It was to be done at a great dance that was soon to come off. He sat upon a neighboring house-top with sketch-book in hand, when two hideous figures among the dancers, painted a diabolical black, came to the foot of the adjacent ladder and pounded upon it with their war-clubs, shouting out something which caused the multitude to look toward him. He thought it a jocular part of the performance, and smiled good-naturedly. But he understood enough of the language at the time to distinguish the cries among the crowd: "Kill him! kill him!" It was part of the performance to kill a symbolical Navajo, the Navajos being the ancient enemies of the Zuñis. Mr. Cushing had no idea that he was cast for the part of that Navajo, and did not comprehend the real gravity of the situation until he heard the women echo the cries, "Yes, kill him! kill him!" The people rose up and looked his way. The assemblage was silent with expectation. He glanced behind; there was a wall of dark figures frowning down upon him, half muffled in their blankets, and standing as immovable as statues. The twin fiends below made ready to come up the ladder. Mr. Cushing now saw that his life was really threatened. A thousand against one! Attempt at escape was hopeless. He thought his last moment had come, and in his heart was terribly frightened. But to give way to fear was useless, and something told him to face the danger coolly. So he leisurely laid down his sketch-book, placed a stone upon the leaves to keep them from blowing in the wind, produced a new hunting-knife which he had just brought back with him from Fort Wingate, where he had been on a trip—nobody knew he had it—and flourished it, at the same time breaking out into a loud, defiant laugh. The evident coolness of the act, his boldness in facing them, took his assailants aback; they paused, and uttered a word meaning, "a spiritual friend," that is, a friend possessing supernatural characteristics, making him more than a common earthly friend—qualities which would bring good to them as a people.

"A spiritual friend—we must not kill a spiritual friend!" cried the two; "but we must kill a Navajo!" they shouted.

So out of the court they rushed in search of a Navajo. A few minutes, and a fearful yelping was heard. In they rushed, dragging a "Navajo," in the shape of a great yellow cur half paralyzed with fright. They stunned him with their clubs; before he was dead they had him disemboweled, and in their frenzy were ravenously eating the smoking vitals. Mr. Cushing looked on in gratitude that he was not just then in the place of that dog, playing the part of a Navajo. But the event turned out to be the most fortunate thing for him; it fixed him in the affections of the whole tribe, and from that day was to be dated his great influence in Zuñi.

The superstition about portraits now lingered only among some of the old women—those conservators of the ancient order of things with all people. At Pescado the artist had made a sketch of a pretty little girl. At Zuñi Mr. Cushing showed it to the child's grandmother, a white-haired old crone, who looked at it intently for a moment, then left the room, sobbing wildly, saying, "My poor little Lupolita! how could you be so cruel as to let such an evil come upon her!"

One day the artist painted the portrait of Mr. Cushing's father by adoption, Lai-

ui-ai-tsai-lun-k'iä, the high-priest, or medicine cacique, one of the "seven great chiefs of the Zuñi." He was the personification of gentleness, and looked the mystic that he was by virtue of his high office: the Zuñis are spiritists, and their religion is in many striking phases identical with modern spiritism. In his face, which in its strongly individual lines resembled Dante's, there was an indescribably kindly and lovable contemplative expression—a spiritual look like one who walked the earth with thoughts in another sphere. His affection for "Kuishy," his adopted son, was touchingly tender. One day when the lieutenant was admiring a handsome silver belt of native manufacture belonging to him, the old cacique said to Mr. Cushing, "Remember, my son, that whatever I have is also yours, to do with as you please."

And one night in the council, when Mr. Cushing was talking rather excitedly on a matter that caused him some vexation, the old man got up and walked away quietly. "Where are you going, my father?" Mr. Cushing asked.

"It grieves me to see my son show his anger," said the old man, gently.

While the artist was painting his portrait, he sat motionless for something like three hours. In this respect the Indians are ideal models. Old Pedro Pino, the Governor's father, who for many years was himself Governor, sat and watched the work of painting with the keenest interest, announcing his intention not to go away until the thing was finished. Old Pedro was gray and wrinkled, and must have been over eighty years of age. He was in his prime when the Americans took possession of New Mexico, and was Governor of Zuñi at the time. He was full of reminiscences of those days, and was never tired of telling the lieutenant about the



A ZUÑI CHIEF.



THE HERALD.

officers he knew, especially about Major Kendrick, who, old Pedro was delighted to hear, was one of the lieutenant's instructors at West Point. Old Pedro had much of the garrulity of age, but his talk plainly showed the native eloquence which marked the days of his power, when he used it with the skill of a trained diplomate, keeping his nation absolute followers of his will. When the portrait was completed, he talked long and earnestly to the venerable cacique. He told him: "Though your body perish, nevertheless you shall continue to live on upon the earth. Your face will not be forgotten now; though your hair turn gray, it will never turn gray here. I know this to be so, for I have seen, in the quarters of the officers at the fort, the faces of their fathers, who have long since passed from the earth, but still were looking down upon their children from the walls."

The Zuñis delight in a council. These councils are frequently held, there being no specified intervals of time for their sessions. They are called whenever occasion arises, and all affairs of the nation are discussed and regulated by them. They are legislatures and courts in one, and furnish an extremely interesting picture of parliamentarism in its primitive form. When a council is deemed necessary, the Governor orders his herald to summon it. At sunset, when the air is quiet, the herald stands upon the highest house-top in Zuñi —a statuesque figure against the clear sky —and utters the call in a loud, measured, and resonant voice. The women all hear it, and the tidings quickly spread, so that in the evening there is sure to be a good

attendance. The herald answers for the newspaper in Zuñi, for all proclamations and items of news deemed of general importance are announced in this way.

After dusk on the evening of the council dark figures with blankets wrapped about them—for the evening air is always cool—enter the Governor's house silently as shadows. A grave salutation and a grasp of the hand, and they seat themselves in the large room used for the councils. One evening about a hundred of the leading men were thus assembled, sitting on a sort of bench running along the side of the room, or squatting on their haunches in a circle. On the floor, in the midst of the circle, the Governor had strewn a lot of corn husks, and a bag of fine-cut being set out, cigarettes were rolled, and a constant smoking was kept up. The air would have been thick enough had not the large fireplaces given such excellent ventilation. The women and the young men gathered respectfully around the doors and windows and listened. As the evening wore on, the room grew warm, and the men gradually shed their garments, until about half the assemblage sat with naked bodies of a ruddy bronze hue. As it grew late, some arose and glided silently out of the room. But it was an important matter they were talking about, and the most of them staid until it was settled at a small hour of the morning. The subject was discussed earnestly and gravely, no emotion being shown either in the face or in the manner of speaking, although some would occasionally betray their excitement in a trembling voice. It was a will case under discussion, and the Governor sat motionless and speechless, being the judge from whose decision there could be no appeal. Early in the evening the two caciques who were present arose to go. In response to Mr. Cushing's question, Lai-ui-ai-tsai-lun-k'iä said, "Though it is our place to elect your Governor, it is not for us to say anything that may influence his judgment." Would that all public men had as nice an idea of the proprieties of politics! It is not the voice of the people that chooses the Governor of Zuñi, but the caciques.



CHIEF ON HORSEBACK.

The pueblo Indians have been repeatedly characterized as fire-worshippers. But with the Zuñis, at least according to Mr. Cushing, the principal object of their worship is water, just as was stated by Coronado. And well may they worship it, living as they do in the midst of a sun-

parched land, their life dependent upon the life-reviving element so scantily bestowed! The writer will never forget how one day, as he was standing in the door of the Governor's house, the clear sky became overcast with black clouds. The Indians standing around cast anxious glances at the heavens; with the first drops of rain they all said, with an expression of unspeakable reverence and gratitude, "E-la qua! e-la qua!" which are their words for thanks.

One day there was a great excitement over a race between two fast ponies. A large crowd was collected, and betting was going on at a lively rate. All sorts of things were staked on the contest—cloth, skins, dresses, blankets, jewelry, harnesses, etc. These things were deposited in great heaps on the ground, and then, after all the bets had been arranged, everybody went down on to the plain to see the start. The riders were two lithe, light youths, entirely nude, and with long black tresses flying in the wind. It was a spirited, graceful sight as they dashed away at full gallop on their tough little steeds. They were soon out of sight in the distance. It was some time before they came to view again, for the course was a long one of about six miles. At last they appeared, two black dots, and coming nearer they were seen to be still neck and neck. The race was close, and there was but little distance between the two horses as they dashed past reeking with sweat. The crowd was intensely excited, and greeted the finish with a tumult of shrill yells. An old fellow, fat and good-natured-looking, who had taken an exceptional interest in the race, perhaps because of large stakes, cantered down to meet the contestants as they came in. But while away it seems that his mare threw him, for she came tearing back riderless and with saddle hanging loose, kicking it off as she neared the crowd. Some time after the old man came running back afoot, and as he came to a stop he said, emphatically, "Goddam!"—an expression which constitutes about all the English known in Zuñi. And as they do not know the meaning of that, its use can hardly be said to be sinful.

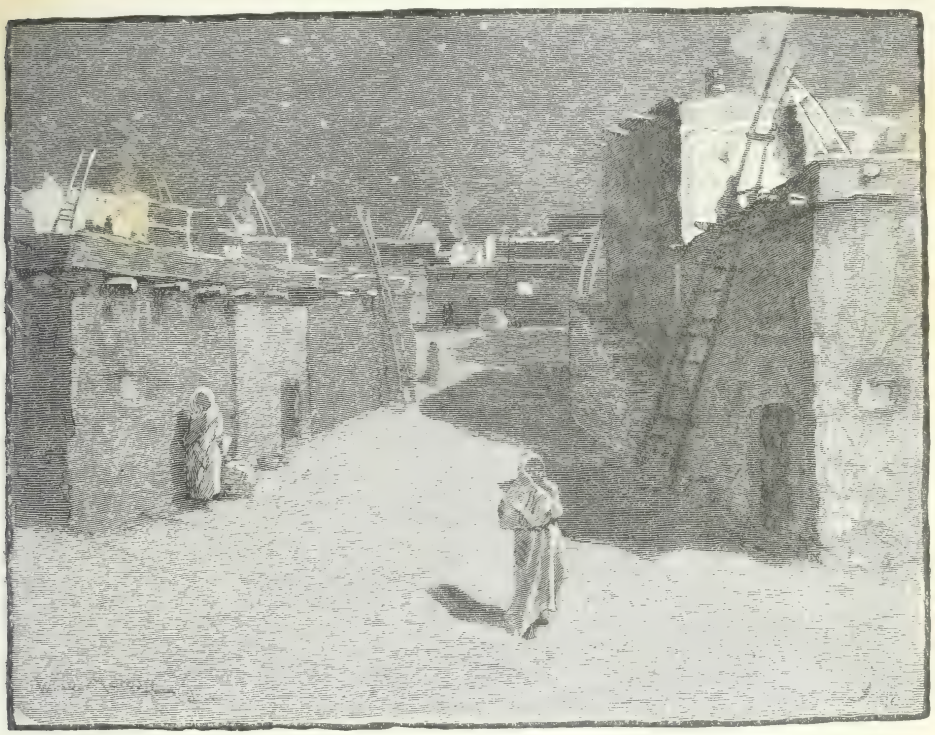
It was the day before the great dance. Everybody was getting ready for the holiday. All were to appear in their best clothing and with flowing hair, released from the little queues in which it is usually confined. Late in the afternoon we saw a young man sitting on a house-top with beaming face, while a brown beauty was carefully combing his hair as she stood behind. So the young man was a newly accepted lover! When a youthful Zuñi falls in love with a girl, he hints that it would be a real nice thing to have his hair combed. If she takes the hint and proceeds to comb it, it is a token that he has won her favor. The youth of Zuñi are just as sentimental, just as "spooney" in their love affairs, as fond of moonlight rambles and whispered nothings, as any lovers well can be.

As dusk deepened into night and the full moon rose over the roof-tops of Zuñi, there was a strangely beautiful sight. The narrow river meandered in a bright silver thread over the mysterious indefinite expanse of the plain. The stars glinted brightly in the intense blue of the marvellously clear sky, and looked down upon a new constellation. Fires gleamed on every house-top, lighting up great wall spaces with ruddy reflections, and sending tall shadows flitting round everywhere from the watching groups. The whole town was dotted with the fires, and it looked as if a mild conflagration were in progress, feeding scantily upon such unpromising material as stone and adobe. These fires were kindled for the baking of the *hé-per-lo-ki*, or sacred festival bread, baked on the evening of every festival by the young maidens of the pueblo. Everywhere there was a contrast of strong light and deep shadow, the effect modified and softened by the floods of white moonlight. The groups of silent figures standing and sitting around formed compositions ready for an artist, and they were touched with Rembrandt lights.

Hé-per-lo-ki looks, and is said to taste, like Boston brown-bread. It is made by a rather peculiar process. The corn meal of which it is composed is chewed up by the young girls. The object of this is to sweeten it, for the acid of the saliva, uniting with the starch of the corn, forms sugar. Some of the Zuñis, including the Governor's family, who can afford to buy sugar, make their hé-per-lo-ki in the way less economical, but more acceptable to civilized palates.

The morning of the festival dawned, and we were out early to see everything that was going on. All the town was in holiday dress. Everybody had his hair

nicely combed, after washing it with amoli, the root of the yucca, or soap-plant, which makes the finest shampoo in the world, leaving the hair soft and glossy. The festivities were ushered in by the appearance of the "Mudheads," nude men painted a uniform mud-color from head to foot, and disguised with drolly hideous masks of the same hue, while several great knobs, like enormous wens, adorned a smooth head where the time was passed in their mystic solemnities until they appeared in another part of the town and continued their dance. Thus it went on through the morning, until the dancers had made the round of all the principal places of the town. At noon there appeared on the streets some frightful figures, hideous in the extreme, and made diabolical in aspect by the buffalo horns which they wore on their heads.



BAKING HÉ-PER-LO-KI ON THE HOUSE-TOPS.

with a snouted countenance. The effect was irresistibly mirth-provoking; the characters looked like pantomime clowns just coming under the spell of Circe. The Mudheads ran through the streets, cutting queer antics, while they shot arrows into a bunch of feathers which they kept continually throwing on to the ground ahead of them. Then, after a while, the dancers made their first appearance, standing in a line in the street, and dancing and singing much as we had seen at Pescado. But now they were all arrayed in full costumes, and every performer was masked. After dancing solemnly for some time, they broke ranks and went back to the estufa, They ran along armed with great bunches of reeds, and everybody scattered at their approach, for they were privileged to strike any person they met, and could inflict a blow not to be despised. There were shrieks of laughter as the crowds dispersed, running up ladders and scrambling over the house-tops. Whoever could get indoors was safe, for the horned creatures could not pursue them beyond a threshold. Courtesy toward the "men-from-where-the-sun-rises" would not have permitted them to molest us, had they overtaken us, but to please the people we joined in the fun, and pretended great fright, clambering ladders and fleeing until we were

breathless. The spectators were convulsed with mirth at our apparent dismay.

The Zuñis have one annual dance expressly to frighten the children and keep them in good behavior the rest of the year. Characters even more horrible in appearance than those with the buffalo horns are the chief actors. They represent fearful goblins who come to devour and carry off the children. They make the round of all the houses in town, and at their approach the parents conceal their little ones, pretending to fight the demons off and defend their offspring desperately. This makes a lasting impression on the children, and the mention of these creatures has thenceforward the same quieting effect as our nursery bugbears, only the bugbears are made a reality to them. Formerly the Zuñis had a certain dance which took place once in thirty years. Its ceremonies required the sacrifice of a child. For the victim the worst child in the place was always selected. The mention of this festival was very apt to produce instantaneous good behavior in a contrary child.

The ceremonies of the morning were ended with the disappearance of the horned monsters, and there was a recess of about two hours. At about three o'clock began the most imposing part of the exercises, which for the rest of the day were held in what is called the Dance Place. This was a large rectangular court; on all sides the houses rose in terraces, forming a picturesque amphitheatre for such a solemnity. It was the most gorgeous natural spectacle we had ever seen in real life. Everything was so thoroughly in earnest about it; there was nothing that savored of the stage, nor was there evident any of the tawdry display customary to the parade days of civilization. It was a genuine manifestation of the deep religious feeling of the people. The costumes, which were generally highly grotesque, were splendidly elaborate, brilliantly beautiful in color, and rich in material. The genuineness of their make and the reality of the "properties" would put to shame the tinselled pretense of our gala days. There were wonderful varieties of headgear — plumes, crests, beards, fantastic masks checkered off in various colors, evergreen decorations of spruce twigs arranged around the neck in a sort of a sylvan ruffle, or in a girdle around the waist; ingenious devices in the decoration of kilts, sashes, fine skins, while various kinds of antique-looking weapons, such as war-clubs, spears, and bows, ornamented with bunches of reeds, gave the scene a sort of heroically classical aspect. Many of the beards were of a pale Scandinavian blonde, while the hair was of the same color in a number of instances. Perhaps these might have represented mythological characters who were albinos. But the albinos had no beards. Is it not possible that they may point back to a time when a light haired and bearded race existed in America? The albinos of Zuñi—there were several in the place—were droll-looking figures; they looked like the Dutch peasants in the paintings of Teniers.

Thronging the terraced roofs of the Colosseum-like Dance Place were the spectators, their best apparel with its brilliant colors showing like a gay parterre, while on the upper line figures in brilliant hues stood in intense sunlight against a deep, cloudless sky. All were gazing intently upon the dancers in the arena below, a line of stately rhythmic movement of rich colors, kaleidoscopic in its dazzling effect. From the dancers' throats arose a weird swelling song, accompanied by the jangling and rattling of rude instruments held in the hands and attached to the heels. This particular dance was called "the all-in-one," all the various dances of the Zuñi religion being represented in it. Each figure impersonated some character in the Zuñi mythology. There were, for instance, the God of Water, the God of Fire, the God of Air, the God of the Cactus, the God of Turquoise, the Woman from the Moon, and the Echo God. A dance would last about ten minutes, during which the only motionless figures would be the Mudheads, who would stand around in groups, or sit upon the ground with a comical open-mouth air, and the priest of the dance, who was the only unmasked participant. The priest was a handsome youth with flowing hair, dressed in a picturesque mediæval-looking costume of black buckskin, touched off with red sashes and an abundance of silver buttons in rows. He wore knee-breeches and leggings, and looked as if he might have come out of the days of the troubadours. He stood statue-like at the head of the line of dancers, his position one of easy grace, and he held a vessel of sacred meal in his hand. From this he would occasionally scatter a pinch of the meal on the ground. At a signal, which seemed something like

that given in a theatre for a change of scene, the dancers would stop and retire for an interval of ceremonies in the estufa. As they were leaving the place, a bit of pantomime would always occur. The Woman from the Moon, who wore a skirt, and had a crescent-like mask, and long yellow hair streaming down her back—her whole aspect very Mother-Goose-like—would have a piece of by-play with the God of the Cactus, whose place in the line was just in front of her. The legend was that she had come down from the moon to gather cactus; therefore the God of the Cactus was trying to avoid her as she endeavored to pluck the cactus adornments of his head-dress, and place them in the large basket she carried on her back. Meanwhile the Echo God, who was the last figure in the line of dancers, and kept invariably half a note and half a step behind the singing and dancing of the others throughout the whole, was at the end of the dance obliged to echo everything that was shouted out to him. He was thus often kept behind for several minutes after the others had gone in. The mischievous Mudheads took a leading part in this diversion. We shouted out to him in English, and although ignorant of the language, he proved himself a remarkably clever imitator. But when one of us whistled, that was beyond his mimicry, and it seemed to disconcert him a little. Each of the impersonators had come into Zuñi in the early morning from the direction of the place where the respective gods were supposed to live. The Echo God, for instance, came from his home in the valley near the sacred mountain.

The intervals between the dances were filled out by the antics of the Mudheads, whose functions corresponded exactly to those of the clown in a circus. Here was another of those inexplicable resemblances between Zuñi customs and those of our race. The Mudhead was an institution with them as far back as their traditions reached, and they had never seen anything in the nature of a circus. But, like our clowns, the Mudheads would burlesque the performance; they would get together and try to sing and dance like the regular performers, and would make the most awkward blunders, always resulting in failure and discomfiture. They would make a deal of clownish fun, showing that an acute sense of humor enters into Indian nature, the spectators greeting every sally with shouts of laughter as merry as ever resounded from the benches around a canvas-covered ring; and in their nude bodies, and heads smooth and bald, with the exception of the knobby excrescences, they resembled the make-up of the traditional clown. As soon as the dancers appeared again, the Mudheads would subside, but would at once resume their indecorum with the beginning of the next pause. So it went on until the declining sun left the Dance Place in shadow. When its last ray had gone from the arena, the dance was ended. The handsome young priest approached the group of Mudheads, who stood with reverently bowed heads, and appeared to give them his benediction, sprinkling them with sacred meal. Performers and public then dispersed. That was our last day in Zuñi.

THE GATES OF PARADISE.

CERTAIN expressions spontaneously uttered by the right men in the right places carry with them such an irresistible conviction of their truth as to be accepted at once by mankind as their universal property and decision, which none venture to criticise or gainsay. Of this character is the memorable saying of Michael Angelo Buonarotti regarding the doors of the Baptistery at Florence, facing the Duomo, executed by Lorenzo Ghiberti. Standing before them one day, he was asked what he thought of them, and whether they were beautiful; to which he replied, "They are so beautiful that they might stand at the gates of paradise." A more beautiful and comprehensive criticism was never bestowed on a work of art, and none from a weightier source. The greatest artist of all modern time, perhaps also the greatest who ever existed, in a few words of pregnant meaning stamped the genius of Lorenzo Ghiberti with an impression which will outlast the bronze itself, and never die out of the memory of men. It has never been questioned or misunderstood; for it embodies emphatically, succinctly, and intelligibly to every one capable of appreciating in any measurable degree the aspirations of art and beauty and skill of workmanship, the special ambition and idealism of the maker of these gates. And this was to make a fitting entrance to the oldest church of Florence, built, as tradition

states, out of the materials of a pagan temple which had occupied its site nearly a thousand years before, and dedicated to the baptism of all the infants of Florence, at their birth, into the fold of Christianity. This quaint, archaic, octagonal building, itself a museum of art of many epochs, having its origin in the slow destruction of the beliefs of their pagan forefathers, erected in part from the spoils of their doomed shrines, was particularly a representative edifice to the Florentines. For it recorded the death and burial of their primitive faith, and the rise and progress of the new and more spiritual, with its loftier hopes and purer doctrines; the resurrection from the dead into an immortal life by means of public baptism; the sealing of their children into the Christian fold by passing through its ever-open, inviting gates for their obtaining the new salvation offered freely alike to bond and free. Consequently the Baptistery was associated in the minds of all citizens with the first saving rites of the new Church for themselves and their offspring, symbolizing their becoming thenceforth the heirs of the heavenly Jerusalem, whose golden gates it opened to them as soon as they first breathed the atmosphere of the earth; recording both their spiritual and material citizenship in its ancient records and the solemn vows of their sponsors. They might thenceforward worship in other edifices, but it was an imperative duty to make their first confession and adoption of their religious belief here, in a building which recalled the memories of other times and faith, whilst pointing out the new way of life. None other, therefore, has ever been or can be dearer or more instructive to the souls of the Florentines than this historical record of their religion from its earliest dawn to the latest hour, generation on generation for twelve hundred years now having passed through its portals, moved by one common purpose and love.

It was therefore no common ecclesiastical temple that Lorenzo Ghiberti was called upon to decorate as a sculptor and bronzist, and for no common purpose. Besides making his gates worthy of their special destination and symbolism, he was also called on to make them do equal artistic justice to the great cathedral they were to face, which aspired to be the grandest religious structure of Christendom.

The general history of Ghiberti's gates doubtless is familiar to every reader. But the details will bear repeating, especially as America has now become possessed of a reduced bronze copy of those praised by Michael Angelo, gilded as were the originals, which are to be set up in the house of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. in New York—a destination for the creations of his brain and hands of which Ghiberti in his wildest fancies could never have dreamed, for Columbus was not born when he began his labors. These copies are one-half the size of the original, and were made by Barbedienne, of Paris. They were exhibited at the London Universal Exhibition of 1851, where they were purchased for one hundred thousand francs, and placed by Prince Demidoff in his palace of San Donato, near Florence, forming the entrance to his chapel, but latterly changed to a music-room. At the great sale of his collections last year they were purchased on American account, and sent to New York to be used as above indicated.

Before giving a detailed account of these last gates of Ghiberti, it is necessary to state that the Baptistery was intended to have four sets, one on each façade. Andrea Pisano was employed to execute the central one on the northern side, for which Giotto had prepared a design. He began his work in 1331, assisted by his even more skillful son, Nino, and completed it in 1339. The style of execution is somewhat emancipated from the Byzantine type, showing the influence of the Pisan school.

On the cessation of the plague in 1400, the Guild of Cloth Merchants and the city government of Florence decided to have made two other bronze doors for the Church of San Giovanni, to correspond with that of Andrea Pisano, and thus complete the edifice, walling up the fourth space toward the west to accommodate the high altar. Artists throughout Italy were invited to present specimens of their work in bronze, to be submitted to the judgment of a jury of thirty-four individuals, including painters, sculptors, workers in metals, and others experienced in art, not merely of Florence, but other countries. Lorenzo Ghiberti, who was born in 1381, was then in his twentieth year, residing in Rimini, where he had gone to escape the plague, and had been honorably and profitably employed by Pandolfo Malatesta, the lord of that city. Bartoluccio, his step-father, no sooner heard of the intended work than he wrote Lorenzo, urging him to return to



THE GATES OF GHIBERTI.

Florence and take part in the coming trial, telling him that the doors were to be made with the greatest magnificence and richness, as was proper for the dignity of a city like theirs—to use his own words, "Con quella maggior magnificenza e richezza che alla dignità di un popolo come il nostro si convengono," and adding, "Ora torna, tu pure Lorenzo, a dar saggio di te. L' occasione è bella per mostrare l' ingegno tuo." "Now come back immediately, Lorenzo, and give a sample of your capacity; the opportunity is a fine one to show your talents."

Although Malatesta urged him to remain at his court, he lost no time in returning to his native city to join the great concourse of artists who had assembled from various parts of Italy to compete, not for the doors at first, but for the privilege of becoming competitors for the final designs, after giving proofs of their general ability in this direction. Out of their whole number the city and guild selected only six as competent to the trial, but in what manner and on what ground this selection was made we do not know. Of the six, two were Florentines and the others natives of Tuscany, but by the usage of the time considered as foreigners—*i. e.*, not city-born, although of the province. Even within my recollection, before the unity of Italy, Florentines spoke of the Livornese, or inhabitants of Leghorn, as foreigners, and in no friendly spirit.

From the artists thus chosen it would appear that the best that offered, without regard to local prejudices, were named, each receiving a sum of money, with the injunction to produce within one year a story or panel in bronze, all of equal size, from the subject furnished by the officials, which was the Sacrifice of Abraham, and was intended to be one of the compartments of the first door. This composition was to be treated in a naturalistic manner, to include landscape in detail, with animals and human figures, nude and clothed, some in full relief, others in half and low relief, according to the rules of scientific perspective, which was then becoming a favorite study with the Florentine school. It would seem from these conditions that the rival artists had no other option than to neglect the severer classical rules of sculpture, and adapt their work to the new taste, which imposed on it a practice as regards picturesque composition that belongs legitimately to painting rather than its sister art, as strictly recognized and obeyed by the Grecian artists.

The names of the six candidates chosen were Filippo Brunellesci, the celebrated architect of the dome of the cathedral; Lorenzo Bartoluccio (Ghiberti); Jacopo della Quercia of Siena; Niccolo of Arezzo, one of his scholars; Francesco of Valdambrina; and Simone of Colle, renowned for his bronzes. Vasari makes the number seven, adding Donatello to this list. There is, however, no authentic evidence that he took an official part in the competition, even if he was not too young; nor is there any bronze or design of his existing to show that he tried his skill privately, although he might have attempted something without entering into the public competition. Those who did worked secretly, so as not to borrow anything from each other, keeping their designs also from the public, with the exception of Ghiberti. Assisted and counselled by his shrewd step-father, Bartoluccio, he began many models before fixing on one, inviting citizens and strangers continually to examine and criticise them, putting no privacy on his work. Vasari says he profited greatly by this course, as well he might, for Florence at this epoch was full of excellent judges of art, besides distinguished artists, whose comments could not fail to be useful to a youth not yet twenty, whatever his native ability. The result showed the wisdom of his action.

When the year had expired, the jury, the consuls of the guild, and many eminent citizens and strangers of all classes assembled in great state and seriousness to examine the six panels and discuss their merits. Although at first there was considerable diversity of opinion regarding four of them, each possessing some excellent points, but having also noticeable defects, all agreed that the designs of Brunellesco and Ghiberti were superior to the others; not excepting a model offered by Donatello, Vasari writes, which, however, is now supposed to be one of his many errors of fact, as he does not himself allude to it in his life of Donatello. Neither does Ghiberti in his commentaries, although he names all the other competitors, speak of Donatello. And his silence is followed by the contemporary writer of the life of Brunellesco. I am sorry to convict Vasari of an error in his statement, and to be obliged to exclude the gifted sculp-

tor of the St. George from this amiable rivalry of genius, but it must be done, the more especially, as before remarked, as there is absolutely nothing existing of Donatello's work to confirm the idea that he actually competed. It is true, also, that nothing has come down to us of the models of the four Tuscan artists; perhaps because, after being rejected, no special care was taken of them, whilst those of Brunellesco and Ghiberti in perfect condition are now to be seen in the National Museum of Florence. We have therefore in material evidence the distinctive merits of these two famous panels, and can determine for ourselves how far the judges were right in ascribing to Brunellesco's model greater vigor of execution and strength of composition, and to Ghiberti's more grace, elegance, and picturesque variety of detail and expression. Both displayed a striking advance in naturalistic truth and artistic design over the previous work in bronze of their school. Indeed, the judges were so divided in opinion, first inclining to the one and then to the other, as their best points were brought into contrast, that it became very uncertain who would win. Some proposed that the execution of the gates should be divided between Brunellesco and Ghiberti as the better way of terminating the question; others advocated the postponement of any decision. But the consuls insisted on an immediate judgment. During this discussion Donatello had taken Brunellesco apart, and was conversing earnestly with him. Suddenly Brunellesco turned toward the judges to speak, and all became silent to hear what he had to say. With a firm voice he exclaimed: "Adjudge, adjudge the work to Lorenzo Ghiberti! He alone deserves it. I am certain that the public can not better be served, or with more distinction;" both adding that Ghiberti's model excelled all the others, and it would be more a proof of envy to deprive him of the commission than of justice to give it to him, and to allow him the opportunity of producing the noble fruits of which he gave such fair promise. His words were electric. "Yes, yes!" exclaimed all the judges and the crowd present, breaking out into frantic applause, waving their caps, clapping their hands, and, with genuine Italian impulse, embracing and kissing each other after a fashion that astonishes the less demonstrative Northern peoples.

This scene is a bright jewel in the annals of art, which has to narrate so often the contrary passions of envy, jealousy, and even criminal attempts on the lives or works of successful artists. Domenichino had to fly for his life from Naples because of the rage his talents excited among his rivals in that city; and even in Florence, where the above memorable act transpired, a century later, a guard had to be set over Michael Angelo's "David," when first completed, to prevent its being mutilated by his professional enemies. Hence we must regard the disinterested action of Donatello and Brunellesco as one of the most magnanimous deeds that history has ever recorded, where so much was at stake that sensitive artists hold dearer even than any material honors or emoluments. Well might Michael Angelo, in gazing a hundred years afterward on the second and more beautiful set of doors made by Ghiberti for the eastern façade, and which may justly be called the result of the award of the first set to Ghiberti, inspired by the feeling that led to their production, enthusiastically exclaim, "They are worthy to be the gates of paradise itself," for certainly the fraternal spirit of self-denial, "in honor preferring one another," so difficult to feel and practice in this hard-fisted, treacherous world, baptized them from their very beginning into the fold of celestial things, spreading a heavenly glow over them.

These remarks refer more particularly to the second door, executed long after the first by Ghiberti. This was composed in its general features very much on the plan of the small compartments and stories of that of Andrea Pisano, and was only removed from the archaic Byzantine type by the superior action and modelling of its figures and chief details. The full development of the picturesque element in sculpture in its best phase was not made by Ghiberti until, in the maturity of his genius, he had completely freed himself from the influences of his predecessors and formed an entirely independent style, of which he is still the greatest master. But of this I shall speak more at large when we come to the second door.

The first contains twenty compositions representing the life of the Saviour. Beneath them are others with figures of the four Evangelists and four Doctors of the Church, varied in action and idea, all inclosed in an elaborate, rich frame-work of foliage and ornaments of an appropriate



THE FIRST PANEL—THE CREATION OF ADAM AND EVE, AND THEIR EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

character, borrowed from nature, with male and female heads of prophets and sibyls symmetrically disposed at each angle. By itself this door would have conferred great distinction on Ghiberti, but it is so much eclipsed in every respect by his subsequent one that I fear few travellers bestow on it the attention it deserves. Cambi and Ricci assert it was completed and put into place in April, 1424. But later investigation speaks of it as not finished until three years afterward. Possibly the main parts were done at the first date, and the borders or frame added later. It weighs 34,000 pounds, and cost, by one statement, 16,594 golden florins; Vasari gives the sum at 22,000. The florin of the Florentine republic corresponded to eleven lire of the present currency of Italy, and had a relative purchasing value four times greater; so that we may estimate each florin as worth forty-four lire or francs on their present monetary basis. The cost of this door, therefore, taking it at the larger sum, which probably includes all the incidental expenses of finishing and setting up, would equal $195,000. These old cloth merchants of Florence were no niggards when art and the honor of their city and religion were concerned.

The guild were so much pleased with it that they gave Ghiberti full permission to consult his own tastes in the design of the third door without other restriction on their part than that "it should be the richest, most highly adorned, most beautiful, and most perfect that he could possibly contrive, or that could be imagined. Nor

would they have him spare either time or labor, to the end that as he had previously surpassed all other sculptors, so he might now eclipse and surpass all his own earlier works." Verily this is indeed a commission after an artist's own heart, an ideal commission such as every genuine artist longs for at least once in his life. But it implies two conditions not often to be found in harmony. First, a tried, conscientious, high-minded artist; and secondly, a confiding, intelligent client with a long purse, or one disposed to put into enduring art form the desires of a noble spirit without regard to cost. Ghiberti and the guild were fortunate in each other. In the first door he was restricted to the forms prescribed or suggested by the consuls and the subjects they selected from the Bible histories. Now they gave him complete freedom of choice and action in ten subjects selected from the Old Testament by Leonardo Aretino in their behalf. He well repaid their confidence. For this second door, so preeminently beautiful, and surpassing immeasurably the former, was executed at somewhat less cost—Richa says 14,594 florins—and was finished about 1450, only five years before his death. On both sets of the doors he had labored forty years in all.

As is seen, they are divided into ten compartments, five on either side, embodying the following stories: 1st, the creation of Adam and Eve; 2d, Adam and Eve with Cain and Abel; 3d, Noah and the ark; 4th, the story of Abraham and Isaac; 5th, the story of Jacob and Rebekah; 6th, the story of Joseph and his brethren; 7th, Moses on Mount Sinai; 8th, the fall of Jericho; 9th, David and Goliath; 10th, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Of the manner of treating these varied and rich themes, Ghiberti writes himself: "I have done my best in all respects to imitate nature; some of the histories represented contain more than a hundred figures, all done with my best diligence." And this, in a few words, is the key to his whole style and execution, viz., to imitate nature, and do his best. But it does not award him sufficient credit; for the manner in which he has *composed* these histories is his own invention. In picturesque, graceful variety of combination and pertinent details, condensing much in little space, giving each separate feature its proper relative position and importance as regards the others, bringing all together in harmonious, beautiful unity and balance of parts, each panel is a distinct masterpiece. It goes as far in this form of sculpture as it can possibly go with safety to its own inherent, æsthetic, and artistic qualities and limitations, doing nothing which we can not legitimately admire, and avoiding all those *tours de force*, pettinesses, and inanities into which picturesque or rococo sculpture subsequently fell. When we examine the great number of figures and animals, the variety of individual action and expression, the broad simplicity of treatment of the landscape and architecture, the graceful draperies, his fine embodiments of spiritual beings—chaste, subdued, yet poetical idealisms, all kept within the limits of natural truth—a fecund imagination balanced by a keen eye for the harmonies of nature, and as keen a taste for what is truly select and beautiful—when we see and appreciate all these points in his work, as we must if we carefully observe it, then we can not fail to confirm the verdict of his contemporaries on his wonderful genius, and pronounce him unique of his kind.

To get at all this in its perfection the original work must be attentively studied. It displays a happy balance between classical freedom and idealism in the treatment of the human figure more or less nude, and mediæval rigidity and asceticism, with an æsthetic conception of costume and drapery, sufficiently indicating the forms and movement beneath. Whilst animated by the beauty of antique art, Ghiberti adhered closely in the most essential points to his maxim of strictly following nature, so as "to exhibit effects produced in actual life" to the utmost extent his material permits. His work, in consequence, has a rare aspect of natural truth both in general grouping and the modelling of minutest detail, and of utmost sincerity of treatment. There are no extravagances or *tours de force;* no exaggerations or straining after sensational effects. The histories are simply and graphically told. His feeling for elegant and dignified form is remarkably keen, as also his command of forcible action. For he is equally at home in dramatic and idyllic expression. As regards spiritual movement and form, few conceptions of Christian art in airy ease and gracefulness of action, with a sense of supernal power, surpass his delivery of the ten command-

ments on Mount Sinai by the Almighty to Moses, or the three angels in the valley of Mamre appearing to Abraham. The subtle distinctions between human and spiritual forces are admirably personified.

It is difficult to say which of these panels surpass the others, their merits are so uniform throughout. Every part is composed and executed with equal diligence and care. All are a veritable labor of love on the part of the artist. If choice there be, my own preference would be first for No. 1, the creation of Adam and Eve, and their expulsion from paradise. Next, perhaps, the stories of Noah and Joseph, Nos. 3 and 6. After these, Nos. 8 and 10, the fall of Jericho and the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Although all are diversified in subject and treatment, any one by itself embodies the best artistic points of the whole, and collectively they form an illustrated Old Testament of the highest character.

Nowhere, however, does Lorenzo Ghiberti show himself more a consummate master in bronze than in his management of the borders, and the frame-work into which the historical panels are placed. In this second door he carried out exclusively his own ideas of composition. At regular intervals between the varied scroll-work, he placed, above and below, four finely modelled recumbent allegorical figures, male and female, and on the sides, twenty upright ones in niches, with intervening ideal or portrait heads in full relief at each angle of the several panels, making as beautiful and appropriate a setting as may be conceived. Near the centre, where his name is engraved, Ghiberti placed his own portrait, then a bald-headed old man, and by its side, to the left of the spectator, that of his faithful step-father, Bartoluccio—a well-deserved tribute to his tried friendship and aid.

The massive bronze frames of all the doors are ornamented in low and high relief with festoons or courses of foliage, fruit, flowers, springing from urns, and interspersed with birds, squirrels, and other natural objects. Each one is a most careful study of nature, and modelled with a delicacy and life-like resemblance that have never been surpassed. The birds seem to sing, chirp, and peck, the squirrels to nibble, and the leaves to stir in the air, so light and flexible and characteristic in form and action is each individual portion. In his earliest work there is just a touch of timidity, as if feeling his way and trying his power. But the latest, that which he did just before his death, to surround the door by Andrea Pisano, displays the advanced boldness and freedom of execution. They are far more in relief and larger than the others, and nevertheless of corresponding fineness and delicate touch. Indeed, they are a miracle of casting, and yet he had passed his seventieth year, and was engaged in modelling a third door, which was to take the place of Andrea's, which it would seem by Vasari's account was to have been "reconstructed," by which must be meant recast and remade. The model for this new door was seen by Vasari half a century and more later, but the descendants of Ghiberti let it be destroyed.

Heaven was kind alike to Andrea and Lorenzo, for it took away the latter to join the former in those regions where time is unknown, leaving the work of Andrea in the same condition in which the old Pisan sculptor had left it, now five hundred and more years gone by, but in a lovely frame-work executed by his great successor's hands. These doors are a striking contrast to the more developed but not more sincere art of Ghiberti. Both sculptors alike do honor to the ancient church, which, let us hope, will stand piously erect still another thousand years on its pagan foundations, sacred to the memories of Christianity and of art.

THE POLE OF DEATH.

To the Memory of Sydney Lanier.

How solemnly on mournful eyes
The mystic warning rose!
But o'er the Singer's forehead lies
A twilight of repose.

The twilight deepens into night—
That night of Arctic breath,
The rigor of whose awful blight
We recognize as Death.

Yet, since beyond the Polar ice
May shine bright baths of balm,
Past its grim barrier's last device
A crystal-hearted Calm;

Thus ice-bound Death, that guards so well
His far-off secret goal,
May clasp a Peace ineffable
For some who reach his Pole.

My Poet, is it thus with thee,
Beyond this twilight gray,
This frozen blight, this sombre sea—
Ah! hast thou found the Day?

THE OVERTHROW OF THE FRENCH POWER IN AMERICA.

TO any one looking superficially at a map of North America, one hundred and thirty years ago, it might well have seemed that, of the three great nations which had competed for the possession of the continent, the foremost position had been firmly secured by France. Certainly in geographical extent the French domain held the first place. From the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes, and northward to Hudson Bay, stretched the French province of Canada. From Lake Champlain slanting through Central New York to where Pittsburgh now stands, then following the Alleghanies down to Eastern Tennessee, and slanting again in a somewhat arbitrary line to Mobile Bay, ran the eastern boundary of French Louisiana. The western limits of this huge province were ill defined, but they extended in theory to the sources of the Missouri; and in a north and south line Louisiana comprehended everything from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. Nor was the control of France over this territory merely nominal, at least so far as the portion east of the Mississippi is concerned. Though the settlements of the French were but few and far between, they were placed with admirable skill, both for commercial and for strategic purposes. Each settlement, besides forming the nucleus of a lucrative trade, was a strong military centre from which the allegiance of surrounding Indian tribes might be enforced, and at that time the power of the Indians had not yet ceased to be formidable.

In contrast with this immense domain, the strip of English settlements along the Atlantic coast would have seemed quite narrow and insignificant. In New York the frontier was at Johnson Hall, not far from Schenectady; in Pennsylvania it was at Carlisle; farther south the advance from the coast toward the interior had been even less considerable. Moreover, as far as military purposes were concerned, these colonies would seem to have been as badly organized as possible. Divided into thirteen distinct and independent governments, owning a varying and ill-defined allegiance to the British crown, it was next to impossible to secure concerted military action among them. Even in any single colony the raising of troops required so much discussion in the legislature, and so much wrangling over local or sectarian interests, that the assailant was as likely as not to have delivered his blow and got off scot-free before any force was in readiness to thwart or punish him. Besides this, the English colonists were pre-eminently a peace-loving people, occupied almost entirely with their own domestic affairs; they had as little as possible to do with the Indians, and for the present, at least, had no far-reaching designs upon the interior of the continent; whereas the French, on the other hand, had a perfectly well-defined military policy, and bent all their energies toward maintaining and consolidating the supremacy over the country which they seemed already to have acquired.

Nevertheless, within thirteen years from the time we have taken for our survey, the French did not possess a single rood of land in the whole of North America; and except for a few months at the beginning of the present century, they have never since held any territory here. Moreover, the fall of the French power was at once admitted to be as irretrievable as it was sudden; and since the first fatal catastrophe it has never shown even so much vitality as would have been implied in a serious attempt to recover its lost prestige. The causes of this striking phenomenon are worthy of consideration.

Of all the modern nations which have sought to reproduce and perpetuate their social and political institutions by colonizing the savage regions of the earth, England is the only one which has achieved signal and lasting success. For this remarkable fact various causes may be assigned; but on careful reflection I think we shall find the principal cause to lie in the circumstance that in England alone, among the great European nations, both individual liberty and local self-government have always been preserved; whereas elsewhere—and notably in the France of the Old Régime, with which our comparison is here chiefly concerned—these indispensable elements of national vitality had been, by the seventeenth century, almost completely lost. To understand this point fully, we must go back far into the past, and inquire for a moment into the origin of despotic government.

The great problem of civilization is how to secure sufficient uniformity of belief and action among men without going so far

as to destroy variety of belief and action. A world peopled with savages, like ancient North America, is incapable of much progress, because it is impossible to secure concerted action on a large scale, and so the powers of men are frittered away in labors which tend toward no common result. The initial difficulty in civilizing a savage world is to get a large number of its savages to work together, for generation after generation, in accordance with some general system, for the subjugation of surrounding savages and the establishment of a permanent community. Unless some such long-enduring concert of action can be secured, a settled form of civilization can not be attained; but the history of such a country—as in the case of ancient North America—will be an endless series of trivial and useless wars. The nations which in early times have become civilized and peaceful have become so through the military superiority which the power of permanently concerted action entails; but this great advantage has generally been attended by a disadvantage. In most of these early civilized nations the forces which tend to make the whole community think and act alike have been so far encouraged that the result has been absolute despotism. Not political and ecclesiastical despotism simply, but underlying these a social despotism which in course of time moulds all the members of the community upon the same model, so that their characters become monotonously alike. The chief types of this kind of civilization are China and ancient Egypt, but all the civilized nations of Asia have been characterized by this sort of despotism. The result, of course, is immobility. When the whole community has come to think and feel and behave in the same way, every expression of dissent, every attempt at innovation, is at once crushed out; or rather such uniformity of belief and behavior is attained only after all dissent and innovation have been crushed out; and of course in such a community no further progress is possible.

If our principal subject were the philosophy of European history, it would be interesting and profitable to inquire into the circumstances which have enabled the nations of Europe to get over the initial difficulty of civilization and secure the benefits of concerted action without going so far as to crush out variation in belief and conduct. As it is, we must content ourselves with observing that in this sort of compromise has consisted the peculiar progressiveness of European civilization. The different nations of Europe have solved the problem with very different degrees of success—England and Spain affording the two extreme instances—but none have quite failed in it like the nations of Asia. There have been despotisms in Europe, but nothing like the despotism of Assyria or Persia. The papacy never quite became a caliphate, though some of the popes may have done their best to make it so. Neither Philip II. nor Louis XIV. was quite a sultan, however it might have tickled their fancy to be thought so.

Nevertheless the tendency toward Asiatic despotism has asserted itself very strongly at various epochs of European history, usually, perhaps, as the result of prolonged military pressure from without. The tendency increased quite steadily in the Roman Empire from the time of the earliest Germanic invasions until the culmination of the Byzantine era; and the traditions of this despotism were inherited by the Roman Church. In Germany, the operation of the tendency has been delayed in great part by the same causes which have retarded the unification of the country. In Spain, it had proceeded so far in the sixteenth century as to produce a national torpor, from which the Spaniards have not yet succeeded in arousing themselves. In France, a somewhat similar process went on until in the eighteenth century it was checked by the influx of English ideas, which prepared the way for the Great Revolution. In England, the tendency toward absolutism was always much weaker than anywhere else, but it was strong enough in the seventeenth century to bring about the migration of Puritans to America, and afterward the Great Rebellion, and finally the Revolution of 1688. In these and other instances, however, where it has asserted itself in England, the tendency has been so weak as to be promptly checked. There has never been a time in English history when free thinking on political and religious subjects has been quite suppressed. Of all the great European nations, England alone has succeeded in reaching a high stage of civilization without seriously modifying the free institutions which in primitive times were the common possession of the Aryan people by whom Europe was settled.

The consequences of this have been very great. After the initial difficulties of civilization have once been clearly surmounted, there can be no question that diversity of opinion and variety of character are of the greatest importance for the development of a rich and powerful national life. Other things equal, the foremost place in civilization must inevitably be seized and maintained by the nation which most sedulously cherishes and encourages variety. Such a nation will be more inventive than others, more prompt to meet sudden emergencies, more buoyant in recovering from calamity; its people will be more easily adaptable to all sorts of climates and situations, more ready to engage in all kinds of activity, more fertile in expedients, and more self-reliant in character. The nation, on the other hand, which systematically seeks to enforce uniformity of disposition among its members —which kills out all non-conformists or drives them beyond its borders—is sure, in proportion to its success, to sink into an inferior position in the world. The establishment of the Inquisition in Spain and the expulsion of the Moriscoes were the two greatest calamities which any nation ever inflicted upon itself. In similar wise, by his senseless persecution of the Huguenots, Louis XIV. robbed France of a very rich and important element in national life, and contributed such an element, in some degree, to England and Germany.

These considerations begin to make it apparent why a people like the English, encountering a people like the French in some new part of the world, would naturally overcome or supplant it. Another circumstance implied in the same group of considerations will make this still more apparent. I said just now that the English alone have succeeded in working up to a highly complex form of civilization without essentially departing from the primitive Aryan principle of government. What we may call the "town-meeting principle," with which we are so familiar as the logical basis of our own American political institutions, was essentially the principle on which the early Aryan communities governed themselves. The great puzzle of nation-making has always been how to secure concerted action on a grand scale without sacrificing this principle of local self-government. The political failure of ancient Greece was the failure to secure concerted action on a sufficiently large scale. Rome succeeded in securing concert of action, but in so doing sacrificed to a great extent the principle of local self-government. The Roman government came to be a close corporation, administering the affairs of the empire through prefects and sub-prefects; and when we say that the Teutonic invasions infused new life into Roman Europe, I suppose what we chiefly mean is that the Germans re-introduced to some extent the "town-meeting principle," and strengthened the sense of local and personal independence. In England the principle of local self-government became so deeply rooted that it survived the overthrow of the feudal system; but in France —the most thoroughly Romanized country in Europe—it never acquired a very firm foot-hold, and the overthrow of the feudal system there resulted in government by a close corporation and prefects, not altogether unlike that of the Roman Empire.

Now it is one characteristic of these highly centralized forms of government by prefects that they are not easily transplanted. They are highly artificial forms of government, in so far as they are the products of very peculiar combinations of circumstances operating for a long while in a particular country. When taken away from the peculiar sets of circumstances in which they have originated, and introduced into a new field, they fall into decay, unless kept up by support from without. There is no natural principle of life within them. On the other hand, the town meeting, or the assembly of heads of families, is, so to speak, the primordial cell out of which the tissue of political life has been originally woven among all races and nations. The civilized government which has learned how to secure concerted action without forsaking this primordial principle contains an element of permanence which is independent of peculiar local circumstances. Whithersoever transplanted, it will take root and flourish. It has all the reproductive vitality of cellular tissue, whereas the centralized bureaucracy is as rigid and unplastic as cartilage or bone.

The force of these considerations is nowhere better illustrated than in the contrasted fortunes of the French and English settlements in North America. The French colonies, as we have observed,

were planted in accordance with a far-reaching imperial policy, and they were favored by the especial solicitude of the home government, which well understood their value, and was bitterly chagrined when it became necessary to part with them. Louis XIV. in particular, whose long reign covered something like half of the brief history of New France, thought very highly of his American colonies, and labored industriously to promote their welfare. One of his pet schemes was to reproduce in the New World the political features of French society in Europe, modifying them only so far as it was necessary in order to secure in the New France a bureaucratic despotism even more ideally complete than that which had grown up in the old country. By a reminiscence of vanquished feudalism the land was parcelled out in seigniories, but the management of affairs was in the hands of a viceroy or governor-general appointed by the king. The instructions of the governor were prepared with extreme prolixity and minuteness by the king and his ministers; and to insure his carrying them out in every particular another officer was appointed, called the *intendant*, whose principal business was to keep an eye on the governor, and tell tales about him to the minister of state at home. Another part of the intendant's duty was to travel about the colony and pry into the affairs of every household, in order that whatever was wrong might be set right, and the wants of the people provided for. We can imagine the wrath and the hooting which such an official would have provoked in any English colony that ever existed, but in Canada this sort of thing was thought to be quite proper. No enterprise of any sort was undertaken without an appeal to the king for aid. Bounties were attached to all kinds of trades, in order to encourage them, and at the same time it was attempted to prescribe, as far as possible, the exact percentage of profit which might be legally earned. If people got out of work, they were to be supplied with work at the cost of the government. In order to foster a taste for ship-building, the king had ships built at his own expense, yet at the same time the ships which came over from France often went home empty, save those which by royal edict were allowed to carry furs or lumber. In order to encourage the raising of hemp, it was proposed that all hemp grown within the colony should be purchased by the king at a high price. To encourage agriculture in general, the king sent over seeds of all sorts to be distributed among the farmers gratis, while the intendant went about to see that the seeds were duly planted. While native industry was thus sedulously fostered, foreign trade was absolutely prohibited. No mild prohibitory tariff, such as our modern protectionists advocate, was resorted to, but foreign goods were seized wherever found and solemnly burned in the streets. The interests of landed property were also looked after. As it is inconvenient that farms should be too small, no one living in the open country was to build a house on any piece of land less than a certain prescribed size, under penalty of seeing his house torn down at the next visit of the intendant. That the morals of these favored farmers might remain uncorrupted by the splendid vices of great cities, they were forbidden to go to Quebec without permission from the intendant, and any one in the city who should let rooms to them was to be fined a hundred livres, for the benefit of the hospitals. In 1710 the inhabitants of Montreal were prohibited from owning more than two horses or mares and one foal apiece, on the ground that if they raised too many horses they would not raise enough cattle and sheep!

With a thousand such arbitrary and foolish though well-meant regulations the people of Canada were hampered and restricted, so that, in spite of the natural advantages of the country for agriculture, for fisheries, and for the fur trade, there was nothing surprising in the facts that business of every kind languished, and that the population increased but slowly. The slowness of increase of the population early attracted the attention of the French government, which labored earnestly to counteract the evil. No inhabitant of Canada was allowed to visit the English colonies or to come home to France without express permission. Emigrants for Canada were diligently enlisted in France, and sent over in ship-loads every year, being paid bounties for going. Women were sent over in companies of two or three hundred at a time, all carefully sorted and selected as to social position, so that nobles, officers, bourgeois, and peasants might each find wives to suit them, and each of these prospective brides brought with her a dowry paid by the benevolent king. The arrival of these wo-

men was generally preceded or accompanied by a royal order that all bachelors in the colony must get married within two weeks, under penalty of not being allowed to hunt, or catch fish, or trade with the Indians. Every father of a family who had unmarried sons over twenty years of age, or unmarried daughters over sixteen, was subject to a fine unless he could show good cause for his delinquency. The father of ten children received a pension of three hundred livres a year for the rest of his life, while he who had twelve received four hundred, and people in the upper ranks of society who had fifteen children were rewarded with twelve hundred livres. Yet, in spite of all these elaborate devices, the white population of Canada, at the end of the reign of Louis XIV., in 1715, and more than a century after the founding of the colony, did not reach a total of twenty-five thousand.

However absurd such a system of administration may seem to us, it was, after all, only the unflinching application of a theory of protective government which has had very wide currency in the world, and has found too many defenders even in our own self-governing community. The contemporary administration of affairs in France, even under the skillful leadership of Colbert, was characterized by many similar errors, and was followed, indeed, in the course of another century, by military defeat, financial ruin, and social anarchy. Yet there is one important difference between the results of paternal government administered by a centralized bureaucracy in the country where it has grown up and in the country to which it is transplanted. In the native country of the bureaucracy a great many of the affairs of life are conducted in accordance with usages established by immemorial custom. Such usages have a certain presumption in their favor, as adapted in some degree to the circumstances of the country; the bureaucracy must be to some extent checked or guided by them, and its capacity for mischief is so far limited. But when the same system of government is transplanted to a new country, its course of procedure is largely a matter of experiment in pursuance of some general or *a priori* theory, and experiments of this sort have always failed. No government that has ever yet existed has possessed enough wisdom to found a prosperous society by any amount of arbitrary administration. When, therefore, the forms and machinery of a centralized despotism are sought to be reproduced away from their connections with the peculiar local traditions amid which they have grown up, it is but the dead husk that is transplanted instead of the living kernel.

While the French colonies in America thus thrived so feebly in spite of the anxious care of their sovereign, the English colonies, neglected and left to themselves, were full of sturdy life. The settlers had been accustomed to manage their own affairs at home, instead of having them managed by prefects and intendants. If their king had ventured to deal with them as the benevolent Louis XIV. dealt with his subjects, they would have cut off his head or driven him into exile, or, failing the power to do this, would have gone into exile themselves. In New England they conducted themselves very much as they would have done in old England, save that they were much freer from interference. Having gone into voluntary exile themselves, they were relieved from the necessity of beheading the king or driving him into exile, and all they asked was to continue to be let alone. To sundry general commercial restrictions they submitted, especially so long as these restrictions were not enforced, but in all important details each community managed its own affairs according to its own ideas of its own interests. Thus, in the words of our great historian, Mr. Parkman, "the cement of common interests, hopes, and duties compacted the whole people like a rock of conglomerate, while the people of New France remained in a state of political segregation, like a basket of pebbles held together by the inclosure that surrounds them."*

In ecclesiastical policy the difference between the two peoples was as great as in their political and social life. Religion and the Church occupy as prominent a position in the history of Canada as in that of New England. There are few more heroic chapters in the annals of the Catholic Church than that which recounts the labors and the martyrdom of the Jesuits in North America. Already, before the death of Champlain, the Jesuits had acquired full control of the spiritual affairs of Canada. Their policy aimed at nothing less than the consolidation of the aborigi-

* *Old Régime*, p. 397.

nal tribes into a Christian state under the direct control of Loyola; and upon this hopelessly impracticable task they entered with an enthusiasm worthy of the noblest of the old Crusaders. The character of Maisonneuve claims a place in our affectionate remembrance by the side of Tancred and Godfrey de Bouillon. The charming chronicler Le Jeune might be mated with the Sieur de Joinville. Nor was St. Louis himself inspired with a grander fervor than the black-robed priests of the Huron mission. The indomitable Brebeuf, the delicate Lalemant, the long-suffering Jogues, may be ranked with the ancient martyrs of Christianity, and in their heroic lives and deaths the system of Loyola appeared in its brightest and purest light. Though thrown away upon the Indians, the work of the Jesuits was, after all, the one feature of Canadian polity which possessed sufficient merit to survive the British conquest. Their policy nevertheless involved the rigorous exclusion of all freedom of thought from the limits of the colony. No Huguenot was allowed to enter upon any terms. On the other hand, if we consider the Puritans alone—who also came to America for the purpose of realizing a religious idea—if we consider the Puritans alone, and recollect their treatment of the Quakers in Massachusetts and the Catholics in Maryland, we may perhaps at first regard their conduct as hardly more politic or commendable than that of the Jesuits. But in truth the intolerance of the Puritans, being defensible only through appeals to individual reason, carried with it the promise of better things. Moreover, if we consider the English colonies all together, the variety of opinion on religious questions was very great; so great that when they came to constitute themselves into a united nation, the only common ground upon which they could possibly meet in ecclesiastical matters was one of unqualified toleration. The heretic in whose face Canada coldly shut the door might be sure of a welcome in one part of English America if not in another.

With all these advantages in their favor, we need not be surprised at the solid and rapid increase of the English colonies. Yet the increase was surprising when compared with anything the world had ever seen before. We do not read that the King of England ever set bounties on large families, or provided wives for the settlers at his own expense. Yet by the year 1750 —less than a century and a half from the settlement of Jamestown—the white population of the thirteen colonies had reached a million and a quarter.

The contrast, therefore, with which we opened this lecture was but a superficial one. Great as were the territorial acquisitions of the French, their actual strength was by no means in proportion, and their project of confining the English behind the Alleghanies was as chimerical as would have been an attempt to stop the flow of the St. Lawrence.

In carrying out their grand project the French relied largely upon their alliances with the Indians, and for this there was some show of reason. As a general thing the French were far more successful than the English in winning the favor of the savages. They treated them with a firmness and tact very different from the disdainful coldness of the English. They humored and cajoled them, even while inspiring them with wholesome terror. The haughty and fiery Frontenac, most punctilious of courtiers, with the bluest blood of France flowing in his veins, at the age of seventy did not think it beneath his dignity to smear his cheeks with vermilion and caper madly about in the war-dance, brandishing a tomahawk over his head and yelling like a screech-owl or a cougar. Imagine Governor Winthrop or Governor Endicott acting such a part as this! On the other hand, if an Indian was arrested for murdering a Frenchman, he was hanged in a trice by martial law, and such summary justice the Indians feared and respected. But when an Indian was arrested for murdering an Englishman, he was put upon his trial, with all the safeguards of the English criminal law, and such conscientious clemency the Indians despised as sentimental weakness. Captain Écuyer—a Frenchman in the English service at the time of Pontiac's war—gave an excellent illustration of the Frenchman's native tact in dealing with his red brother. Écuyer was in command of Fort Pitt—where Pittsburgh now stands—and an attacking force of Delawares summoned him to surrender, with sugared words, assuring him that if he would retreat to Carlisle, they would protect him from some bad Indians in the neighborhood who thirsted for his blood; but if he staid, they would not be responsible for the consequences. Écuyer thank-

ed them for their truly disinterested advice, but assured them that he did not care a rush for the bad Indians, and meant to remain where he was; but, he added, "an army of 6000 pale-faces is now on the way hither, and another of 3000 has just gone up the lakes to annihilate Pontiac, so you had better be off. I have told you this in acknowledgment of your friendly counsels to me; but don't whisper it to those bad Indians, for fear they should run away from our deadly vengeance!" This story of the English armies was, of course, a lie of the first magnitude. The poor fellow had but a handful of men wherewith to repel his swarm of assailants, and he knew very well that any re-enforcement was rather to be longed for than expected. But his adroit lie sent the savages away in a panic without further provoking their wrath, and so was worth much more than a successful battle.

Skillful as the French usually were in their dealings with the savages, their position in the country was nevertheless such that at an early period they were brought into conflict with the most warlike of all the Indian tribes, and this circumstance interfered materially with the success of the Canadian colony. In the seventeenth century the country east of the Mississippi, from the line of Tennessee and the Carolinas northward to Hudson Bay, was occupied by two families or races of Indians, differing radically from each other in their speech, and slightly in their physical characteristics. These were called by the French the Algonquin and Iroquois families. Our old New England acquaintances—the Pequods, Narragansetts, Mohegans, and Abenakis—were all Algonquins. The Delawares, who lived in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, were also Algonquins. So were the Shawnees of the Ohio, the Miamis of the Wabash, the Illinois, the Kickapoos of Southern Wisconsin, the Pottawatomies and Ojibwas of Michigan, and the Ottawas of Michigan and Upper Canada. Lower Canada and Acadia were also inhabited by Algonquin tribes. In the central portion of this vast country, surrounded on every side by Algonquins, dwelt the Iroquois. The so-called Five Nations occupied the central portion of New York; to the south of them were the Andastes or Susquehannocks; the Eries lived on the southern shore of the lake which bears their name, and the northern shore was occupied by a tribe known as the Neutral Nation. To the north of these came the Hurons. One Iroquois tribe—the Tuscaroras—lay quite apart from the rest, in North Carolina; but in 1715 this tribe migrated to New York, and joined the famous Iroquois league, which was henceforth known as the Six Nations. The Indians south of the Tennessee and Carolina line, such as the Creeks, Cherokees, Seminoles, Choctaws, and Chickasaws, belong to a third family—the Mobilian—distinct from the Algonquins and Iroquois. The Natchez of the Lower Mississippi are supposed by some ethnologists to have been an intruding branch of the Mexican Toltecs. Far north, in Wisconsin, the well-known Winnebagos were also intruders; they belonged to the Sioux or Dakota stock, whose home was then, as now, west of the great river.

Between the Algonquins and the Iroquois were many important differences. They differed radically, as already observed, in their speech. They differed also in their modes of building their wigwams and fortifying their villages. The mythology of the Algonquins, moreover, was distinct from that of the Iroquois. There were many degrees of barbarism among the Algonquins, from the New England tribes, which cultivated the soil, down to the Ojibwas, who were very degraded and shiftless savages. But the Iroquois were superior to any of the Algonquins. They were somewhat finer in physical appearance, and they were better fighters. They are said to have had somewhat larger brains; they understood more about agriculture; they were more capable of acting in concert. They were very well aware of their superiority, and looked down with ineffable contempt upon the Algonquins, by whom they were in turn regarded with hatred and fear.

Of all the Iroquois the most formidable in numbers, the bravest in war, and the shrewdest in diplomacy were the Five Nations of New York—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. The favorite Iroquois name for this mighty league is interesting. It was the custom of all the Iroquois tribes to build their wigwams very long and narrow. Sometimes an Iroquois house would be two hundred and fifty feet in length by thirty in width, with a door at each end. A narrow opening along the whole length of the roof let in the light and let out some of the smoke

from the row of fires kindled on the ground beneath. A rude scaffolding ran along each side some three feet from the ground, and on this the inmates slept, while their fire-wood was piled underneath. In this way from twenty to thirty families might be lodged in a single wigwam. By a very picturesque metaphor the Iroquois of New York called their great confederacy the Long House. The Mohawks, at the Hudson River, kept the eastern door of the Long House, and the Senecas, at the Genesee, guarded the western door, while the central council fire burned in the valley of Onondaga, and was flanked to the right by the Oneidas, and to the left by the Cayugas. The ferocity of these New York Indians was as conspicuous as their courage, and their confederated strength made them more than a match for all their rivals—so that at the time of the first French and English settlements they were rapidly becoming the terror of the whole country. Turning their arms first against their own kindred, in 1649 they overwhelmed and nearly destroyed the tribe of Hurons, putting the Jesuit missionaries to death with frightful tortures. Next they exterminated the Neutral Nation. In 1655 they massacred most of the Eries, and incorporated the rest among their own numbers; and in 1672, after a terrible war of twenty years, they completed the ruin of the Susquehannocks. At the same time they made much easier work of their Algonquin enemies. They drove the Ottawas from Canada into Michigan. They allied themselves with the Miamis, and overthrew the power of the Illinois in 1680, at the time when La Salle was making his adventurous journeys. They then turned upon the Miamis and defeated them, and drove the Shawnees a long way down the Ohio. Some time before this they had conquered the Delawares; and this circumstance should be taken into account in considering the remarkable success of Penn and his followers in keeping clear of Indian troubles. A conciliatory policy had no doubt something to do with this, but it is not quite true that the Quakers were the only settlers who paid for their lands instead of taking them by force, for the Puritans of New England had done so in every case except that of the Pequods. It is worthy of consideration that at the time when Pennsylvania was colonized, the Delawares had been thoroughly humbled by the Iroquois, and forced into a treaty by which they submitted to be called "women," and to forego the use of arms. The price of the lands sold to Penn was paid twice over—to the Delawares, who actually occupied them, and again to the Iroquois, who had obtained them by conquest. Thus the victors were kept in good-humor, and the vanquished Indians did not dare to molest the Quaker settlements for fear of Iroquois vengeance.

But the Iroquois had a deeper reason for wishing to keep on good terms with the English. As early as the time of Champlain they had been brought into deadly collision with the French, who certainly had not yet learned the importance of their friendship, and perhaps were not in a condition to secure it if they had. Settling first among the Algonquin tribes of the St. Lawrence, it was perhaps inevitable that the French should court the friendship of these tribes by defending them against their hereditary enemies. In 1609 Champlain attacked the Mohawks near Ticonderoga, and won an easy victory over savages who had never before beheld a white man or heard the report of a musket. From that time forth the Iroquois hated the French, and after the destruction of the Huron mission the French had good reason for reciprocating the hatred. In 1664 the English supplanted the Dutch in the control of the Hudson, and thus for the first time came into formidable proximity to Canada; and now began the rivalry between French and English which lasted for ninety-nine years. A sort of alliance naturally grew up between the English and the Five Nations, while, on the other hand, the French sought to control the policy of all the Algonquin tribes from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, and to bring them into the field against the dreaded warriors of the Long House. But there was a difference between these two alliances. The English valued the friendship of the Iroquois partly as a protection against Canada, partly as a means of gaining access to the lakes, and obtaining a share in the fur trade; but in spite of all this, they took very little pains to conciliate their dusky allies, and generally left them to fight their own battles. On the other hand, the far-sighted policy of the French made firm allies of the Algonquin tribes and of the remnant of the Hurons, and taken together they were more than a match for the Iroquois. Yet for a long time the

contest was by no means an unequal one. The Five Nations held their ground bravely, and at times seemed to be getting the best of it. They inflicted immense damage upon the Canadian settlements. From one end of the Long House the Mohawks were perpetually taking the war-path down Lake Champlain, while from the other the Senecas interrupted the fur trade on the western lakes, and the central tribes infested the Upper St. Lawrence. In the summer of 1689 they penetrated as far as Montreal, and shouted defiance to the garrison, while they laid waste the country for miles around, and roasted and devoured their prisoners in full sight of the terror-stricken town. This achievement, however, marked the acme of their success and of their power. The next year they had to reckon with a skillful and indomitable soldier in the person of Count Frontenac, and the fates were no longer propitious to them.

Frontenac had already been Governor of New France for ten years, from 1672 to 1682. Court scandal said that he was a rival of Louis XIV. in the affections of Madame De Montespan, and that the jealous king had sent him over to America to get him out of the way. He was an able administrator, and a man of large views. He even saw the desirableness of introducing an element of local self-government into the Canadian community, and strove to do so, though unsuccessfully. He sympathized with La Salle in his adventurous schemes, and aided them to the extent of his ability. Had he been properly supported by the king, he might perhaps have carried out the bold suggestion of Talon, and wrested from the English their lately acquired province of New York, thus isolating New England, and materially strengthening the grasp of France upon the American continent. But he unwisely made enemies of the Jesuits, and his fiery temper and implacable stubbornness got him into so many quarrels that in 1682 he was ordered home. Now, after seven years of neglect, he was re-instated by the king, and Canada welcomed him back as the only man who could save the country. No better man could have been chosen for the purpose. Though seventy years of age, he still retained something of the buoyancy of youth; in dauntless courage and fertility of resource he was not unlike his friend La Salle; and he was quite unrivalled in his knowledge of the dark and crooked ways of the Indian mind.

At Frontenac's arrival the enmities of all the hostile parties, both red and white, encamped upon American soil, were all at once allowed free play. The tyrant James II. had just been driven into exile at Versailles; and Louis XIV., unwilling to give up the check upon English policy which he had so long exercised through his ascendency over the mean-spirited Stuarts, and enraged beyond measure at the sudden accession of power now acquired by his arch-enemy William of Orange—Louis XIV., who had but lately revoked the Edict of Nantes, and committed himself to a deadly struggle with all the liberal tendencies of the age, now declared war against England. This, of course, meant war in the New World as well as the Old, and left the doughty Frontenac quite unhampered in his plans for striking terror into the hearts of the foes of Canada.

Frontenac's first proceeding was to send scalping parties against the English settlements, not merely to annoy the English, but also to retrieve in the minds of his Indian allies and enemies the somewhat shaken military reputation of the French. In February, 1690, a small party of Frenchmen and Algonquins from Montreal, after a difficult march of three weeks through the snow, surprised Schenectady at midnight, and slaughtered some sixty of the inhabitants. In the following month a similar barbarous attack was made upon Salmon Falls, in New Hampshire; and shortly after, Fort Loyal, standing where now is the foot of India Street, in the city of Portland, experienced the same sort of treatment. In 1692, York was laid in ashes, and one-third of the inhabitants massacred. In 1694, two hundred and thirty Algonquins, led by one French officer and one Jesuit priest, surprised the village at Oyster River—now Durham, about twelve miles from Portsmouth—and murdered one hundred and four persons, mostly women and children. Some of the unhappy victims were burned alive. Emboldened by this success, the barbarians next attacked Groton, in Massachusetts, where they slew forty people. Similar excursions were made from year to year. In 1697, a raid was made on Haverhill, when the celebrated Hannah Dustin was taken prisoner. The incidents of her bold escape, and the ghastly vengeance which she wreaked upon her captors, are known

to all school-children, though school-children are not always taught to associate these incidents with Count Frontenac, or with the expulsion of the Stuart kings from Great Britain. Such barbarous warfare as this does not redound to the credit of Frontenac, though personally he seems to have been humane and generous according to the standards of his age and country. The delightful Jesuit historian Charlevoix recounts these massacres of the heretical Puritans with emphatic approval. In New England they awakened intense horror and indignation. It was resolved to attack Canada. In 1690, after the massacres at Salmon Falls and Fort Loyal, two thousand Massachusetts militia, under Sir William Phips, actually sailed up the St. Lawrence and laid siege to Quebec; while Winthrop, of Connecticut, started from Albany to create a diversion on the side of Montreal. But these amateur generals were no match for Frontenac, and both expeditions returned home crest-fallen with disastrous defeat. Massachusetts, loaded with a debt of fifty thousand pounds, was obliged for a time to issue paper money: it is pleasant to be able to add that—as there was no Greenback party in those days—this scrip was all scrupulously redeemed, without a word of opposition from anybody. In the following year, Peter Schuyler, with a force of New York militia and Mohawks, descended Lake Champlain, and defeated the French in a fierce and obstinate battle; but nothing came of the victory, and the end of the campaign left Frontenac master of the situation.

Having thus successfully defied the English, and won a mighty reputation among his Algonquin allies, the veteran governor was now prepared to chastise the Iroquois. In 1693, a small French army under Courtemanche overran the Mohawk country and destroyed several towns, retreating after a drawn battle with Peter Schuyler. In 1696, Frontenac himself, at the head of two battalions of French regulars, 800 Canadian militia, and a swarm of screeching Hurons and Ottawas, crossed Lake Ontario, and battered down, so to speak, the centre of the Long House. Carried in triumph on the shoulders of the exulting Indians, the old general, now in his seventy-seventh year, advanced boldly into the sacred precincts of the Onondagas, whither white men had never yet set foot save as envoys on the most dangerous of missions, or as prisoners to be burned at the stake. Most of the Onondaga warriors fled in dismay, but their towns were utterly destroyed, all their winter stores captured, and their whole country laid waste. A similar punishment was then inflicted upon the Oneidas, and the motley army returned to Canada, taking along with them a great number of war chiefs as hostages. In the following year the Iroquois, cowed by defeat and famine, sent an embassy to Quebec to see if they could make a separate peace with the French, without engaging to keep their hands off the Algonquins. But Frontenac flung their wampum belt back into their faces, and demanded unconditional submission, under penalty of worse treatment than they had yet experienced. In February, 1698, the news of the Peace of Ryswick ended the war, so far as the French and English were concerned. In November of the same year Frontenac died at Quebec, bitterly hated by his rivals and enemies, dreaded and admired by the Indians, idolized by the common people, and respected by all for his probity and his soldierly virtues. His stormy administration had been fruitful of benefits to Canada. By humbling the Iroquois the French ascendency over all the Indian tribes was greatly increased. During the merciless campaigns of the past ten years the Long House had lost more than half of its warriors, and was left in such a state of dilapidation and dejection that Canada had but little to fear from it in future. In 1715, the fighting strength of the confederacy was partially repaired by the adoption of the kindred tribe of the Tuscaroras, who had just been expelled from North Carolina by the English settlers, and migrated to New York. After this accession the Iroquois, henceforth known as the Six Nations, formed a power by no means to be despised. But their haughty spirit was so far broken that they became accessible to the arts of French diplomacy, and at times they were almost persuaded to make common cause with the other Indian tribes against the English. That they did not finally forsake the English alliance was perhaps chiefly due to the extraordinary ascendency acquired over them by Sir William Johnson, an Irishman who came over to America in 1734, and settled in the Mohawk Valley, building two strongholds there, known as Johnson Castle and Johnson Hall. Acquiring wealth

by trade with the Indians of New York, and political importance through his skill in managing them, Johnson was made a major-general in 1755, and defeated the French at Lake George in that year, and at Niagara in 1759. He was made a baronet for his services, and died in 1774, as some say through grief at the impending prospect of war between his sovereign and his fellow-citizens. It was his son, Sir John Johnson, who led the Tories of Tryon County against the valiant Herkimer at the obstinate battle of Oriskany in 1777.

Freed from the attacks of the Iroquois, Canada, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, entered upon a period of comparative prosperity, and during the first half of the century she continued to be a thorn in the side of New England. Before the final conflict began, France and England were at war from 1702 to 1713, and again from 1741 to 1748, a total of eighteen years, and during most of these years the New England frontier was exposed to savage inroads. There was an atrocious massacre at Deerfield in 1704, and another at Haverhill in 1708, and at all times there was terror on the frontier. Even in time of peace the Indians did not wholly cease from their incursions, and there is little doubt that their turbulence was secretly fomented by the Canadian government. In 1745, the indignant New-Englanders tasted for a moment the sweets of legitimate revenge. The strongest and most important fortress of the French in America, next to Quebec, was Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, which commanded the fisheries and the approaches to the St. Lawrence. At the instance of Governor Shirley, three thousand volunteers were raised by Massachusetts, three hundred by New Hampshire, three hundred by Rhode Island, and five hundred by Connecticut. The whole force was commanded by William Pepperell, a merchant of Maine. With the assistance of four English ships of the line, they laid siege to Louisburg on May-day, 1745, and pressed the matter so vigorously that on the 17th of June—just thirty years before the battle of Bunker Hill—the French commander was browbeaten into surrendering his almost impregnable fortress. The gilt cross over the new entrance to Harvard College Library is a trophy of this memorable exploit, which not only astonished the world, but saved New England from a contemplated French invasion. Greatly to the chagrin of the American colonies, the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle restored Louisburg to the French, in exchange for Madras, in Hindostan, which France had taken from England. The men of New England felt that their services were held cheap, and were much irritated at the preference accorded by the British government to its general imperial interests at the expense of its American colonies.

A great war had now become inevitable. By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Acadia had been ceded to England, but neither this treaty nor that of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, defined the boundary between Acadia and Maine, nor did either treaty do anything toward settling the eastern limits of Louisiana. The Penobscot Valley furnished one ever-burning question, and the New York frontier another. The dispute over the Ohio Valley was the fiercest of all, and from this quarter at last arose the conflagration which swept away all the hopes of French colonial empire in two hemispheres. In 1750, the Ohio Company, formed for the purpose of colonizing the valley, had surveyed the country as far as the present site of Louisville. In 1753, the French, taking the alarm, crossed Lake Erie, and began to fortify themselves at Presque Isle, and at Venango on the Alleghany River. This aroused the ire of Virginia, and George Washington — a venturous and hardy youth of twenty-one, but gifted with a sagacity beyond his years—was sent by Governor Dinwiddie to Venango to order off the trespassers. Washington got scanty comfort from this mission; but the next spring both French and English tried to forestall each other in fortifying the all-important place where the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers join to form the Ohio, the place where the city of Pittsburgh now stands. In the course of these preliminary manœuvres, Washington fought his first battle at Great Meadows—though as yet war had not been declared between France and England—and being attacked by an overwhelmingly superior force, was obliged to surrender, with the whole of his little army. So the French got possession of the much-coveted situation, and erected there Fort Duquesne as a menace to all future English intruders. In 1755, war was at length declared, and it was in attempting to reach Fort Duquesne that the unwary Braddock was slain, and his army so wofully defeated by swarms of Otta-

was, Hurons, and Delawares, which the Frenchmen's forest diplomacy had skillfully gathered together.

The war thus inauspiciously begun was not confined to American soil. After three-quarters of a century of vague skirmishing, England was now prepared to measure her strength with France in a decisive struggle for colonial empire and for the lordship of the sea. The whole world was convulsed with the struggle of the Seven Years' War—a war more momentous in its consequences than any that had ever yet been carried on between rival European powers; a war made illustrious by the genius of one of the greatest generals, and of perhaps the very greatest war minister, the world has ever seen. It was an evil hour for French hopes of colonial empire when the invincible prowess of Frederick the Great was allied with the far-sighted policy of William Pitt. In the autumn of 1757, shortly after the Great Commoner was intrusted with the direction of the foreign affairs of England, the King of Prussia annihilated the French army at Rossbach, and thus—to say nothing of the immediate results—prepared the way for Waterloo and Sedan, and for the creation of a united and independent Germany. Yet, in spite of this overwhelming victory, the united strength of France and Austria and Russia would at last have proved too much for the warlike king, had not England thrown sword and purse into the scale in his favor. By his firm and energetic support of Prussia, Pitt kept the main strength of France busily occupied in Europe, while English fleets attacked her on the ocean, and English armies overran her possessions in America, and wrested from her grasp the control of India, which she was also seeking to acquire.

At the time of Pitt's accession to power, affairs were not going on prosperously in America. The crushing defeat of Braddock had, indeed, been followed by the victory of Johnson over Dieskau at Lake George. But this victory did more harm than good; for Johnson remained inactive after it, and Dieskau, having been taken prisoner, was succeeded by the famous Marquis of Montcalm, a general of great ability, who resumed offensive operations with vigor and success. In 1756 Montcalm destroyed Oswego; in 1757 he captured Fort William Henry, which Johnson had built to defend the northern approaches to the Hudson; and in 1758 he defeated the English with heavy loss in the desperate battle of Ticonderoga.

The victory of Ticonderoga was, however, the last considerable success of the French arms in this war. The stars had begun to fight against them, and with the exception of this brief gleam of triumph, their career for the next two years was an unbroken succession of disasters. In 1758, the French fleets were totally defeated by Admiral Osborne off Cartagena, and by Admiral Pococke in the Indian Ocean, while their great squadron destined for North America was driven ashore in the Bay of Biscay by Sir Edward Hawke. In Germany, their army was defeated by the Prince of Brunswick, at Crefeld, in June. In July, Sir Jeffrey Amherst captured Louisburg, and finally relieved New England from its standing menace, besides securing the mouth of the St. Lawrence. In August, General Bradstreet, by the destruction of Fort Frontenac, broke the communication between Canada and the French settlements in the West. In November, General Forbes, having built a road over the Alleghanies, and, being assisted by Washington and Henry Bouquet, succeeded in capturing Fort Duquesne, which then became Fort Pitt, and now as Pittsburgh still bears the name of the great war minister.

The capture of this important post gave the English the control of the Ohio Valley; but Pitt had now made up his mind to drive the French from America altogether, and what had been done was only the prelude to heavier blows. In 1759, the French army in Germany was totally defeated at Minden by the Prince of Brunswick; one great fleet was defeated at Lagos Bay by Admiral Boscawen, and another was annihilated at Quiberon by Sir Edward Hawke; Havre was bombarded by Admiral Rodney; Guadeloupe, the most valuable of the French West Indies, was taken; and serious reverses were experienced in India. In America, Niagara was taken on the 24th of July, Ticonderoga on the 27th, and Crown Point on the 1st of August. And on the 13th of September the youthful Wolfe accomplished his wonderful feat of leading five thousand armed men up an almost perpendicular precipice, and won the decisive battle which completed the ruin of the French dominion in America. Montreal surrendered in the following year, and thus the whole of

Canada passed into the hands of the English.

During the progress of this eventful war, the tribes of the Long House, under the influence of Sir William Johnson, had either remained neutral, or had occasionally assisted the English cause. The Algonquin tribes, however, from east to west—including even the Delawares, who, since the decline of the Iroquois power, no longer consented to call themselves women—made common cause with the French, and in many cases proved very formidable allies. The overthrow of the French power came as a terrible shock to these Indians, who now found themselves quite unprotected from English encroachment. At first they refused to believe that the catastrophe was irretrievable, and one great Indian conceived a plan for retrieving it. Of all the Indians of whom we have any record, perhaps Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, was the most remarkable for intellectual power. He was as fierce and treacherous as any of his race, but he was characterized by an intellectual curiosity very rare among barbarians, and he exhibited an amount of forethought truly wonderful in an Indian. It seemed to him that if all the tribes in the country could be brought to unite in one grand attack upon the English, they might perhaps succeed in overthrowing them. He did, in fact, succeed in forming a powerful combination, comprising all the Algonquin tribes, with some of the Mobilians and the remnant of the Hurons; and out of the Iroquois League he secured the most numerous tribe, the Senecas, who were least under English influence. The war began in 1763, just after peace had been signed between France and England, and lasted two years. In the course of it the most terrible battle ever fought between white men and Indians occurred at Bushy Run, in the Alleghanies; the frontiers of Pennsylvania were made the scene of atrocities which beggar description; and most of the forest garrisons in the West were overcome and massacred, though the stronger places, such as Detroit and Fort Pitt, succeeded with some difficulty in holding out. But the Shawnees and Delawares were completely humbled by Bouquet, the victor of Bushy Run, the Senecas were browbeaten by Johnson, the French refused to give any assistance, and finally Pontiac, after suing for peace, was murdered in the woods at Cahokia, near St. Louis. Useless butchery was all that came of this scheme; but it is worthy of mention as a natural sequel of the great French war, as the most serious attempt ever made by the Indians to assert themselves against white men, and as the theme of one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that has ever been written by any historian since the days of Herodotus.*

The Seven Years' War did not come to an end until Spain, afraid for her West Indian possessions, had taken up arms on the side of France. She thus invited the catastrophe which she dreaded, for in 1762 England conquered Cuba and the Philippine Islands. At the definitive treaty of peace, known as the Peace of Paris, and signed in February, 1763, England gave back Cuba and the Philippine Islands to Spain in exchange for Florida. To indemnify Spain for this loss of Florida, incurred through her alliance with France, the latter power ceded to Spain the town of New Orleans and all of Louisiana west of the Mississippi—a vast and ill-defined region, as thoroughly unknown at that day as Australia or Central Africa. From 1763 until 1803 New Orleans and St. Louis were accordingly governed by Spaniards. In 1803 this vast region was ceded by Spain to Bonaparte, who sold it to the United States for $15,000,000. Florida, on the other hand, was returned to Spain by England at the close of the Revolutionary war, and was afterward, in 1819, bought from Spain by the United States.

All of Louisiana east of the Mississippi except New Orleans, and all of Canada, were at the Peace of Paris surrendered to England, so that not a rood of land in all North America remained to France. France also renounced all claim upon India, and it went without saying that England and not France was now to be mistress of the sea.

It may be said of the Treaty of Paris that no other treaty ever transferred such an immense portion of the earth's surface from one nation to another. But such a statement, after all, gives no adequate idea of the enormous results which the genius of English liberty had for ages been preparing, and which had now found definite expression in the policy of William Pitt. The 10th of February, 1763, might not un-

* I refer, of course, to Parkman's *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac.*

fitly be celebrated as the proudest day in the history of England. For on that day it was made clear—had any one had eyes to discern the future, and read between the lines of this portentous treaty—that she was destined to become the revered mother of many free and enlightened nations, all speaking the matchless language which the English Bible has forever consecrated, and earnest in carrying out the sacred ideas for which Latimer suffered and Hampden fought. It was proclaimed on that day that the institutions of the Roman Empire, however useful in their time, were at last outgrown and superseded, and that the guidance of the world was henceforth to be not in the hands of imperial bureaus or papal conclaves, but in the hands of the representatives of honest labor, and the preachers of righteousness, unhampered by ritual or dogma. The independence of the United States was the first great lesson which was drawn from this solemn proclamation. Our own history is to-day the first extended commentary which is gradually unfolding to men's minds the latent significance of the compact by which the vanquished Old Régime of France renounced its pretensions to guide the world. In days to come, the lesson will be taken up and reiterated by other great communities planted by England, in Africa, in Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, until barbarous sacerdotalism and despotic privilege shall have vanished from the face of the earth, and the principles of Protestantism, rightly understood, and of English self-government, shall have become forever the undisputed possession of all mankind.

MONEY-MAKING FOR LADIES.

"I WISH I knew how to make some money," says Ysolte of the white hands. She has possibly painted some marine views on large white clam-shells, and offered them to a shop-keeper on commission, under cover of a thick veil, and with a guilty manner that half aroused the man's suspicions as to whether, like the wares of the brush-maker who undersold his neighbor, they had not been stolen ready-made.

Ysolte sympathizes with the crumpet-woman who hoped to goodness no one heard her; but the public do not seem to appreciate works of art on clam-shell backgrounds—at least the public who frequent Mr. Jones's stationery store; and the Decorative Art Society is equally unenlightened, having declined them with a kind letter advising the artist to study Art.

What, then, shall Ysolte do? Her case is undoubtedly hard. She lacks a new silk dress, means to purchase Christmas presents, and various comforts and belongings of civilized life; but hope may perhaps be found for her and for the rest of that numerous class who, while not obliged to enter the ranks of recognized working-women, yet feel the need of increasing a limited income. How a lady can make money and not lose social caste is a question of absorbing interest, but one that is seldom answered satisfactorily.

"People want things to do," said some one lately, "and yet there are a hundred things waiting for some one to do them." The difficulty is to get them done properly.

Among the money-making occupations pursued by ladies, that of taking boarders affords an illustration. To take boarders for an absolute dependence in the way of support is probably as harassing an occupation as can well be found, especially with the risk of hiring a large house and furnishing it for the purpose. A great deal, however, can be said on both sides. The case is not so difficult with the owner or occupant of her own house, who, having room that can be very well spared, chooses to diminish her household expenses by adding to the number of the inmates. It increases her cares also, but money can not be made in any way without effort of some kind, and this method seems preferable to ordinary teaching or sewing.

To succeed, however, in taking and entertaining boarders, either on a large or a small scale, requires good housekeeping, and what may be called *a gift of economy*, which does not mean providing poor things, but getting the most for one's money. An economical housekeeper who understands her business will furnish a good table with a sum which, in the hands of one who thinks only of saving money, would produce the most unsatisfactory results. The manner of cooking and serving food has quite as much to do with its attractiveness as the quality of the purchases made; half-cooked vegetables, and meats scorched without and raw within, can never be inviting, whatever the original cost or quality may have been.

As a general thing, there is a sort of airy unconcern about those who take boarders, in regard to all matters not absolutely "down in the bond," which is highly exasperating; and considering all things, the wonder is not that so many fail in this calling, but that any succeed. Were it not that there is always an abundant supply of homeless people in the world, landladies who trouble themselves only about what is barely necessary, and do even that in an inefficient way, would oftener find that "it doesn't pay to take boarders."

How often, for instance, does any one looking for board chance to find a room that has a home look about it? Do not the apartments generally shown look as if some one had just died there, and everything had been dismantled in consequence? Not a bit of drapery to bed or windows, not a bracket or a table cover, not a cushion or footstool. The four walls are there—often with an ugly paper on them—with the orthodox bedstead and bureau and chairs, possibly a hard lounge, but probably none at all. What possibilities of cheerfulness are there in such a room, if the occupants have no furniture of their own with which to brighten it?

"But we can't afford to ornament rooms," say the struggling landladies; "it wouldn't pay. We can scarcely make both ends meet as it is."

This is just where they make a mistake, because it *would* pay. It would pay to drape the windows with cheap but tasteful curtains—those of white muslin, cretonne, unbleached muslin, Canton flannel, or low-priced worsted stuffs being particularly serviceable for winter—to drape the mantel with the same, and to have a table cover that matches or harmonizes. A lounge improvised from a packing-box, with springs and a small husk mattress over them, could be covered to suit the draperies. A few touches of this kind would completely transform a bare, ugly room into something homelike, and the small outlay required would certainly be returned tenfold.

A lady who desires to receive into her family one additional inmate, as a means of increasing her income, will find no difficulty, if she reside in the city, in obtaining a desirable lady or gentleman boarder willing to pay liberally for home comforts. Many such people detest boarding-houses, and would willingly dispense with a great variety at the table for the sake of having what is put upon it made inviting. Even so simple a thing as the popular breakfast dish of oatmeal is seldom cooked so as to be fit to eat. Often placed upon the table half raw, because so few cooks seem to understand the immense amount of moderate boiling or simmering that it requires, it quite deserves the name of "chicken feed" facetiously bestowed upon it. It *can* be made, though, a very delicate and nourishing dish—bearing in mind the fact that cream or good rich milk is its natural congener.

It is not necessary, however, to go into the details of breakfast, dinner, and tea dishes, a passing allusion to the causes of failure on the part of those who attempt to take boarders being sufficient for our purpose. The assertion can easily be proved from facts that more people are looking fruitlessly for home-like quarters than there are people having such quarters to offer. It follows, therefore, that any one who will furnish something more attractive than is usually offered will have no reason to complain of want of success.

The housekeeper has many advantages in the way of money-making which the occupant of a room in some one else's house does not enjoy. Pickling and preserving, pie and cake making, naturally suggest themselves in this connection, and why should not the toothsome delicacies so lavishly displayed on the home table for the admiration and enjoyment of friends be also regarded as a source of revenue?

"Store preserves" are apt to be insipid; and canned peaches from the same source invariably require more sugar as well as more cooking before they are fit for the table. Preserves that could be manufactured at the same cost, and yet be free from these defects, would not fail of finding a ready market as soon as their merits were known; and the housekeeper without much money to risk could easily try a few jars at first, which she would doubtless need for home consumption in case of their not being sold.

Happy is she who can say, even if it is a travesty,

"I know a bank where the wild *raspberries* grow,"

for the capabilities of this fruit in the way of preserving are infinite, and wild rasp-

berries have the advantage over those which are cultivated of belonging to any one who will gather them. Raspberry jam affords an inexhaustible fund for tarts, puddings, jelly-cakes, ices, etc., and too much of it can scarcely be made. Raspberry syrup makes a deliciously cooling drink, and raspberry jelly is a "fine bit of color" for the eye, and peculiarly acceptable to the palate.

Blackberries, too, are valuable in their way, though somewhat unpleasantly seedy, and they are eminently popular in the shape of jam and jelly and syrup. Strawberry preserves are delicious; peaches are taken for granted; plums, the dark blue ones, are the most delightful combination of tart and sweet that can be manufactured. But does any one ever see them in the shape of preserves for sale? And where, with the fullest of purses, can one buy quince marmalade? You can get guava marmalade, which has to be brought from the tropics, in abundance, and candied limes; but where is quince marmalade, for which the ingredients may be gathered almost at our very doors, to be found? The fruit and the sugar are waiting in separate places for some enterprising woman to put them together, and superintend them safely to the triumphant conclusion of marmalade.

Candied orange peel might also be included in the list with advantage. In some families it is successfully made for home consumption, and is deservedly popular, but it is not often found for sale, and would probably prove quite profitable. Other things will suggest themselves after making a beginning, and as a little success is a dangerous thing, the elated amateur may find herself disposed to preserve everything she can lay her hands on.

It is not for a moment to be supposed that ladies are advised in these pages to enter into competition with the large canning and preserving establishments that do their work by machinery, and fill every market with it at very moderate prices, but merely to produce superior home-made articles for a home market.

Home-made pies, such as our mothers used to make, are harder to find than four-leaved clovers, and the manufacture of such viands for profit ought to be attended with a fair amount of success. Some years ago a woman bought a farm with the proceeds of pie-making, but she sold her wares herself, and hired no assistants.

If a lady has deft fingers with pie-crust, and makes plump, juicy pies of apples in slices, well cooked, and flavored with cinnamon and orange peel, those of pumpkin deep, moist, and good every way, and others in their season, there would be no difficulty, after perhaps a little patient waiting, in finding a ready sale for them. People would flock after Mrs. ——'s home-made pies as they would after Mrs. ——'s home-made preserves, and the change from strong butter in the paste and very little of anything inside to crust of flaky sweetness and liberal "filling" could scarcely fail of being appreciated.

At first, perhaps, the profits might scarcely pay for the trouble; but a little practice would soon teach one how to buy the materials in quantities at a saving, and to use them with discretion.

In the city a person could easily be hired to carry the pies about for sale; and there are many business places in which they would be warmly welcomed at lunch-time, especially if made in the form of tarts and turn-overs. An enterprising lady could really do well, when her pies became popular, and yet no one has tried the experiment, or at least to any extent; that is, *good home-made* pies have not been offered for sale in this way; and because poor ones have not been particularly popular, there is no reason for discouragement where good ones are concerned.

This is the day of cheap restaurants, when pavement boys, venders of newspapers, boot-blacks, and the like, can get a comfortable meal for a few cents; and in far down-town localities, where business men congregate, a dime or two will procure good meat, milk, bread, and something quite praiseworthy in the way of dessert. But for ladies there are no such establishments. The down-town places are too far off; and within a reasonable distance for shopping there are only the confectioners, with high prices and unsatisfactory food. Would it not be a profitable undertaking to inaugurate a lunching place for ladies on an entirely new basis, the strong point to be coffee, supplemented by home-made bread, both white and brown? This coffee, of the best quality, should be made in the best manner, always served fresh and hot. The bread and butter, too, must be essentially different from those articles as usually found in restaurants—home-made and delicious.

A small sum of money would suffice to start so modest an establishment, which might at first consist of but one room, with a curtain across the end to conceal the little stove with its coffee apparatus, the bread being made at home and carried there. It would be an experiment, but not on a very large scale, and the returns would come in daily. The bill of fare could easily be extended if desirable, and the undertaking really seems to offer a promising field for some pioneer to occupy.

"But," remonstrates Ysolte, helplessly, "I am not a housekeeper, and can not set up a restaurant. What is there, then, for *me?*"

Illustrated shells and china-painting are so common, plaques are multiplying upon the face of the earth with frightful celerity, and panels are decorated in almost every known and unknown device. Exceptionally beautiful work of this kind is always well paid; but among the quantities offered for sale the stamp of genius is not often found. There are remunerative prices of work, however, for those who know how to produce pleasing effects with colors, and who are yet unable, and should not attempt, art work of the highest order; painted buttons, and dinner cards, and squares of silk for fancy articles, with other trivialities, being often in demand.

Teaching, notwithstanding its cares and anxieties and wearisome routine, has always been a popular employment with the educated, chiefly because it is one of the few employments in which a lady may openly engage without the least compromise of her social standing. Classes and lessons are more desirable than regular employment in a school or family, and a large country town is perhaps the most promising field for such engagements. Music lessons generally afford the best pay, and almost every well-to-do mechanic is anxious above all things that his daughter should learn to play on the piano-forte.

Designing, drawing, engraving, etc., may be made more or less remunerative, according to the ability of the worker; but of all the decorative arts, there is one for which ladies are peculiarly fitted, but with which they have as yet had very little to do. When a house, the very centre of a woman's kingdom, and the place where she spends most of her time, is to be furnished and decorated, men are called in to decide what hues shall prevail, what hangings and carpets and other belongings shall meet my lady's eyes day after day—often what pictures shall hang upon her walls, what books shall come like silent friends to take up their abode with her. This is not a man's business at all, but a woman's, and if well conducted it might be made a very remunerative one.

Shopping on commission is, for those who succeed in it, highly profitable, and affords a pleasant excitement in receiving letters and selecting pretty things. There is a positive charm in spending money, even if it is other people's, and the shopper by proxy enjoys this to its fullest extent. People living in the city, as well as those living in the country, are sometimes glad to have their shopping done for them, as it spares them much labor and perplexity, especially those who are conscious of their deficiencies in taste and judgment. The commission charged to purchasers is five per cent., and merchants usually allow a discount of from six to ten per cent. to shoppers on commission. This makes a very handsome return to those who have a satisfactory amount of orders.

A lady who attended to this department in connection with a fashion periodical was in the receipt of a hundred dollars a month from this source alone; but she complains that within the last two or three years the business has very materially declined, so that small orders and occasional ones are the rule now. She attributes this state of things partly to the fact that all the dry-goods houses will now send samples of their wares to the remotest ends of the earth, and the resident of Kamtchatka or the Philippine Islands has only to send "waist and bust measure, length of skirt," etc., to insure a perfectly fitting suit in the latest fashion, as soon as it can be made by steam, and transported to its destination in the same way.

Some ladies quietly do shopping for their friends, and receive the same commission as if they were regularly in the business. This is much pleasanter if one can obtain enough orders to answer the purpose. No outlay is required for circulars or advertising, and one can feel sure where known of giving satisfaction. Their friends, too, can speak of them to others, so that by degrees sufficient occupation will be found for all leisure hours.

In the country, money can always be

made from a small garden by raising vegetables, flowers, and fruit, which, if of good quality, will invariably command a ready market; and in spite of Mr. Warner's well-known witticism about the necessity of a cast-iron back with a hinge, in agricultural pursuits, there are many women who do all but the very hardest of the garden work without feeling the need of such an apparatus. One energetic lady who went into the business of grafting and fruit-raising, with no back at all to speak of, gained not only wealth, but health also, in her orchard.

A worthy couple who own a small house and one acre of ground near a village are successfully engaged in raising vegetables, strawberries, raspberries, currants, grapes, pears, cherries, plums, flowers, plants, bees, poultry, and possibly a few more things, for the market, and the proceeds of that one acre are really surprising. Everything raised seems to be the very best of its kind. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables are always put up in the most attractive manner, and bring the highest prices. The little farm yields a very good income, but only because it is worked to the best advantage, and upon the principle of doing everything as well as it possibly can be done.

Any woman with a garden, either large or small, who is desirous of increasing her income, has only to study its capabilities, and plant it to the best advantage, to find herself in possession of a certain source of revenue.

In connection with a garden, it is a comparatively easy matter to raise bees. They take up little room, generally "find" and take care of themselves, and have not, like chickens, a morbid appetite for newly planted seeds and summer vegetables. Bee-raising particularly commends itself to ladies, because there is so little work in it; it is like having a colony of small slaves at work for their owner, while she is busy with other things, or enjoying the sweet do-nothingness that follows accomplished labor.

That bees are a great source of profit, abundant experience proves; and as they do not require private acres for exercise and recreation, they may, under favorable circumstances, even be kept in the city. But they are seldom found there, and in the country it is rare to see them cared for by a lady to any extent. Yet they have been pronounced the best paying investment in live stock that can possibly be made *as an incidental business*, which is the subject now under consideration, as they yield a large return for a very moderate outlay and trifling expense of keeping.

That hens are worth keeping, and keeping well, there is no manner of doubt; and besides being profitable, they are a constant source of interest. In answer, however, to a remark on their "nice, funny ways," hazarded to a practical countryman, he said, meditatively, "Well, *some* of their ways is funny, and some ain't." He probably saw no particular humor in their wanting chickens when he wanted eggs, nor in their persistent attentions to the tomato patch. He frankly acknowledged, though, that he "had sold eggs as low as ten cents a dozen and made money on 'em at that."

Turkeys, ducks, and geese are also sure to yield money returns according to the wisdom with which they are managed; and some one writes of the former: "A flock of well-grown turkeys make such an agreeable addition to the receipts of the farm, and they are often raised with so little trouble, that I wonder at the seeming indifference of so many farmers with reference to them. The rules for breeding are simple and easily understood, and failures are due to two prominent causes: one, the weather, which in some seasons puts at fault the utmost possible care; the other, negligence."

Many other suggestions might be offered on the subject of money-making for those who are not accustomed to work; but among the various occupations already mentioned, something will surely be found to answer Ysolte's question.

AN EDELWEISS OF THE SIERRAS.

I.

LUCY BOYNTON lived a solitary life in a gray old minster town in England. She was an orphan, in charge of a venerable maiden aunt, who, like the celebrated "Mrs. F." of Hood's ballad, was

> "so very deaf
> She might have worn a percussion cap,
> And be hit on the head without hearing it snap."

From spring to autumn, from autumn to spring, Lucy sat and sewed, dusted the tea-cups on the mantel-shelf, read a few dull books, and accompanied her aunt to service, whence the morning and evening

chants floated in at the window of their sitting-room close to the cathedral walls. Not so much as the Vicar of Wakefield's excitement "to migrate from the blue bed to the brown" was allotted her; for, ever since she could remember, Lucy had occupied the same still white-curtained nest, opening from Miss Boynton's bedroom, where at night she could peep out to supervise the removal of a certain glossy, ink-black frontispiece of hair, and the assumption of a frilled coif, converting the old lady's strong aquiline profile into a grim silhouette of some warrior of ancient Greece or Rome.

Into this colorless existence, when Lucy was about eighteen, there came an influence potent and mysterious, as if a waft of jasmine scent were blown across some meadow nook where homely buttercups are springing in the grass.

Miss Boynton's nephew, Tom Boynton, of whom his few scattered kinspeople had heard nothing for several years, arrived from the other side of the Atlantic to look up those of his blood remaining to him in England. He was a handsome, active young fellow, with a jaunty grace of carriage, and a *timbre* in his hearty voice, irresistibly compelling a return of cordiality, be the recipient ever so guarded in his dignity.

Innocent Lucy, herself perhaps not quite up to the standard of dignity at St. Margaret's in general, fell in love with him frankly at the outset, while Tom, who began by finding no end of pleasure in telling his traveller's tales to this dear little wide-eyed creature, going white and red alternately with his perils and escapes, ended by picking her up in his arms one day, and vowing he must have her for his wife—her or no woman, present or to come. That rough wooings speed cheerily sometimes, witness King Harry the Fifth, or the son of "those fierce Vikings out of the dark Northeast," Hereward the Wake.

The dewy atmosphere of St. Margaret's not having proved favorable to the growth of small feminine coquetries, Lucy, trembling a little and blushing a great deal, but strong in trust, plighted him her troth.

Unlike the members of his adopted brotherhood in the New World, Tom Boynton never "calculated." He was quite unprepared for the effect of this news upon poor old Miss Boynton, who received his triumphant announcement with a sort of tearless grief peculiar to age, and most appealing to the stalwart mountaineer. He realized that to take Lucy away from her would be like tearing the ivy from a tottering wall. To remain in England, as his aunt pleadingly suggested, partly dependent upon her slender means, until an opening in business could be found for him, was a thought impossible to entertain. Tom's heart went out with a mighty yearning toward the wonderful hill country left behind, and the prospect of speedy wealth it held out to a strong, capable fellow like himself.

For a time he was in a pitiful state of irresolution. One day in spring, when golden laburnums and sweet lilies-of-the-valley were coming out in the sunshine of the prim little garden behind the house, Tom strode up and down the walk, consumed with restlessness. Catching sight of Lucy's brown head at the window of the parlor, where she sat sewing in a frame of ivy leaves, he asked her to put down her seam, and come for a walk with him.

They reached a point beyond the town, where Lucy seated herself upon a bank of rich grass "with daisies pied," such as only England can produce. Looking down the vista of a bowery lane, they saw the minster tower rise ivy-wreathed against a tranquil sky, gray chimneys and moss-grown roofs clustering about it, half hidden from sight by venerable trees. A shining river ran through meadows of greenest turf. Everywhere the eye plunged into a mass of unequalled verdure. All was calm, hushed, locked in a deep repose. Here was old England garnering in her centuries of well-earned peace. Here, nearer still, was Lucy, her candid eyes fixed trustfully on his.

Just then the sun at setting painted the heavens with a glory unspeakable. It was as if his own Golden Gate had opened suddenly before him, and Tom sprang to his feet, the fire of "Westward Ho!" thrilling in his veins.

"Lucy," he cried, crushing her hands in his vigorous grasp—"dear, darling Lucy, it is an awful thing, but I must go. It is only for a while, never fear; for while grass grows and water runs I'll be true to you, my lass. I am going to work for fortune now as I never did before. God bless your dear little soul, if there's gold to be had, I'll have it. Will you wait for me, Lucy?"

"I'll wait, Tom," she answered, simply.

"There is one thing you have never looked at, my dear," Tom said, after a long talk over their plans. "It is just possible that you may be left alone in the world at a time when I can't get away to come for you. I am haunted by the fear. It drives me to proposing what I might not have dared to ask for otherwise. As my sweetheart, Lucy, you could not sail around the globe to come to me; but if you love me well enough to marry me now, before I go, and let me leave you the protection of my name, you can take ship at any time for New York, and from there take another to San Francisco, where I will meet my wife, and carry her off to my den in the mountains, like a great ogre as I am. Think twice, Lucy, before you say yes. It will be a long voyage for you, poor little waif, and a wild life after you get there: only—God forget me, Lucy, if I ever cease to love and cherish you as the apple of my eye!"

"I will do what you say, Tom," Lucy said, like the creature of a dream.

Two years passed, and all that Lucy had to remind her of the strange vows she had taken were the little gold wedding ring he had squeezed upon her finger in the shadow of the old minster altar, another circlet hammered out of virgin California gold, and imprisoning a great sparkling diamond, sent after Tom's arrival in San Francisco, and the letters glowing with love and pride that came to her by every mail. Tom was now engineer in charge of a famous new mine up under the snow-peaks of the sierras, working hard and cheerily. Miss Boynton's little house overflowed with Indian, Mexican, and Chinese curiosities, quaint souvenirs of the far Pacific coast, and Lucy might have walked in silk attire had she chosen to assume the "marrowy shawls of China crape, like wrinkled skins on scalded milk," and their companion rolls of stuff, that Tom showered upon the two ladies from time to time.

Thus Lucy's even life ebbed on under the ivy-covered walls that bounded it.

When the day came that poor old Miss Boynton entered into everlasting rest, Lucy was bewildered by her sudden freedom, and the stirring change it entailed. She was an Englishwoman, however, which means one capable of arising to any emergency; and when the answer to the letter announcing her aunt's death to Tom arrived, it found her quite ready to obey its loving behest, and to set forth alone upon the two long voyages. Tom, who was chained to his post just then, awaited her with open arms.

Westward she journeyed bravely through Atlantic storms; then southward to the languid torpor of the tropic seas, and across the Isthmus to the calm Pacific. When at length the steamer passed through the Golden Gate into the broad land-locked harbor of San Francisco, Lucy's heart beat high with expectation. Enough of her story had become known to her fellow-voyagers to create in them a feeling of active sympathy in the expected reunion with her husband. Something very like a groan at his expense arose from Lucy's adherents when among all the motley groups of Californians, native and imported, assembled to greet the arrival of the ship, no trace appeared of the recreant Tom. Under the inspiration of Californian air, it is barely possible that Mrs. Boynton's zealous friends might at that point have been led to visit with prompt public rebuke the appearance of the missing man. If the quiver of Lucy's lip and her blanching cheek thus affected them, what would have been the result of witnessing the bitter, inconsolable burst of tears with which she shut herself in her state-room till the first disappointment was spent!

By the captain's advice, and under charge of respectable people, Lucy betook herself to a hotel, pending the arrival of tidings from her husband. It was evident that the letter announcing her coming, a date rendered previously uncertain by the settlement of her small business affairs in England, had miscarried. Her good friend the captain found for her a special opportunity to send a letter on to Tom without delay, and Lucy's courage rising with renewed hope, she determined, after a day of rest, to take stage for the station nearest the mining camp, and there await his coming. The captain, who saw to all her arrangements, and put her in the stage, watched her departure with glistening eyes. Lucy leaned out to wave her hand to him, "with a smile like an angel's," the old man afterward declared.

During the first part of that long journey by stage, Lucy knew not fatigue, so astonished and excited was she by the

New-World glories. The early spring had broken up the gentle undulations of field and plain with countless flowering plants, whose fragrant breath perfumed the air. Far as the eye could reach in this wonderfully clarified atmosphere were vineyard-clad slopes, prosperous ranches, meadows dotted with patriarchal flocks and herds, and watered by crystal rivers. Above hung cliffs crowned with a dark continuous zone of pines, cutting off the flower-enamelled paradise below from the snow-shrouded crests of the sierras—"Tom's mountains," the foolish child called those grand untrodden summits. Lucy's insular reserve, her fears, her scruples, melted into the gladness of a child butterfly-hunting under a summer sun; her "heart clothed itself with love."

Something of her early exhilaration, but none of her patient courage, had worn away, when the unwonted fatigue of two days and a night of stage-riding took possession of Lucy's exhausted frame. A rough woman, her comrade during the greater part of the journey, had, to Lucy's unqualified despair, been left at the station before the terminus. She was alone now with a half-dozen men, who surveyed her with curious but not irreverent eyes.

Jerry, the soft-voiced stage-driver, reined in his six magnificent horses with the same professional calm exhibited frequently during the journey in driving them at full gallop along the edge of a precipice.

The stage halted before the rude veranda of a desolate two-story building, with a little colony of out-houses to correspond, over which was proudly inscribed the word "Hotel." Lucy, almost unable to walk, was half carried across the threshold. The other passengers, travel-soiled as they were, rushed by her like so many cannon-balls into the open doorway of a supper-room, before which a stolid Chinaman promenaded back and forth ringing a resonant bell.

Making his obeisance to Lucy in the smoky, oil-reeking atmosphere of this sitting-room, bar, and office combined, stood the proprietor, a hopelessly seedy Don Quixote, with a smack of former gentility in his drawling tones.

"I am the wife of Mr. Boynton, of the Humboldt Mine," Lucy managed to say, with quiet dignity. "I have every reason to hope that my husband will meet me here very shortly, and I must beg you to give me a room at once where I may rest until he comes."

Although profuse in civilities upon the discovery that his guest was the "colonel's lady," as he chose, to Lucy's amusement, to style her, Don Quixote looked a trifle blank at the mention of a room. Going off for a moment into the supper-room, he quickly re-appeared with the beaming announcement, made in the style of a provincial theatre manager, that "in order to accommodate Mrs. Colonel Boynton, Jedge Tompkins had kindly consented to double up with General Snyder for the night."

Lucy's strength only sufficed her to ascend to the rude room prepared for that distinguished citizen Jedge Tompkins, and there to request a cup of tea. This awful beverage was served to her presently by the stolid Chinaman, who took that opportunity to remove a box of paper collars and a package of toothpicks belonging to the Judge, substituting for them Mrs. Boynton's rugs and dressing-case. Lucy waited to see him depart, bolted her door, spread one rug over the straw bed, and drew another upon herself as she literally dropped into the deep sleep of utter physical fatigue.

Toward morning Lucy was aroused by a confused sound from the room below. She sprang up in bed, trying to realize her position. Through the thin boards dividing them, she distinctly heard the rattle of dice-boxes, voices in dispute, oaths, a scuffle, a pistol-shot, then another—a riot making hideous the night. Overcome with terror, she tottered to her feet. The candle she had left burning flickered in its socket and went out, leaving her in darkness. Lucy groped her way to the window, with an absurd impulse to cry aloud for help. At the very moment, when fancying that she could detect the noise of a horse's hoofs, a wild prayer for Tom to come for her rose to her lips, more shots were heard below, and something whizzed up past her ear, leaving a trail like fire upon her cheek.

Tom Boynton, riding hard through the night over rough mountain-roads to seek his wife, reached the tavern just in time to find its inmates launched into a fierce but not unusual affray at cards. The landlord, apt at this stage of the game to be overcome by strong libations, and on the present occasion somewhat unnerved by

what he called "the boys bein' rayther onexpectedly lively," directed him to Lucy's room. Tom's knock and call receiving no response, he burst open the door, to find his wife lying senseless on the floor.

Out of her trance of terror Lucy slowly came. She felt the warm clasp of loving arms, a strong heart beating close to hers. A man's tears were rained upon her face, and the slight wound upon her cheek was stanched with tenderest kisses.

II.

We may look in upon Lucy's new home, after the lapse of a peaceful year or two. It was a veritable mountain eyrie, somewhat apart from the mining settlement, a roughly built but comfortable cottage, clinging for dear life to the edge of a battlement of cliffs, nestling under the locked arms of giant pine-trees, where they lay down to rest at night lulled by the music of falling waters, in early spring swelling to the roar of a mighty cataract, as the swollen torrent plunged downward through the cañon at their feet. As for the interior, every stick of furniture had been brought up on pack-mules from the station below, and it was not elaborate; but a few months of Lucy's reign sufficed to make of it a very bower of bliss, Tom thought. There were warm red curtains to hang before their casements, old Aunt Boynton's blue tea-cups and brass candlesticks for the dresser shelves, fair English linen and bright English silver adjusted by deftest English fingers upon their modest board. For drapery to the little lounge they had the brilliant coloring and fine web of blankets made by the Navajo Indians. How Lucy had cried for joy when she found blossoming bravely upon her window-sill a pot of old-fashioned red and white balsam, which Tom had raised for her from the seed, in memory of the little garden at St. Margaret's.

As months went on, Lucy, well trained to the solitude of her New-World life, found a thousand charms surrounding it. In early summer, leaving their mossy fern-hung cliffs, Tom and she would make long expeditions on horseback down into the enchanting region, where, kneeling upon hillocks of emerald turf, waist-deep in scented grass, she might fill her lap with a mass of gaudy wild tulips, of lilies, and syringa lusciously sweet in smell, of tiny unknown flowers in every shade of blue and white and rose.

The glorious oaks of the foot-hill summits, spreading afar their layers of lustrous shade, appealed most strongly to her English heart; but she learned to look with enthusiasm upon the pines clothing with their girdle of everlasting green the granite ribs of the mountain monarchs couched in eternal sleep.

At last there came a late October day when Tom's baby-girl opened her blue eyes like gentian flowers beneath a fall of snow. Lucy did well, and during two or three weeks purest love and joy reigned under the roof of the little dwelling. Tom walked about on tiptoes, and conversed in awe-stricken whispers even at the distance of a mile from his new treasure. An old Dutchwoman, who had been induced to come from a distant settlement to attend upon Lucy, abandoned them when the baby was about three weeks old, Lucy declaring herself quite strong enough to resume her usual duties about the cottage, aided by her quaint factotum, the Chinaman with a blue cotton blouse and a pigtail, who was their cook, launderer, and butler combined. A few days after, Tom bounded up the little path leading to his home, and burst in like an autumn blast of wind, to find Lucy sitting by the fire, looking pale and weary, holding her hand upon her side.

"I think I have taken a little cold, Tom," she said, trying to smile up at him in her usual fashion. "Perhaps I had better go back to bed."

And oh, the pity of it!—all too soon, poor little English Lucy lay still and cold upon her couch, the baby wailing at her side. Just before she died, Lucy asked Tom to listen—they were singing the "Jubilate" at St. Margaret's: so listening she passed away. They made her a grave at the foot of her favorite tree—a grand heaven-reaching pine, clothed with a mist of perfumed plumy green.

Tom Boynton recrossed his desolate threshold to cast himself down upon Lucy's vacant couch, and pray God to take him too. He heard a feeble cry, and felt beneath the clothes a stirring like the flutter of a bird. Lucy's baby lay there, forgotten in the might of his despair. He picked up the tiny thing, awkwardly adjusting its garments, and soothing it against his cheek. The child cried on, and would not suffer him to lay it down; by-and-by it fell asleep in his bosom, and to his heart, that had been like a stone,

there crept again a semblance of human warmth.

Next day storm-clouds hung low upon the peaks of the sierras, and the wind went moaning through the pines. A miner, who was Tom's especial friend among his employés, came up early from the camp to find him making preparations for departure from the cottage.

Without proper food or attendance for the child, and with no prospect of securing for it a woman's care, short of the kind old nurse whose services at home were claimed by her own newly arrived grandchild, he had made up his mind, in view of the menacing snow blockade, to set out on horseback with the baby in his arms, and striking down the mountain-side by a precipitous trail not often used, make all speed to gain the far-away ranch-house where the old nurse might be found. Tom's mare, the noble creature that had borne him so fleetly and so faithfully to meet his bride, was equipped with such provision for the ride as she could carry, and the infant, warmly wrapped, was laid in her father's breast. Boynton rode forth from his home into the forest gloom, like a spirit driven from paradise, daring not to look behind.

With steady riding, under ordinary conditions of the weather, he might hope by evening to secure a shelter for the child. A sullen canopy of sky and a peculiar threatening of snow in the atmosphere caused him many an anxious pang of doubt and self-reproach as from time to time he gazed in upon the sleeping baby, nestled under the folds of the great plaid with which she was bound to his body, then loosening rein, let the mare out into a long even stride, carrying them swiftly through the pine-carpeted forest reaches, and across the granite ledges, where her hoofs rang cheerily.

A snow-flake, then another, fell like lead upon his heart. They came thick and fast as the short day closed in, bringing the expedition to a sudden halt. The dreaded snow was upon them in good earnest, and he dared not risk the loss of trail. Turning aside under the impervious roofing of a group of firs, Boynton prepared to bivouac.

No hardship this for an old campaigner, and in a short time a brisk flame from a pile of storm-driven logs and branches shot up into the blue shadows overhead. Tom would have taken oath that his brave little comrade smiled back at him when, after feeding, he stowed her warmly away, under the peak of an India rubber blanket, upon a royally fragrant couch of moss and fir boughs. She lay there, uttering a few inarticulate murmurs of sweet content, while he brewed himself a pot of tea, and looked after the comfort of his mare, tethered sociably at his elbow.

Through the long watches of the night, while Tom kept vigil by his baby's side, taking anxious heed to the progress of the storm, his faithful animal turned on him eyes so full of human sympathy he almost felt that she must speak.

With the return of daylight, Boynton determined, at all cost, to take up the abandoned trail. Cheering him as could no other sound, arose the baby's lusty demand for breakfast. Making nervous haste to prepare for her a meal consisting of biscuit-crumbs and sugar, with snow-water warmed over the embers, he broke camp, and set forth anew upon his eerie pilgrimage.

Amid the spectral tree-forms shivering beneath their weight of snow (his knowledge of the conformation of the hills, the grouping of the rocks, aiding him in this extremity) he labored on, progress at every moment becoming more difficult, in the teeth of a growing storm. The mare's feet gathered snow, until, sliding forward with a dangerous rush down the incline, then pulling herself up, with panting sides, she would turn her head away from the furious onslaught of wind and snow bearing upon them through the forest aisles like a wall of breakers on the shore.

Tom Boynton drew rein beneath an overhanging shelf of rock, not knowing whether he had there found his grave and his child's. Hour after hour, while the sleet drove and the wind raged, he stood with his back against the granite wall, hugging the baby close, wetting her lips with wine, and breathing his warm breath on her face. With all his might he resisted an overmastering sense of drowsiness. The recklessness of life before possessing him was merged into an intense desire to struggle for existence for the sake of Lucy's little one. Once when the baby cried long and piteously, Tom sang her to rest with the fragment of a nursery song, the big tears running down his cheeks.

The storm lulled, and the sleet-fall changed into rain as the afternoon wore on. Bad as the outlook was, the situation left him no alternative but to press forward with all the strength remaining to

man and beast. Down in the valley below this ridge was a familiar ford, beyond which he knew the locality to have been a recent camping ground for Indians. Again they set out under clouds closing down in a dense gray curtain, to break ere long into a violent pelting shower of rain. In a moment Boynton was soaking wet, as if he had fallen in a stream. The baby, roused to a new sense of discomfort, uttered a faint moan. Looking in upon her, he saw a strange pallor on the little face, a blue shade settling on her lips.

Now, indeed, Tom Boynton's stout heart quailed within him. They had reached the summit of the mountain spur. Below, chafing within its rocky bed, ran the turbulent river. Over upon the further bank, curling merrily up among a thicket of firs, arose the unmistakable column of a camp-fire smoke.

With a shout to his mare, Tom dashed madly down the hill. For Lucy's dear sake he would gain that camp with her child alive!

With her fine instinct of never-flagging sympathy, the mare plunged unhesitatingly into the icy stream. Then ensued a rare struggle, every nerve of horse and rider strained to keep afloat under the fierce resistance of the swollen torrent. About mid-stream the mare was caught in the waves and whirled about like a cork. Tom threw himself into the boiling foam, and supporting his precious freight upon the saddle with one hand, managed to keep up with the other, until, by a splendid effort, the mare recovered her balance and struck out for the shore, planting her hoofs in triumph upon firm ground at last.

Tom Boynton rode into the Indian encampment, where a half-dozen of them were busy around a generous fire of logs. A young woman, tall, impassive, stately, like a Diana done in bronze, looked up from her pappoose at the apparition of this spent and dripping traveller, who could only muster strength to drop from his saddle, walk into the red glare of the heavenly ring of warmth, and without words hold out to her the burden from his breast.

A few years ago some Americans newly arrived in Paris were lounging in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel, listening to the idle talk of their compatriots, who dispensed with liberal hand the gossip of their colony.

While they were thus chatting, a carriage drove under the *porte-cochère*, from which an elaborate footman proceeded to extract severally a middle-aged gentleman of distinguished appearance, a lady bountifully handsome, cordial in manner, frankly magnificent in attire, and a young girl dressed in gray velvet with bands of silvery gray fur, the type of whose aristocratic beauty would have stamped her as worthy of adorning any court in Europe.

As this party passed in, all of the young men doffed their hats. One of them stood as if moon-struck by the vision.

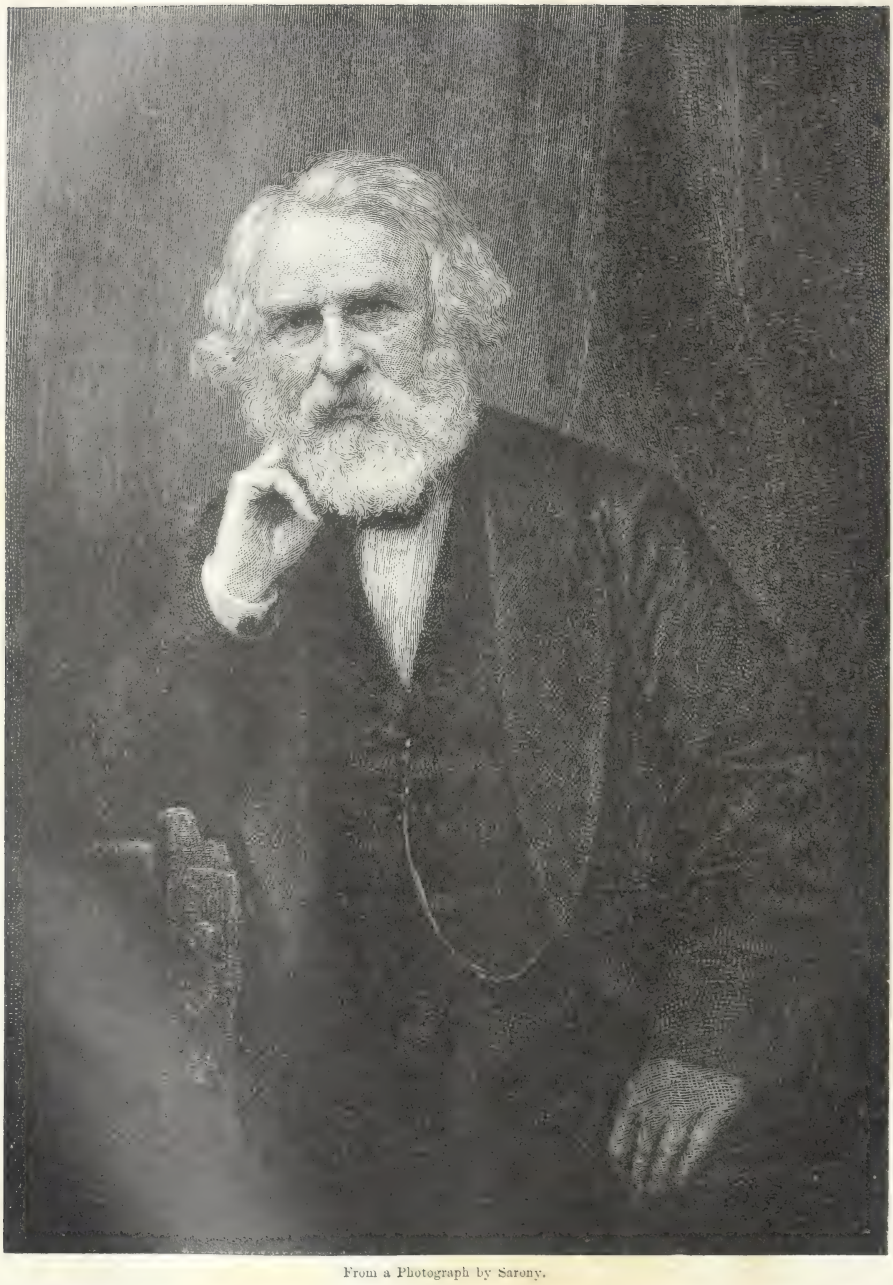
"Hamersly, you are palpably slain on the spot; or is it the re-opening of some old wound? You have met our American charmer, 'the rare pale Margaret,' before?"

"I did not know I was a fanatic," said Hamersly, coming out of his maze, "but I honestly declare to you that I never in all my life till now saw a girl before whom I felt so madly inclined to throw myself down and be trampled on."

"You may be saved the sacrifice, my dear fellow," his friend said, with the pleased air of one who has a sensation to communicate. "Can it be that the joy is reserved for me of finding one man in Paris who doesn't know that the young lady you have just seen is in a few days to become by her marriage with the Duc de B—— a member of one of the most illustrious families in France — that he is as romantically in love with her as if he were the poorest and proudest of *jeunes premiers*, which, indeed, he might be from his looks?—that the handsome old fellow yonder, with the sort of cavalier dash about him, and those ferocious long mustaches and melancholy eyes, is her father, who worships the ground she treads upon—a father-in-law many a man besides the Duc has coveted, let me tell you—Tom Boynton, the California millionaire, the well-beloved hero of the Pacific coast?"

"And the florid lady is her mother, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the sort. You are arguing yourself unknown not to recognize the famous Queen of Diamonds of our colony, who has a very substantial husband of her own hereabouts. Miss Boynton has had the benefit of her chaperonage off and on since leaving her *pensionnat* a year ago. Old Tom Boynton married, indeed! Half the women of your acquaintance would tell you how unlikely that event is ever to come to pass."



From a Photograph by Sarony.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LONGFELLOW.

IN the school readers of half a century ago there were two poems which every boy and girl read and declaimed and remembered. How much of that old literature has disappeared! How much that stirred the hearts and touched the fancies of those boys and girls, their children have never heard of! Willis's "Saturday Afternoon" and "Burial of Arnold" have floated away, almost out of sight, with Pierpont's "Bunker Hill" and Sprague's Fourth-of-July oration. The relentless winds of oblivion incessantly blow. Scraps of verse and rhetoric once so familiar are caught up, wafted noiselessly away, and lodging in neglected books and in the dark corners of fading memories, gradually vanish from familiar knowledge. But the two little poems of which we speak have survived. One of them was Bryant's "March," and the other was Longfellow's "April," and the names of the two poets singing of spring were thus associated in the spring-time of our poetry, as the fathers of which they will be always honored.

Both poems originally appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette*, and were included in the modest volume of selections from that journal which was published in Boston in 1826. The chief names in this little book are those of Bryant, Longfellow, Percival, Mellen, Dawes, and Jones. Percival has already become a name only; Dawes, and Grenville Mellen, who, like Longfellow, was a son of Maine, are hardly known to this generation, and Jones does not even appear in Duyckinck's Cyclopædia. But in turning over the pages it is evident that Time has dealt justly with the youthful bards, and that the laurel rests upon the heads of the singers whose earliest strains fitly preluded the music of their prime. Longfellow was nineteen years old when the book was published. He had graduated at Bowdoin College the year before, and the verses had been written and printed in the *Gazette* while he was still a student.

The glimpses of the boy that we catch through the recollections of his old professor, Packard, and of his college mates, are of the same character as at every period of his life. They reveal a modest, refined, manly youth, devoted to study, of great personal charm and gentle manners. It is the boy that the older man suggested. To look back upon him is to trace the broad and clear and beautiful river far up the green meadows to the limpid rill. His poetic taste and faculty were already apparent, and it is related that a version of an ode of Horace which he wrote in his Sophomore year so impressed one of the members of the examining board that when afterward a chair of modern languages was established in the college, he proposed as its incumbent the young Sophomore whose fluent verse he remembered. The impression made by the young Longfellow is doubtless accurately described by one of his famous classmates, Hawthorne, for the class of '25 is a proud tradition of Bowdoin. In "P.'s Correspondence," one of the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, a quaint fancy of a letter from "my unfortunate friend P.," whose wits were a little disordered, there are grotesque hints of the fate of famous persons. P. talks with Burns at eighty-seven; Byron, grown old and fat, wears a wig and spectacles; Shelley is reconciled to the Church of England; Coleridge finishes "Christabel"; Keats writes a religious epic on the millennium; and George Canning is a peer. On our side of the sea, Dr. Channing had just published a volume of verses; Whittier had been lynched ten years before in South Carolina; and, continues P.: "I remember, too, a lad just from college, Longfellow by name, who scattered some delicate verses to the winds, and went to Germany, and perished, I think, of intense application, at the University of Göttingen." Longfellow, in turn, recalled his classmate Hawthorne — a shy, dark-haired youth flitting across the college grounds in a coat with bright buttons.

Among these delicate verses was the poem to "An April Day." As the work of a very young man it is singularly restrained and finished. It has the characteristic elegance and flowing melody of his later verse, and its half-pensive tone is not excessive nor immature. It is not, however, for this that it is most interesting, but because, with Bryant's "March," it is the fresh and simple note of a truly American strain. Perhaps the curious reader, enlightened by the observation of subsequent years, may find in the "March" a more vigorous love of nature, and in the "April" a tenderer tone of tranquil senti-

ment. But neither of the poems is the echo of a foreign music, nor an exercise of remembered reading. They both deal with the sights and sounds and suggestions of the American landscape in the early spring. In Longfellow's "April" there are none of the bishops' caps and foreign ornament of illustration to which Margaret Fuller afterward objected in his verse. But these early associated poems, both of the younger and of the older singer, show an original movement of American literary genius, and, like the months which they celebrate, they foretold a summer.

That summer had been long awaited. In 1809, Buckminster said in his Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard College: "Our poets and historians, our critics and orators, the men of whom posterity are to stand in awe, and by whom they are to be instructed, are yet to appear among us." Happily, however, the orator thought that he beheld the promise of their coming, although he does not say where. But even as he spoke they were at hand. Irving's *Knickerbocker* was published in 1809, and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was written in 1812. The *North American Review*, an enterprise of literary men in Boston and Cambridge, was begun in 1815, and Bryant and Longfellow were both contributors. But it was in the year 1821, the year in which Longfellow entered college, that the beginning of a distinctive American literature became most evident. There were signs of an independent intellectual movement both in the choice of subjects and in the character of treatment. This was the year of the publication of Bryant's first slim volume, and of Cooper's *Spy*, and of Dana's *Idle Man*. Irving's *Sketch-Book* was already finished, Miss Sedgwick's *Hope Leslie* and Percival's first volume had been issued, and Halleck's and Drake's "Croakers" were already popular. In these works, as in all others of that time, there was indeed no evidence of great creative genius. The poet and historian whom Buckminster foresaw, and who were to strike posterity with awe, had not yet appeared, but in the same year the voice of the orator whom he anticipated was heard upon Plymouth rock in cadences massive and sonorous as the voice of the sea. In the year 1821 there was the plain evidence of an awakening original literary activity.

Longfellow was the youngest of the group in which he first appeared. His work was graceful, tender, pensive, gentle, melodious, the strain of a troubadour. When he went to Europe in 1826 to fit himself more fully for his professorship, he had but "scattered some delicate verses to the winds." When he returned, and published in 1833 his translations of "Coplas de Manrique" and other Spanish poems, he had apparently done no more. There was plainly shown an exquisite literary artist, a very Benvenuto of grace and skill. But he would hardly have been selected as the poet who was to take the strongest hold of the hearts of his countrymen, the singer whose sweet and hallowing spell was to be so deep and universal that at last it would be said in another country that to it also his death was a national loss.

The qualities of these early verses, however, were never lost. The genius of the poet steadily and beautifully developed, flowering according to its nature. The most urbane and sympathetic of men, never aggressive, nor vehement, nor self-asserting, he was yet thoroughly independent, and the individuality of his genius held its tranquil way as surely as the river Charles, whose placid beauty he so often sang, wound through the meadows calm and free. When Longfellow came to Cambridge, the impulse of Transcendentalism in New England was deeply affecting scholarship and literature. It was represented by the most original of American thinkers and the typical American scholar, Emerson, and its elevating, purifying, and emancipating influences are memorable in our moral and intellectual history. Longfellow lived in the very heart of the movement. Its leaders were his cherished friends. He too was a scholar and a devoted student of German literature, who had drank deeply also of the romance of German life. Indeed, his first important works stimulated the taste for German studies and the enjoyment of its literature more than any other impulse in this country. But he remained without the charmed Transcendental circle, serene and friendly and attentive. There are those whose career was wholly moulded by the intellectual revival of that time. But Longfellow was untouched by it, except as his sympathies were attracted by the vigor and purity of its influence. His tastes, his interests, his activities, his career, would have been the same had that

great light never shone. If he had been the ductile, echoing, imitative nature that the more ardent disciples of the faith supposed him to be, he would have been absorbed and swept away by the flood. But he was as untouched by it as Charles Lamb by the wars of Napoleon.

It was in the first flush of the Transcendental epoch that Longfellow's first important works appeared. In 1839, his prose romance of *Hyperion* was published, following the sketches of travel called *Outre-Mer*. He was living in Cambridge, in the famous house in which he died, and in which *Hyperion* and all of his familiar books were written. Under the form of a slight love tale, *Hyperion* is the diary of a poet's wandering in a storied and picturesque land, the hearty, home-like genius of whose life and literature is peculiarly akin to his own. The book bubbles and sings with snatches of the songs of the country; it reproduces the tone and feeling of the landscape, the grandeur of Switzerland, the rich romance of the Rhine; it decorates itself with a quaint scholarship, and is so steeped in the spirit of the country, so glowing with the palpitating tenderness of passion, that it is still eagerly bought at the chief points which it commemorates, and is cherished by young hearts as no prose romance was ever cherished before.

Hyperion, indeed, is a poet's and lover's romance. It is full of deep feeling, of that intense and delighted appreciation of nature in her grander forms, and of scenes consecrated by poetic tradition, which belongs to a singularly fine, sensitive, and receptive nature, when exalted by pure and lofty affection; and it has the fullness and swing of youth, saddened by experience indeed, yet rising with renewed hope, like a field of springing grain in May bowed by the west wind, and touched with the shadow of a cloud, but presently lifting itself again to heaven. A clear sweet humor and blitheness of heart blend in this romance. What is called its artificial tone is not insincerity; it is the play of an artist conscious of his skill and revelling in it, even while his hand and his heart are deeply in earnest. *Werther* is a romance, Disraeli's *Wondrous Tale of Alroy* is a romance, but they belong to the realm of Beverley and Julia in Sheridan's *Rivals*. In *Hyperion*, with all its elaborate picturesqueness, its spicy literary atmosphere, and imaginative outline, there is a breezy freshness and simplicity and healthiness of feeling which leaves it still unique.

In the same year with *Hyperion* came the *Voices of the Night*, a volume of poems which contained the "Coplas de Manrique" and the translations, with a selection from the verses of the *Literary Gazette*, which the author playfully reclaims in a note from their vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers—gathering his children from wanderings in lanes and alleys, and introducing them decorously to the world. A few later poems were added, and these, with the *Hyperion*, showed a new and distinctive literary talent. In both of these volumes there is the purity of spirit, the elegance of form, the romantic tone, the airy grace, which were already associated with Longfellow's name. But there are other qualities. The boy of nineteen, the poet of Bowdoin, has become a scholar and a traveller. The teeming hours, the ample opportunities of youth, have not been neglected or squandered, but, like a golden-banded bee, humming as he sails, the young poet has drained all the flowers of literature of their nectar, and has built for himself a hive of sweetness. More than this, he had proved in his own experience the truth of Irving's tender remark, that an early sorrow is often the truest benediction for the poet.

Through all the romantic grace and elegance of the *Voices of the Night* and *Hyperion*, however, there is a moral earnestness which is even more remarkable in the poems than in the romance. No volume of poems ever published in the country was so popular. Severe critics indeed, while acknowledging its melody and charm, thought it too morally didactic, the work of a student too fondly enamored of foreign literatures. But while they conceded taste and facility, two of the poems at least, the "Psalm of Life" and the "Footsteps of Angels," penetrated the common heart at once, and have held it ever since. A young Scotchman saw them reprinted in some paper or magazine, and meeting a literary lady in London, repeated them to her, and then to a literary assembly at her house; and the presence of a new poet was at once acknowledged. If the "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year" in its form and phrase and conception recalled a land of cathedrals and a historic religious ritual, and

had but a vague and remote charm for the woodman in the pine forests of Maine and the farmer on the Illinois prairie, yet the "Psalm of Life" was the very heart-beat of the American conscience, and the "Footsteps of Angels" was a hymn of the fond yearning of every loving heart.

During the period of more than forty years from the publication of the *Voices of the Night* to his death, the fame of Longfellow constantly increased. It was not because his genius, like that of another scholarly poet, Gray, seldom blossomed in song, so that his renown rested upon a few gem-like verses. He was not intimidated by his own fame. During those forty years he wrote and published constantly. Other great fames arose around him. New poets began to sing. Popular historians took their places. But still with Bryant the name of Longfellow was always associated at the head of American singers, and far beyond that of any other American author was his name known through all the reading world. The volume of *Voices of the Night* was followed by similar collections, then by *The Spanish Student*, *Evangeline*, *The Golden Legend*, *Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *The Tales of a Way-side Inn*, *The New England Tragedies*, *The Masque of Pandora*, *The Hanging of the Crane*, the *Morituri Salutamus*, the *Keramos*. But all of these, like stately birds

> "Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the upper realms of air,"

were attended by shorter poems, sonnets, "birds of passage," as the poet called his swallow flights of song. In all these larger poems, while the characteristics of the earlier volumes were more amply developed and illustrated, and the subtle beauty of the skill became even more exquisite, the essential qualities of the work remain unchanged, and the charm of a poet and his significance in the literature and development of his country were never more readily defined.

Child of New England, and trained by her best influences; of a temperament singularly sweet and serene, and with the sturdy rectitude of his race; refined and softened by wide contact with other lands and many men; born in prosperity, accomplished in all literatures, and himself a literary artist of consummate elegance, he was the fine flower of the Puritan stock under its changed modern conditions. Out of strength had come forth sweetness. The grim iconoclast, "humming a surly hymn," had issued in the Christian gentleman. Captain Miles Standish had risen into Sir Philip Sidney. The austere morality that relentlessly ruled the elder New England re-appeared in the genius of this singer in the most gracious and captivating form. The grave nature of Bryant in his early secluded life among the solitary hills of Western Massachusetts had been tinged by them with their own sobriety. There was something of the sombre forest, of the gray rocky face of stern New England in his granitic verse. But what delicate wild flowers nodded in the clefts! What scent of the pine-tree, what music of gurgling water, filled the cool air! What bird high poised upon its solitary way through heaven taught faith to him who pursued his way alone!

But while the same moral tone in the poetry both of Bryant and of Longfellow shows them to be children of the same soil and tradition, and shows also that they saw plainly, what poets of the greatest genius have often not seen at all, that in the morality of human life lies its true beauty, the different aspect of Puritan development which they displayed was due to difference of temperament and circumstance. The foundations of our distinctive literature were largely laid in New England, and they rest upon morality. Literary New England had never a trace of literary Bohemia. The most illustrious group, and the earliest, of American authors and scholars and literary men, the Boston and Cambridge group of the last generation—Channing, the two Danas, Sparks, Everett, Bancroft, Ticknor, Prescott, Norton, Ripley, Palfrey, Emerson, Parker, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Agassiz, Lowell, Motley—have been all sober and industrious citizens of whom Judge Sewall would have approved. Their lives as well as their works have ennobled literature. They have illustrated the moral sanity of genius.

Longfellow shares this trait with them all. It is the moral purity of his verse which at once charms the heart, and in his first most famous poem the "Psalm of Life," it is the direct inculcation of a moral purpose. Those who insist that literary art, like all other art, should not concern itself positively with morality, must reflect that the heart of this age has been touched as truly by Longfellow, how-

ever differently, as that of any time by its master-poet. This, indeed, is his peculiar distinction. Among the great poetic names of the century in English literature, Burns, in a general way, is the poet of love; Wordsworth, of lofty contemplation of nature; Byron, of passion; Shelley, of aspiration; Keats, of romance; Scott, of heroic legend; and not less, and quite as distinctively, Longfellow, of the domestic affections. He is the poet of the household, of the fireside, of the universal home feeling. The infinite tenderness and patience, the pathos, and the beauty, of daily life, of familiar emotion, and the common scene, these are the significance of that verse whose beautiful and simple melody, softly murmuring for more than forty years, made the singer the most widely beloved of living men.

Longfellow's genius was not a great creative force. It burst into no tempests of mighty passion. It did not wrestle with the haughtily veiled problems of fate and free-will absolute. It had no dramatic movement and variety, no eccentricity and grotesqueness and unexpectedness. It was not Lear, nor Faust, nor Manfred, nor Romeo. A carnation is not a passion-flower. Indeed, no poet of so universal and sincere a popularity ever sang so little of love as a passion. None of his smaller poems are love poems; and *Evangeline* is a tale, not of fiery romance, but of affection "that hopes and endures and is patient," of the unwasting "beauty and strength of woman's devotion," of the constantly tried and tested virtue that makes up the happiness of daily life. No one has described so well as Longfellow himself the character and influence of his own poetry:

> "Come read to me some poem,
> Some simple and heart-felt lay,
> That shall soothe this restless feeling,
> And banish the thoughts of day.
>
> "Not from the grand old masters,
> Not from the bards sublime,
> Whose distant footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of Time."
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "Such songs have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care,
> And come like the benediction
> That follows after prayer."

This was the office of Longfellow in literature, and how perfectly it was fulfilled! It was not a willful purpose, but he carefully guarded the fountain of his song from contamination or diversion, and this was its natural overflow. During the long period of his literary activity there were many "schools" and styles and fashions of poetry. The influence first of Byron, then of Keats, is manifest in the poetry of the last generation, and in later days a voluptuous vagueness and barbaric splendor, as of the lower empire in literature, have corroded the vigor of much modern verse. But no perfumed blandishment of doubtful goddesses won Longfellow from his sweet and domestic Muse. The clear thought, the true feeling, the pure aspiration, is expressed with limpid simplicity—

> "Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

The most delightful picture in Goldsmith's life is that of the youth wandering through rural Europe, stopping at the little villages in the peaceful summer sunset, and sweetly playing melodies upon his flute for the lads and lasses to dance upon the green. Who that reads "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" does not hear in their pensive music the far-away fluting of that kind-hearted wanderer, and see the lovely idyl of that simple life? So sings this poet to the young men and maidens in the soft summer air. They follow his measures with fascinated hearts, for they hear in them their own hearts singing; they catch the music of their dearest hope, of their best endeavor; they hear the voices of the peaceful joy that hallows faithful affection, of the benediction that belongs to self-sacrifice and devotion. And now that the singer is gone, and his voice is silent, those hushed hearts recall the words of Father Felicien, Evangeline's pastor:

> "Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you
> Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another."

It is this fidelity of his genius to itself, the universal feeling to which he gives expression, and the perfection of his literary workmanship, which is sure to give Longfellow a permanent place in literature. His poems are apples of gold in pictures of silver. There is nothing in them excessive, nothing overwrought, nothing strained into turgidity, obscurity, and nonsense. There is sometimes, indeed, a fine stateliness, as in the "Arsenal at Springfield," and even a resounding splendor of diction, as in "Sandalphon." But when the melody is most delicate it is simple.

The poet throws nothing into the mist to make it large. How purely melodious his verse can be without losing the thought or its most transparent expression is seen in "The Evening Star," and "Snow-Flakes."

The literary decoration of his style, the aroma and color and richness, so to speak, which it derives from his ample accomplishment in literature, are incomparable. His verse is embroidered with allusions and names and illustrations wrought with a taste so true and a skill so rare that the robe, though it be cloth of gold, is as finely flexible as linen, and still beautifully reveals, not conceals, the living form.

This scholarly allusion and literary tone were at one time criticised as showing that Longfellow's genius was really an exotic grown under glass, or a smooth-throated mocking-bird warbling a foreign melody. A recent admirable paper in the *Evening Post* intimates that the kindly poet took the suggestion in good part, and modified his strain. But there was never any interruption or change in the continuity of his work. *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* blossom as naturally out of his evident and characteristic taste and tendency as *The Golden Legend*, or the *Masque of Pandora*. In the *Tales of a Way-side Inn* the "Ride of Paul Revere" is as natural a play of his power as "King Robert of Sicily." The various aspect and character of nature upon the American continent is nowhere so fully, beautifully, and accurately portrayed as in *Evangeline*. The scenery of the poem is the vast American landscape, boundless prairie and wooded hill, brimming river and green valley, sparkling savannah and broad bayou, city and village, camp and wigwam, peopled with the children of many races, and all the blended panorama seen in the magic light of imagination. So, too, the poetic character of the Indian legend is preserved with conscientious care and fit monotony of rippling music in *Hiawatha*. But this is an accident and an incident. It is not the theme which determines the poet. All Scotland, indeed, sings and glows in the verse of Burns, but very little of England is seen or heard in that of Byron.

In no other conspicuous figure in literary history are the man and the poet more indissolubly blended than in Longfellow. The poet was the man, and the man the poet. What he was to the stranger reading in distant lands, by

> "The long wash of Australasian seas,"

that he was to the most intimate of his friends. His life and character were perfectly reflected in his books. There is no purity, or grace, or feeling, or spotless charm in his verse which did not belong to the man. There was never an explanation to be offered for him; no allowance was necessary for the eccentricity, or grotesqueness, or willfulness, or humor of genius. Simple, modest, frank, manly, he was the good citizen, the self-respecting gentleman, the symmetrical man.

He lived in an interesting historic house in a venerable university town, itself the suburb of a great city; the highway running by his gate and dividing the smooth grass and modest green terraces about the house from the fields and meadows that sloped gently to the placid Charles, and the low range of distant hills that made the horizon. Through the little gate passed an endless procession of pilgrims of every degree and from every country to pay homage to their American friend. Every morning came the letters of those who could not come in person, and with infinite urbanity and sympathy and patience the master of the house received them all, and his gracious hospitality but deepened the admiration and affection of the guests. His nearer friends sometimes remonstrated at his sweet courtesy to such annoying "devastators of the day." But to an urgent complaint of his endless favor to a flagrant offender, Longfellow only answered, good-humoredly, "If I did not speak kindly to him, there is not a man in the world who would." On the day that he was taken ill, six days only before his death, three school-boys came out from Boston on their Saturday holiday to ask his autograph. The benign lover of children welcomed them heartily, showed them a hundred interesting objects in his house, then wrote his name for them, and for the last time.

Few men had known deeper sorrow. But no man ever mounted upon his sorrow more surely to higher things. Blessed and beloved, the singer is gone, but his song remains, and its pure and imperishable melody is the song of the lark in the morning of our literature:

> "Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

FITZGERALD was just about to pass through the archway leading into the court-yard, when he heard a sudden scuffling in front of him, and then a man's voice call out, "Help! help! police!" Instinctively he paused; for he had no mind to enter into other people's squabbles; and, besides, he could not well see what was going on. But his appearance on the scene had no doubt produced some effect; for before he had had time to think, a man had dashed past him. Fitzgerald was in truth bewildered; he had been dreaming of Inisheen, not thinking of midnight robberies in London. And now he was inclined to let well alone, and thank God he was rid of a knave, when another dark figure dashed by—quite close by, indeed—and at the same moment he felt a sharp blow on his face. This was too much. This brought him to his senses. He did not know exactly where he had been struck; but he knew that his face was tingling; he knew that he had a stout oak staff in his hand, with a formidable knob at the end of it; and the next thing he knew was that he was in full chase down the Fulham Road with the most unchristian-like determination to give as good as he had got, or even better.

The first man had disappeared, but this one was just ahead; and Fitzgerald was well aware that his only chance was to overtake the fellow before he could dodge into some by-way or corner. Now the thief, or burglar, or whoever he was, ran very well, but his muscles had not had that training over rock and heather that his pursuer's had, and the consequence was that in a very short space of time young Fitzgerald had so nearly overtaken his man (and was so fearful of letting him escape) that he aimed a blow at the back of the fellow's head with his stout oak staff. The next minute Master Willie had nearly fallen over the body of his prostrate foe; for down he had come, after that sounding whack, prone on the pavement, where he lay without a sign of life.

Then a third man came rushing up; and Fitzgerald faced about, feeling now rather angry, and inclined to have it out with the rogues of London generally. But he instantly perceived that this little bare-headed red-bearded man, who now came wildly along, was no other than an artist whom he had once or twice observed going into the studio below his bedroom.

"You've got him?" he called out, in great excitement; "you've got one o' them?"

"Yes, I've got him," answered Fitzgerald, "and now I've got him, I'd like to know what to do with him."

"The scoundrels!" said the other, breathlessly. "If ye hadna come up, they'd have taken every penny I had on me. Eh, man," he added, staring at his rescuer, "did he hit ye? Your face is a' bluidy."

Fitzgerald had indeed felt something warm and moist about his cheek and chin; and when he put his handkerchief up to his face, he could see by the dim gas-light that he must have been bleeding pretty freely.

"Yes, he did; and I think I hit him too—unless he's shamming. You go and get a policeman, and I'll wait here by this fellow. If he tries to bolt, I'll give him another taste of my *kipeen*."

The wild-haired artist left rapidly, and in a few seconds returned not only with one but two policemen, whom he had found talking together, and into whose ears he was now pouring the whole story of how it had happened.

Just as they came up, the man on the pavement slowly raised himself on his knees, and began to rub the back of his head.

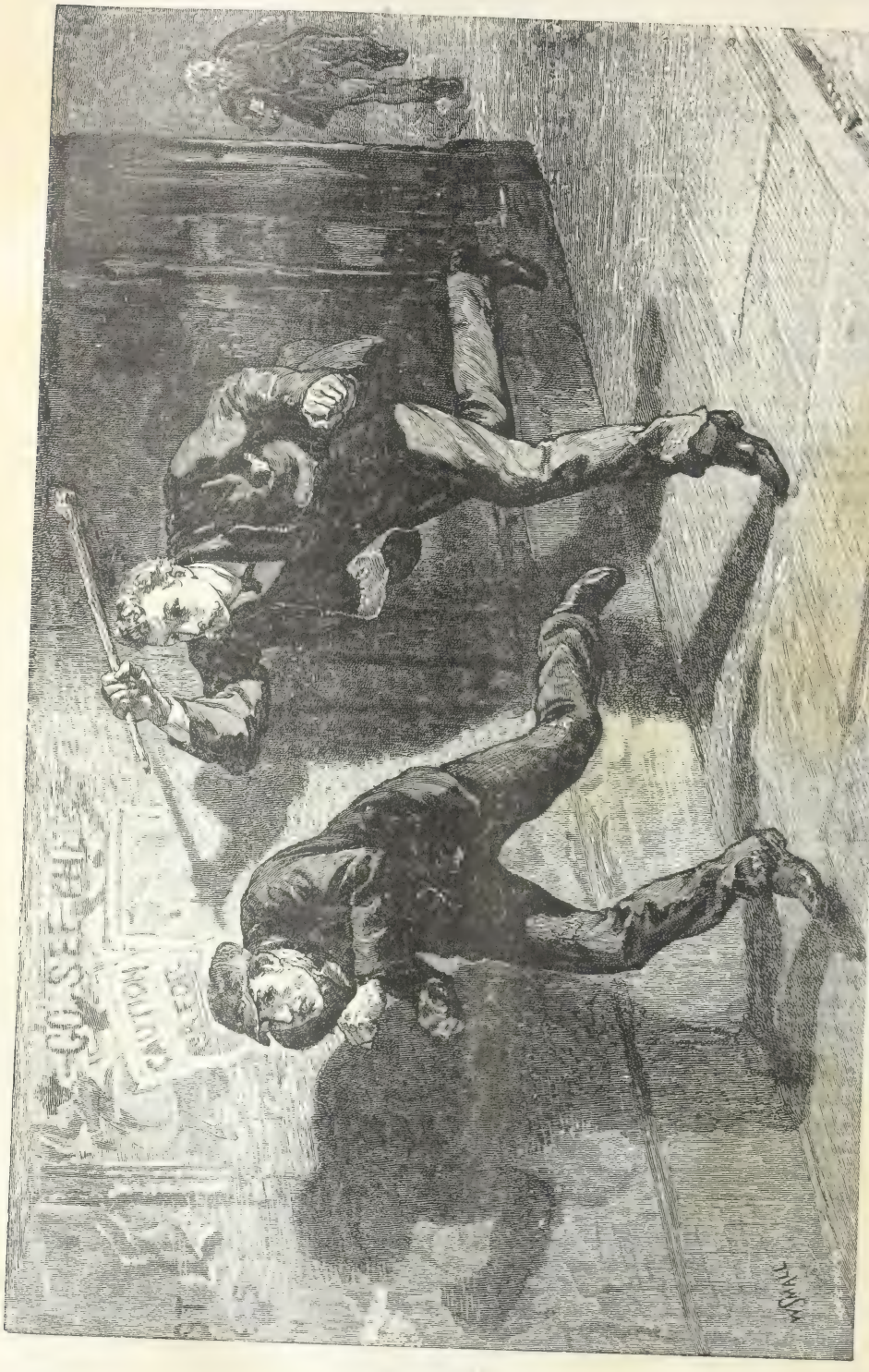
"Who done that?" he muttered, as if he were not quite awake.

Then he seemed to collect himself somewhat; he looked up and around; and perceiving the approaching policemen, he uttered the one word "Copped," and resigned himself to his fate.

"Why, it's the Cobbler, as I'm alive!" said one of the policemen, getting hold of him by the shoulder, and turning the apathetic face round to the gas-light. "He's been wanted ever since that job in the Cromwell Road."

"Now look here, my good fellow," said the Scotchman, "I'm going to pick up my hat. I'm no going to the station at this time o' night. Ye maun take my name and address, and I'll come in the morning, and prefer the charge—"

"That 'll do, sir; there's more nor one job agin this man."



"HE AIMED A BLOW AT THE BACK OF THE FELLOW'S HEAD WITH HIS STOUT OAK STAFF."

"Off to the station, then, wi' the scoundrel; and don't lose your grip of him. If you, sir," he said, turning to Fitzgerald, "will walk back as far as my studio, I will give you a basin of water to wash your face in—it's the only way I can thank ye."

"Oh, but we are neighbors," said Fitzgerald. "I know you well enough. You are the man who makes such a frightful row with your Scotch songs."

"Eh! how do you know that?" said the other, sharply.

"Because my room is just over your studio."

"Bless me!—then you are the man that goes tramping up and down all night—tramp, tramp—tramp, tramp—then five minutes' rest—then tramp, tramp—tramp, tramp—up and down. Man, I've always pictured ye as a sort of Eugene Aram, wringing your hands: I felt sure ye had murdered somebody. Or a hyena in a cage. What do ye gang on in that way for?"

"It's a bad habit, that's all."

"But what's your business?" said the other, bluntly.

"I write for newspapers."

"I did not think that was such hard work. It must cost ye a lot in shoe-leather," said the Scotchman, dryly. "However, when I've got my hat, ye maun come in and have a glass. I was just getting back to my supper, when they scoundrels grippet me. I wish I had a candle. I'm thinking the police, now we've handed over to them such a notorious creeminal, might give us another gas-lamp in this infernal dark yaird."

Without the aid of a candle, however, he soon picked up his hat; then he led the way into a hollow-sounding and apparently spacious room, lit the gas, and forthwith proceeded to get his companion some fresh water with which to wash his face. And while Fitzgerald, who found that the bleeding had proceeded merely from the nose, and that he was not cut at all, was performing that operation, the Scotchman, with a smartness which showed that he was familiar with the exigencies of camping out, had lit a little gas stove, produced some tinned meat, and put a quite snow-white table-cloth on a small table, with some glasses, plates, knives, and forks.

"Now we'll have a bit of supper and a crack," said he, "since we're neighbors. Will I make ye a dish of hot soup? Five minutes will do it."

"Oh no, thank you," said young Fitzgerald, who was much taken with the frankness of this short, broad-shouldered, red-bearded, and wild-haired person. "That tinned beef will do capitally for me. But what I should like better than anything," he said, casting his eyes round the big, gaunt, and dusty studio, which had very little furniture beyond the heaps of canvases all ranged with their faces to the wall, "would be to have a look at your pictures."

"My pictures?" said the other. "Oh yes. As ye're a newspaper man, ye're no likely to be a buyer."

"You would rather not show them to a buyer, then?"

"There is nothing in the wide world I hate so much," said the other, busying himself with the table, "little experience as I have of it. I don't mind criticism—the sharper, the more likely I am to get something out of it. But the valuation in money—that's what gangs against the grain. Come, sit down, man; ye're none the worse for the stroke on the nose. The water is near boiling already: and ye'll have a glass of toddy. Here's the bottle, and there's the sugar."

"Thank you; but I don't drink whiskey."

"Hwhat!" shouted the red-bearded artist, nearly letting the bottle fall. "Hwhat d'ye say—"

"But I've got some beer overhead. I will fetch some in a minute."

"Gude preserve us, laddie! but if it's ale ye want, there's a bottle or two in the corner. What's your name, by-the-way?"

"Fitzgerald."

"Mine's Ross. John Ross. Fall to, man; there's no use wasting time over meat when there's a pipe and a glass o' toddy to follow."

Fitzgerald soon found out that he was excessively hungry, and as the cold beef and the bottled ale were alike excellent, he did ample justice to both, while with equanimity he submitted to be examined and cross-examined by this frankly downright acquaintance.

"You're one o' the lucky ones, I can see," said Ross, when Fitzgerald had told him how his literary prospects were. "Ye've fallen on your feet just at once. Here have I been in London near six years,

and I have na sold as many pictures as I have sold in two seasons when I was pentin' in the Trossachs in a caravan. But bless ye, what does it matter?" he continued, with cheerful good-humor. "I have all the more pictures to sell when I do fall on my feet. I envy nobody, so long as I can get a crust of bread; for I reckon on my time coming."

"Of course if you were to get into the Academy, your pictures would have a great additional value, I suppose," Fitzgerald observed.

"The Academy?" said John Ross, with a stare. "Do ye mean me becoming a member of the Academy?"

"Of course. Isn't that the natural ambition of every artist?" said his new acquaintance.

"Oh, but that's luck beyond anything I'm thinking of," said the other, imperturbably, as he proceeded to pour out some scalding hot water on a couple of lumps of sugar. "Just think of all the men there are pentin'; and the chances of any one of them getting such a stroke of luck as that! No, no; all I hope for is that they who are in the Academy would be a bit friendly. If there's any one bears them a grudge, it's no me—if the chance happened my way, wouldn't I take it? and how can I blame them? No, the bit of luck I hope for is to get a good place some day on the walls; and that is no easy, if you think of all the people who want to be hung. They did hang one o' mine last year, but it was away at the roof; so you see my line of luck is no clear before me yet, and yours is."

"But I have only the chance," said Fitzgerald. "Since I have come to London I haven't earned a penny, as far as I know."

"Hear till him! Man, ye've everything before ye. Ye've all the train nicely laid; ye've only to light the match, and *whaff* goes the pouther!"

By this time they had both lit their pipes; and John Ross went on to talk about his own art in a way that very soon astonished his companion. Whether he could paint or not was still, so far as his companion was concerned, an open question, but at least he could talk, and that in a manner that was quite surprising. His vague, rambling discourse, warming up now and again into enthusiasm, was really eloquent, in a curious, bizarre, happy-go-lucky kind of fashion; full of figures, of quick, happy illustrations; scornful at times, as he hit right and left; and occasionally describing an object as if he had flashed a ray of sunshine on it. Fitzgerald was intensely interested, and could have gone on forever listening; but at the same time he could not help wondering what the actual work was like of a man who was at one moment denouncing the pre-Raphaelites for their worship of sadness, their archaic mannerisms, and their cast-iron hardness of form, and at the next denouncing the French landscape artists for their fuzziness of detail, their trickiness, their evasion of daylight.

"It is not what I can do myself," he said at last, observing that Fitzgerald's eyes had strayed once or twice to the canvases. "It is what I know I should try to do. Suppose ye want to paint a field of ripe corn: will ye get at it, do ye think, by sitting down and pentin' the stalks and the heads—ay, if ye were to spend a lifetime at it, and paint fifty thousand of them? Ay! and if ye painted a hundred thousand of them as like as could be, ye'd be no nearer getting at your corn field. For what ye have to paint is what ye see; and when ye look at a corn field ye see nae single stalks at all, but a great mass of gold, as it were, with a touch of orange here, or paler yellow there, and a wash of green where the land is wet, and sometimes of warm red even, where the stalks are mixed with weeds; and ye are no going to get that color either by chasing the daylight out of the sky, and taking the thing into a room, and making a clever bit of a fuzzy sketch in gray and green and black. That's easy—but it's no the corn field. Ay, and there's more. Ye've got to paint more than ye see. Ye've got to put just that something into the corn field that will make people's hearts warm to it when they see it on your canvas. Suppose that ye've been ill for a month or two; laid on your back, maybe, and sick tired of the pattern on the walls o' your room; and at last the day comes when the doctor thinks you might be lifted into a carriage and taken oot for a drive. And we'll say it's a fine warm afternoon, and your heart is just full of wonder and gladness, like, at the trees and the soft air; and we'll say that all of a sudden, at the turning o' the road, ye come in sicht of this field of ripe corn, just as yellow as yellow can be under the afternoon sky. Ay, and what is it when ye see such a wonderful and beau-

tiful thing—what is it that brings the tears to your een? I say, what is it? For it's *that* ye've got to catch and put in your picture, or ye'll be a d——d mistake as a painter!"

Fitzgerald did not stay to ask him whether this was not demanding that the landscape painter should possess the nervous system of an invalid (though, perhaps, something might be said even for that theory, as applied to all forms of art); he was much too interested to interrupt. But by a singular chance Ross drifted away from painting altogether. He was talking of the instinct for good color that many people had who had no artistic training whatsoever, and by accident he referred to fish and artificial flies, and so forth. Fitzgerald looked up suddenly.

"Are you a fisherman, too?" he said, quickly.

"A wee bit. Are you?"

"I have thrown a fly," said Fitzgerald, modestly, and feeling in his pocket for a certain envelope.

"As I was saying, that's why I hold the salmon to be the king o' fish. He knows good color. It's no use trying him with your aniline dyes; yellow and scarlet and gold—that's what he watches for; whereas trout—ay, and even sea trout, are a mean, depraved, magenta-minded race o' creatures. Man, I filled my basket last year in Perthshire wi' the most miserable puce things."

"But what was the color?"

"Puce. A dirty, drab-lilac kind of thing it was. But that was naething to the fly that was recommended me for sea trout in Argyleshire—ay, and it took, too. Just think of this: the body, arsenic green worsted, with a bit of white tinsel; the hackle, a purple-blue; and the wings—Heaven knows where they came from except it might have been from a hoodie crow—a heedjous gray, like the color of a decayed corpse. Do ye think a salmon would have looked at such a thing?"

"Perhaps," said Master Willie, as he slowly drew out an envelope from his pocket and put it on the table, "this would be more to his liking?"

"Eh, man!" said Ross, drawing out the great flies in all their royal splendor of crimson silk, and yellow tinsel, and golden-pheasant feathers. "Where got ye them?"

"I have been amusing myself making them for a friend—the man I told you about; I could not think of any other way of showing him I was sensible of his kindness."

"Ay, did ye make these yoursel? Now that I think of it, ye dinna look as if ye had spent a' your life in a newspaper office."

"I have spent most of it tramping over wild bogs and on hill-sides," said Fitzgerald, with a laugh. "A good deal more than I should have done."

"Shooting?"

"Yes."

"What sort?"

"Oh, mostly wild fowl, teal, snipe, woodcock, and so on, chiefly in the winter."

"Hard work, then?"

But here the conversation went far afield; for there were descriptions of winter nights on the bog-land, and winter mornings on the hill, and wild adventures along the shore in snow-time or in the hard black frost. Even to Fitzgerald himself—who was pleased to see how interested his companion was in these reminiscences—it seemed that they were more picturesque now and here in London than when he had to get up shivering in the dark morning, and dress by candle-light, and sally forth through the silent streets of Inisheen. He forgot the wet clothes in describing the view from the mountain-side outlooking to the sea. He forgot the mortification of misses in the glory of lucky finds. These days of sport that are lived over again in memory generally end with a heavy bag; and however tired and cold and wet and hungry the sportsman may have been in reality, he forgets all that, and remembers only the delight with which that heavy bag is thrown down in the hall, and the warm snug evening afterward, when the dinner things are removed, and chairs drawn to the fire, and the friendly tobacco begins to throw a charm over the soul.

Only once did Fitzgerald, who, it must be confessed, had enjoyed talking over these things, try to start his companion off again about painting. "Are you a sea-painter?" he said. "Do you paint sea-pieces as well?" and then he glanced again at the dusty gray canvases.

"I?" said Ross. "No, I should think not! Why, it would break my heart. Other things are difficult enough; but that! Man, I see pictures of the sea at the Academy that just make one laugh. Ev-

ery wave as accurately shaped and modelled as if it was cast out of melted cannon; every little turn of foam as clean cut as a meerschaum pipe. God! the fellows must be cleverer than Joshua the son of Nun, for they must have got the sea as well as the sun and clouds to stand still. Did ever man's eyes see moving water like that?—moving water, that is a constant distraction of lights and shifting shadows and forms—lightning touches, ye might say, so swift were they—all bewildering and glancing round ye; and *that* is what ye begin to cut and carve and stick on canvas as if it were slices of cream-cheese on the top o' green sealing-wax. No, no; it's bad enough inland. Even when ye get perfectly still shadows on a perfectly still loch, there's an oily kind of glisten that no pent-box is likely to get for ye. Eh, and such chances as we had sometimes at the wild fowl when we were camping out—that would have made your mouth water; ay, and at black game too. Nearly every morning when we went out to wash in the burn—that was when we had the caravan in the Trossachs—I've seen them walking about without the least fear o' us. Maybe the old black-cock would give a cluck-cluck of warning, but the hen and her brood scarcely heeded. Deed, I once hit an old gray hen with a pent-brush, as sure as death. And when, at last, the keeper lent me a gun, and said I might shoot a bird once in a while—for our own cooking, ye ken, out I went as early as six o'clock." So again they were back on the various adventures and experiences of shooting; recalling vivid rambles in other years, now in Inverness-shire, now on the desolate bog-lands near to Inisheen. And so interesting was this talk that when Fitzgerald definitely rose to depart, at the hour of half past four in the morning, he had almost forgotten he had not seen his host's pictures.

"Pictures," said John Ross, with a laugh, "toots no, man, ye can see pictures any day, and better than mine. But I would like ye to come in whenever ye have half an hour, and smoke a pipe, and let us know how ye are getting on."

"All right, I shall be delighted," said Fitzgerald, most heartily. "And I may learn something to-morrow—that is to say, if my nose has not become twice its natural size, in which case I shall keep indoors."

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF A CAREER.

However, there was no trace of the blow discoverable next day, and so on this fine May morning Fitzgerald set about the accomplishment of his various tasks. First of all, he had to accompany his artist friend to the police station, though indeed he harbored no sentiment of revenge against the luckless Cobbler who had once more fallen into the clutches of the law. Then he proceeded to get the thirty pounds made transferable to Ireland. This, nevertheless, he did with some compunction. For, if he was to fight his way in London, was it fair to Kitty, who had intrusted her future to him, that he should thus throw away the sinews of war? Was it not running a tremendous risk to leave himself with only seven pounds before securing some definite work? But then, on the other hand, he had fair prospects before him; and he had the courage of two or three and twenty; besides, he was not going to allow that blackguard Maloney to triumph over his father, Coursing Club or no Coursing Club. And so he went and sent off the money, and then made his way to the Albany, where he had an appointment with Mr. Hilton Clarke. When Fiammetta showed him into the richly colored room, he found that gentleman reclining in a low easy-chair in a voluminous dressing-gown; a cigarette in one hand, a paper-covered novel in the other, while before him on the little table were the remains of a French breakfast.

"How are you, Fitzgerald?" he said, throwing aside the book. "Sit down and have some coffee and a cigarette. No? You'll find that Chartreuse worth trying. Well, and what did you think of the great Gifford? Was the godlike man up to your expectations?"

"I was very much interested," said Fitzgerald, rather timidly; for indeed he did not like the way in which Mr. Hilton Clarke spoke of the literary calling and of its professors, whilst he did not wish to show the presumption of putting himself into antagonism with one who was so much his superior. "I have always had a great regard for the *Liberal Review*, and—of course I never thought I should ever meet the editor. I haven't seen you to thank you for giving me such a chance. Perhaps you don't quite understand what it is to a young fellow who has only heard

of well-known men. I—I thought it was a great honor."

"Oh, you will soon get rid of all that modesty," said the other. "It is a useless commodity in London."

"We walked home together," continued Fitzgerald, "as far as Sloane Street; and Mr. Gifford was good enough to say I might try my hand at a notice of that new novel *Daphne's Shadow* for the *Liberal Review*."

"The devil he did! What can have made him so good-natured?"

"I think I know," put in Fitzgerald, dexterously. "His good-nature was caused by your good-nature in recommending me."

"Oh, that was nothing," said the other, carelessly. "Well, you must be cautious how you set about it. Bring the book to me."

"But I have already sent in the review."

"Already? You haven't been wasting time, then."

"And I have been doing more than that," said Fitzgerald, pulling out a certain envelope. "I have been putting together a few salmon flies for you, if you care to have them. I found I could get the materials better in London."

"Ah, thanks—much obliged," said Hilton Clarke, taking out one or two of the flies with his beautiful white fingers. "But about this review. I am afraid the gray-eyed Athene wasn't looking after you when you sent it in in such a hurry. I wish you had come to me first. Young reviewers don't seem to understand that they ought to consider for whom they are writing when they write. It isn't the public; the public judge for themselves nowadays; dinner tables and clubs do all that. Nor the author; the author is pig-headed; besides, if you don't tell him he is better than Byron or Shakspeare, he will think you are devoured with jealousy and spite. No," continued Hilton Clarke, as he carefully rolled up another cigarette, "you are writing for your editor. He is the audience you ought to consider. He is the person you must impress with a conviction of your sagacity. Now, to do that, you see, you want experience; you want to know your man. I wish you had come to me. I suppose it never occurred to you to put John Brown into the review you wrote for Gifford?"

"John Brown?" said Fitzgerald, looking bewildered. "What John Brown?"

"John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. No, you never thought of that. But if you had only come to me, I could have told you that you had only to put John Brown into the review—anywhere, anyhow—and you'd have fetched old Gifford to a dead certainty. He can't withstand John Brown. All you've got to do," he continued, contemplating one of the salmon flies and stroking out the soft feathers, "is to take John Brown's body, without any wings, or hackle, or tinsel, as one might say, and you drop that fly quietly over Gifford's nose, and he'll rise to it like a grilse just fresh run from the sea."

Fitzgerald could not understand why this friend of his lost no opportunity of throwing taunts—however they might be veiled in a sort of scornful fastidiousness—at Mr. Gifford; but for the constraint with which he listened to such speeches there were also other reasons. Among the various articles of young Fitzgerald's creed (he was only three-and-twenty) there were none he clung to more implicitly than these two: first, that the great majority of womankind were honest and honorable, self-denying, believable, and worthy of all the beautiful things that had been said about them by the poets; and secondly, that literature was one of the noblest callings on the face of the earth, and that he who did good work therein—whether it was definitely adding to the world's possessions in that way, or whether it was merely in teaching men, from week to week, what they ought to value—was a public benefactor who ought to be regarded with respect and affection and gratitude. Now on both these points Mr. Hilton Clarke discoursed with a complacently open skepticism; and at such times Fitzgerald wished he could close his ears against this talk, not that it in the slightest degree affected his beliefs, but that it affected what he wished to regard as the character of his friend. Fitzgerald was naturally a hero worshipper, and he was capable of a warm gratitude. He wished to think the best of his friend. And when Hilton Clarke talked in this fashion—which he seemed to enjoy in proportion as Fitzgerald's face fell—the latter did try to close his ears as much as he could. Then, again, when he left he would try to forget all that he had heard. He would remember only Hilton Clarke's best points—the charm of his conversation when he happened to light on some literary point that

interested him; his great kindness shown to a mere stranger met by chance in the south of Ireland; and his personal courtesy (the way in which he had come to the relief of his improperly attired guest was still fresh in Fitzgerald's mind). Besides, perhaps his experience of women had been unfortunate; and perhaps his disparagement of contemporary literature, especially of critical literature, was due to a sort of modesty, seeing that he himself held an enviable position in it.

"Well, now, Fitzgerald, let's get on to this magazine business. Won't you smoke?"

"No, thank you, I never smoke till night; it takes up too much time."

"Ah, the eager impetuosity of youth! When you get a dozen years older, you'll be glad of something to help you to pass the hours. Well, my friend the capitalist has got some impetuosity too. In one day he has managed to secure a business manager for us, and also a publishing office in the Strand. No doubt we should start as soon as possible; for in a short time every one will be in London for the season, and then it is that people begin to talk about their plans for the autumn. Scobell suggests the week after next; but that is clearly impossible. We must have material to begin with; people won't pay a shilling for a mere programme of our intentions. My private impression is that the capitalist imagines he will find himself a person of importance in society through his connection with this magazine; but it will be part of your business, Mr. Sub-Editor, to remember that it is I who am editor of the magazine, and not Dick Scobell."

"Oh, of course. I know what rows with proprietors are," said Fitzgerald.

"Proprietors are the most unreasonable of mortals. They don't understand their proper sphere of duty—which is to pay and look pleasant. If the venture succeeds, they get good interest for their money. If it doesn't, they don't mend matters by coming in at intervals, like a Greek chorus: 'Oh! oh! oh! Woe! woe! woe!' Now, as regards your own position, Fitzgerald," he said, as he poured out a small glass of Chartreuse, showing as he did so a singular-looking ring on his finger, consisting of a little Indian god, in gold, fastened on a broad silver hoop. "Have you considered the question of remuneration?"

"As regards myself?"

"Yes."

"Not in the least," said Fitzgerald, with something of a blush. "I don't expect very much at the outset. I think I am very lucky to get a start so early after coming to London. There is an artist neighbor of mine who thinks I have been very lucky indeed, and he considers everything a matter of luck, even getting elected a member of the Academy."

"He must have been looking at this year's exhibition," said Hilton Clarke, dryly. "Well, now, this capitalist friend gives me a lump sum, I may explain to you, and he holds me responsible for all the literary matter, and for having the thing properly put together. What you will have to do won't interfere, I hope and think, with any more serious literary work. Very well, what do you think of four pounds a week? Speak frankly, you know, for I may squeeze the good Scobell a little further yet."

"Four pounds a week?" said Fitzgerald, with his face brightening up with surprise. "Then my artist friend was right. I had five-and-twenty shillings a week from the *Cork Chronicle*."

"It is enough, then?"

"Yes, indeed. It is far more than I expected."

"You should never say that. It is not wise. However, as I am dealing with another man's money, I am not going to reduce the offer; and I think myself it is a fair one. And so you had five-and-twenty shillings a week on the *Cork Chronicle?*" said Hilton Clarke, regarding the younger man. "Twenty-five shillings a week; youth and health and high ambition; and somebody to write love verses about. I suppose you were not unhappy? Oh yes, I could detect that subtle inspiration here and there, in whatever guise the young lady turned up. But I have always had a suspicion that when youthful poets gave their sweethearts long and sounding names, the ladies themselves were rather short of stature. Is not that so? It is like calling a musical little verse in Horace a choriambic dimeter acatalectic. The Lady Irmingarde, for example. That is a fine name; but I would wager now that the Lady Irmingarde is not over five feet three."

"I don't see what that has to do with this new magazine," said Master Willie, striving to be very calm, but with all the quick blood of the Fitzgeralds blazing in his face.

"Don't be angry, man," said the other, good-naturedly. "I hope it will have a good deal to do with the new magazine. You see, in every well-conducted household you will find two or three people either in love with somebody or other, or else willing to think of the days when they were; and you can't appeal to that sentiment unless you, the writer, have a fresh fount of inspiration to draw from. You don't suppose that the old writers, when they were describing Helen, formed her out of their own head? Of course not. Of course they turned to the pretty Chloe or the laughing Lalage of their acquaintance, to see what soft cheeks and pretty eyes could be likened to. Do you remember Symmons's translation of that passage in the *Agamemnon*?—well, it is rather a paraphrase than a translation; but listen to this as a piece of English:

'When first she came to Ilion's towers,
Oh, what a glorious sight, I ween, was there!
The tranquil beauty of the gorgeous queen
Hung soft as breathless summer on her cheeks,
Where on the damask sweet the glowing zephyr slept;
And like an idol beaming from its shrine,
So o'er the floating gold around her thrown
Her peerless face did shine;
And though sweet softness hung upon their lids,
Yet her young eyes still wounded where they looked.'

Is not that fine?

'Yet her young eyes still wounded where they looked.'"

And indeed Fitzgerald considered it was so fine, and so nearly suggestive of a pair of soft, black, innocent young eyes that he knew of far away, that he straightway forgot all his wrath, and proposed to his companion that, if he had time, they should walk down to the Strand, and have a look at the offices.

"I can't very well," said Hilton Clarke, yawning and stretching out his long legs, and stroking his yellow beard. "I have got to dress first. Then I am going on to Jermyn Street to the Turkish Baths. Then I've got one or two calls to make in the afternoon. But you might go down if you like, and introduce yourself to the manager. His name is Silas Earp. And don't forget we must have a touch of sentiment in the magazine; it is wonderful the interest that grown people take in young people's love affairs. Look at the eagerness with which they read breach-of-promise cases—the more absurd the better, don't you see? for they are delighted to find other people making just such fools of themselves as they did at the same age."

Well, Fitzgerald got away, and was rather glad; for somehow he liked Hilton Clarke better, and was more grateful to him, when he was not listening to him. And now indeed the day was joyful to him—a fresh, clear May day, with the pavements of Piccadilly looking quite white; and all he could think of was that Kitty would not know soon enough of the good fortune that had befallen him. After all, why should he have been angry about the mention of the Lady Irmingarde? It was only good-humored banter. For, indeed, as Andy the Hopper had remarked, "'twas Masther Willie had the duck's back," and annoyances ran clean off his shoulders, so long as you gave him plenty of fresh air and sunlight and a moderate share of pavement for his eager and rapid walking.

He went down to the Strand, and saw the offices, which were in a sad state of confusion and dust. Likewise he had a long conversation with Mr. Earp, and a briefer one with the great capitalist himself, who seemed surprised that Hilton Clarke had not shown up, though Fitzgerald ventured to point out that an editor could not be of much use about the place until they had provided him with at least a desk and a penny bottle of ink. Then with one hurried and passing glance at the office of the *Liberal Review*—where, perhaps, that first contribution of his was at this very moment under consideration—he set off home as fast as his legs could carry him, anxious to fill up the rest of the day with some work, and also in the secret hope of finding a letter from Kitty, missed by his early outgoing of that morning, awaiting him. Moreover, he was very hungry, after these many hours; and so, on reaching his spacious if somewhat bare and low-roofed study, he besought his landlady to cook him a chop with all convenient speed. And indeed that was a right royal banquet that he enjoyed there, all by himself, in the silent big room, made cheerful by the sunlight streaming in at the open window; for if it consisted only of a chop, some bread, and a glass of ale, was there not a letter of Kitty's, over a dozen pages long, to serve as a musical and laughing accompaniment? The sun shone warm on the faded rugs on the floor; there was the faintest stirring of the wind among the young plane-trees in the court-

yard outside; in the silence it almost seemed as if he could hear Kitty talking to him. And then, again, he had to imagine another picture—that lofty little terrace that looked down on Cork and over to Shandon steeple; and a small room there; and Kitty bending over these precious leaves, and sometimes raising her head to look at the rain or to think of him far away.

"Audley Place, *Tuesday.*

"My beloved and bonny Coulin,*—What I have done to deserve it I don't know, but since ever I came back to this blessed town there has been nothing but rain, rain, and rain, and the Beautiful City, that you tried to make me believe was like Venice, is nothing but a mass of smoke away down in a hole, and St. Mary's steeple over there seems to shiver with cold when it strikes the half-hours; and the only human beings within sight are a lot of rooks in the meadows across the road, and you can tell by the noise they make they are in a frightful temper because of the wet. I do wonder now, more than ever, where, in such a climate, a certain person got all the sunniness that's in his face, and in his eyes, and more particularly his hair. Did he take all there was to get, and leave none? At all events, Master Coulin, it's a very good thing for you, and it's a very bad thing for me, that you and I did not live in the time when the cold-hearted Saxon made the young Irishmen crop their locks, for then I wouldn't have looked at you, and I'd have minded my own proper business. Dear me, the audacity of some people, and the folly of others! Just when a good contralto is worth a mint of money in Italian opera, jealousy steps in and says, No, you sha'n't; you sha'n't even be allowed to sing in England; no more Crystal Palace for you; nothing but concerts in such centres of civilization as Cork and Limerick and Belfast; and just to make sure of hiding away such a diamond—no, I suppose it should be an emerald in Ireland—I'll set Don Fierna and his wicked elves to bind you in invisible chains, and something awful will happen to you if you even whisper La Scala in your dreams. Well, whether it was her tremendous good-nature, or whether it was the sunlight that had got into the brown of Mr. Jealousy's hair, or whether she got such a fright with the ghosts that she promised anything without the slightest notion of keeping her word, I don't know; but the thing was done; and then all of a sudden—in return for her extraordinary good-nature and self-sacrifice, she finds herself a forlorn and forsaken damsel; left to pace up and down the sand of Inisheen, which, as Andy the Hopper remarks, is so firm and clean that, 'Sure, miss, ye might walk on it wid a satin shoe.'

"Oh, Willie, I'm sick tired of the rain, and I don't know what I'm writing to you. I was wet through last night coming home. What induced me to take these rooms I don't know. I shall never again take lodgings where one can not drive home on a wet night. But Miss Patience says she likes large views: I suppose they conform with her great mind. I have been so good, Willie! I have been really so very good that I don't know what to do with myself, and I expect to find wings sprouting some morning when I get up. I haven't gone round by the barracks once, and the two or three times I have gone round, I have kept my eyes fixed on the gravel *the whole way*, just in case a young ossifer might come riding out (I can see the frown on your face quite clearly, and perhaps it isn't safe to put jokes in a letter, when one isn't by to be scolded for impertinence, flippancy, unladylike manners, and all the pleasant rest of it). So we'll get back to business, please, and the truth is, you know, Master Willie, although it has been reserved for an English singer to reveal to the Irish people the pathos of 'The Bells of Shandon,' all the same the English singer can't earn a living by singing that one song, unless, indeed, she were to sing it through the streets, like Nellie in the *Green Bushes*. No, nor even when she makes a skillful selection illustrating the wonderful virtues of the Irish people, and when she shifts her engagements as much as possible from north to south, and east to west; yes, and even when she makes excuses for pretty long holidays—at Inisheen or elsewhere—even the Irish people, though liking to be told of their virtues, may get a little tired of her, and wish to see a little less of her. In that case, managers might begin to hint about reduction of terms; whereas, even at present, it's just about all she can do to keep things straight—waiting for the glorious time when Prince

* *Coulin* in Irish means "the youth with the flowing hair." Miss Romayne was doubtless familiar with Moore's songs.

Goldenhair is coming to claim her and carry her off. Very well, now this is the point: at the —— Theatre in Dublin they're going to put in a panorama between the pieces, and they've made me an offer (now you needn't jump out of your chair like that; it isn't to go on the stage); I say they have made me a very fair and liberal offer if I will go and sing for them—only one song each evening, which is light work, and I shall have no expense of dresses or gloves, for I sing in the 'wings' unseen. Don't you see, the panorama is really a series of pictures of Irish scenery, and when they come to the finest of them—of course it's Killarney in moonlight; that's because they don't know the glen near the Blackwater where Don Fierna lives, and where mischief is done to the hearts of poor distressed damsels—then the orchestra begins to play very softly and sweetly, and then you hear the voice of an angel (that's me) singing away somewhere—at Innisfallen or Killeenalougha. I don't think much of the song they have sent me; but I dare say it will sound very nice in that mysterious way, and the moonlight and the view of the lake will put a charm into my poor singing. Now, Willie, I know you don't want me to go to Dublin; but this isn't like going to Dublin in an ordinary kind of way, for my name won't appear in the bills at all, and nobody will know who is singing. It will really be a long holiday for me, and I shall come back to my concert series after a sufficiently long absence; and I promise you that as I shall have no audience visible, I will sing every evening just as if I were singing to you, and think of you all the time; and the management will not have reason to be sorry for *that*. Now what do you say? My father's half-pay just about keeps him, you know; but I have always tried to send him some little present about midsummer to induce him to go down to Ramsgate or Margate for a week. Then these long holidays, even with all the good old Patience's economy, have very nearly emptied my purse, and supposing that Prince Goldenhair were suddenly to appear and say, 'Look sharp, Miss Kitty; I've found the bag of diamonds I went for; come along!' wouldn't it be very awkward if I had to say, 'Oh, but, dear sir, I haven't got a farthing to buy my white satin dress with'? So be a good boy and don't make any objections, and every night I'll think of you as I'm singing the song—oh dear me! as if I had anything else to do now but think of you; with a bit of a cry now and again.

"What is the use of my writing to you? I know what you are doing at this moment. You are not working at all; you are not thinking of me at all; you are walking in Hyde Park with Mr. Supercilious, and admiring the fine ladies, and I shouldn't wonder if he had got you to convict-crop your hair, like his own, and wear gloves to get your hands white. Why should I waste my time on you when you're not thinking about me? Perhaps you won't open this letter at all; perhaps you will leave it lying unopened on the table; I shouldn't wonder a bit.

"I got Miss Patience to drive out on a car to *the glen*. But it was common daylight, and Don Fierna and his elves had gone away in-doors, and there was nothing but grumbling from the dear old Patience at her having to scramble down the bank and scratch her hand with briers. She couldn't imagine why I wanted to pull her to pieces like that, nor could I get Andy the Hopper that same afternoon to say a word about fairies or Don Fierna. Indeed, all the neighborhood became quite commonplace. Inisheen is a mean-looking, miserable hole; I never saw such dirty streets; and the wretched tubs of vessels are lying not on sand at all, but on mud. I hated it—except one or two nights when the moon was up, and I looked out on the cliffs beyond the bar, and I said to myself, 'Well, now, if my bonny boy were coming home from these cliffs carrying with him the wild pigeons he had been after all the day, perhaps I'd like the place a little better,' and then, you know, how could I help thinking of the night you rowed me home in the boat, and all Inisheen asleep, and you had wrapped me up so tight in the shawl? I waved my handkerchief to you from the window, but I daren't lift the window; so you couldn't see. I watched you go away back to the town—the boat the weest black speck on the silver of the water. Dear me! that I should say anything against Inisheen, that is the dearest spot in the world to me, and hallowed by associations that memory will never give up. My dear, dear Inisheen! My beautiful Inisheen! And will it be moonlight on that same night seven years hence? Perhaps I shall not be so frightened then.

"But what I dread most of all, Willie, is next Sunday morning. I know it will

be a beautiful morning, just to spite me. And I know how I shall wait about the window with all my things on long before the time, and looking over to the clock of St. Anne's, and wishing it would push ahead and make the single Shandon bell strike the half-hour. (Why did you quarrel with Miss Patience, Willie? It was so nice to listen for your ring at the bell.) And then half past ten strikes, and out I go; and I am certain it will be the loveliest morning, and the hawthorn just coming out, and all the fresh air sweet-scented. And no one at the corner—the place quite empty—no trace of the gamekeeperish young Apollo with the shy eyes and the sun-brown locks, who used to say, 'The top of the morning to ye, Miss Kitty!' and be so modest and grateful for her condescension. Then away she goes, *all alone*, past the barracks—but really, really and truly, honor bright, keeping her eyes on the ground *the whole way* until she has passed the walls—and then do you know of a lane about there, Master Willie? Do you know of a lane about there that you can go along, and twist and turn about, until you get out among hedge-rows, where grown-up children can pull wild flowers and say pretty things to each other? Did you ever go along such a lane?

"But you are not listening. You are out walking with Mr. Superciliousness, and if there's anybody in the wide world who hates you with her whole heart, it's your despised but forgiving KITTY."

He looked at the beginning of the letter again.

"I'm glad it rained on Tuesday," he said to himself, and he thought that his conscience would perhaps absolve him if he put off his work for a little while to send Kitty just as long a letter as she had sent him—cheating the great distance between them, as it were, and imagining himself talking to her in the little room looking over the valley to Shandon tower.

CHAPTER VI.

A FIRST CHECK.

TIME passed, and Fitzgerald grew very anxious about not hearing anything, good, bad, or indifferent, concerning the review he had sent to Mr. Gifford. He ventured to mention the matter to Hilton Clarke.

"Get it back," he said, laughing, "and put John Brown into it."

However, if each morning brought its little pang of disappointment, there was no time for balancing hope and fear during the rest of the day; for now the new magazine was being pushed forward, and everybody had his hands full. Everybody, that is to say, except the editor-in-chief, who, when Fitzgerald called on him and urged him to come down to the Strand to decide some matter or other, seemed much more inclined for a lounge along Piccadilly, if the morning was fine, accompanied by this attentive Telemachus, who willingly listened to his discursive monologue. By this time Fitzgerald had got to know something more about Hilton Clarke, and had observed, among other things, that he seemed quite incapable of denying himself any gratification that lay within his reach. No matter what it was—having his initials in silver on his ivory-backed hair-brushes, or the purchase of an illuminated missal displayed in a shop window—the whim of the moment had to be gratified, and he was careful to point out to Fitzgerald that he, Hilton Clarke, had already done a good deal for Mr. Scobell in presenting him with the idea of this new magazine, and also to assign as a reason for his carelessness or his idleness the necessity of the business people having all their arrangements completed first.

One morning Fitzgerald went up to the Albany, and found his chief, with the accustomed cigarette in his hand, reading the *Contes Rémois*—or, more probably, and profitably, looking over the delightful little wood-cuts. He put the book aside as Fitzgerald entered.

"Mr. Scobell has made a suggestion that I think very good," said the latter, after the usual greetings. "He thinks you should have for your opening article a paper written by a lawyer, some well-known Q.C., for example, on the terms of leases and agreements, and the points that should be carefully looked after. '*Points on which a solicitor should be consulted*,' he suggests. You know, lots of people enter into agreements about a shooting or a house that look all right and safe, but that may land them anywhere. Now just at the outset wouldn't that be rather appropriate?"

Hilton Clarke looked at him.

"The suggestion is Scobell's."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, I don't think it is a bad one; but at the outset it is most important for me, and for you, and for Dick Scobell to know precisely where we are. Now I am the editor of this new magazine, and Mr. Scobell is not."

"Yes," said Fitzgerald, wondering; "but surely you may take suggestions from anybody if they happen to be worth anything?"

"From anybody—except my proprietor, you understand. No, we will get our own idea for an opening article, Fitzgerald. Let's talk about something you are more familiar with. And I have some news for you. One of the most charming women in London, one of the wittiest and one of the best-looking, too, has expressed an interest in you."

"Oh, indeed," said Fitzgerald, professing to be very grateful, as in duty bound.

"I showed her your *Woodland Walk*, and she commissioned me to ask you whether the verses were your own—"

"Which verses?" said Fitzgerald, for indeed there were several little bits of rhyme cunningly interwoven with that gossip about birds and water-falls.

"Why, those with the refrain, 'The little ringlets round her ears.' Ah, I can see they were your own. I thought so myself. And I was to ask whether the little ringlets were dark or golden—golden, she guessed."

Fitzgerald flushed, and said, with an indifferent air, "I suppose the lines can apply to any color—pink as well as another."

"You won't tell us, then? Well, it was a pretty notion to bring the refrain in at the end of each verse. The music of it catches you. If I were writing an opera, I should have one particular air running all through it; cropping up here and there, you know, so that people should get quite familiar with it, and be able to whistle it as they go home. You have no idea how consoling it is to some people to whistle an air from a new opera as they are coming out. That is a pretty refrain you have in your verses,

> 'You hear the secret words she hears,
> You little ringlets round her ears!'

Yes, I like it. The repetition is effective."

"I have been to the lithographer's," said Fitzgerald, shortly. "The cover looks very well; but I have told him to try red on a white ground. That would be clearly seen on the book-stalls."

"Ah, yes, no doubt. Earp will see to that, I suppose. Now, Fitzgerald, I suppose you know very little about women as yet?"

"I suppose not," said the other.

"I know one thing that will surprise you when you find it out, as I dare say you will." He stretched out his legs, and regarded the tips of his fingers—a favorite attitude of his when he had got something he liked to talk about. But sometimes he regarded his companion. "I am quite convinced myself that there is a large number of women who know nothing about, who are incapable of knowing anything about, the romantic sentiment of love. They have never experienced it; they will never experience it; and when they read about it in books they don't believe in it; they think it is only the ridiculous exaggerations of a poet or a playwright. They no more believe what they read about the passion of love than a man with an unmusical ear believes what people say about Mozart, or than a man whose eye is uneducated believes what is written about Titian. But, mind you, these are the women it is safest to make a marriage contract with. They will honorably fulfill their part of it; make good wives and mothers; and be affectionate enough in a trustworthy, patient, unimaginative sort of way, without causing any anxiety or bother. Well, now, I believe there are other women who are just as much the other way—who have an absolute hunger and thirst for the sentiment of love, for its dram-drinking, as you might say—women of an unappeasable heart. If it is your bad luck to come across one of these at the moment when her affections are by some extraordinary chance disengaged, she will almost certainly make you fall in love with her; and then, mind you, so long as you are near her, and keep her amused and occupied with fallings out and reconciliations and so forth, I dare say she will remain quite faithful to you. Oh yes, I have no doubt of that. But if you go away, that is dangerous. Her eyes will begin to roam about, and her heart to put out trembling little feelers. Of course if you were to marry her offhand, that might settle it; and certainly if she had children she would probably keep all right, for she would transfer her excess of affection to them. But to be left alone—to have this warm, generous little heart of

hers waiting to be kind to somebody, and her young eyes wounding where they look—poor thing!—how can she help going and playing the mischief?"

"Perhaps your experience of women has been unfortunate," said Fitzgerald, as respectfully as possible. It was quite clear to him that Hilton Clarke had, perhaps in conjunction with the clever lady he had referred to, been speculating about the person who had inspired the verses in the *Woodland Walk*—that is to say, Kitty; and Fitzgerald resented this harmless curiosity as a piece of intolerable impertinence. They wanted to know whether her hair was dark or golden; they had been wondering whether she was a placid, faithful, unsentimental good sort of stupid creature, or a dangerous flirt—either suggestion seeming to him monstrous; and generally, as it appeared to him, they had been betraying a quite gratuitous interest in his private affairs. But Hilton Clarke continued as if he were quite unaware of the resentment that these generalizations of his had provoked.

"No," he said, quietly, "I think not. And I would call it observation rather than experience. I suppose, now, you have never noticed that a woman's eyes are always wandering? You have never sat at a *table d'hôte*, and watched, for the fun of the thing, have you?"

"No, I should probably be attending to my dinner."

"Ah, that is it. That is just it. If you look at the married couples, the husbands are attending to their dinners. It is the women whose eyes are constantly on the alert. You may look at the man as long as you like, and he won't know anything about it; but look at the woman only for a second, and her eyes will meet yours—of course instantly to turn away again. Indeed, I believe that women can tell when they are being regarded, even when their own eyes are bent upon the table. It is a kind of instinct."

"You seem to do a good deal of staring when you go abroad," remarked Fitzgerald.

"No; I think not. But I have tried the experiment a few times. Oh, by-the-way, my charming friend says I may take you to one of her smoking-parties."

"Smoking-parties? Are there ladies there?"

"Yes, of course."

"And they smoke?"

"If they are inclined to. Some do; some don't. It is Liberty Hall."

"And does the charming lady smoke?" said Fitzgerald, timidly. He wanted to know something about her, as she had wanted to know something about Kitty.

"Well, occasionally. But she is quite as willing to sit in a corner with you, and talk to you; and very soon you will imagine you are listening to one of the laughing ladies out of Boccaccio. But it is dangerous."

"What is?"

"Her trying to keep those parties away from Sir John's ears. She'd much better own up. Some time or other he'll come back from Ireland unexpectedly, and there will be a row."

"Sir John is her husband, I suppose?"

"Yes. I've asked her to write an article on grass-widows for our magazine, and I'll have to see it doesn't set Clapham in a blaze—Islington, rather. But we sha'n't have many subscribers in Islington."

"I think I must be off now," said Fitzgerald, rising. "You think, then, Mr. Scobell had better not speak about that article to a lawyer?"

"I think, with Mr. Scobell's permission, I will edit the magazine myself. And so I am not to take any message about the little ringlets round her ears?"

"Oh, certainly. I told you," said Fitzgerald, "that pink was a good color. Let them be pink, if you like."

"Wait a bit," said the other, laughing. "You won't be so uncommunicative when a certain bright-eyed lady gets you into a corner and talks to you, and asks to be allowed to light her cigarette at yours. That is coming very near, isn't it? Good-by. Oh, about that review: if you are anxious, why don't you call and ask Gifford about it?"

"I would," said Fitzgerald, hesitatingly, "if I thought I shouldn't be driving him."

"Oh, bother him!" said Hilton Clarke, cheerfully. "If he does not want it, we can use it in the magazine."

That parting touch took away all Fitzgerald's resentment. The man was really good-natured. And even supposing he had been driving his questions or his surmises about Kitty a little too close, might it not have been through a really friendly interest? Then, again, it was something that so great and acknowledged an author-

ity as Hilton Clarke had looked favorably on the little verses. Fitzgerald had placed no great store by them himself. He had, indeed, hidden them away in a rambling sort of gossip, imagining that no one but Kitty and himself would know that he himself had written them. And as they had pleased the great critic, he would write to Kitty and tell her. Had she not a sort of joint ownership in them?

Fitzgerald had now to return to the Strand; and as he was walking along that thoroughfare, it suddenly occurred to him that he would take Hilton Clarke's advice, and call at the *Liberal Review* office, and so put an end to his anxiety. The advice was well meant; but it was injudicious; and still more injudicious was Fitzgerald's choice of an opportunity. To go and worry an editor about a neglected manuscript is a mistake at any time; but to do so before luncheon is pure madness. When the morning scramble of correspondence is well over, when the frugal chop and pint of claret have moderated the *sæva indignatio* produced by the contrariety of things, and when, perhaps, the mild Manila and the evening papers may be still further inducing the editorial mind to repose, then, indeed, there may be hope for the anxious inquirer; but not before. Fitzgerald had to wait some twenty minutes in the office, during which time there was a constant passing up and down stairs on the part of strangers, whom he regarded with considerable awe. Then a boy brought him a message that Mr. Gifford could see him, and he followed the inky-fingered Mercury. In a minute or two he was standing very much like a culprit in front of a long writing-table; and Mr. Gifford, who was on the other side, and who looked impatient and troubled and hurried, was plunging to and fro in a sea of manuscripts.

"Ah, here it is," he said at last. "Sit down. Glad you have called. I meant to write. Well, you see—" He looked over a page or two, and an expression of dissatisfaction was very plainly on his face. "Why, you seem to have found nothing in the book, one way or the other!"

If Fitzgerald had had his wits about him, he would perhaps have remarked that that was precisely what he had found in the book; but he was far too disturbed and aghast at the querulous fashion in which the editor spoke of the article upon which he had built so many hopes.

"No, I don't think this will do," continued Mr. Gifford, looking over the pages. "I am sorry to have given you the trouble; but really you have made nothing out of the book. Surely there must be something in it, good or bad; you have found it nothing but lukewarm, like the Church of the Lacedemonians. There is no flavor in what you have written. Look there!"

Fitzgerald was too agitated to think of putting the Laodiceans in their proper historical place; he mechanically took from Mr. Gifford a printed slip which the latter pulled off a file. It turned out to be a proof of a bookseller's advertisement; and at the head of the column appeared the contents of the forth-coming number of a great Quarterly.

"Do you see?" continued Mr. Gifford. "That article about 'A New Novelist' has been called forth by this very book that you see nothing in; and I am told they regard its publication as marking a new departure in modern English literature."

"Then I say that that is most shameful," said Fitzgerald, driven to desperation. "There must have been bribery or personal influence. The book is as weak and feeble as it can be; it is a scandal to English journalism that bribery of some kind or another should have got such an article written."

"How can you tell?" said the other, peevishly. "In your opinion the book is bad. Other people may not think so. And even you don't seem to think the book bad enough to call forth any definite disparagement."

"It is merely frivolous."

"And you are even complimentary here and there. Well, then, perhaps you will excuse me if I point out some things that may be of service to you. You know you ought to be accurate in your quotations:

> '*De par le Roi, défense à Dieu*
> *D'opérer miracle en ce lieu.*'

D'opérer instead of *de faire miracle*, and that in so familiar a quotation—"

"But *d'opérer* is right," said Fitzgerald, hastily interrupting.

Gifford stopped and regarded him.

"Oh, is it? What is your authority? I should have thought the old police distich was well enough known."

Fitzgerald was so anxious to justify himself that his memory failed him altogether at this critical point. Nothing but

confusion met him when he tried to recall where he had met with that luckless couplet. And so Mr. Gifford, turning from him to the manuscript, proceeded:

"Then you introduce extraneous matter for no sufficient reason. You say here, 'One might arrive at a sort of negative definition of poetry by saying that it was precisely that quality which is conspicuously absent from every page of Pope, and which is conspicuously present in almost every line of Coleridge.' Now what is the use of advancing an opinion like that?"

"One of the characters in the book—"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Gifford, with an impatience that was scarcely civil; though it was most likely he had been worried about something or other that morning; "but a reviewer can not be expected to set all the opinions of all the characters in a book right. And when you proceed to remove Pope from the category of English poets, you want more than a single sentence if you would justify yourself. It is not enough for you to say that such and such a thing is: you must prove it to be so. You can't go and settle half a hundred disputed literary points in the course of a single book notice—"

"I am sorry it won't do," said Fitzgerald, lifting his hat. "I may as well take the manuscript with me, if you don't mind."

"I am sorry you have had the trouble; but one must learn reviewing as other things; and perhaps I made a mistake in thinking you had had enough practice. There are one or two other points I might show you."

"Oh no, thank you; no, thank you," said Fitzgerald, with great courtesy; "I wouldn't trouble you. I must not take up so much of your time. Good-morning. I am very much obliged to you."

And so he got himself out of the office with all his mind aflame. It was not so much disappointment as indignation that consumed him—indignation that such a book should be made so great a matter of, simply because it was written by a member of the government, by a man in political life. What was the objection, then, to this review but that he had not made it violent enough either with praise or blame? If he had made of it a balloon, now, and tied the worthless volumes to it and sent them up into the blue, or if he had made a nether millstone of it and hung it round Spencer Tollemache's neck and plunged him in mid-ocean, no doubt the black-browed editor would have been charmed. But because he had merely told the truth, the review was lukewarm, like the Lacedemonians. The Lacedemonians! And *de faire miracle!*—he knew it was *d'opérer miracle!* As for Pope, he declared to himself that the whole "Essay on Man," boiled down and strained through a cotton rag, would not produce as much poetry as you could find in a single phrase of Herrick's or Suckling's. And then he devoted the whole art and function of criticism to the infernal gods; and then—in the middle of the Strand, among the hurrying strangers—he laughed lightly.

For it suddenly occurred to him that to betray such temper, or to feel so keenly his disappointment, was not bearing out the character that Andy the Hopper had given of him to Kitty. Was he going to allow this first bit of misfortune to cast him down? He began to regard the matter from a common-sense point of view. After all, his being debarred from further hope of contributing to the *Liberal Review* (and he had to admit that Mr. Gifford's manner seemed conclusive on that point) did not necessarily doom him to starvation. And why should he be angry with the great Quarterly, even if it had been unduly influenced? The public would speedily put the matter right by leaving the book, if it was worthless, unread. When he came to think of it, moreover, there might be some justification for Mr. Gifford's harsh censure, regarding the article from the editorial point of view. Doubtless he ought to have left Pope alone. He should not have altered a familiar quotation without being ready with his authority. In fact, by the time that he had reached Charing Cross he had convinced himself that the world was not so much amiss; and this gradual revival from his fit of disappointment did not at all stop there; but quite suddenly—and in a manner that seemed to fill all the dusky sunlight of the Strand with a sort of rose-color—it sprang to a wild resolve. What if he were to go away back to Ireland, and spend a day among the hawthorn lanes with Kitty?

He could not resist. The rebound from that extreme depression carried him away with it; and only the necessity of having to buy a Bradshaw and get some information out of that distressing volume suc-

ceeded in calming down this bewildering delight and anticipation that had seized hold of him. Yes, by taking the mail train to Bristol that night, which was a Friday, he could reach Cork on the Saturday evening; and then the Sunday morning—and his meeting Kitty—and clasping her warm white little hand! The whole trip would cost little over two pounds: was it not his only chance before the long drudgery of the new magazine began? A hundred times over he pictured to himself Kitty's face when she should suddenly see him there waiting for her, and each time the expression was different. And as for reviews, and quotations, and black-browed editors, and any fifteen dozen of *Daphne's Shadows*, he let all these things slip entirely away from him, to be lost in the jangle and roar of the mighty town he was leaving. He was not thinking of them at all. He was thinking of Sunday morning and of Kitty's tender look of wonder and welcome.

It was about a quarter past eight in the evening when he reached Cork, and they were just beginning to light the lamps. There was still a lurid sort of twilight in the stormy purple-blue sky, and the pavements were of a wan gray; but one after another the orange points of the lamps declared themselves, and here and there a warm glow shone out from the shop windows. The omnibus rattled through the town, past the black groups of idlers; now and again a woman darting out with an angry objurgation to snatch in a vagrant child. He had been looking forward to his passing through the familiar streets as a sort of dream. Now it seemed strangely real. That sense of being at home that he had never experienced in the vast wilderness of London had possession of him again; the accent of the people had a pleasant, almost pathetic, touch in it; he seemed to know them so well, to have got back among old friends.

But he was not going to seek to see Miss Romayne that night, wildly as his heart beat when he thought of her being so near him—just over there in the darkness—little thinking of what was in store for her. No; he would wait for the morning; he would have nothing less than the fresh and clear May morning to show him the sudden, glad love-light leap into Kitty's wondering eyes.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE speak of Longfellow elsewhere. The *Life of Carlyle* was published just after Longfellow died. In the light of the serene life of the poet serenely ended, the life of the other man of letters has a strange aspect. For they were both exclusively literary men. They lived for literature. Their activities were solely literary. Their influence and power were both literary. Could there be a more striking contrast? Carlyle was the greatest purely literary force of his time; repelling rather than attracting sympathy; socially known by reported jibes and sarcasms, and a kind of Titanic impatience with pigmy human nature. Longfellow died the most widely known and beloved of all contemporary authors.

Doubtless there was an immense difference of circumstance and condition. Carlyle's youth and middle age were a stormy struggle with poverty and with his own temperament. Longfellow's life was apparently as prosperous as it was blameless, and his temperament so sweet and equable that one who did not know the tragic passages of his career might well suppose it to have been all, like one of Lowell's perfect June days, a sunny course of calm and cloudless hours from rosy dawn to golden sunset. No man's desires for his literary position were ever more fully gratified. But this was due to his just and modest appreciation of his own power. The bent of his character and that of his genius were coincident.

"Therefore I hope to join your sea-side walk,
Saddened and mostly silent with emotion,
Not interrupting with intrusive talk
The grand majestic harmonies of ocean.

"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

Of such an author there has been naturally a flood of personal reminiscences, and of every kind. He was so accessible and affable that even the organ-grinder knew his kind heart, and played his melancholy tune under the poet's window, sure of his reward. But copious as the reminiscence has been, all that has been written about Longfellow has shown a singular unanimity of feeling. There can, indeed, be little difference of opinion about the first warm, violet-scented day in spring. Even those who once seemed to think that a star could not be a star if it were not imperial Jupiter with moons or the splendor-belted Saturn, were vanquished at last by that modest radiance, and owned the tender spell. He was the

most famous of American authors. Was he ever known to say a word except of sympathy and praise and encouragement to all his brethren, young and old? He was singularly prosperous as well as famous. Was there any trace of pride in that benignant aspect, or ever a whisper of anything but good and fair in that generous life? Surely all authors, and the literary life itself, have gained in repute by the career of Longfellow.

It is not easy over a man's fresh grave to forecast his fame, and it is an old reproach that Shakespeare's contemporaries did not know him. But the long and firm and increasing hold of Longfellow upon the public heart, and the want of an excessive enthusiasm of admiration, which, like a fierce blaze, soon spends itself, seem to foretell a fame calm and beautiful as his life. It is fortunate for remembrance that there was no decline of power, and that his last song, in full view of the "Ultima Thule," was still fresh and sweet and characteristic, and that our poet died singing. There had not been full health for some months, but as he sat at the Greek play a year ago, and a little later listened to the Phi Beta Kappa oration of Wendell Phillips, it was only the young man grown older, the silver head over the golden heart of youth. A life so spotless, a character so unspoiled by universal homage, are in themselves a benediction.

Longfellow had outlived many friends, and was doubtless ready to follow them. He loved life, but death was not terrible to him. On that gray March afternoon, in the old house of many memories, when the voice of his brother spoke the last fitting words, and

"Softly now the light of day"

was tenderly and sweetly sung, his own lines in the sonnet to Sumner lingered beyond the music of the hymn:

"Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return."

It is not a great many years ago that, in the Protestant body of Christians, Easter was mainly the festival of one denomination, and even within that denomination it was celebrated with comparatively little pomp. But now it is universal, especially in the larger towns and cities, and every church decorates itself with flowers, and observes with annually accumulating splendor the great feast of the immortal hope. The churches are filled with flowers. The music is elaborate, and it is elaborately advertised during the preceding week, and, by one of those odd coincidences which associate the most diverse things, it is on Easter-day that the new spring bonnets of the ladies appear, and there is thus a curious mingling of the most unrelated interests.

"I have observed," said an elderly gentleman, as he watched from the window of his club the pretty procession of new clothes winding churchward on Easter morning, "that some ladies of high fashion dress more and more elaborately as they advance in years, and as the sweet light of youth fades from their eyes, it is replaced by a greater blaze of diamonds upon their persons."

It was the venerable Ambassador from Sennaar who spoke, and who was smiling pleasantly upon the cheerful scene.

"For myself," he continued, "I can recall nothing more enchanting in human form than the granddaughter of my old friend whom I went to see some years ago in Newport, and who bounded in at the open window from the garden on a perfect June morning—herself incarnate June—clad in a white muslin dress, her hair simply knotted behind, holding a rose in her hand, and with the loveliest rose in her cheeks. That young woman, a girl not yet twenty, has girls of her own more than twenty now. I wonder if she wears a very elaborate bonnet this Easter morning, and whether her dress is a mass of pleats and puffs and marvellous trimmings, which, when profusely extravagant upon the form of the elder woman, always remind me of signals of distress hung out upon a craft which is drifting far away from the enchanted isles of youth. Is it the instinctive effort to prolong the brilliancy of youth that induces the advancing woman to decorate herself so brightly? Is it the involuntary hope that she will really seem to be buoyant and gay of heart if only her dress be gay? As they go trooping by I mark that richly caparisoned dowager, and I recall the days when I was merely an attaché of the embassy, and when in the modest parlor in Bond Street she sang:

"'I wadna walk in silk attire,
Nor siller hae to spare,
Gin I must from my true love part,
Nor think on Donald mair.'"

The old gentleman from Sennaar is always permitted to have his own way, and he prattles on without interruption. If you don't care to listen, it is always easy to withdraw, and to look out at another window, and to make your own comments instead of heeding his.

"But that was not exactly what I had in mind as I watched this pretty Easter procession," resumed the venerable Ambassador; "but the truth is that when I see a crowd of brightly dressed women, my mind scatters, as it were, and I am very apt not to hit my mark."

The old gentleman smiled again. "All the fine spring bonnets of Easter-Sunday do not prove the youth of every face under them, and I wonder whether this splendid celebration of Easter means that you are a more religious people than in the plainer Easter days that I remember. Is the sincerity of religious feeling always in proportion to the magnificence of the ritual? If it is, you have become a deeply religious people, especially in your great

city. We used to think at the legation in Rome that the people of that city were in danger of mistaking a punctual observance of religious ceremonies for religion. But you are so intelligent that you are, of course, in no such danger. I accept these beautiful flowers and this pretty procession of new bonnets as the proof of your religious progress."

The Ambassador paused reflectively a moment, and then continued: "You send a great many missionaries to India and elsewhere. Is it because you have no work for them at home? I often take a walk in your great city, entirely away from Fifth Avenue, off toward the rivers. I see several things, and I read of several things in your newspapers, which induce me to ask whether you are practical as well as nominal Christians. In my country, my benighted and heathen Sennaar, we have a proverb that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of profession. In Rome, I say, we used to fear lest the people, with crossings and dippings and genuflections and repetitions of a long series of invocations and confessions and penance and many ceremonies, might come to confound these things with religion. But I suppose that this blossoming Easter, this solemn abstention from 'the German' in Lent, and this interest in draperies and postures, mean that you devote the same energy and time and care to studying how to help the helpless, how to console the suffering, how to teach poverty to hope and labor for its own relief. It means that the richly attired Christians who are walking in the most fashionable spring bonnets to church on Easter-Sunday have learned who is their neighbor, and what their duty is toward him, and are diligently doing it."

The Ambassador removed his eyeglasses, and turned to smile sweetly upon the group of club men near him.

"But if it does not mean this, how are you better than Sennaar? If you build superb churches in one street, and tolerate heathen squalor of soul and body in the next street, why do you call yourselves Christians? No, no: I prefer to believe that these sweet flowers of Easter are not symbols of your words, but of your work; not of your professions, but of your practice."

The old gentleman resumed his glasses, and looked silently at the thronged street. Is his preference our faith also? Do we believe that the great increase in the beauty of the Easter commemoration shows a corresponding increase in religious faith and practice? Or are we possibly falling into the condition which they feared, at the Sennaar Legation in Rome, had befallen the people of that other imperial city?

THE picture of Mr. Abbey's which opens this number of the Magazine is one of the charming series that he has contributed to our pages, illustrating quaint verses of Herrick's as quaintly as they. The airy and half-grotesque fancies of that old reverend singer of the Bacchic face have been caught by Mr. Abbey with singular felicity. Gathered into a volume, as they will be for the next holidays, they will make one of the most unique and beautiful of Christmas books, and they will send many a reader to the rest of the poet's verses. Those which the artist selects for the picture in this number of the Magazine have much of Herrick's willful and whimsical strain.

"DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

"A sweet disorder in the dresse
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse.
A lawne about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticote;
A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye
I see a wilde civility;—
Doe more bewitch me then when art
Is too precise in every part."

These are not precisely the lines which we might expect from the vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire if we did not remember that the reverend gentleman hated the country, and was a Cavalier clergyman who had suffered for the King's cause. He wrote the most exquisite verses to flowers, verses musical and pure and delicate—very dew-drops of song; but he had also a taste for the town and the table and all fleshly delights. There could, indeed, be no greater amazement than that of some young reader suddenly coming for the first time upon the "Daffodils," or "Violets," or "Meadows," or "Rose-Buds," and hastening enchanted to the volumes of the poet, only to find the lilies blooming in the mire. The name itself of the singer, Robert Herrick, is musical and suggestive. His best poems read for the first time convey a sense of ineffable grace and melody, and the Easy Chair recalls vividly the delight with which a young boy browsing in a great library first tasted the ambrosia of Herrick's verse.

It was a rude shock, however, to see his portrait. It is that of a bovine Bacchus. The close-curling mass of hair clings to the head, and, covering the forehead, almost blends with the shaggy eyebrow. The immense aquiline nose springs beak-like from beyond the staring eyes, the mustache of a Cavalier covers the lip above the full mouth, and the chin doubles down in heavy jowls to the thick neck. In a bold hand he writes his signature Robert Hearick. It is easy enough to understand why he should have been

"sad
In this dull Devonshire,"

and that

"Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathèd West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best."

It was not until 1823 that an entire reprint of Herrick's complete poems was published, but selections had been previously printed, and the poet was known to lovers of the older English poetry. In this country, Washington Irving, whose mind was full of waifs of that pleasant old English reading, introduced Herrick to thousands who had never heard of him. In the delightful paper upon Christmas-eve in the *Sketch-Book*, "the young officer," as the dance ended in which "a beautiful blushing girl of seventeen" was his partner, seizes a guitar, strikes an attitude, and begins to thrum "the little French air of the Troubadour." But the old squire insists that on Christmas-eve there shall be none but good old English singing, and the young officer, pausing a moment, and throwing up his fine eyes to the ceiling, "struck into another strain, and with a charming air of gallantry gave Herrick's 'Night Piece to Julia.'" Of course his fair partner's name was Julia.

This beautiful little poem doubtless revealed Herrick to many readers, and laid them under a fresh debt to Irving. Indeed, one of Irving's attractions is the flavor of the old English literature which is evident in his works. No English author has seized the aroma and spirit of the romance of English life and tradition, a life, indeed, "that never was on sea or land," quite so satisfactorily as Irving. He did for the romance of English life what De Tocqueville did for our political system and development. In both cases the foreigner could see more clearly. The distance lent precision to the view.

Herrick's poems are in two parts—the "Hesperides," composed of lyrics, love songs, epigrams, and conceits of every kind; and the "Noble Numbers," or religious pieces. His airy grace of versification is enchanting, and his fancies are delicate as flowers. But he goes beyond the old fable, and, like the two sisters in one, from his sole mouth fall roses and pearls mingled in wild confusion with toads and weeds. To push through a volume of the "Hesperides" is like walking through a swamp. It is all ooze and slime, and a tangled luxuriance of flowers with scents of strange sweetness wafted upon the air. Upon one page you read, with disgust, "Ione and Jane." You turn the page, and read "To Electra."

> "I dare not ask a kisse,
> I dare not beg a smile,
> Lest, having that or this,
> I might grow proud the while.
>
> "No, no; the utmost share
> Of my desire shall be
> Onely to kisse that aire
> That lately kissèd thee."

The lyrical strain is in no English poet purer than in Herrick, and he has even been called the very best of English lyric poets. Certainly in none of the strictly English poets is there a more simple and joyous music, with a more delicate pathos, as in Burns. There is plenty of classical allusion and forced humor in some of his verses. But the best are as free from artifice as the song of a bird. Mr. Abbey's pencil does not miss the tripping daintiness of Herrick's conceits, nor the refined grace of his nobler numbers, and his book is very sure to renew the reading of a poet somewhat forgotten, and to be read only with the knowledge that at any page you may be suddenly amazed and indignant. But every lover of the old poet will understand the warm strain of that other lover which recalls Nash's tender invocation to Sir Philip Sidney: "May the flowers blossom to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises as thou hast warbled theirs! And may those who live well sing, and those who love well sigh, sweet panegyrics to thy memory!"

It is twenty-nine years ago that, in the editorial sanctum of the old *Putnam* in Park Place, the question was asked, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" The paper which bore the title was sent to Mr. Putnam by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, who was at that time a literary and historical authority in the city, as well as an eloquent preacher. He stated that entire confidence could be reposed in the Rev. Mr. Hanson, who wrote the article, and Dr. Hawks also said that he knew Mr. Williams, the alleged lost Bourbon, and considered him to be a simple, truthful, amiable, and pious man, of ordinary intellectual power. The good doctor did not undertake to express an opinion upon the claim of Mr. Williams, but he said that he could speak with certainty to the fact that he was not an Indian, and that he was not equal to the invention of complicated evidence to support a fabricated story.

The editors of the new magazine saw at once the advantage to their enterprise of so unique an article, and it was published in the second number. Public attention was soon aroused, and for a long time there was a brisk controversy over the probability of the Williams claim. The strongest argument for it was the appearance of the claimant. Mr. Williams came one morning to Mr. Putnam's office, and the editors descended to see him. They beheld a man who might have sat for the head upon a louis-d'or. He was a man of large frame, of swarthy complexion, and of the lift of head and heavily moulded face that marked the Bourbons. There was something singular and distinctive in his appearance, due partly to the dark, un-American hue, and partly, doubtless, to the imagination stimulated by the suggestion that he was the Dauphin. His manner was simple, and of a placid dignity which befitted both his heavy person and his alleged royalty. But it was impossible not to feel that his softness and repose might be also the craft of the Indian, and that it was yet quite too soon to recognize him as a son of St. Louis. He had preached in the city, and his sermon

was thought to be "a sound and sensible" discourse. He was indeed known to other Episcopal clergymen besides Dr. Hawks as a successful missionary to the Indians in Wisconsin. But his power of conversion did not seem to extend to the dogma of his Bourbon descent. There were indeed believers. But claims with less circumstantial evidence have had sincere defenders. There was never any very large number of persons who supposed Mr. Williams to be the lost Dauphin.

The story has been long forgotten. But a brief series of papers in the Plattsburg *Republican*, written at Green Bay, in Wisconsin, and signed E. S. M., recalls it. The writer, when a child, at home on Lake Champlain, used to hear of the missionary Williams, who had been born in an Indian cabin in wild Caughnawaga, and who had grown up hunting, trapping, and fishing from St. Regis to Whitehall; who, by the suggestion of the Williams family in Massachusetts, had been to school at Long Meadow, upon the Connecticut River, near Springfield; who had then gone to Oneida Castle, in New York, and was so precocious that in 1820 he had been ordained a teacher and Indian missionary, with almost a bishop's prerogatives. Leading a great multitude of descendants of the Six Nations, he travelled westward to Green Bay, preaching with an eloquence and persuasive power which were wholly new to the Indians. At Green Bay he married the beautiful half-breed who still lives in the house where Williams met her. Her father was a Canadian blacksmith, and her mother a half-caste Menominee. At thirteen years of age she was betrothed to a gallant young trader from Detroit. But the wonderful missionary came, saw, and loved. He knew the Indian customs of courtship, and giving the indispensable gifts to the girl's mother, the dusky maiden of fourteen was told one morning that she need not go to school, as she was to be married to Priest Williams in the evening. Tradition, it seems, still fondly describes the fashionable flutter over her baptism and confirmation by Bishop Hobart in old Trinity Church in New York sixty years ago, recalling that of Pocahontas in London.

But, according to the tale now told from Wisconsin, the simple, amiable, pious, but mentally "slow" claimant of the Bourbon heritage in 1853 was a greater schemer thirty years before, projecting the consolidation of the remnants of the Six Nations into a later Indian empire, of which he was to be prophet and king. But, as the story is told, false to the trust committed to him by the Church, false to his pledges to the Indians, recreant to the national government, the emigration scheme, the basis of his proposed grandeur, failed, and with it Williams fell into obscurity and neglect.

The only singular fact in the narrative of his claim to be the lost Dauphin was the undoubted acquaintance with the Prince de Joinville. But the explanation is simple. The Prince left Albany, with a few friends, to follow the course of his father's western journey when he was an exile and wanderer. Williams, who was then at St. Regis, heard of the plan, and hastened to place himself upon the steamer that was to carry the Prince through the lakes to Green Bay. The Prince asked the captain of the steamer if he could direct him to some one who might recall the journey of his father, and perhaps retain some of its traditions, and the captain naturally introduced Williams. E. S. M. was a guest at the dinner given by the Prince at Green Bay, at which Williams also was an invited guest, but there was no mysterious interview between him and the host. Williams had probably told, with all his old missionary eloquence, at least all that he knew of Louis Philippe's journey, and Louis Philippe's son may very well have bidden him to the Tuileries should he come to Paris, and the Prince did undoubtedly send him tokens of remembrance when he returned to France.

The writer from whom we quote was impressed vividly with the shrewd black eyes and the well-bred "Parisian" ease and dignity of Williams's manner when he called upon her —for we think it is a woman—to arrange the sale of his library to her husband. Not less striking was the library of the frontier missionary to the Indians than the refined courtesy of his address. Some of the books were black-letter on vellum in parchment covers, some, of the oldest English text, some, of the earliest dates of printing, others were venerable St. Chrysostoms, Aquinas, Thomas à Kempis. It was the library that some noble youth of the court, suddenly forsaking the world, and seeking, like the early Jesuit fathers in Canada, to bury himself in the western wilderness, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," might have brought with him—costly editions of his uncle the cardinal, gifts from some royal *dévote*—to guide his holy and solitary meditations.

The story passed from remembrance. It was decided that we had not a lost Bourbon among us. Madame Williams said that she never heard of it until she was told by a friend who had read the article in *Putnam's Monthly*, and Williams himself soon relapsed into obscurity. He left Green Bay, and died at Hogansburg, in St. Lawrence County, New York, about twenty years ago, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His widow, the lovely Mademoiselle Jourdain of sixty years since, still lives in her solitary home on a high bank over Fox River. No relic of other days remains in the house except the portrait of Williams. The lady last October was still dignified and courteous, wearing an old-fashioned turban of brilliant colors, and a quaint dress, half Christian, half pagan, and she was attended by two half-caste women of her tribe.

We have not, and probably we have never had, a lost Bourbon among us, but we shall always have a romantic Bourbon episode in our literary annals.

Editor's Literary Record.

IT is no exaggeration to say that no other country in the world is so laden with deeply affecting associations that have passed into household words, or has been the witness of events so intimately connected with the advancement of the race, as the narrow strip of land, seventy-five miles in breadth and less than two hundred in length (an area less than that of the two small States of Maryland and Delaware), that lies between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Desert. The land of the Bible—every rood of its territory teems with sacred memories and traditions; and as long as the Book retains its hold upon the mind and affections, and the most enlightened of mankind continue to contemplate the scenes, the actors, and the events that are described in it with profound and reverent sympathy, each new record of travel and exploration in the Holy Land will be turned to with fresh and eager interest. Of the numerous publications touching this memorable land, none have enjoyed or deserved a greater popularity than the Rev. Dr. Thomson's *The Land and the Book*, the first volume of which, describing the kingdom of Judah, Southern Palestine, and Jerusalem, was briefly noticed in this Record for May, 1880. Since then, Dr. Thomson has completed a second volume[1] of his pleasing and instructive work, in which he describes in minute detail, and on the same general plan as was pursued in the previous volume, Central Palestine (including Samaria and Upper and Lower Galilee) and Phœnicia. These divisions formed the most fertile and beautiful portions of the Land of Israel, and are pre-eminently distinguished for the number, variety, and importance of their historic sites and sacred incidents. Here Gerizim and Ebal lift their awful heads; here Hermon raises its snow-capped peaks; here Carmel stands like a majestic sentinel at the northern gateway of the Promised Land, and here gently rises Tabor's hallowed Mount of the Transfiguration; here stretch the beautiful plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, the picturesque valleys of Ajalon and Jordan, the wilderness of the Temptation, and the cedar-crowned mountain range of goodly Lebanon; here lived the patriarchs, and here their bones lie buried; here Joseph was sold by his brethren, and here too he was buried; here the hosts of Sennacherib and Ben-hadad were discomfited, and here Gideon triumphed over the Midianites; here flourished the ancient towns and cities of the kings of the Ten Lost Tribes; here Elijah and Elisha manifested the power of the true God, and here nearly all the greater prophets dwelt and delivered their inspired messages; here David slew Goliath, here he hid himself from the jealous rage of Saul, and here he was solaced by the love "passing the love of women" of Jonathan; and, finally, here dwelt the Saviour during nearly the entire period of His life; here He was baptized of John, descended upon by the Holy Ghost, tempted of the devil; here He chose His disciples, and here He went about through town, and village, and mountain, and sweet country place, teaching, preaching, healing, doing good, and manifesting His divine power by many marvellous works. At every step are met historic sites—Nazareth, Cana, Nain, Bethany, Capernaum, Jacob's Well, Bethabara, the Sea of Tiberias, the Lake of Gennesaret, etc.—which were hallowed by His presence, or were the scenes of the events described in the Gospels, and recall a thousand memories of His daily life. Every portion of this most interesting land was traversed by Dr. Thomson, and is described as in an imaginary familiar colloquy between companions in travel, illustrating historical allusions in the sacred text, settling questions as to the identification of sites, discovering similitudes or survivals of manners and customs, establishing topographical and geographical facts, and throwing light on innumerable ethnological, archæological, and Biblical problems. The volume is the record of the accumulated experience of the author during forty-five years' residence in the Holy Land as a missionary, refreshed and recast in a recent tour, and complemented in popular form by the results of the latest and most authentic scientific discoveries and explorations.

ONE of the most noteworthy literary events of the year has been the publication of *Dorothy; a Country Story*,[2] a new poem by an author whose name is not given in the title-page, but who is understood to be Mr. Arthur J. Munby, a friend of the author of *Lorna Doone*, whom he rivals in his charm as a story-teller, and in the wealth of his realistic descriptions of domestic and country life and manners, and of rural occupations and scenery. The poem is a pastoral in elegiac verse, and is remarkable for its calm and level amplitude, and its admirable mastery of the difficult verse in which it is written. Unlike much of our recent poetry, it is absolutely free from puzzle and ambiguity, and is as clear, straightforward, and intelligible as anything by Chaucer, Shakspeare, or Burns. The heroine is an original conception, evincing a daring disregard for those conventional notions which prevail

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[1] *The Land and the Book.* Or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land—Central Palestine and Phœnicia. By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D. With 130 Illustrations, and Maps. Royal 8vo, pp. 689. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Dorothy.* A Country Story in Elegiac Verse. 18mo, pp. 227. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

in society, and have ruled modern literature and art with a rod of iron, and according to which a woman to be a worthy heroine of a novel, or play, or poem, must, if of the rustic class, be of the Dresden china kind, and have some characteristic to distinguish her from her mates, intimating that she is of a superior strain. Thus, if her avocations are homely and her surroundings common, she must have an instinctive or inherited grace and refinement that unexpectedly assert themselves in spite of the accidents of her birth and nurture; if she wears a coarse and simple country dress, it must be fashioned with taste and worn with high-bred grace; if her hands are ungloved and acquainted with toil, they must be soft, small, shapely, and unmarked by the stains of labor; and if her feet are ordinarily coarsely shod, and inured to trudgings on rough country soil, they must, on occasion at least, beneath her petticoat like little mice steal in and out, like those of the bride so trippingly described by Sir John Suckling in his charming "Ballad upon a Wedding." All such dainty devices are disdained by the author of this delightful idyl. Its heroine, Dorothy, is a love-child, reared by the hand of charity till she becomes a rustic servant-maid, working heartily and well and earning wages at the rude toil of the farm. The poet pictures her as stalwart and tall as a man, and strong as a heifer to work, rejoicing in the freedom of outdoor labor as she followed man's work at the plough or the scythe; stately, erect like a queen, built for beauty indeed, but certainly built for labor as well, as witness her muscular arm, witness the grip of her hand. Rough and hard, he tells us, were her broad brown hands; rough her thick, ruddy arms, shapely and round as they were; rough, too, her glowing cheeks, and her sunburned face and forehead, set in her amber bright hair, browner than cairngorm seemed; yet it was a handsome face, whose beautiful regular features labor could never spoil, and ignorance could not degrade. But if Dorothy has the size and strength of a man, and is proud of the glory and joy of a man's work in the field, she is withal a very woman, in whose clear blue eyes bright beams of intelligence linger, and on whose warm red mouth love might have alighted and lain. She knows nothing, indeed, of social elegances and accomplishments, but is rich in her fearless purity, and in the native refinement that is born of grace and innocence. How this sturdy and beautiful free-born lass, fettered by duty alone, ennobled her work, and made drudgery divine by the honor in which she held it, and by the cheerfulness and single-heartedness with which she transfigured it, and how at length the flower of love blossomed in her heart, and made her life perfect and fragrant, is told with exquisite grace and unwonted picturesqueness and power in this fine eclogue in honor of the freedom and dignity of labor.

A MEMOIR of John Quincy Adams,[3] prepared for the "American Statesmen Series" by Mr. John T. Morse, Jun., combines a vigorous sketch of the life and character of one of the most vigorous and original, and without exception the most independent, irrepressible, and combative, of our great statesmen of the second generation, with a concise and luminous outline of those great transitional periods in our political history which witnessed severally the decadence of the Federal party and the rise of its opponents to administrative power, the rise and fall of the caucus system, the introduction of personal politics into national affairs, and the advent of the convention system, and the inauguration of the antislavery agitation in Congress. Mr. Adams's long and eventful career in the public service, from his first entry upon it at the age of fourteen, as the private secretary of Mr. Francis Dana, envoy from the United States to Russia, until in his eighty-first year the death-stroke fell upon him at his post of duty in the House of Representatives, is sketched in no meagre outline by Mr. Morse, although, as he takes pains to assure us, his memoir is not a historical biography of the customary elaborate order, but is rather a general sketch of the man with a few of his more prominent surroundings against a background of the history of the times, filled in, shaded, and colored by incidents and versions derived principally from Mr. Adams's own remarkable diary. Along the broad route of this characteristic and almost life-long daily record, the biographer travels to the end, and in its course every trait of Mr. Adams's personality comes out, revealing a man of stainless personal purity, whose high and noble character was veined with notable blemishes, faults, and short-comings. Honorable in his aspirations, pure in his ambitions, patriotic in his motives and actions, independent to a fault, and spurning all questionable expedients to insure success, Mr. Adams exhibited at all times and under the stress of unprecedented pressure an elevated morality and a rigid political honesty that were as rare as they were admirable; and thus endowed, he maintained for the greater part of his life, with the inflexible courage of a fanatic, a single-handed fight in support of unpopular opinions, which time has since vindicated, and for which he was peculiarly fitted by an indomitable will, unconquerable persistence, and an infinite capacity for labor. This was the bright side of Mr. Adams's character; and if we look on the reverse side of the picture we find that he was dogmatic, rancorous, vindictive, and bitterly censorious; that even his virtues were cold, repellent, and leaned to the side of failings; and that having no sympathy with and eliciting none from the statesmen with whom he was brought in contact, he

[3] *John Quincy Adams.* By JOHN T. MORSE, Jun. 16mo, pp. 315. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

was suspicious, uncharitable, and unjust in his judgments of them, and unable to act in concert with them for the general welfare. Mr. Morse's hearty appreciation of Mr. Adams's strong and virile character is not diminished by the defects of temperament which deface it—defects which he frankly admits, without offering any weak or rhetorical excuses in palliation of them.

So distinctly do the writings of Charles Lamb mirror the intellectual and personal features of the man, and so accurately do they reflect many of the more interesting incidents of his life, that it were possible, without recourse to any other materials, to prepare a faithful biographical portrait from what may be gleaned from them. Mr. Alfred Ainger has availed of such gleanings with nice discernment, and the spirited sketch of Lamb[4] which he has contributed to the "English Men of Letters Series" is largely made up of the inimitable autobiographical touches and family recollections which Lamb, under the guise of imaginary names and persons, has interspersed with a deft and liberal hand throughout his Essays of Elia and his letters to cherished friends. From these and the well-known volumes of Talfourd, supplemented by interesting items of information derived from old and loyal friends of the Lamb family, Mr. Ainger has produced a reduced but exceedingly pleasing portrait of the genial humorist, in which his characteristic mental and personal habitudes, idiosyncrasies, and environments are effectively displayed. Mr. Ainger does full justice to Lamb's character, although he has had the courage to admit the existence of some blemishes that former biographers, moved by the tenderness of their friendship, have extenuated or passed over in silence; and he is an appreciative but acute and discriminating critic of his writings. His brief sketches of Lamb's relations with the members of his own family, and with Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Charles Lloyd, Manning, Bernard Barton, and other personal and literary friends, abound in interesting incidents and associations, and his estimate of Lamb's place as an author and critic, and his criticisms and analyses of Lamb's principal works, will be sustained by the judgment of those who are most familiar with, and most intelligent in their admiration of, Lamb's writings.

THE *Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox*[5] introduce us to another of those refined English gentlewomen, of the type of Mary Somerville, Sara Coleridge, Mrs. Jameson, and Madame Bunsen, who retain all their native feminine grace and delicacy despite their large intellectual endowments and solid acquirements. Miss Fox came of an old Quaker lineage, and was the daughter of Robert Were Fox, distinguished in his day for his scientific attainments. In the course of experiments and observations prosecuted with indefatigable energy and great ability during more than forty years of the present century, he proved the increase of temperature in descending mines, and was the inventor of the "Deflector Dipping Needle," which has since been advantageously used in all the arctic explorations. When he died, in 1877, he had become eminent for his researches on the temperature and the magnetic and electrical condition of the interior of the earth, especially in connection with the formation of mineral veins, and was the inventor or improver of many instruments now everywhere employed in ascertaining the properties of terrestrial magnetism. His researches and services in the cause of science brought him into association with many of the most eminent thinkers and philosophers of his day, and his sterling qualities of mind and heart ripened the casual acquaintances thus made, based on kindred tastes and pursuits, into intimate social relations and abiding friendships. It was in this atmosphere and among such associations that Caroline Fox was bred and passed her life. Often sharing her father's studies and researches, she was not so absorbed by them as to become hard or masculine, and modestly veiled her really great scientific knowledge behind social graces that were made the more winning by the presence of those charming qualities of simple purity, truthfulness, and gentle seriousness which are the distinguishing characteristics of Quakers of the gentler sex. Among the companionships she formed, which became more especially her own, were included Derwent and Hartley Coleridge, Thomas and Mrs. Carlyle, Baron and Ernest Bunsen, Professors Owen and Adams, the Gurneys, Frederick Maurice, and closest of all, not of her own sex, John Sterling and John Stuart Mill; and her journals and letters are laden with interesting personal incidents connected with them, and with copious sketches of their manners, appearance, conversations, opinions, and criticisms of men and books. Besides the recollections of these her particular friends that are garnered in her letters and diary, they also contain a large fund of personal anecdote and reminiscence, derived sometimes directly and sometimes from third parties, concerning S. T. Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Mrs. Fry, Sir John Bowring, Julius Hare, Sir William Hamilton, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Hallam, Guizot, Sir John Franklin, Lord and Lady Byron, Sir David Brewster, Peel, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, and indeed nearly every contemporary who filled a conspicuous place in the world of English art,

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[4] *Charles Lamb.* By ALFRED AINGER. "English Men of Letters Series." 16mo, pp. 182. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Memories of Old Friends.* Being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox. From 1835 to 1871. Edited by HORACE N. PYM. 12mo, pp. 378. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 71. New York: Harper and Brothers.

science, literature, politics, and society. Interspersed with these recollections are graphic descriptions of the scenes she loved, and of the persons and incidents that interested her, together with opinions, criticisms, and reflections of her own upon a variety of topics, equally remarkable for their acuteness and originality and for the gracious amenity by which they are tempered.

THE publication by the Messrs. Carter of a cheap edition of the *Life and Works of Hugh Miller*[6] places a compact library of great and varied value within reach of and peculiarly adapted to the needs of those who are engaged in the dual battle of self-support and self-culture. Without claiming genius of the first order, or the highest literary and scientific attainments, for Mr. Miller, it would yet be difficult to find another author whose works supply as serviceable an apparatus as his for self-education, or more useful practical lessons in the conduct of life. As to literary style, it has been well said by Mr. Bayne that Mr. Miller felicitously combined the dignity of elaborate literary form with perfect ease and freedom. As to matter, impressions, facts, reflections, fancies, and the results of life-long observation and study flow out upon his pages in stintless and chaste abundance. He has had no superior—we had almost said no rival—in the skill of bringing poetic hues and musical tones out of the stony rock of geology, or in depicting its wonders and classifying its facts. An original explorer in science, with definite and firmly held opinions on religious, political, and social problems, he produced a series of unique and remarkable works, in which racy and sagacious observations on men and manners are intermingled with exquisitely fresh and vivid delineations of nature's facts and beauties. As a naturalist and geologist he was recognized by scientific men of the highest eminence as their peer, who knew the facts as well as they, and reasoned them out with greater power, and described them in a purer and more idiomatic English than they were masters of. His descriptions of Scottish scenery—in glen and brae, and on loch and mountain—glow with fine imagery, and are everywhere pervaded by a rich human element. His knowledge of the working classes and common people was profound and sympathetic, and his exertions for the amelioration of their condition, and for their social, moral, and intellectual improvement, were unwearied and effective. His works are an invaluable legacy to all men who, like him, are obliged to work toilsomely for their livelihood, never ceasing meanwhile to rightly value the dignity of labor, and who, while manfully performing their daily task-work, are not content to remain mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water," but would fain kindle the divine spark of intelligence of which they are conscious into a living and light-diffusing flame. The edition before us comprises all Miller's works, together with the admirable biography by Peter Bayne, originally published in 1871.

MORE than a hundred years ago that charming naturalist White of Selborne jotted down in a letter to his friend Daines Barrington some very curious and interesting facts concerning earth-worms, their uses and habits. "Earth-worms," he wrote, "though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For to say nothing of half the birds and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring and perforating and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves into it, and most of all by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth, called worm-casts, which being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soils for hills and slopes where the rain washes the earth away. The earth, without worms, would soon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation, and consequently sterile." More than half a century later White's observations attracted the attention of Charles Darwin, then a young man just entering upon his long and honorable career of philosophic investigation; and in 1837, in one of his earliest contributions to science, a paper read by him before the Geological Society of London on "The Formation of Mould," he referred to White's brief but minute remarks on earth-worms, and using them as the groundwork of his discourse, proceeded more fully to elaborate, as the fruit of his own investigations and reflections, the natural history and the extensive usefulness to man of this most lowly and insignificant of living creatures. Since then more than forty years have sped, but in the mean time Mr. Darwin, amid the inthralling urgency of his literary labors, and in the plenitude of his reputation, has never lost sight of his early inquiry, and now gives us the results of his prolonged observations in a monograph on *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms*,[7] which is one of the most curious as well as

[6] *The Life and Works of Hugh Miller.* Twelve Volumes in Six. 12mo. Vol. I.: Life and Letters, by Peter Bayne, pp. 928. Vol. II.: The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on Natural and Revealed Theology—The Old Red Sandstone—Geological Papers, pp. 905. Vol. III.: The Foot-Prints of the Creator—First Impressions of England and its People, pp. 767. Vol. IV.: My Schools and School-Masters—Tales and Sketches, pp. 906. Vol. V.: Popular Geology—Cruise of the *Betsey*, pp. 926. Vol. VI.: Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political, Social, Literary, and Scientific, pp. 1003. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[7] *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms.* With Observations on their Habits. By CHARLES DARWIN, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 326. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

pleasing contributions to natural history that has appeared since White of Selborne ceased to regale the world with his diurnal jottings. The memoir is very largely the record of a personal investigation, pursued with unflagging enthusiasm and invincible patience, of the nature, structure, habitations, and habits of earth-worms, their faculty of perception through the senses, their mental powers and manifestations of intelligence, and their place in nature as relates to the outer world and other creatures. But its more immediate subject is the amount of earth which is brought up by worms from beneath the surface in the form of "castings," and is afterward spread out more or less completely by the rain and wind, and the part which worms have thereby played in the burial of ancient buildings and remains, and in the pulverization and denudation of the land. Among the interesting conclusions reached by Mr. Darwin, bearing upon the important part that worms have played in the history of the face of the earth, are the following: that the whole superficial bed of vegetable mould passes through the bodies of worms in the course of every four years; that by these means fresh surfaces, equal to two-hundredths of an inch annually, are continually exposed to conditions favorable to their decomposition and disintegration, and are so scattered by the wind and rain as to exert a prodigious influence upon the face of nature, affecting even the conformation of mountains and the course of great rivers; that the castings of worms have buried and preserved from the action of the elements many elegant and curious tessellated pavements and other extensive remains; that worms prepare the ground in an excellent manner for the growth of fibrous-rooted plants and seedlings of all kinds; that they expose the mould to the air, sifted from stones, and mingle all its particles together as intimately as they are mingled by the gardener who prepares fine soil for his choicest plants; that by them the bones of dead animals, insects, etc., the shells of land mollusks, and leaves, twigs, stalks, etc., are buried beneath their castings, and brought within reach of the roots of plants; that they enrich and render the land porous by the leaves and other substances which they drag into their burrows for food, thereby greatly facilitating the downward passage of roots; and that, in fact, the earth-worm is the earliest and most universal ploughman, by whom, long before the plough was invented, the land was regularly ploughed, and still continues to be ploughed—so that it may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played as important a part in the world as these lowly organized creatures.

THE immense volume of transactions in stocks, the multitudes who are engaged in them as principals or agents for purposes of speculation, business, or investment, and the numerous questions of law and custom which are constantly arising from the conflicting constructions or interests of parties to transactions in them, invest a treatise on *The Law of Stock-Brokers and Stock Exchanges*,[8] which has been prepared by Mr. John R. Dos Passos, of the New York bar, with a practical interest and a substantial value that will be recognized by lawyers and men of business. Briefly stated, the treatise is devoted to a discussion of the legal nature and character and the organization of stock exchanges; to a history of the various transactions that take place in such institutions; to an account of the rules and regulations by which they are governed, and of the character and incidents of membership in them; and to a consideration of the reciprocal legal rights, duties, and liabilities which are involved in the relation of broker and client, and also of the nature and kind of securities that are dealt in on the principal exchanges of the United States and Europe. Among the topics of paramount importance elaborately treated by Mr. Dos Passos—for the discussion of which he has been peculiarly fitted by the circumstance that his special practice has made him thoroughly familiar with them both from a legal and a business standpoint—are the following: The general rules relating to the *usages* or *customs* of stock-brokers, embracing a résumé of the most prominent cases in England and this country in which these usages have been the subject of judicial inquiry, and have been either rejected or sustained, accompanied by critical comments on some of the more obscure or contradictory decisions; the subject of *wagering contracts*, discriminating when they are in the nature of gambling transactions, and therefore illegal and void, and when otherwise; the different kinds and general character of the property, comprehended under the name of *securities*, in which stock-brokers deal, and which constitute the two classes of instruments known as *negotiable* and *non-negotiable*, with a description of the elements that are requisite to impart to them the character and consequences of negotiability or non-negotiability; and, finally, the *remedies* of stock-brokers and clients against each other, including the relation of brokers to each other and of clients to each other, the liability of brokers to undisclosed clients, of undisclosed clients to brokers, and of clients to their own brokers, the subject of specific performance, the effect of usury upon stock transactions, the contingencies that cause contracts for sale to come within the statute of frauds, and the measure of damages in actions between clients and brokers and in actions by a broker against his client. A portion of the volume having a special interest to non-professional readers is a chapter appropriated by Mr. Dos Passos to a full analysis of a transaction between a broker

[8] *A Treatise on the Law of Stock-Brokers and Stock Exchanges.* By JOHN R. DOS PASSOS, of the New York Bar. 8vo, pp. 1043. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and client in the purchase or sale of stocks, in this country and in London and Paris, illustrating all the steps in the process, and showing the rights, duties, powers, and responsibilities of each of the parties under every contingency customarily or possibly incident to such purchase or sale. In a valuable appendix Mr. Dos Passos reprints in full the constitution and by-laws of the New York Exchange, as revised September 15, 1878, with amendments to February, 1882, and the rules and regulations of the London and Paris Stock Exchanges. Prefixed to the treatise is a complete alphabetical table of the cases and decisions referred to in the text and notes.

In order to bring his *Popular Astronomy*[9] up to date in all important points, Professor Newcomb has subjected it to a new revision, and, as now published in its fourth edition, it includes the latest results of astronomical research. It may be of interest to those who have the first or second editions of the work to know that the subjects added to the third edition comprised Dr. Draper's investigations on the existence of oxygen in the sun, Janssen's new method of photographing the sun, the conclusions from recent total eclipses, the preliminary results of the British observations of the late transit of Venus and other methods of determining the parallax, the discovery of the satellites of Mars, the results of recent investigations into the motion of the moon, and Professor Watson's observations of supposed intermercurial planets. The principal additions to the present edition relate to the great telescopes completed within the last three years, the transit of Venus that will occur December 6, 1882, and recent developments in cometary astronomy.

Mrs. Lillie's *Prudence*[10] is very pleasant reading. A timely and gentle satire upon the fashionable æsthetic influenza that, after having prevailed in London without serious consequences, has at length reached our shores in a mild form, it quietly but effectively delineates the maudlin sentimentality of those who are its genuine victims, and the affected sentimentalism of those who feign its influence for pastime, or from restlessness or ennui, or because it is a convenient novelty which helps to alleviate the routine and dullness of society. A young American girl, fresh from the most provincial part of provincial New England, as beautiful and with almost as little originative power as a flower, is thrown into this artificial society, and is delighted by its novelty and glitter. Her nature being purely receptive, she passively absorbs and enjoys the spectacle without comprehending it, much as the flower absorbs and enjoys the dew, the rain, and the sunshine. Retaining all her native matter-of-fact and prosaic simplicity while performing a rôle which gives her pleasure, but which is always a rôle and nothing more, she at length lays her part aside as she would a cast-off dress, and contracts a commonplace and matter-of-fact marriage, to the great disappointment of her æsthetic admirers. An episode of the story, scarcely less elaborate than the story itself, presents two of its actors—Helena Armory and Jonas Fielding—in telling contrast with the heroine's tamely receptive character, and suggests unrevealed possibilities, to which each reader will give shape according to the activity of his imagination.

Readers will be disappointed who take up Auerbach's posthumous novel, *Spinoza*,[11] expecting to find in it the dramatic play of passion and character, the fine poetic fancies, the pathos and tenderness, and the exquisite delineations of simple household life, and of nature in its lowliest or most engaging forms, with which they have become familiar in his *On the Heights*, *Edelweiss*, and *Villa on the Rhine*. It scarcely deserves the name of a novel in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but is rather a philosophical romance, based on real or imaginary incidents in the life of the founder of modern pantheism, in which the mental processes are described which impelled him first to reject the creed of his Hebrew fathers, and afterward all other creeds, and the reasonings are outlined which resulted in the philosophical system that bears his name. Incidentally engaging glimpses are given of the social life of Amsterdam in Spinoza's day, especially as connected with Jewish social and religious life. Like everything from Auerbach's hand, it is a powerful production, but will prove more attractive to the philosophical thinker than to the ordinary reader of fiction.

The limitations of this department will not permit extended notices of the remaining novels of the month, nor, indeed, are their merits so commanding as to make such notices indispensable. The following are the best of the number, and if the reader be not too exacting in his requirements, will prove refined and entertaining companions for a dull or leisure hour: *Beggar My Neighbor*,[12] by E. D. Gerard; *The Freres*,[13] by Mrs. Alexander; *Her Picture*,[14] a new anonymous tale in the "No Name Se-

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[9] *Popular Astronomy.* By Simon Newcomb, LL.D. With 112 Engravings and 5 Maps of the Stars. Fourth Edition, Revised. 8vo, pp. 577. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Prudence.* A Story of Æsthetic London. By Lucy C. Lillie. Illustrated by Du Maurier. 16mo, pp. 177. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Spinoza.* A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. From the German, by E. Nicholson. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 444. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[12] *Beggar My Neighbor.* A Novel. By E. D. Gerard. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 84. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *The Freres.* A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 548. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[14] *Her Picture.* A Novel. "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 428. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

ries"; *A Tallahassee Girl*,[15] an anonymous story in the "Round Robin Series"; *Through the Linn*,[16] by Agnes Giberne; *Till Death Us Do Part*,[17] by Mrs. John Kent Spender; *The Fixed Period*,[18] by Anthony Trollope; and *Exchange No Robbery*,[19] by the author of *Patty*.

We close the Record for the current month with brief announcements of new or revised editions of several works which have a perennial interest, and whose possibilities for usefulness are as yet far from being exhausted. The Messrs. Harper have added a cheap edition of that universal favorite *Tom Brown's School Days*[20] to their popular "Franklin Square Library."—President Woolsey's thoughtful and suggestive treatise on *Divorce and Divorce Legislation*[21] has been republished by the Scribners, after having been carefully revised and partly rewritten by its distinguished author. —The masterly exposition of Christ's Sermon on the Mount by Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., hitherto printed in separate volumes, has been collected by the author into a single volume, under the title of *The Manifesto of the King*,[22] and is republished in this country by the Messrs. Carter.—The Scribners have published a revised edition of President Porter's well-digested thoughts on *Books and Reading*.[23] In this valuable treatise President Porter answers the question, so pregnant of interest to beginners, "What books shall I read, and how shall I read them?" in such wise as to enable those whose limited knowledge disables them from making a wise choice without assistance to select the best books from the world of books around them, and to read them profitably.—Professor Huxley has gathered into a single volume, entitled *Science and Culture, and Other Essays*,[24] a number of addresses and lectures delivered by him during the past seven years before various popular institutions and learned societies, and several essays contributed to leading periodicals during the same period, the whole forming a round of instructive reading on scientific, philosophical, and educational questions of living interest. Published in this country by the Messrs. Appleton.

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[15] *A Tallahassee Girl.* "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 355. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[16] *Through the Linn; or, Miss Temple's Wards.* By Agnes Giberne. 16mo, pp. 357. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[17] *Till Death Us Do Part.* A Novel. By Mrs. John Kent Spender. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *The Fixed Period.* A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 31. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Exchange No Robbery.* A Novel. By Mrs. M. Betham-Edwards. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 21. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *Tom Brown's School Days.* By an Old Boy. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *Divorce and Divorce Legislation.* Especially in the United States. By Theodore D. Woolsey. 12mo, pp. 328. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[22] *The Manifesto of the King.* An Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. By J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. 12mo, pp. 633. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[23] *Books and Reading; or, What Books shall I Read, and How shall I Read Them?* By Noah Porter, President of Yale College. 8vo, pp. 434. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[24] *Science and Culture, and Other Essays.* By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. 12mo, pp. 357. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on April 19.—The following are the principal items of business done at Washington during the month: The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill passed the Senate March 22.—The Anti-Chinese Bill (twenty years) passed the House March 23, and was vetoed April 4; an attempt to pass it over the veto next day was defeated. On April 17 another bill, suspending Chinese immigration for ten years, passed the House.—The President approved the Anti-Polygamy Bill March 23.—The Life-saving Service Bill was amended and passed by the Senate March 24.—The Tariff Commission Bill passed the Senate March 28.—The Indian Appropriation Bill passed the Senate March 31.—The Army Appropriation Bill passed the House April 5. —The Agricultural Appropriation Bill passed the Senate April 18.—The following nominations were confirmed: Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, Secretary of the Interior; William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, Secretary of the Navy; William H. Hunt, of Louisiana, Minister to Russia.—President Arthur sent two messages to Congress April 18—one asking that action be taken in regard to the invitation extended to American powers to participate in a general congress, and one advising that the proposed appropriation for Mississippi River improvements be increased to $2,020,000, and that prompt action be taken.—The House, April 19, passed a resolution declaring that neither Cannon nor Campbell is entitled to a seat as delegate from Utah.

George M. Chilcott was appointed United States Senator from Colorado to succeed Senator Henry M. Teller.

The Rhode Island Republican State officers were re-elected April 5.

The Rhode Island Democratic State Convention met in Providence, March 22, and nominated Horace A. Kimball for Governor, J. G. Perry, Lieutenant-Governor.

The Massachusetts Prohibitory Liquor Bill was defeated in the House March 29, an attempt to pass it to a third reading resulting in a tie vote.

Five hundred and thirty-one agrarian outrages were reported to the Chief of the Irish Constabulary during the month of March, including 2 murders, 12 cases of firing at persons, 7 cases of aggravated assault, and 30 cases of arson. It is stated that the expense of administering the Land Act has thus far cost the country £90,000, while the reductions of rent made by the Land Commissioners, it is estimated, reach £30,000.

The Primary Education Bill passed the French Senate March 24. The Chamber of Deputies, March 28, passed the bill repealing the prohibition of the importation of American pork.

The French Senate, April 1, voted a credit of 8,000,000 francs for the Tunis expedition for the second half of the current year.

The Ecclesiastical Bill passed the Prussian Diet March 31.

Prince Gortchakoff has retired from the position of Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs on account of shattered health and advancing years, and M. De Giers, his assistant, has succeeded him.

The frontier treaty between Russia and Persia has been ratified.

DISASTERS.

March 21.—Emod, in Hungary, totally destroyed by fire. Nine lives lost.—Eight men killed and many injured by a collision on the Northern Pacific Railroad, nineteen miles west of Bismarck, Dakota Territory.

March 22.—Two barks wrecked on the Algerian coast. Fourteen persons drowned.

March 26.—A life-boat, while rescuing the crew of a sloop during a gale off Havre, capsized, and both crews, nineteen men, drowned.

March 27.—Eighteen persons drowned by the sinking of a coasting steamer in the English Channel.—Eleven men killed by an explosion at the Vulcan Powder-Works.—Steamer *Thomas Cornell* wrecked near Newburgh, New York.

March 29.—The Ralston Gin, near Lake St. John, Louisiana, destroyed by the flood, and 120 refugees drowned.—News of the loss of many lives by a "blizzard" along the line of the Winona and St. Peter Railroad, in Dakota.

March 30.—Steamer *Golden City* burned at Memphis. Thirty-five lives lost.

April 3.—News of sinking of steamers *Douro* and *Vrurac Bat* by collision off Cape Finisterre, Spain. More than fifty lives lost.

April 6.—Twelve persons killed and much property destroyed by tornado in the Western States.

April 7.—Boiler of the steamer *Bella Mac* exploded near Brownsville, Wisconsin. Several killed and many injured.

April 18.—Explosion in the Black Horse Colliery, Sunderland. Twenty-three men killed.—News from Eastern Siberia of the loss of the United States ship *Rodgers*, burned and sunk while searching for the *Jeannette* survivors.

OBITUARY.

March 24.—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Henry W. Longfellow, aged seventy-five years.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Gustavus H. Scott, U.S.N. (retired), aged seventy years.

March 27.—At Lima, General S. A. Hurlbut, United States Minister to Peru, in his sixty-seventh year.

April 11.—In London, England, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, aged fifty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE is an ailment, formerly more prevalent in this propinquity than at present, entitled fever and ague. It quivered and fluttered through our persons in a pleasant sort of way, just enough to remind us of our quinine. Compared with the manner it takes hold of one in the West, it is a mere bagatelle. Its perfect development seems to have been reached in Arkansas, judging by the following description given by an expert between whiffs from his pipe:

"Maybe ye'll git some idea of the Arkansaw ager when I tell ye that I once unjinted both shoulders in shakin', and it was a light shake at that. When I had one of my regular double back-action shakes, I could jar a jug of whiskey out of the crotch of a tree twenty-eight rods off. Nobody dast pile up cord-wood within half a mile of my cabin, and that's a solemn fact. I devoured ky-neen just as you eat corned beef, and my hull system finally got so bitter that a dog who smelled of my leg couldn't git the pucker out of his mouth inside of ten days. Gentlemen, I do not wish to prolong this agony. We will have some licker, and I will then seek a few needed reposes."

MRS. O'FOGARTY recently sold her household goods at auction. The entire lot brought thirty-four dollars and sixty-three cents. As the chairs were backless, both tables minus a leg, and some of the pots and jars cracked and almost worthless, bric-à-brac hunters missed rare treasures by not being apprised of the sale, and Mrs. O'Fogarty is over a thousand dollars out of pocket in consequence.

SIFTINGS FROM TEXAS.

GILHOOLY, a resident of Austin, who is not in the habit of paying for anything he gets, recently bought a pair of boots on credit from

Mose Schaumburg, who keeps a store on the Avenue. The boots were very fine, and Gilhooly was amazed at the lowness of the price —three dollars.

"How is it, Mr. Schaumburg," asked Gilhooly, "that you only charge me three dollars on credit, while you made Gus De Smith pay five dollars in cash for the same style of boot?"

"I dells you how dot vash," replied Schaumburg: "Ven a gustomer bays gash, I shoost dakes so mooch ash poshible; but ven I sells ov goots on gredit to a big schoundrel vot very likely never bays at all, den I puts de brice down low to match de gustomer. Den, again, I puts de brice low so ven he don't bay I von't lose so mooch."

The other day Gilhooly observed Gus De Smith standing in his door smoking an immense cigar.

"Why," exclaimed the amazed Gilhooly, "how is it that you, who are always denouncing tobacco, are smoking away as if for dear life?"

"It is only for a few moments that I am smoking. I do it to prevent my mother-in-law kissing me. She will arrive in a few minutes. I'll take both her hands in mine, and shake them, while I keep the lighted cigar in my mouth."

"But don't the cigar make you sick?"

"Not as sick as I would be without it."

One of the most eloquent and popular clergymen of Austin, being about to ascend the steps leading to his church a few Sundays ago, was asked by a partially blind old lady, who did not recognize him, to help her up the steps. With his usual urbanity he complied with her request. Just as they reached the top steps she asked him who was going to preach.

"Parson Smith," he replied, that being his own name.

"O Lord!" exclaimed the old lady. "Help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sawing wood. Please help me down again. I don't care to go in."

At first the clergyman was inclined to refuse, but, on reflection, he gently assisted her down the steps again, remarking as they reached the bottom: "You are quite right, madam, about not going into the church. I wouldn't go in either if I was not paid for it."

A. E. S.

A WESTERN paper contains an article headed "Chasing Deer with a Locomotive." The Western people are always introducing some innovation. It must be a thrilling spectacle to witness a huge locomotive chasing deer—to see the iron monster, all alive with excitement and its nostrils breathing fire, leaping fences, crashing through forests, fording streams, mounting hills, and scaling rocks, after the fleet-footed animals. It is certainly wild and exciting fun, attended with considerable danger; but we should think the engineer of the locomotive would have his interior department pretty well shaken up before he caught the deer. For persons of sedentary habits such sport now and then may be highly beneficial in a sanitary point of view, but most people will prefer to go hunting on foot in the markets, and pay twenty-five cents a pound for their venison.

J. H. W.

MODERN FABLES.

THE STAG IN THE OX STALL.

A STAG, hard pressed by the Hounds, ran for shelter into an Ox Stall, the door of which was open, and covering himself with a heap of Straw, waited for the Night to come. Several Servants and even the Farm Bailiff came, and looked round, and went away, seeing nothing of the Stag, who was ready to jump out of his Skin for joy, and warmly thanked the Oxen for their Silence. "Do not be too sure," replied one of the friendly Beasts; "there is one yet to come whose Eyes are a great deal sharper." This was the Master himself, who, having been dining with a Neighbor, looked in on his way home to see that everyshing wash all ri'. At a Glance he perceived the tips of the Horns coming through the Straw, and raised the hue and cry, calling all his People together, and bidding them make a prize of the Herds of Antlered Monarchs which, he assured them, peopled "the Byre." But they pityingly bore him away and put him to Bed, and the Stag returned in safety to his accustomed Covert.

(NOTE.—There is no Moral to this Fable. The Ox was right, and so was the Master, and yet somehow the Premises failed to connect with the Conclusion. Still, such is Life.)

THE WANTON CALF.

A Calf, full of Wantonness and play, seeing an Ox at the Plough, could not forbear insulting him. "What a sorry, poor Drudge are you," said he, "to bear that heavy Yoke, and go turning up the Ground for a Master!" "See what a happy life I lead!" he added, when at evening the Ox, unyoked and going to take his rest, saw him, hung with Garlands, being led away by the Flamen, a venerable man with a fondness for Veal Pot-Pie.

MORAL.—This Fable teaches us that Young People had better Stick to the Farm, and not Study for a Learned Profession unless they are fully aware of what it means.

THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

A Fox was once caught in a Trap by his Tail, and in order to escape was forced to dispose of it at a heavy Sacrifice. Knowing that without such an Appendage he would be a Laughing-Stock for all his Fellows, he resolved to try and induce them to part with theirs. So at the next Assembly of Foxes he made a speech on the inconvenience of Tails, and the econom-

ic and hygienic advantages of abstaining from wearing them, but was ridiculed as a Dress Reformer, until, having learned wisdom, he gave out that at Paris Foxes wore their Tails short. This Argument proved convincing, and his Fellows speedily discarded their Tails, which he disposed of at a large advance to amateur Fox-Hunters anxious to persuade their friends that they had been in at the Death.

MORAL.—See, our Sons and Daughters, with how little Wisdom the World of Fashion is Governed! G. T. L.

THE NIMROD OF BULL FALLS.

DOWN the chasm of the Upper Wisconsin came the roar of Bull Falls, now loud, now low, as the varying volume and direction of the night winds modified its tones. Over and through all other sounds flowed the tireless croon of the old pine-tops.

It was an autumn evening, and round a good crackling fire of pine knots in the rude hut of a logging camp just below the falls a large gang of wood-choppers sat on folded blankets laid on the earthen floor. The group was of wonderfully composite nativity, but all its members could chop. Their axes were stacked in a corner, and their sleeping bunks lined two sides of the single-roomed hut—a cabinet of shelves for this collection of human specimens. The flimsy roof of poles and boughs was supported by a stout post stepped in the middle of the floor, and decorated with spikes from which depended the camp provisions in sacks and jugs. As each man lit his pipeful of black plug with a blazing pine knot passed from hand to hand, he stretched out his legs with an exclamation of comfort, and resigned himself to an hour of chatty idleness before turning in for the night.

There had been a flurry of excitement in the camp on the morning of that day. Just before sunrise a bear had broken down the hut door and robbed the larder, pulling down the provisions in confusion on the floor, breaking jugs of molasses, going into crazy ecstasies over the sweet—bear fashion—and rolling in it. Torn sacks of flour had loaded his sticky coat with white powder until he looked like a bear from the land of the midnight sun. For dessert, he had impetuously bitten into a paper of pepper. A revulsion of feeling ensued, and he made off through the woods, with throat running fire and eyes running water, his deportment more entertaining to the entertainers than to the entertained. The loggers had clambered to their top shelves, turned on their backs, kicked away the roof with their bare feet, and retired upward to the walls of the hut, whence these noble Romans, with nothing on but their togas, had witnessed the games in the Coliseum below. The men were not hunters, but wood-choppers, and the bear was allowed to depart in such peace as he might.

Now it happened that one of the gang *had* claimed skill as a hunter, and this man had been sent out two days before in quest of venison to vary the monotony of salt pork. He had not yet returned.

"Wonder whar Patsey McCorkle is? He ought ter ben in 'fore night. Didn't hev no whiskey with him, did he?" The speaker was "old Ben," foreman of the gang, a man of that gigantic stature which can afford amiability.

"He vas gone all de day out. Dot Batsey, you can't tell notinks about every Irishmans vat dey vill do if dey been gone five minutes behind a feller's face," said one of the hands. "If he vas in Bavaria, dot ish de place a feller got to 'tend to everybody's business."

"I'm jest a leetle mite afeard Patsey's got into some diffikilty or 'nother," said a loose-



"FOR DESSERT, HE HAD BITTEN INTO A PAPER OF PEPPER."

jointed descendant of Miles Standish. "Them Irish is eternally gittin' into some kind er pickle—"

"An' jist as everlastin'ly crawlin' out," added a representative of Southern Indiana, giving an indescribable yank to the last word—it was the New England "aout" pronounced with wolfish abruptness.

A peachy young fellow, who, despite his grumbling, was as sound in head and heart as in wind and limb, here broke in: "I'm blowed if a Hirishman knows wen 'e's well hoff. I 'ate to work in the same gang with such a blunderin' gaby hany'ow, and I'll be—" For a moment the air bristled with exclamation points; then the door flew wide open.

Every logger sprang to the bunks in panic, shouting, "The bear!" But the voice of McCorkle dispelled the alarm. He entered, talking loudly, under pressure of pent-up indignation.



"WHAT DOES I SEE BUT THE GHOST O' THE BLESSED FAIRTHER KELLEY."

"Hah! There yez are! How well I won't do what yez tell me the next time, owld Ben! Why did the likes o' yez, that has sorra ha'p'orth o' sowl to save nor lose, send a dilicate bit o' pink flesh like meself beyant for mate in the cowld wood full o' spooks and goblins? Sure an' when I was layin' as still as a post waitin' for the dainty bit of a deer I spied yesterday forninst the mountain to wurruk down for his drink out of the river—faith! the black-hearted scoundrel went some other way for his water, an' never came my way at all."

He scratched his head with the stem of his pipe. "Them deers is wise! I waited an' watched for the likes of him till I thinks to meself, sez I, 'I've been aslape here all night in the woods'—for there was the first wink o' mornin' trampin' over the hills—an' I says to the mornin', 'I'll tramp wid ye, me bye'; an' I tramped all this blessed day till there wasn't a bone left in me skin only pains—bad luck! An' it come this evenin', and mesel' five mile up the mountain.

"So there I sat me down in the darkness, wid the big moanin' trees, to take a bit of a rest, an' a sup o' the craythur in a bit of a bottle under me shirt; an' what does I see but the ghost o' the blessed Fairther Kelley what's dead an' gone—Heaven rest his sowl!—sure as I'm standin' here, sittin' by the fire; a murtherin' ghost in a long white gown, as pale as death itself, holdin' up his head ten feet in the sky, an' him trowin' himself broadcast on the ground, an' plowin' up the dirrut wid the nawse of him till the sparruks jumped out o' the sand as big as your fist, owld Ben!—

"Bad cess to the whole o' yez! Howld your laughin'.—

"Then he danced sideway forty rod as mad as a rabbit, an' then he danced back again; then he stood on one fut of him, an', faith! he spinned round like a church weathercock. Didn't I know the fat paunch that was on him, an' didn't I know the curious walk of him in the white gown!—

"An' what are yez chiggerin' at, byes?—

"'Holy Fairther!' sez I, an' the jaws o' me baytin' together like two game-cocks, 'what brings yez into them dolesome woods?' sez I; an' himself sez never a wurrud, but hoppin' up an' down fifty feet in the air, an' him rollin' along the ground on the tap of his head, an' his gown flyin' afther. So, then, when I crossed mesel' quick as a weasel, if he didn't vanish in the air itself, like all them ghosts, not an hour ago! An' I never stopped to say, 'Goodby, Fairther Kelley,' but let him vanish the best way he could, an' meself runnin' wid all the legs o' me till where yez see me now.

"Yez may laugh, byes, but I *seed that ghost beyant*, I tell yez, not an hour agone; an' by that same token it was Fairther Kelley hisself in the mountain above—

"Laugh away, all o' yez, then, till yez break your clothes. Laugh now! Chigger away!—

"An' I'll never go after deer again for yez, owld Ben, not if I was to see your bare bones drummin' on the flure wid starvation. But what are yez all rattlin' and howlin' about at all, byes? Sure there's nothin' to laugh at in a spook. I tell yez I *did* see the ghost o' Fairther Kelley beyant in the trees, an' him—

"That's right. Go on! Faith! yez can roar brave enough, sittin' here safe and snug by the fire, but I tell yez—"

The voice of the mighty hunter could no longer be heard. A. McC.



"LAUGH AWAY!"

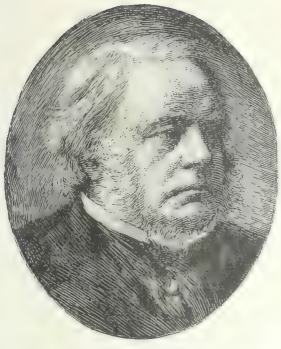


Engraved by W. B. Closson from the crayon drawing by Samuel Rowse.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXVI.—JULY, 1882.—Vol. LXV.



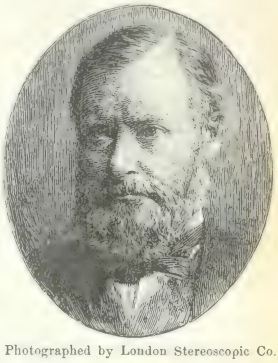
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RT. HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.



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RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.



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RT. HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P.

GLIMPSES OF GREAT BRITONS.

(CAUGHT AT WESTMINSTER.)

MR. BRAND has been Speaker of the House of Commons now for nine years, and the moral suggested every time he takes the chair has lost something of its sharp point. But it is undoubtedly a notable thing, a remarkable tribute to the high tone of English political parties, that Mr. Brand's nomination to this office should have been received without dissent, and that his conduct in the chair should never be seriously called in question. Mr. Brand commenced his political career as "whip" of the Liberal party. There is nothing questionable in the business arrangements of a whip, at least in the present days. The earlier official name of this minister indicates possibilities of transactions that would not always bear light. As Patronage Secretary it was not only his business to whip up men who were willing to vote from conviction, but to buy up others whose votes were purchasable. A whip of to-day has no patronage to dispense. Still, there remains to him the duty of arranging for good divisions, and he must do what he can to bring them about. He is, in the fullest acceptation of the term, a partisan. Naturally he believes that his party and the state are synonymous terms, and regards as tautology Macaulay's lament for the days "when none were for the party, but all were for the state." We have in recent times heard of the consciences of Lords-in-waiting being troubled, and Gold-sticks have resigned because of difference of opinion with her



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RT. HON. HUGH CULLING EARDLEY CHILDERS, M.P.



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RT. HON MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, M.P.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Majesty's government on questions of high policy. But no one ever heard of a whip resigning because he thought that on a particular line of policy his colleagues should have done something else. In respect of all decisions, his not to wonder why. His rather to bring up the full voting power of the party, and be ready to account for every absentee.

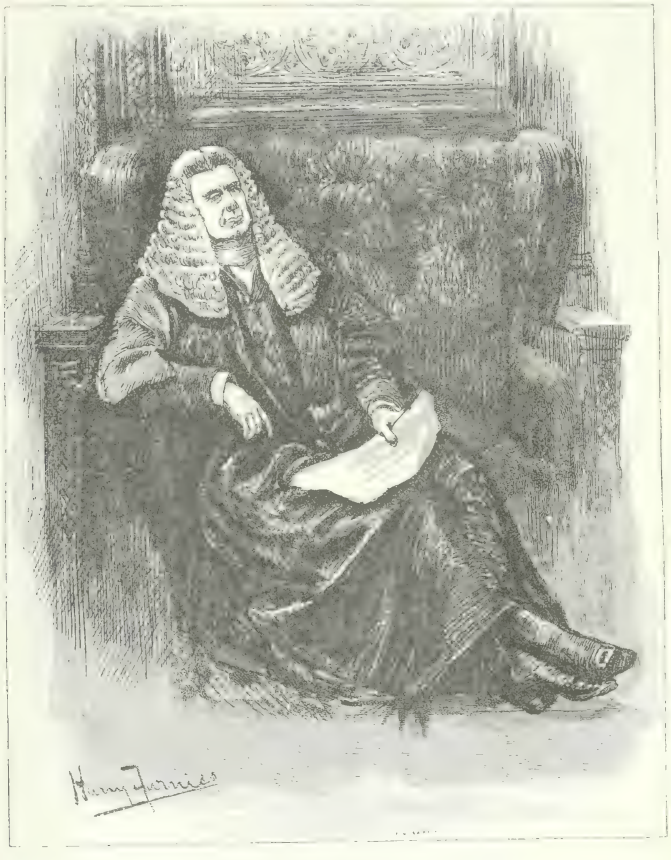
It was after holding a position of this character that Mr. Brand was nominated and elected to the chair. No longer stride could be taken in Parliamentary life. At a single bound he passed from strictest and most unquestioning partisan into the seat of the judicial head of the House, the absolutely impartial dictator of the momentous questions momentarily arising in the procedure of the assembly. This happened in 1872, toward the close of the life of the great Parliament of 1868. It seemed a bold step, but it has been fully justified by events. Mr. Brand is certainly the best Speaker the present generation of members can call to mind. He has a peculiarly dignified manner, a full resonant voice, and a deliberate, not to say solemn, intonation. These are qualities of manner and appearance which have a great deal to do with the successful fulfillment of the office. But Mr. Brand has the additional qualities of mind and temperament which complete the character of a model Speaker. He is a perfect master of the laws, traditions, and customs which he has to administer. I do not remember his ever being caught at disadvantage in this respect. Yet the circumstances under which he is put to the test are fuller of difficulty than pertains to most offices of a similar character. The rules of the House of Commons go back over two hundred years. They are themselves numerous, and in minutiæ intricate. To master them is, of course, a matter of application. What changes is circumstance. A man may have the rules of the House off by heart, but he can not foresee the concatenations of circumstance that suddenly arise and demand instant decision from the chair. The House may be proceeding drowsily through debate. The horizon may seem as clear as it did to Mr. Hammond when, on the eve of the outbreak of the war between France and Prussia, Lord Granville consulted him on the state of the political weather. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, a storm may break forth. All the benches may be in uproar, half a dozen members may be on their feet at one time, and the Speaker may be called upon without a moment's hesitation to decide a knotty question involving the necessity that he shall have paid the closest attention to what has been said during the whole of the earlier part of the sitting.

These crises have more frequently occurred in the time of Mr. Brand than of any preceding Speaker. His term of office will be forever memorable by reason of the birth of Irish obstruction. He has had to grapple with this in its manifold and always virile forms. It is too much to claim infallibility for any man, and there may possibly have been occasions when, the episode complete and time for reflection afforded, wise people have been able to point out wherein the Speaker would have done better had he done otherwise. But the Speaker unhappily has not these advantages of opportunity for reflection, and of consideration of the episode as a whole, including the consequences of the step he may take. He has to deal with the case as it arises, and while it is developing itself, and Mr. Brand never fails to satisfy the sense of justice and the general intelligence of the vast majority of those present at the scene.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has a salary equal to that of the Prime Minister. Both cultivate politics on £5000 a year. In addition, the Speaker has within the precincts of Westminster a pleasant town house looking out on to the river. On the whole, the emoluments of the chair are not incommensurate with its duty and its dignity. Both these are met with rare excellence by Mr. Brand, and it will be a great loss to the House when the inevitable time comes that he shall leave the chair without intention of ever more taking it. In Mr. Brand's case there are more than ordinary chances of this calamity suddenly arising. In addition to the ordinary chances of humanity, Mr. Brand may any morning wake to find himself a peer of the realm. He is heir-presumptive to one of the oldest baronies of the kingdom, and his brother, Lord Dacre, is seventy-three.

The Speaker takes the chair at four o'clock on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. On Wednesday the House sits at twelve, rising at six. The first business of the evening sittings is what is called private business, that is to say, the furthering of bills promoted by private

individuals or corporations. This is generally disposed of considerably before half past four, the hour at which public business commences. As the session wears on, and private business is worked off, the House saves an additional quarter of an hour to the state by beginning business at a quarter past four. Notices of motion are given, then follow the questions, and these put and answered, the hit upon by which the privileges of private members were systematically curtailed. Arrangements were made by which the House held what were euphemistically called "morning sittings," ordained to take place on Tuesdays and Fridays. On these occasions the House sits at two, and remains in session until seven, during which time the government business is in progress. The sitting is suspended for



THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE SPEAKER.

stock business of the sitting begins. Mondays and Thursdays are government nights, whereon only bills promoted by ministers are discussed. Private members appear to have a fair share of the week, since Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are nominally devoted to their service. But in one way or another the time of private members is considerably encroached upon. It was during one of the earlier sessions of the administration of Mr. Disraeli that a notable device was two hours, and on meeting again at nine, private members may, if they can get a House together, proceed with their bills or resolutions. But it very frequently happens that members, worn out with the toils of the morning, decline to put in a fresh appearance in the evening, and as soon as a private member rises, big with speech, the House is counted, and there not being forty members present, is forthwith adjourned.

On Wednesday, private members are at

the further disadvantage that in the case of implacable and unscrupulous opposition by a body, however small, their bills or resolutions have no chance of progress. According to the Standing Orders, debate on Wednesday is peremptorily interrupted at a quarter to six, the remaining fifteen minutes being devoted to clearing off the other orders on the paper, so that the House may adjourn at six. Thus a man may have charge of a bill of which the majority of the House approves, and which, being down for a Wednesday, would certainly be advanced a stage if he were permitted to divide. But if the opposition can muster sufficient vocal force to keep the ball of discussion rolling till a quarter to six, they win a victory as substantial as if they triumphed in the division lobby. It is true that technically the debate stands adjourned; but in nine cases out of ten the member in charge of the bill or resolution has exhausted his opportunities in securing a favorable place on this particular day. All other days of what may be left of the session are appropriated, and he may as well withdraw his bill as leave it hopelessly on the orders.

Tuesday is the most favorable day for private members desiring to bring under the notice of the House questions in the form of resolutions. On Tuesdays notices of motion have precedence of the orders of the day, and if a member gets a good place for his motion, he starts off with his speech as soon as the questions are disposed of, has all the evening for debate, and full opportunity for taking a division. On Fridays this privilege is considerably curtailed. Though nominally a private members' night, the government largely share with private members the advantages of the evening. Supply is always put down as the first order of the day on Fridays, and members moving resolutions can do so only in the way of introducing them as amendments to the main question, that the House resolve itself into Committee of Supply. This is all very well for the member who has the first motion on the paper. He can proceed to the natural conclusion of a division precisely as he might on Tuesday. But it will be perceived that if the resolution is negatived (and private members' resolutions usually are), no further division prior to going into committee can take place during the sitting, because in rejecting what was formally an amendment to go into committee, the House has definitely decided that it will go into committee, and there is an end of the matter. This is a formula in which the subtle mind of Mr. Gladstone frequently discovers advantage. When a resolution comes before the House on a Friday, introduced by one of his own supporters, and which he shrinks from too rudely opposing, he is often at great pains to explain to the unfortunate member predestined to defeat that, after all, the House is not expressing a definitive and damning opinion on the question his honorable friend has so much at heart. "The question is," Mr. Gladstone says, "whether or not the House will resolve itself into Committee of Supply, and in voting aye, we shall not commit ourselves to a positive negative on the resolution which my honorable friend has so much at heart, and which he has advocated in a speech of so much ability."

Public bills, whether they be introduced by ministers or private members, go through many stages before they reach the statute-book. At the outset, leave is formally asked for their introduction. It is only in the case of important bills that a speech is made at this stage explanatory of the purpose of the measure. As a rule, this is a mere formality, a preliminary to the printing of the bill, which follows immediately on leave being given to introduce it. It is on the second reading that the principal fight takes place if the bill is to be contested. It is understood—though the understanding is grievously disregarded, that on the second reading all that the House has to do is to debate the principle of the bill, leaving its details for consideration in committee. If a bill pass its second reading, a day is named for committee. When the House resolves itself into committee, the Speaker leaves the chair, the mace is removed from the table, and to the chairman of committee are deputed many of the functions and much of the authority of the Speaker. Whilst the Speaker is in the chair, a member can speak only once on a particular motion. In committee, he may speak as often as he likes—a variation of rule which has a striking effect upon the tone of the sitting. With the Speaker in the chair, members are oratorical; in the presence of the chairman of committee, they are conversational. When a bill has passed committee, there awaits it the stage of report (that is, the amendments made in committee are re-

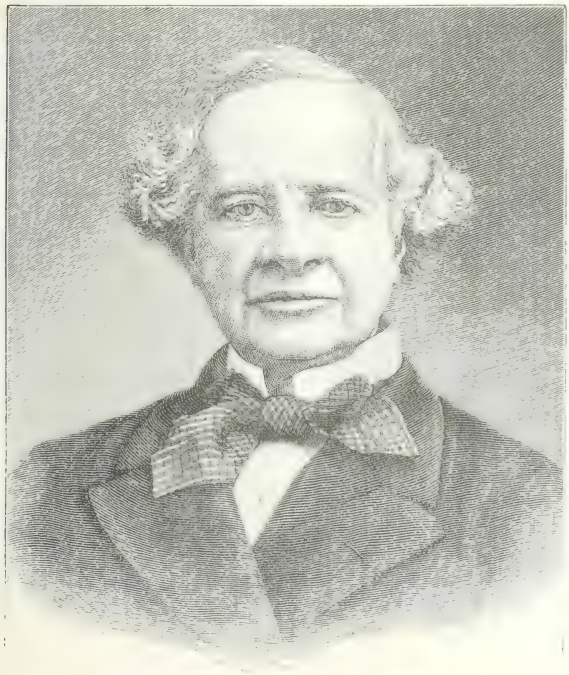
ported to the House), and finally the stage of third reading; after which, if it has been introduced in the House of Commons, it goes to the House of Lords, where it proceeds through precisely similar stages.

In the House of Lords the president is the Lord Chancellor, a personage nominally of greater dignity, but not endowed with nearly so much power as the Speaker of the House of Commons. In the matter of regulation of its procedure, the House of Lords is a pure democracy. The Lord Chancellor has not even the privilege of nominating successive speakers. If two or three peers are moved at the same moment to rise, and none is inclined to give way, the Lord Chancellor is quite helpless. The difficulty is settled by some peer on one or the other side of the House moving that the Lord Knowswho or the Lord Tomnoddy shall be heard. If the matter were further disputed, there would be a division. When bills have passed through all their stages in both Houses, they receive the royal assent, in the present reign always by commission, and thereafter are added to the statute-book.



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THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.



Photographed by Elliott and Fry, London.

EARL GRANVILLE.

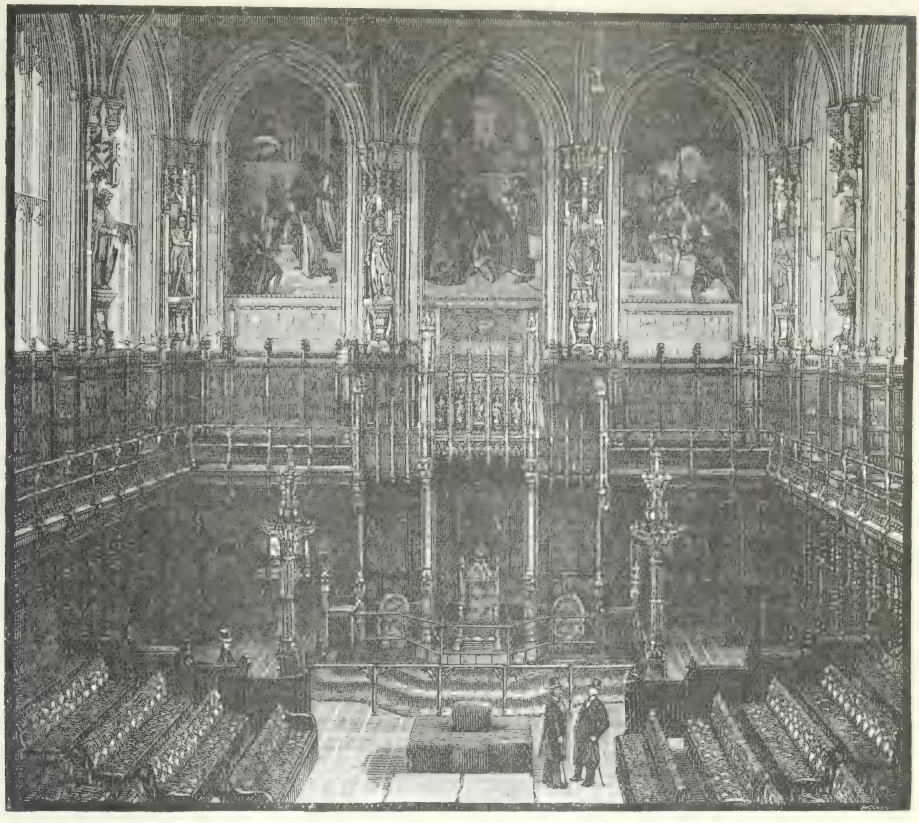
If we look in at the House of Commons, or stand awhile in the lobby, we shall catch glimpses of some of the men whose names are oftenest on the public lips. *Place aux morts!* One has but just gone forth who never shall return, without whose life that of the House of Commons would have been less picturesque than it has been. When one morning in August, of the year 1876, the world was amazed to learn that Benjamin Disraeli was no more, and that it had in his place been dowered with an Earl of Beaconsfield, it was thought that Mr. Disraeli, weary of the long strife, had deliberately chosen the decent means of retirement from the fore-front of battle which the continued existence of the House of Lords supplies

to the state. It was surmised that in the altered circumstances of the Upper Chamber the dashing and reckless *beau sabre* of House of Commons warfare would be lost. It was said that he would languish amid the proprieties of the House of Lords, that he would not understand their lordships, that their lordships would misinterpret him, and that between the two he would presently come to wish that he had remained amid more familiar scenes. This was prophecy uttered in the House of Commons, and in some measure it had its birth from disappointment and chagrin. Members, whether Liberal or Conservative, bitterly regretted the withdrawal of one of its principal ornaments. It did not seem at the moment how the House was to get on at all without Mr. Disraeli, and it was natural in the circumstances to suggest that he had made a mistake which he would always rue.

Very soon it became apparent that Lord Beaconsfield was getting on very well indeed with the Lords. It is true that in the first session there was some inclination on the part of barons of newest creation to stare with well-affected bewilderment when Lord Beaconsfield raised his voice to oratorical pitch, or when he attempted to crack a little joke. But in process of time he educated the peers as he had earlier educated his party. He had several phases of oratorical manner, one of which seemed admirably suited to the new atmosphere. Nobody could assume a grander, vaguer, or more solemn style than Lord Beaconsfield when occasion appeared to demand it. The demand was recurrent either when he did not want to convey particular information, or when he desired to conceal a particular movement of policy. As these emergencies frequently arose during the exciting times concurrent with the flourish of a spirited foreign policy, Lord Beaconsfield early had recourse to this style, which admirably suited the chamber and the audience. In the House of Commons, when Mr. Disraeli, literally puffing out his cheeks, speaking in deep chest notes, and waving his right arm as if leading the charge of the Light Brigade, was wont to declaim grandiloquent passages in which "the Empire" formed a leading note, he was not altogether unconscious of the fact that some people below the gangway opposite were laughing at him, and that presently some man, with sharp incisive speech, would rise and prick the bladder of his inflated oration. In the House of Lords he was free from this danger. Lord Granville, it is true, was accustomed on these occasions to permit a playful smile to cross his genial countenance, and when he rose he would with lightest sarcasm suggest that the noble earl's sentences were a trifle too rotund. But the majority of the House liked this style. It had about it the ring of true patriotism, and justly glorified a state the honored apex of which was the British peerage. In course of time Lord Beaconsfield ventured upon epigrams, and that particular style of audacious personal humor for which he was so famous in the Commons. Before he died he had obtained an ascendency in the House of Lords even exceeding that hardly won in the House of Commons, and when it was known that he intended to speak, noble lords crowded in to hear him with as much eager curiosity as if they were ordinary commoners.

But it is with the House of Commons that the fame of Mr. Disraeli is associated, and in connection with which he would rest his fame. In some respects he was a far more successful Parliamentary speaker than Mr. Gladstone. If it came to a weighty and exhaustive argument of a great question, Mr. Disraeli had no chance with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone can, and often does, speak for two or three hours, maintaining the attention of his audience throughout the whole of that space. Mr. Disraeli, whether in the Commons or the Lords, always failed when he laid himself out to deliver a speech that extended beyond the space of an hour. His great triumphs were in his briefest speeches, spurts of twenty minutes' length, full of point and sparkle. In order to make a speech of two hours in length, a man must needs have a certain proportion of facts to work upon. Mr. Disraeli never displayed a constitutional liking for facts, and when of occasional necessity he came to handle them, it was not with a masterhand. In proportion as he was permitted to disregard facts, or even to distort them, so was he successful in dealing with them. But if he could get away altogether from this hard ground, giving full run to his fancy and wit, he was at his happiest, and was the cause of the greatest happiness in others.

Since Lord Beaconsfield's death, a fact frequently asserted has been officially acknowledged, and the whole world knows



THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

that he was really a year older than accepted records give him credit for. Born in 1804, he was five years and a week older than Mr. Gladstone. Certainly during the later years of his life his personal appearance justified statistics. His indomitable spirit always brought him to the front of the fray when his presence was needed. But it was not difficult to note evidence of self-application of whip and spur. For an hour or two before he had to speak, Lord Beaconsfield sat on the front bench in the Lords with arms folded, legs crossed, head slightly bent down, and eyes half closed. It was this last peculiarity which marked the growth of the final change. The attitude had been the same for a quarter of a century. Lord Beaconsfield always had a great gift of immobility. When in the Commons he seated himself on either front bench, he had a little habit of crossing his legs, carefully arranging the skirts of his frock-coat over them, folding his arms, and so sitting apparently in a reverie. But whilst yet he was in the Commons a careful observer would note that a pair of keen eyes were roaming over the benches opposite, taking in every movement of the adversary, noting who was in his place and who was absent, who were coming and going, and, above all, turning to watch the central figure on the other side of the table, who was never still a moment. When Lord Beaconsfield first went to the Lords he maintained this habit of momentary watchfulness. But later it had given place to a habit of actual semi-somnolency, though there was a brief return to the older manner on the occasion when Mr. Lowe took his seat in the House of Lords as Viscount Sherbrooke. During this particular sitting Lord Beaconsfield scarcely for a moment took his eyes off the familiar face and figure once more brought in conjunction with himself in this new sphere.

The last speech Lord Beaconsfield delivered in Parliament lacked nothing in

the spasmodic energy with which he in these last days simulated vigor. His voice was raised to the loudest pitch. His arms were flung about in liveliest windmill fashion. He was on his favorite theme. He did not speak so long as had been his habit on these topics, for midnight was near at hand before he rose. He intervened at the close of a battle the conclusion of which was foregone. It would prove a somewhat humiliating triumph, since every one knew what the Lords would do, and how absolute would be the indifference with which their dictum would be received by work-a-day politicians. Still it was a triumph, and it was noted as a curious incident of an otherwise not eventful evening, that when the figures of the division were announced, Lord Beaconsfield, coming in from the lobby, made straight for the front ministerial bench. In other circumstances this would have been regarded as an augury. He was the leader of a party that had just defeated the government. What more natural than that he should straightway take his place on the ministerial bench, relegating its occupants to the cold shades

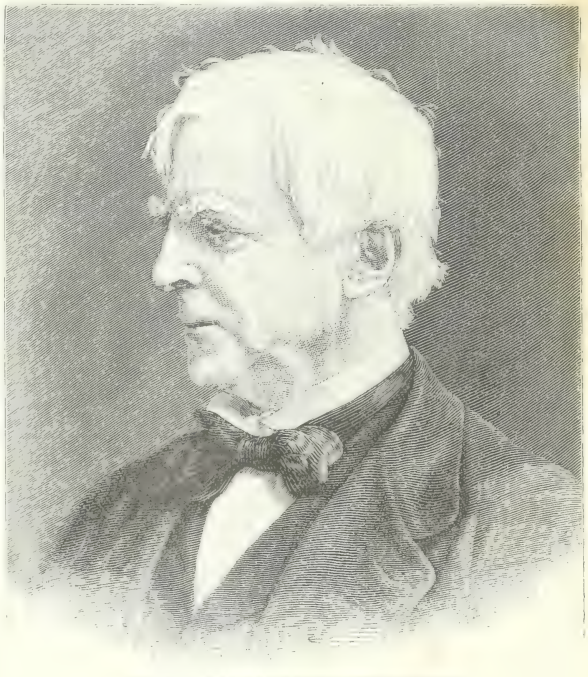


LAST VISIT OF LORD BEACONSFIELD TO THE HOUSE.

of opposition? But though noble lords smiled at the incident, it was not without pathetic interest to those to whom Lord Beaconsfield's life was precious. It was a mere freak of absence of mind. But such things do not take place when a statesman is in full possession of mental and physical faculties. This was the last time Lord Beaconsfield entered the House of Lords.

Mr. Gladstone, in his seventy-second year, still walks with perfect uprightness of carriage, and is able in a single week to bring in a budget and explain a Land Bill. Of late his attendance on the duties of the House has been a little less persistent. He frequently, as the hand of the clock approaches midnight, folds his tent like the Arab, and as silently steals away. He has also betrayed some disposition to forego the greed of speech which formerly distinguished him. It was the old complaint among his colleagues in his former administration that the Premier left them scarcely anything to do in their places in the House of Commons. His boundless vigor not only covered the necessities of his own post, but was at all times ready to do the work of others. During the current session there have been occasions when Mr. Gladstone has actually delegated to a colleague the duty of replying to a question put to himself. Still he never shirks work, and sometimes seems to make it. He fills up odd leisure moments in the course of a night's sitting by inditing some of his far-reaching correspondence. With a blotting-pad on his knee, he steadily writes whilst the debate is in progress. But if presently he comes to speak, it will be discovered that all the time he has had one ear open, and that no passage of importance has escaped him. It is only since his accident, when he stumbled and fell on alighting from his carriage, that he has consented to leave the House before the sitting was quite over. Last session, during the tumults with the Irish members, he remained in his place throughout, walking out for the constant divisions with which obstruction achieved its purpose.

Near him on the Treasury bench sits Mr. Bright, his constant companion during some of the long intervals of the dinner hour. Mr. Bright has never fallen in with the habit, found convenient with most people, of dining in the evening. He is thus left disengaged at an interesting hour when most of his colleagues are otherwise occupied, and the House is almost a wilderness. He sits and listens, with what appears a marvellous gift of attention, to the utterances, whether halting or fluent, of some of the mediocrities of the House, to whom this particular hour is sacred. During the existence of the present Parliament Mr. Bright has returned in full measure to active political life. From time to time whilst the Jingoes were yet predominant he was moved to the utterance of some exceeding scornful speech. His was the first voice to disturb the serenity of the new Parliament after it had fallen into pleasant grooves under the skillful management of Mr. Disraeli. One night Mr. Bright came down, and, like the angel of old (though the similitude did not at the moment strike any one), troubled the placid waters. Mr. Disraeli complained, with something of pathos in his voice,



Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.

VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE.

of this unwonted intrusion. Everything had been going on so nicely and calmly. Parliament and the nation were wearied of the high pressure under which Mr. Gladstone's government had been conducted. With his clear insight, Mr. Disraeli had perceived what was the need of the hour, and he was admirably fulfilling it. The Liberal opposition, cowed by their stupendous defeat at the polls, and disorganized by the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership, were not in a mood to cavil. Swords were sheathed, carbines oiled and put away. Peace and politeness reigned in the House. Upon this scene Mr. Bright, one quiet summer evening, strode, and, without a word of warning, fell upon ministers in general, and Mr. Disraeli in particular. I forget what the precise occasion of his wrath was. But I remember, as if it were yesterday, the righteous wrath of Mr. Disraeli, and the indignant cheers from the Conservative benches when the Premier denounced this untimely disturbance of the peace.

What happened then is what always happens when Mr. Bright speaks. Lord George Bentinck made a shrewd guess when he said that if Mr. Bright had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter. Advancing age has not tempered his militant spirit. His sword is perhaps not swung so easily and so lightly as of yore. But it is always ready to flash out and come down on the head of his traditional enemies. There is no one on the Liberal benches who comes within measurable distance of Mr. Bright's power of aggravation. Long usage to responsibility of office has mellowed Mr. Gladstone's manner. He feels that he is leader of the House as well as leader of his party, and that members on the opposite side, however opposed in politics, or whatever amount of provocation they may give, have a claim upon his courtesy. Mr. Bright holds no office which imposes those restrictions upon his natural manner. He is in charge of a duchy, but has few duties. He may therefore enjoy his fling when he pleases, and he not infrequently pleases.

There is one little habit of speech which is pregnant with meaning to students of his manner. It is among the most wholesome and powerful restraints on disorderly speech in the House of Commons that all remarks must be addressed to the Speaker, and that when one desires to indicate particular persons, they must be mentioned by a certain circumlocutory and courteous phrase. This is a usage which Mr. Bright habitually breaks through. He turns upon honorable gentlemen opposite with straightforward and minatory "you." Frequently the indication is made plainer by a scornful wave of the hand, which, as plainly as gesture can, adds the word "canaille." This manner, not less than the speech, is pardonably aggravating to those addressed. It is perhaps a failing in Mr. Bright's character that he is not able to comprehend the possibility of any one who differs from him being otherwise than in the wrong. This happens in all controversial relations. It crops up in those scornful and fiery epistles which from time to time see the light, in which the right honorable gentleman smites with back-handed blow at some one whose speech or writing has been brought under his notice.

As an example of this kind of settling the question, the case of Sir Charles Adderley (now Lord Norton) will suffice for citation. At the time when Sir Charles was President of the Board of Trade, and occupied a (for him) unfortunately prominent part in the debates on the Merchant Shipping Bill, Mr. Bright had occasion to take part in the debate. Coming across Sir Charles, who sat attentive on the Treasury Bench, Mr. Bright, with one of those expressive waves of the hand, dismissed him in a single sentence: "The right honorable gentleman," he said, "is a dull man." Perhaps nothing could more precisely hit off the character, and more especially the manner, of Sir Charles Adderley than this phrase. But there are not many public men who would have cared to say it to his face in the House of Commons, and with this perfectly unemotional manner, as if what was under discussion at the moment was not a living man, but the monument in Trafalgar Square. As for the Tories, Mr. Bright made up his mind about them years ago—a circumstance which now saves him some mental wear and tear, if it does not spare them occasional contumely. It is some pleasure to a man that his adversary should discuss him, even with fullest intent to do him despite. It at least shows that there are people somewhere who are not quite of the opinion of his detractor, who therefore feels it necessary to convince them. Mr. Bright never discusses a Tory. He would think it as willful waste of time as

to debate the law of gravitation. If in the course of his daily life a Tory comes across his path, he instinctively and with more or less joyousness hits him a crack on the head. But that is all.

Mr. Bright's general health is of late, perhaps particularly dating from the general election, much improved. He is able to take his full share in duty on the Treasury Bench, will remain for late divisions, and frequently takes part in debate. He has, moreover, partially vanquished a curious terror which possessed him after the serious illness which led to his partial retirement from public life. For some years after he came to the House he found himself attacked with a sudden faintness whenever he rose to speak. Time after time he came down to the House proposing to speak on some great question. He has sat on the bench, saying to himself, "When this man is finished, I will rise." But when the critical moment has come, and the opening has been made for him, he has shrunk back. When at last, by a strong exercise of will, he has placed himself at the table, his limbs shook, his tongue faltered, and the once clear, full, strong stream of speech has dribbled forth in ineptitudes. This lasted only for a few minutes, and presently the orator was in his full swing. To some extent this failing of nervous power is still felt. But it has worn away with renewed practice, and only a slight trembling of the voice and a nervous fingering of documents before him show that to the great orator the crowd of faces turned upon him lacks the inspiration which it once gave, and is even possessed with a momentary disturbing power.

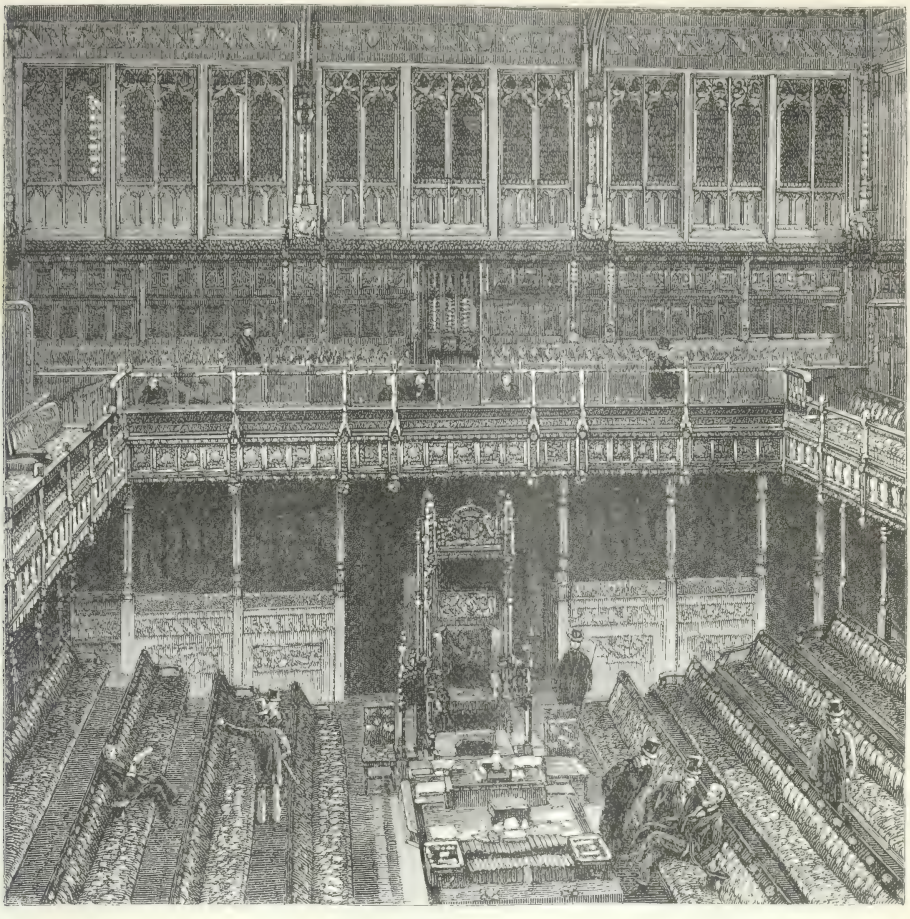


THE MINISTERIAL BENCH—A NIGHT DEBATE.

As Mr. Bright affects the lower end of the bench, he generally has for companion the Marquis of Hartington. Within the last year Lord Hartington has made long and steady strides in public opinion. At the outset of his Parliamentary career he was handicapped by a lack of fluency and a painful shyness. He has frequently shown himself a man of undaunted courage, never fearing, under whatsoever circumstances, to tell the full truth and the precise truth. At the same time he is shy and reserved. If he had been found at the marriage feast, he would certainly have taken a seat at the lower end of the table, and would unfeignedly have regretted to hear the invitation, "Friend, go up higher." But when the invitation assumed the form of a command, as it did upon the temporary retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership of the party, and again on

the Premier's illness at the end of last session, Lord Hartington has shown himself worthy of the place. All his faults of speaking are in his manner. The matter is uniformly excellent, and probably those who only know him as a speaker by reading reports of his speeches will marvel that men should not concede him nearly the highest rank as a Parliamentary orator. His words are well chosen, his sentences admirably constructed, his sense clear, and his argument sound. But, except on rare occasions when he is roused, he has an immobile manner, a voice that lacks the quality of clearness, and a tendency to fall into a sing-song intonation, which combine to repel his listeners. These are matters thought of and spoken of less now than they were six years ago. In the mean time Lord Hartington and the House of Commons have become better acquainted with each other. His lordship is a sort of man who will stand a good deal of knowing, and the more he is known, the greater becomes the admiration. He is essentially a trustworthy man. Upon him the Liberal party in the House of Commons and throughout the country rests with untroubled thought in view of the contingency, which they hope may long be averted, of the removal of their present leader. Lord Hartington's Liberalism partakes of the main characteristic of his being. It is steadily progressive. His convictions are anchored deep, and are not moved by every wind that blows. But in spite of his prospective dukedom, his aristocratic tendency, and his vast estates, he is a Liberal of strongest and most natural conviction. He is more Liberal to-day than he was a year ago, and though he will never be a Radical, he will always be fully abreast of the steady, resistless tide of Liberalism, with the onward movement of which goes the intelligence of the educated Englishman.

A remarkable contrast to Lord Hartington is furnished in the person of Sir William Harcourt. Sir William has in conspicuous degree many of those qualities which Lord Hartington lacks. He is sprightly, fluent, and witty. At one time he even entered the lists with Lord Beaconsfield as a phrase-maker, and came out of the conflict by no means disgraced. He is a sort of Uhlan of party debate, except, perhaps, that he does not carry with him the terror which marked the raids of the Uhlans in a recent war. It seems paradoxical that so habile a speaker, so keen and ready a wit, should do so little damage among his opponents, should rather in many cases damage his own friends. The explanation of this is to be found in the fact that if Lord Hartington lacks some of the lighter graces of Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary is altogether deficient in that weight of character which Lord Hartington brings to bear upon all he undertakes. There is an impression on the mind of his audience, rightly or wrongly acquired, that Sir William Harcourt when speaking is thinking more of the success of his next joke than of the right or wrong of the cause he is advocating or attacking. He will have his jest if others have his estate—here represented by the cause committed to him to plead. His accession to the Home Office was viewed not without apprehension by those who had at heart the stability and continued prosperity of the government. As yet Sir William Harcourt has not done anything to justify these fears. The worst thing that can be said of him in connection with his discharge of the duties of Home Secretary is that he is too rhetorical in the answers he from time to time has to make to questions touching his department. Instead of giving to a plain question a simple answer, he brings down, carefully written out on foolscap, little essays full of point, in which he discusses the whole question from all possible points of view, and finally dismisses the questioner in some doubt whether he has received any answer at all. The House of Commons does not like Sir William Harcourt as it likes Lord Hartington and Sir Charles Dilke, but he often amuses it, and is scarcely less successful than Mr. Bright in breaking the calm of an evening with sudden turmoil. This said, it must be added that Sir William Harcourt is not a man to be too hastily dismissed from calculation in any attempt at prognostication of the future of men who sit to-day below the first place on the Treasury Bench. He is able and ambitious, and there may some day flash upon him a clearer view of the pathway to the supreme position, to which it is no discredit that he should aspire. Some evidence of hitherto unsuspected qualities of self-control were forthcoming early in the session, when, during the absence of Mr. Forster in Ireland, he took charge of the Arms Bill in committee. On this occasion he astonished ev-



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

erybody by the patience, courtesy, and admirable mixture of firmness and concession with which he performed a difficult task.

In a final struggle for supreme power, should circumstances so fall out as to bring it to pass, Sir William Harcourt will have to take account of Mr. Chamberlain. The advance of the junior member for Birmingham to the office is not quite unprecedented, since Mr. Cross, by grace of Mr. Disraeli, made a similar leap, and Mr. W. H. Smith advanced to the position, though by more measured steps. But neither Sir Richard Cross nor Mr. Smith personally forms a fit parallel with Mr. Chamberlain. In the first place, Heaven has thus far bestowed upon the President of the Board of Trade a perpetual youth. He is, according to the reckoning of the almanac, actually in his forty-sixth year. But to see him seated among the bearded men on the Treasury Bench, he looks rather like twenty-five, sometimes even like eighteen. Mr. Chamberlain has long had in his mind a fixed and steady idea of the goal for which he is bound, and it becomes, as the months roll by, increasingly probable that he will reach it. His character is a rare combination of commercial capacity and political aptitude. From the very first hour he rose to address the Commons he took his place as one of the best speakers in the House. As President of the Board of Trade he has confirmed the fullest and most generous estimate of his abilities. Courteous in manner, graceful in speech, capable in business, young in years, and un-

dazzled by his amazing success, Mr. Chamberlain will have a good deal to do in the way of making the history of whatever course of years he may live through.

The shaggy head and long loose limbs spread out to the fullest length which



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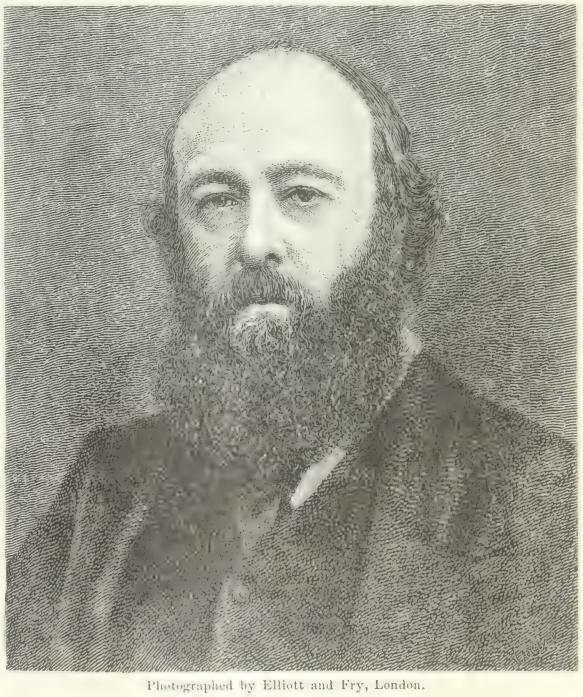
RT. HON. HENRY FAWCETT, M.P.

the stranger in the gallery will notice in the most prominent position on the Treasury Bench belong to Mr. Forster. Mr. Forster has always had a good opinion of himself—a circumstance providentially designed to compensate some lack of appreciation on the part of others. He achieved his great Parliamentary success when in charge of the Education Bill, and though in one sense it made his political fortune, it proved his ruin. Men on both sides of the House were so grateful to have this vexed question settled in some way or other that they were overlavish in their praises of the dexterity with which Mr. Forster had steered among the rocks and shoals that awaited the bill in committee. This view of his ability so entirely coincided with his private opinion that he has ever since been ready to undertake with a light heart whatever might be the most difficult task of the day. In 1874, the most difficult task was the leadership of the disorganized Liberal party. Mr. Forster was quite ready to undertake it—much more ready than the party to accept his guidance. In 1880, the most difficult post in the newly formed administration was the Irish Secretaryship, and Mr. Forster, with a light heart, reached out his hand to take the tiller. It has since happened that Mr. Biggar has publicly counselled the right honorable gentleman to retire from a post for which, as Mr. Biggar pleasantly put it, "he is notoriously unfit." That, however, will not be accepted as testimony of Mr. Forster's failure. He has certainly not succeeded, but this has not been due to lack of energy, self-devotion, or of honest purpose. He has kept before him the one single aim to do his duty, and to make an end of the ills which beset Ireland. He has failed, and the only person utterly surprised is himself. He was fully aware of the difficulties of the post, and did not underrate them in connection with others. But he felt an honest conviction that before his superior intelligence, his long experience, his administrative skill, and his happy, almost unique, admixture of gentleness and firmness—the iron hand under the silken glove—Ireland would own a new conqueror as strong as Cromwell and as beloved as Carlisle. This, we know, has not been quite the result, and the tragedy is not without a touch of comedy in Mr. Forster's air of baffled contemplation.

Mr. Childers has something of Mr. Forster's self-confidence, but it assumes a more complaisant form, and is, on the whole, more justified by results. As a speaker the Minister for War is verbose, and prone to platitudes. His speeches are very long, but few would deny him the placid enjoyment he derives from the delivery, more especially those who are able to leave the House after hearing the introduction, and return in time to hear the conclusion, having in the mean while pleasantly dined. Mr. Childers is one of the very few men in the administration who do not feel that they were born to be Premier. He has done so well in the varied offices that have fallen to his charge

that he might reasonably accept the Premiership if in the distribution of office it came in his way. In the mean time, having administered the affairs of the Navy, he is content to look after the Army.

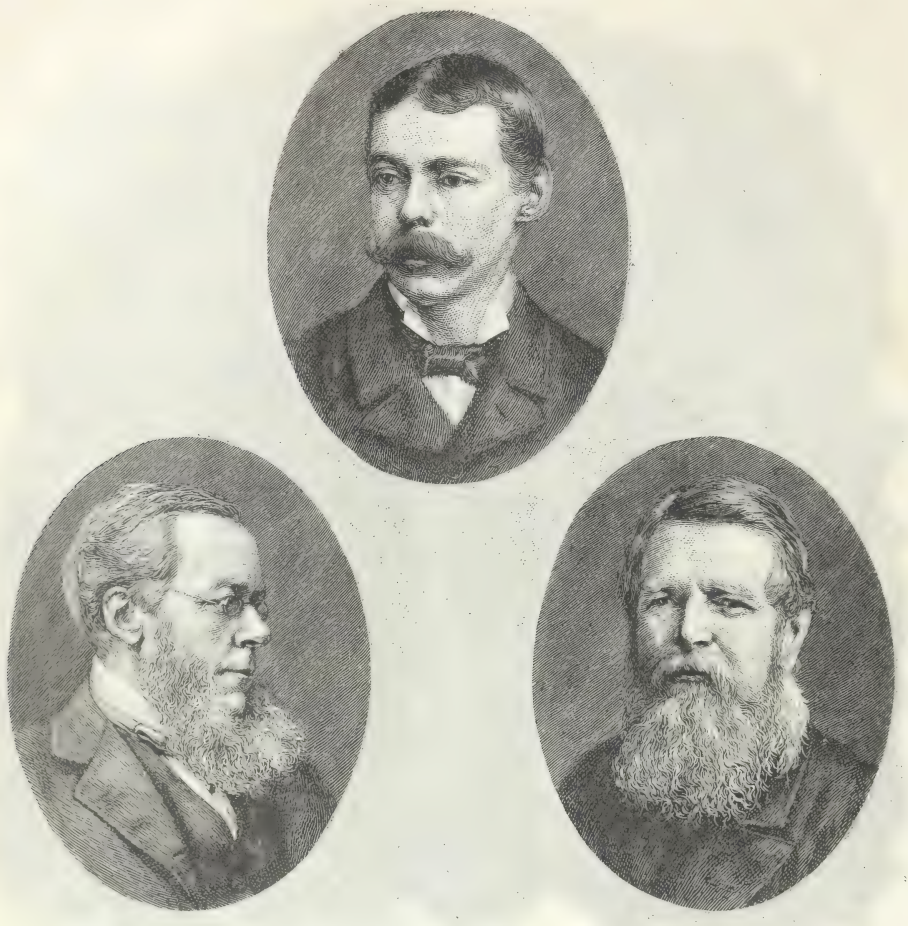
Sir Charles Dilke is one of the conspicuous successes of Mr. Gladstone's administration. When the cabinet was being formed, the opinion was widely held that Sir Charles Dilke had a right to be included in it. For some reason his claims were postponed, and he accepted the office of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This post, always an important one, received fresh dignity from the fact that the chief was in the other House. The House of Commons is the centre of political life in England. It is there where the rudder of the ship of state is held. As representative in that House of the Foreign Office, Sir Charles Dilke is much more in evidence than Earl Granville. It is conceded on both sides that as far back as the memory of man goes, there never was a better Under-Secretary. Sir Charles is intimately acquainted with European politics, and with some European personages. He has a pleasing presence, a courteous manner, and is yearly increasing in ability as a speaker. One novel claim to fame which may be urged on his behalf is that he has entirely broken through the traditions of his office as they have been understood by many of his predecessors. In the last Parliament there were few things more painful than to hear Mr. Bourke answering questions addressed to him on foreign policy. The Under-Secretary was wont to stand at the table of the House of Commons as the unwilling witness stands in the box to which he has been dragged by the strong arm of the law. He told as little as he could, obscuring his meaning by embarrassed speech, and exciting the sympathy of his hearers by the misery, both physical and mental, occasioned by the conflict evidently going on in his mind between the danger of telling too much and the necessity of at least appearing to answer the question. Sir Charles Dilke never embarrasses his own or friendly governments by premature disclosures. But he never shirks a question. If it may not be answered, he says so; if it may, he gives full information, with an open countenance and a frank speech, which convey the impression that here is no mystery, and that darkened rooms with occasional flashes of blue or red light are not absolutely necessary to the conduct of business in the Foreign Office. Members of the present House who also sat in the last are quite surprised to find how much they may know of British relations with foreign powers without the disclosure being followed by an earthquake, or the dispatch of somebody's fleet to blockade somebody else's ports.



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THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

At the lowest end of the Treasury Bench sits Mr. Fawcett, oftenest with both hands resting on his stick as he leans forward listening intently. No one hearing him answering questions or making statements in the House would guess that the world was dark to his physical eyesight, or that he was dependent upon kindly help for the manipulation of the figures and facts which he handles with such mastery. Mr. Fawcett's memory is simply marvellous.



Photographed by Elliott and Fry, London. Photographed by London Stereoscopic Co. Photographed by Elliott and Fry, London.

RT. HON. SIR R. A. CROSS, M.P. LORD R. CHURCHILL, M.P. RT. HON. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, M.P.

What amount of labor is entailed upon him in committing to memory statements which he purposes to make I do not know. But his success is invariably complete. With the object of securing accuracy, he, with more regularity than other of the ministers, sends to the reporters' gallery manuscript copies of his answers. It is these which appear in the report of the following morning; but they are, with remarkable fidelity, word for word what the Postmaster-General has recited to the House. Sometimes he answers three or four questions in a sitting, and the natural tendency of his mind is not toward terseness. He is prone rather to say too much than too little. But all his answers, written on paper which he can not see, are recited with verbal accuracy. Since he accepted office, Mr. Fawcett's energy has been directed rather in the channel of work than of talk. He was, whilst he sat below the gangway, one of the most frequent contributors to debate. Now he works, and the Post-office feels through every channel the force of his vigorous, enlightened, and practical mind.

The bearded and spectacled gentleman who sits on the other side of the table in a position exactly facing the Premier is Sir Stafford Northcote. The leader of the opposition sits through the long night in an attitude not less characteristic than that peculiar to Mr. Forster. Mr. Forster, quite unconsciously, makes as much of himself as possible. He sprawls all over the place,

so that no one could help seeing him, even if he were not seeking him. Sir Stafford Northcote, on the contrary, both physically on the front bench, and morally in his relations with the House, makes as little of himself as possible. With his knees closely pressed together, his hands clasped up his sleeves, and his head bent, he dumbly begs people to have the goodness not to pay any attention to him, and, above all, not to give themselves any trouble on his account. This frame of mind, carried through all his relations with public life, has had much to do with the settlement of the lately agitated controversy about the succession to Lord Beaconsfield's place. Sir Stafford Northcote is too mild for a party which includes within its ranks young bloods like Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chaplin.

If Sir Stafford Northcote is not the kind of man to excite enthusiasm in his party, he has the personal character which secures respect, and even a warmer sentiment of esteem, on the part of the House of Commons. He is the model of an English country gentleman with a turn for politics. Looking to the success achieved by Lord Salisbury, it is probable that Sir Stafford's partial failure is due to the fact that he is not able to dispense with some of the finest instincts of a gentleman in order to gain a party triumph. He has a mind incapable of perceiving fine distinctions in etymology. The subtle ramifications of meaning in the word "authentic," for example, are beyond him. If a thing is the truth at the Pynes or in the study of his town house, it is true at Westminster; and the same holds good with respect to what is false. With this lamentable deficiency, Sir Stafford Northcote is not able to take full advantage of openings for attack. For example, when one night last session the Fourth Party discovered that the Premier and some of the principal members of the government had been guilty of a breach of the rules of the House, inasmuch as they had left without voting after having heard the question put, Sir Stafford took a step which in the mind of some of his followers was conclusive of his unfitness for leadership. It was a very small matter, suitable to the numerical proportions of the party which had taken it up. It all turned upon the precise moment at which the Premier and his colleagues had left the House. It was nothing to the leader of the opposition, being one of those little harassings on the march which the light cavalry of the Conservative force is accustomed to carry out. No one appealed to Sir Stafford Northcote for his opinion or his testimony. But sitting immediately opposite the accused, he knew that the charge was wholly groundless, that the ministers had withdrawn before the question was put, and were therefore quite in order. Knowing this, it appeared to him the natural thing that he should state the facts; and this he did, with the result of the triumphant acquittal of the accused, and the discomfiture of the accuser. Such a thing would have been all very well elsewhere, in the ordinary avocations of life; but in the House of Commons, and in these circumstances, it convinced at least a section of the Conserva-



Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

tive party that Sir Stafford Northcote was hopeless.

The House as a body is, on the contrary, pleased to dwell on the recollection of a trivial incident like this, and of many more that happen throughout the session, and go to invest Sir Stafford with a power of quite a different kind from what might be exercised in similar circumstances by a more brilliant man. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that because Sir Stafford Northcote is modest, courteous, and lacking in enterprise, he is therefore deficient in ability. Few men have had a more thorough acquaintance with the House of Commons, its ways and its instincts. Few have had wider experience in public affairs; few bring to bear upon their conduct a clearer intelligence or a sounder judgment. Sir Stafford makes no pretense to be an orator, as indeed he makes no pretense of any kind. But he is a clear and pleasant speaker, with a gentle, old-fashioned humor something like that the mild light of which beams upon the pages of the *Spectator*.

Sir Richard Cross makes up a fair average with his colleague in the matter of self-assertion. Sir Richard was an excellent Home Secretary, and the self-satisfaction with his labors remains with him to the present day. Some one has said that in the face or manner of a man might be traced resemblance to some particular bird. If this general principle be accepted, there will be no difficulty in discovering in the face and manner of Sir Richard Cross something of the chirpiness of the sparrow—the sparrow that has done well in the early morning search for worms or crumbs, and who, with head sharply cocked on one side, and weather eye glancing pertly round, is prepared to give its opinion on things generally, and its advice on any subject in particular.

When we come to Mr. W. H. Smith, we once more get back within the range of modest men. Evidence of this predominating feature in either case is supplied by the varied manner in which the right honorable gentlemen, addressing the House, deal with the table. Sir Richard Cross advances to it with confidence and treats it with familiarity, leaning his elbow upon it in jaunty fashion, whilst he lays down the law. Mr. W. H. Smith approaches it respectfully and even gratefully, holding on to it with both hands, in obedience to that human hankering after physical contact which possesses nervous people when they feel that the eyes of an audience are fixed upon them.

These are some of the great Britons whose names are most familiar to the public at home and abroad, and for whom places are found on the two front benches. But those favored seats have not a monopoly of greatness. There are scattered throughout various parts of the House many men whose names are familiar to the reader of the Parliamentary reports. Below the gangway on the Liberal side there sits in the corner seat Mr. Dilwyn, wary and watchful, grown spare and gray in the service of his country, and with some furrows on his brow implanted there by anxiety for the rights of private members, and for economy in the administration of public departments. On the corner bench above him is Mr. Rylands, known to several generations of members as "Peter." The issue of the general election has had a soothing effect upon Mr. Rylands. His speeches are fewer, and his presidency over little tea-room cabals is more intermittent. Time was when Peter was almost always engaged either in drawing up an amendment, in giving notice of it, in moving it, or in withdrawing it. Whilst Mr. Disraeli was yet in the House, Peter's anxiety that he should tread in the right course led him frequently into speech. It was on one of these occasions, when he had drawn up a terrible indictment against the Premier, who sat upon the Treasury Bench, successfully concealing any feeling of contrition that might possess him, that a piece of paper was handed about the front bench, subsequently made the tour of the House, and finally reached the Premier, whose grim face relaxed into a smile. The verse ran thus:

"Preposterous Peter! prithee cut it short.
We know that Dizzy doeth what he didn't ought;
Still, we would hold that life the sweeter
That gave ten Dizzies and dispensed with Peter."

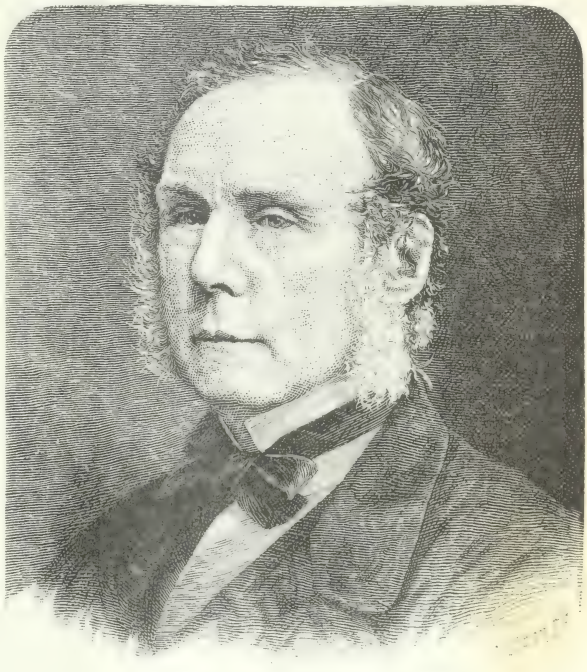
This was cruel, as coming from those whose advocacy Mr. Rylands had undertaken. But his speeches were certainly long, and had not always the desired effect.

It is hard to fix any particular locality as associated with the presence of Mr. Joseph Cowen. It is characteristic of him that he does not follow the general example, and by early attendance secure a particular seat. If there is one empty anywhere when he looks in, he drops into it, his only preference being that it should be

in the background, if possible under the gallery. Mr. Cowen has of late lived unhappily with his own party. On the Eastern question he took a view diametrically opposed to that of Mr. Gladstone, and subsequently found himself in union with the more exalted Tories, known at the time by the name of "the Jingoes." At first this defection was observed by the Liberals with pained silence. Then it came to be openly lamented, and eventually Mr. Cowen became an object of abuse by good Liberals, whose record of service to the Liberal cause would seem exceedingly meagre beside his own. The principles of Liberalism were not found sufficiently broad to prevent illiberalism of criticism with respect to difference of opinion on a particular question. Some eccentricities were permitted to Mr. Cowen in deference to his living in a free country. No one objected to his appearing in the House in a low-crowned hat, or to his preference for the sartorial fashion of Blaydon-on-Tyne as compared with the cut of a Bond Street tailor. But when these evidences of originality manifested themselves on a particular question of politics, Mr. Cowen was denounced in print and in speech, and combined effort made, not altogether without fair chance of success in the case of a highly sensitive mind, to drive him into permanent residence in the camp of the enemy.

On this back bench sits Mr. Burt, a true gentleman, born by chance in the cottage of a working collier. There are few men in the House whose opinion carries more weight than Mr. Burt's, and when he rises to address the House, the benches all fill at the sound of his strange Northumbrian speech. Naturally Mr. Macdonald, another working-man's member, selected a seat on the floor of the House where there may be no chance of his being overlooked. Mr. Macdonald is in every respect the reverse of Mr. Burt, who is neither vain, ignorant, nor presumptuous.

On the Conservative benches Mr. Warton, a new member with the new Parliament, has earned for himself a certain amount of notoriety by natural insensibility to the courtesies of the House. A man who does not shrink from interrupting the speech of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright with ironical cheers or minatory shouts has his uses in party warfare. When to this quality he adds the possession of a snuff-box always generously filled and liberally dispensed, and when on dull evenings he will make sport by delivering some disjointed remarks which he regards as a speech, the foundation is laid for acquiring a certain position in the House. This Mr. Warton fills.



Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.

LORD SELBORNE.

It is something of the same kind of consideration that has made the fame of the Fourth Party. This important factor in English politics had its birth in the first weeks of the first session of the new Parliament, in connection with the attempt of Mr. Bradlaugh to enter the House. At first sight, and upon recollection of his character and history, Lord Randolph Churchill is not precisely the personage whom one would expect to come forward as the champion of religion. The younger son of a duke, and of lively temperament, he had, before taking up politics as a serious pursuit, chiefly enjoyed the oppor-

tunities which his position afforded him of making life pleasant. His record at college was not what may be regarded as dazzlingly brilliant. He got as far as B.A., and thereafter generously retired from competition with more needy or more ambitious youth. His father, happening to own Woodstock, elected him member in the Parliament of 1874. He therein distinguished himself at long intervals by a duel, always interesting, sometimes brilliant, upon which he entered with Sir Charles Dilke on the question of unreformed corporations. For several years in succession Sir Charles Dilke brought forward this question. Lord Randolph Churchill met it with a negative, and the House made a point of being present at the encounter. But it was in the new Parliament, when Mr. Bradlaugh attempted to enter, that Lord Randolph Churchill leaped into fame. When Mr. Bradlaugh first appeared, her Majesty's ministers were seeking re-election. There was no one on the Treasury Bench of more commanding position than Lord Frederick Cavendish. Members were as sheep without a shepherd, and Lord Randolph, with gay audacity, seized the crook and undertook to drive the flock. He was joined in this new crusade by two new members, who composed a delightfully odd incongruity. One was Sir Henry Wolff, an able, experienced, and adroit man of the world. He had been private secretary to more than one minister, had mixed with ambassadors, and held for a brief period the position of *chargé d'affaires* in a first-class legation. The third member of this strangely constituted "party" was Mr. Gorst, a middle-aged barrister with the manner of an attorney.

As the Bradlaugh situation became graver, these three gentlemen increased in activity, and presently coming to be known as the Fourth Party, became the object of concentrated regard by a public always ready to be amused. It was felt that the constitution of the party was of itself an act of original genius. If Mr. Gorst had led the party, it would have had a quality of commonplace that would have relieved it from notice. If Sir Henry Wolff had been leader, the arrangement would have appeared disappointingly natural. But to have this young lordling the acknowledged chief of the middle-aged barrister and the K.C.B., versed in the inner mysteries of European diplomacy, tickled the palate of the House. During the last session the Fourth Party filled a large place and made a great noise. At the beginning of the current session, discord made its appearance. The occasion of the falling out remains for the present as unaccounted for as little Peterkin found the battle of Blenheim, that great victory which amongst other services to the state has given us Lord Randolph Churchill. "What they fought each other for, no one could make out." It was said the enmity broke out around the council board at which was discussed an important measure called the Recovery of Small Debts (Limitation of Actions) Bill, which Lord Randolph Churchill subsequently introduced, and finding no support for it, was obliged to withdraw. Certainly Mr. Gorst publicly repudiated any hand in this great work of statesmanship, although when introduced his name was at the back of the bill. However it be, early in the present session the Party was broken up, and though it has since occasionally acted together, and though it has been recruited by the adhesion of Mr. Balfour, the Fourth Party is no longer a power in the state.

The Irish members who follow the lead of Mr. Parnell sit on the benches below the gangway on the Conservative side—a happy disposition of themselves, originally taken up with intent to make themselves disagreeable to some one, but which has resulted in general convenience, since if they had, in the ordinary fashion, crossed the floor, they would have greatly incommoded the Liberals, who overcrowd the moiety of the House allotted to them. Mr. Parnell does not fulfill the expectation naturally formed of him by people who read his speeches or follow the windings of his policy. If in Ireland the operations of the Land League are marked by fire and shears, the burning of homesteads and the cutting off of men's ears, the Parliamentary manner of its president reaches the other extreme of mildness. He has what might easily be made a graceful manner of addressing the House. When he first entered, bringing with him an intensity of hatred of all that was Saxon that astonished easy-going Englishmen, his passion reached heights or depths that made it something ludicrous. With hands clinched, teeth set, and face paled to deadliest white, he stood, and almost hissed out his contumely and defiance. But with growing practice he has vastly improved, till

now the House of Commons contains few more graceful or effective speakers. His voice is clear and strong, his sentences are in good literary style, and there is about his manner a certain reserved power which, even failing special study, would intimate to whom it might concern that beneath this profoundly deferential attitude there is a stubborn will not to be balked by difficulties or bought off by promises.

Mr. Biggar, Mr. Parnell's earliest lieutenant, differs from him at every point. The two are the Tragedy and the Comedy of Irish Irreconcilability. Mr. Parnell, when he cares to dress, looks like a gentleman; Mr. Biggar has many attractions, but they do not converge in this direction. Mr. Parnell is educated; Mr. Biggar is ignorant. Mr. Parnell is always at the white heat of earnestness; Mr. Biggar will sometimes trifle with the Saxon, tickling him under the fifth rib preparatory to plunging the knife in at the same place. Mr. Biggar's humor is of that particular kind which makes the House laugh, not at the joke, but at the joker. He has in a peculiar way the imitative faculty which goes in some measure to support the Darwinian theory on the descent of man. He also has vastly improved as a speaker since he entered the House. It has been like the sharpening of a knife on the stone; the knife is better, if the stone is a little worn away. By long practice and much wearing away of the patience of the House, Mr. Biggar has achieved an indescribably comical style of speech. It is a burlesque on the courteous judicial address of the older members, such as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. He has been described in one of his numerous addresses to the House as "using that judicial phraseology which in his mouth always calls to mind an orang-outang, wigged and gowned and seated on the bench of the Lord Chief Justice." The exceedingly sarcastic, highly polished style is Mr. Biggar's, and when, standing in his favorite oratorical attitude, with his thumbs stuck in the armhole of his waistcoat, the House roars with laughter, he begins to think that the Saxon is not insensible to wit. But really Mr. Biggar has recently been promoted to something of the position of a favorite. This is partly due to his having fought his way into a recognized position, and partly to the circumstance that recent importations have shown that, compared with what might be, he is really a desirable person.



Photographed by W. Lawrence, Dublin.

CHARLES S. PARNELL, M.P.

These are a few of the miscellaneous and minor gatherings of the notabilities in the House of Commons. In the House of Lords the view is more circumscribed. Lord Selborne, who sits on the woolsack, was long known as Sir Roundell Palmer. He edited a hymn-book, and carries into his discourses in the House of Lords something of the manner of the pulpit. Earl Granville is admirable whether as leader of the House or of the opposition. Always easy, graceful, and courteous, he has a pretty gift of satire, and sometimes when a noble lord opposite thinks he has been gently stroked down, he finds the blood trickling, and discovers that he has been wounded to the quick. Lord Salisbury, the tall, dark-browed, bearded man who lounges on the bench opposite, does not always care to be courteous. He has somewhat tamed his manner since he sat in the other House and barked at the heels of Mr. Disraeli. But he is always

militant, and not only barks, but bites. He has a characteristic way of addressing the House of Lords, leaning one elbow on the table whilst he snaps forth his remarks, as if really it was scarcely worth while to draw himself up to full height in order to convince or even to smite this particular audience. The Duke of Argyll, on the contrary, equally ready to smite, draws himself up to his fullest height on the slightest provocation. He is a greater orator and a less effective debater than the Marquis of Salisbury.

The Duke of Cambridge, like the other royal princes, sits on the cross-benches which lie between the two camps, a position indicative of neutrality. His Royal Highness is by no means an ineffective speaker. He has a good hearty, if occasionally blundering, way of speaking, and fully shares the enjoyment of the House in the delivery of his speeches. The Prince of Wales never takes part in the debates, and very rarely in the divisions. As far as outward evidence goes, it is the pros and cons of the great controversy which rages around the proposal to marry a deceased wife's sister that has most forcibly presented itself to the mind of the heir-apparent. When, some sessions ago, this came before the Lords, the Prince of Wales presented a petition in favor of the alteration of the law, and when the division was called, went into the lobby with the "contents"—in this case, paradoxically, the lords discontented with the existing state of the law.

Only one more glimpse at not the least great of Britons. Behind the ministerial bench, a constant but up to the present time a silent attendant on the duties of the House, sits a tall, spare man, with snow-white hair and clean-shaven face, the pink shade of which is made the more noticeable by the white eyebrows and occasionally gleaming teeth. He is dressed in plain and decent black. But when on early spring nights he walks down to the House, he hands into the charge of the attendant at the door a venerable Inverness wrap which has seen many changes, from the sunshine of royal favor to the outcry of irate match-makers. This is Robert Lowe, now Viscount Sherbrooke, who has changed neither his principles nor his overcoat since he became a peer.



THE HOUSE DIVIDES—THE LEADERS OF THE OPPOSITION.



THE ROYAL MUMMIES IN THE MUSEUM AT BOOLAK.

LYING IN STATE IN CAIRO.

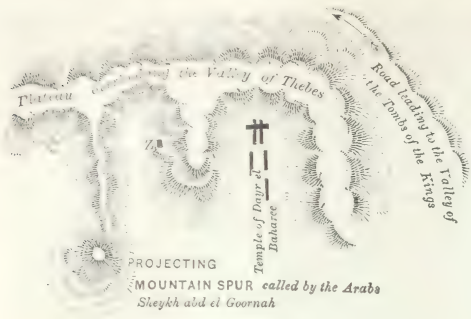
"Egypt is only the façade of an immense sepulchre."—PAUL DE SAINT-VICTOR.

IN the Central Hall of the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Boolak, ranged side by side, shoulder to shoulder, lies a solemn company of kings, queens, princes, and priests of royal blood, who died and were made imperishable flesh by the embalmer's art between three and four thousand years ago. The story of their recent resurrection has been told—not always with exactness—by the foreign correspondents of almost every newspaper published on either side of the Atlantic. Based upon information derived from authentic sources,* it will bear to be told again.

These royal personages are of different dynasties and widely separate periods. Between the earliest and the latest—that is to say, between Rasekenen and Masahirti, the one a monarch reigning in Upper Egypt contemporaneously with the last Hyksos ruler of Lower Egypt, the other a son of Pinotem II.—there intervenes a space of time which may be roughly estimated at seven centuries and a half. This space of time (about equivalent to that which divides the Norman Conquest from the accession of George III.) covers the rise and fall of the XVIIIth, XIXth, XXth, and XXIst dynasties.* During these four dynasties occurred the expul-

* That is to say, from Professor Maspero's various reports, some of which I have been permitted to see in MS. or in proof, and also from details kindly communicated by letter.

* By the XXIst Dynasty it is to be understood that the line of priest-kings is intended. Some Egyptologists (Professor Maspero among the number) regard the XXth or second Ramesside Dynasty as merged in and continued by the Her-Hor line, so counting the last Ramesside Pharaohs and the priest-kings as a single dynasty, *i. e.*, the XXth. But inasmuch as the Her-Hor family is by the present discovery shown to have handed down the regal power from fathers to sons in unbroken succession through six or seven generations, it is, in the opinion of the present writer, unquestionably entitled to rank as a distinct dynasty. In accordance with this view, the Her-Hor line is herein styled the XXIst Dynasty, unless where a quotation is given from the writings of Professor Maspero, when it is classed as a continuation of the XXth Dynasty.



SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY.

sion of the Hyksos invaders, the Asiatic conquests of Thothmes III., of Seti I., of Rameses II., the oppression and exodus of the Hebrews, and the defeat of the allied Mediterranean fleets by Rameses III. To the same period belong the great temples of Thebes, the sepulchres in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the obelisks of Hatasu, the rock-cut temples of Aboo-Simbel, and the Colossi of the Plain. In a word, all the military glory and nearly all the architectural splendor of ancient Egypt are comprised within the limits thus indicated. When, therefore, it began to be rumored, some five or six months ago, that the mummied remains of almost all the mightiest warriors and builders of this supreme epoch, together with the relics of kings and queens of a still earlier and a still later date, had been found at the bottom of a pit in one of the loneliest nooks of the western cliffs at Thebes, most of us felt somewhat doubtful regarding the truth of the whispers flying from wire to wire. Time, however, brought confirmation of the wondrous news. A discovery of immense importance had indeed been made; but inasmuch as the authorities had long suspected the existence of some such treasure, it could hardly be regarded as a surprise. Neither was it an original discovery; for the Arabs had lighted on it many years before, and turned it, unfortunately, to their profit.

Touching the way in which the discovery was brought about, many contradictory reports have been circulated, some ascribing the honor to Herr Emil Brugsch, keeper of the Boolak Museum, and others to Daoud Pasha. For the better information of readers of *Harper's Magazine*, I quote the following from a letter addressed to myself by Professor Maspero, bearing date from Paris, August 4, 1881:

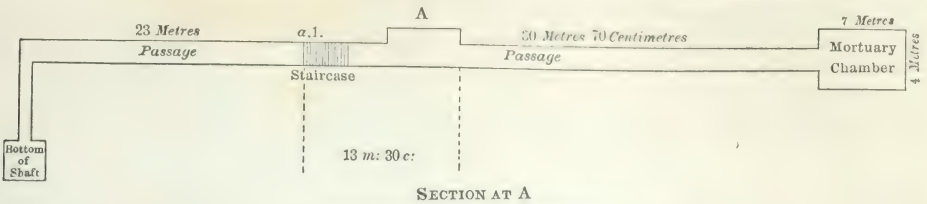
"You have perhaps read in the newspapers of the fortunate results of my first campaign. The story is curious. Having noted how Egyptian antiquities of every description were constantly finding their way to Europe, I came ten years ago to the conclusion that the Arabs had discovered a royal tomb. Furthermore, Colonel Campbell had given me some photographs of the first pages of a superb Ritual bought by himself at Thebes, which Ritual proved to have been written for Pinotem I. Briefly, then, on arriving at Luxor, I caused to be arrested one Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul, an Arab guide and dealer, to whom a mass of concurrent testimony pointed as the possessor of the secret. For two months this man lay in prison at Keneh, obstinately silent; and I had just left when, prompted by jealousy and avarice, one of his brothers decided to tell all. In this wise we were enabled to put our hands, not upon a royal tomb, but upon a hiding-place wherein were piled some thirty-six mummies of kings, queens, princes, and high-priests."

The brothers Abd-er-Rasoul are well known to the present writer. They live together, with their wives and families, in a terrace of rock-cut tombs behind the



EXTERIOR OF THE CAVE.

ruins of the Ramesseum, their ostensible calling being that of guides and donkey-masters, their private profession that of tomb-breakers and mummy-snatchers.



SECTION AT A



GROUND-PLAN AND SECTION OF THE EXCAVATION.

Mohammed, the brother who "decided to tell all," was eldest of the four, a spare, sullen, silent fellow, avaricious as Harpagon and extortionate as Shylock. Fearing lest his brother's constancy should fail—fearing, above all, that the reward which Professor Maspero had thought it well to offer should fall into other hands—he stole away secretly to Keneh, the chief town of the province, and made his deposition before Daoud Pasha. Daoud Pasha immediately telegraphed to Cairo, and in the course of a few hours Herr Emil Brugsch, whom Professor Maspero had empowered to act for him in his absence, started for Thebes. This was on Saturday, July 2, 1881. On Wednesday, the 6th, Herr Brugsch, accompanied by Ahmed Effendi Kemal, also of the museum service, was met at Dayr-el-Baharee by Mohammed Abd-er-Rasoul, and conducted to the now famous hiding-place.

The discovery of the Cyprus treasure by General Di Cesnola, romantic as it was, bears no comparison in point of dramatic interest with the revelation which awaited the Boolak officials at Dayr-el-Baharee. Slowly and with difficulty the one burrowed onward from chamber to chamber, entering gradually into possession of successive hoards of bronze and silver and gold. The others, threading their way among desecrated tombs and under the shadow of stupendous precipices, followed their trembling guide to a spot unparalleled even in the desert for gaunt solemnity. Here, behind a huge fragment of fallen rock—perhaps dislodged for that purpose from the cliffs overhead—they were shown the entrance to a pit so ingeniously hidden that, to use their own words, "one might have passed it twenty times without observing it."

Into this pit they were lowered by means of a rope. The shaft, which was two metres square by eleven and a half metres in depth, ended in a narrow subterraneous passage trending westward. This passage, after pursuing a straight direction for a distance of rather more than seven metres, turned off abruptly to the right, and stretched away northward into endless night.

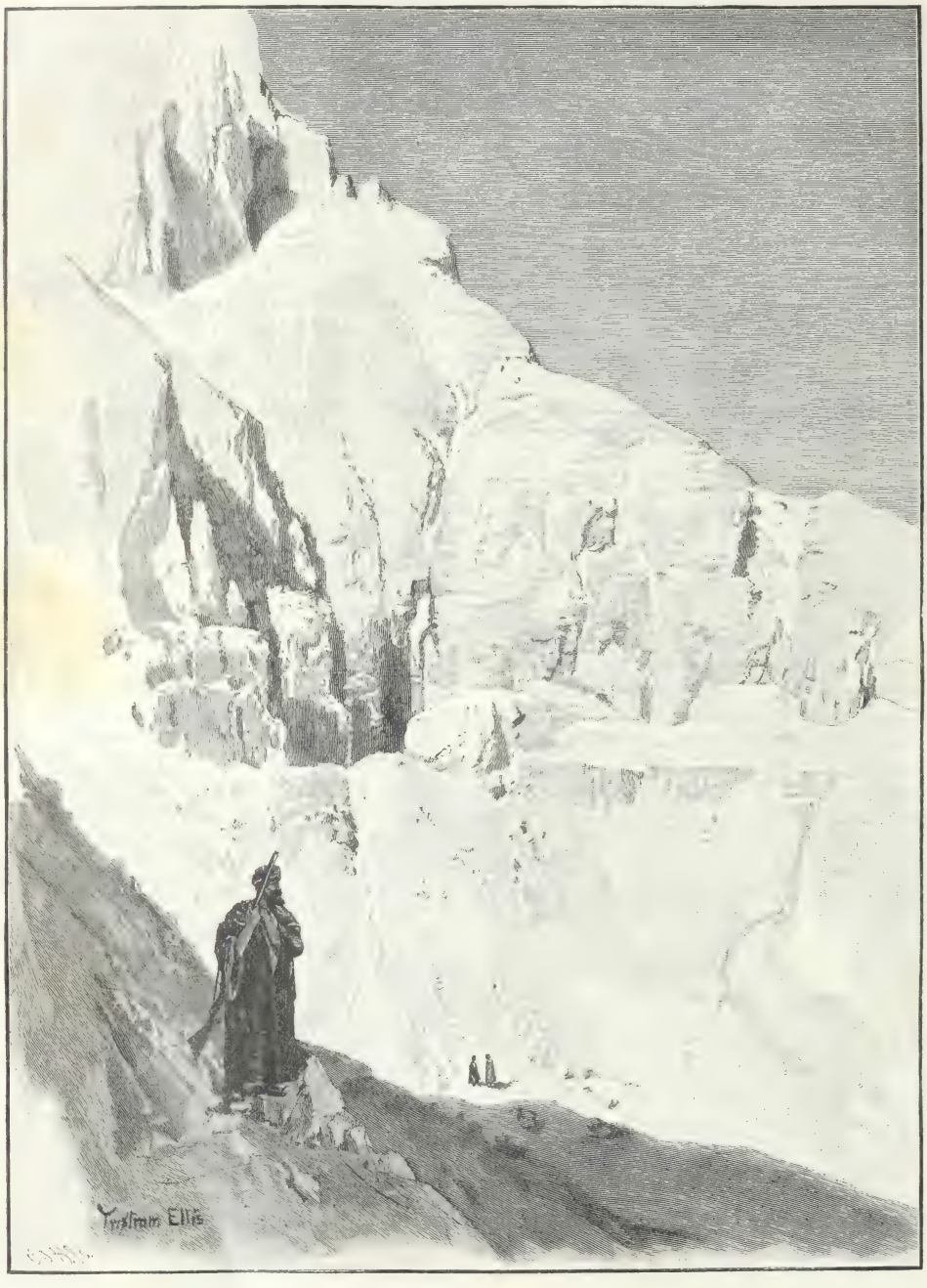
Now stooping where the roof was low, now stumbling where the floor was uneven, now descending a flight of roughly hewn stairs, and with every step penetrating deeper and farther into the heart of the mountain, the intruders groped their way, each with his flickering candle in his hand. Pieces of broken mummy cases and fragments of linen bandages strewed the floor. Against the walls were piled boxes filled with porcelain statuettes, libation jars of bronze and terra cotta, and canopic vases of precious Lycopolitan alabaster. In the corner to the left, where the long passage branched northward, flung carelessly down in a tumbled heap, perhaps by the hand of the last officiating priest, lay the funeral canopy of Queen Isi-em-Kheb.

Then came several huge sarcophagi of painted wood, and farther on still, some standing upright, some laid at length, a crowd of mummy cases fashioned in human form, with folded hands and solemn faces and ever-wakeful eyes, each emblazoned with the name and titles of its occupant. Here lay Queen Hathor Honttauï, wife of Pinotem I.; yonder stood Seti I.; then came Amenhotep I. and Thothmes II.; and farther still, Ahmes I., and Sekenen-Ra, and Thothmes III., and Queen Ahmes Nofretari, and Rameses, surnamed the Great.

The men of to-day, brought face to face with the greatest kings of Pharaonic Egypt, stood bewildered, and asked each other if they were dreaming. They had come hither expecting at most to find the mummies of a few petty princes of the comparatively recent Her-Hor line. They found themselves confronted by the mortal remains of heroes who till this moment had survived only as names far echoed down the corridors of Time.

A few yards farther still, and they stood on the threshold of a sepulchral chamber

literally piled to the roof with sarcophagi of enormous size. Brilliant with gilding and color, and as highly varnished as if but yesterday turned out from the workshops of the Memnonium, the decorations of these coffins showed them to belong to the period of the Pinotems and Piankhis. Here was found Queen Notem-Maut, wife of Her-Hor, the first Priest-King of the Amenide dynasty. Here lay King Pinotem I., King Pinotem II., Queen Makara, Queen Isi-em-Kheb, Prince and High-



DAYR-EL-BAHAREE.



FUNERAL CANOPY OF QUEEN ISI-EM-KHEB.*

Priest Masahirti, Princess Nasi-Khonsu, and others of the same lineage. Everything, in short, went to prove that this chamber was the family vault of the descendants of Her-Hor, who, for some reason of expediency, would seem to have given sepulchral hospitality to their predecessors of foregone time.

To enumerate all the treasures found in this chamber would be to write a supplement to the catalogue of the Boolak Museum. Enough that each member of the Amenide family was buried with the ordinary mortuary outfit, consisting of vases, libation jars, funereal statuettes, etc. Richer in these other-world goods than any of the rest was Queen Isi-em-Kheb, daughter of Prince Masahirti and wife to her uncle, King Menkheperra. Besides statuettes, libation jars, and the like, she was provided with a sumptuous funereal repast, consisting of gazelle haunches, trussed geese, calves' heads, dried grapes, dates, dôm-palm nuts, and the like, the meats being mummified and bandaged, and the whole packed in a large rush hamper, sealed with her husband's unbroken seal. Nor was her sepulchral toilet forgotten. With her were found her ointment bottles, a set of alabaster cups, some goblets of exquisite variegated glass, and a

* The illustration represents a magnificent and unique specimen of *appliqué* embroidery in cut leather, made some three thousand years ago. The centre is of pale bluish-gray, *parsémé* with Tudor roses. Upon this ground are stitched five large vultures, emblems of the goddess Maut, each holding in its claws two ostrich feathers, emblematic of Truth and Justice. The form of the canopy is an oblong parallelogram, made in shape and size to fit the roof of the deck cabin of the funeral galley which conveyed the mummy to the western bank of the Nile. On two of the sides it is bordered with an ornamental frieze, and on the other two sides by a legend in *découpé* hieroglyphs, all in cut leather. Above the frieze is a series of squares, or metopes, containing figures of grotesque birds, gazelles, fishes, lotus bouquets, etc., alternating with the cartouches of Pinotem II., grandfather of the deceased. Above the hieroglyphed legend runs a narrower frieze of winged scarabæi, alternating with the same cartouches. These are supported on either side by the uræus, or sacred and divine asp, emblem of divinity and royalty. The legend, which is of a votive character, and wishes "a happy repose" to Isi-em-Kheb during the voyage of transit, is also of great historical importance. It shows that this princess was daughter to Masahirti, prince and high-priest, and wife to Menkheperra. It also shows that both Masahirti and Menkheperra were sons of Pinotem II., consequently that Isi-em-Kheb was wife to her uncle, and granddaughter to Pinotem II. Four large flaps, patterned with alternate squares of green and red leather, depend from the central portion of this canopy, and were intended to hang over the four sides of the deck cabin, so as to cover it completely. The canopy is much dilapidated, but the colors are yet quite fresh. The central piece measures about two and a half metres in length, and the four flaps measure about two and a half square metres each.

marvellous collection of huge full-dress wigs, curled and frizzed, and inclosed each in a separate basket. As the food was entombed with her for her refreshment, so were these things deposited in the grave



HEAD OF KING PINOTEM II.*—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DIRECTLY FROM THE MUMMY.]

for her use and adornment at that supreme hour of bodily resurrection when the justified dead, clothed, fed, perfumed, and anointed, should go forth from the sepulchre into everlasting day.

The rest of this strange story is soon told. Without loss of an hour, Herr Emil Brugsch proceeded to remove the treasure. Three hundred Arabs were summoned from the nearest villages, and those three hundred, working as Arabs can work, without rest, without sleep, through the burning days and sultry nights of an Egyptian July, not only succeeded in completely clearing out the contents of the hiding-place within forty-eight hours, but in five days from the time when MM. Brugsch and Kemal were first lowered down the shaft, they had packed the whole of the objects in sail-cloth and matting, carried them down across the plain of Thebes, and rowed them over to Luxor, in readiness for embarkation.

Some of the larger sarcophagi, as, for instance, those of Queen Ahmes Nofretari and Prince Masahirti, were of such enormous size and weight that it took sixteen men to move them. Only those who know the place, the climate, and the scarcity of mechanical appliances in provincial Egypt can appreciate this statement at its full value. Professor Maspero, in his address to the Orientalist Congress at Berlin (September, 1881), and again in his official report to the Minister of Public Instruction (1882), takes occasion warmly to extol the energy, vigilance, and endurance displayed throughout this difficult enterprise by Herr Emil Brugsch and Ahmed Effendi Kemal.

The steamers meanwhile had not yet arrived, and for three days and nights the museum officials guarded their treasure in the midst of a hostile population, every member of which looked upon Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul as a martyr, upon Mohammed Abd-er-Rasoul as a traitor, and upon tomb-breaking as the legitimate trade of the place. On the fourth morning, however, the "baboors"* made their appearance, received their august freight, and steamed for Boolak.

And now a startling incident, or series of incidents, took place. Carried from lip to lip, from boat to boat, news flies fast in Egypt. Already it was known far and wide that these kings and queens of ancient time were being conveyed to Cairo, and for more than fifty miles below Thebes the villagers turned out *en masse*, not merely to stare at the piled decks as the steamers went by, but to show respect to the illustrious dead. Women with dishevelled hair running along the banks and shrieking the death-wail, men ranged in solemn silence and firing their guns in the air, greeted the Pharaohs as they passed. Never, assuredly, did history repeat itself more strangely than when Rameses and his peers, after more than three thousand years of sepulture, were borne along the Nile with funeral honors.

The following, tabulated as nearly as possible in chronological order, is a list of

* The features of Pinotem II. are distinctly of a Nubian cast. The head is shaven; the skull is small and dolicho-cephalic. The flesh of the face is pressed and ridged by the bandages, now removed. The nostrils are strained open by the insertion of the instruments used for the extraction of the brain; and the cavities of the eyes are stuffed with pledgets of linen.

* "Baboor," a corruption of "vapore" (Italian), the Arab name for "steamer."

the principal royal personages found as mummies, or represented by their empty mummy cases:

XVIIth Dynasty.*

(Circa B.C. 1750 to B.C. 1703.)

1.	King Rasekenen Taaken	† *
2.	Queen Ansera	†

XVIIIth Dynasty.

(Circa B.C. 1703 to B.C. 1462.)

3.	King Ahmes Ra-neb-pehti	† *
4.	Queen Ahmes Nofretari	† *
5.	Queen Merit-Amen	†
6.	King Amenhotep I.	† *
7.	Queen Honttimoohoo	† *
8.	King Thothmes I.	*
9.	King Thothmes II.	† *
10.	King Thothmes III.	† *
11.	Queen Sitka	†

XIXth Dynasty.

(Circa B.C. 1462 to B.C. 1288.)

12.	King Rameses I.	*
13.	King Seti I.	† *
14.	King Rameses II.	† *

XXth Dynasty.

(Circa B.C. 1288 to B.C. 1110.)

Not represented.

XXIst Dynasty.

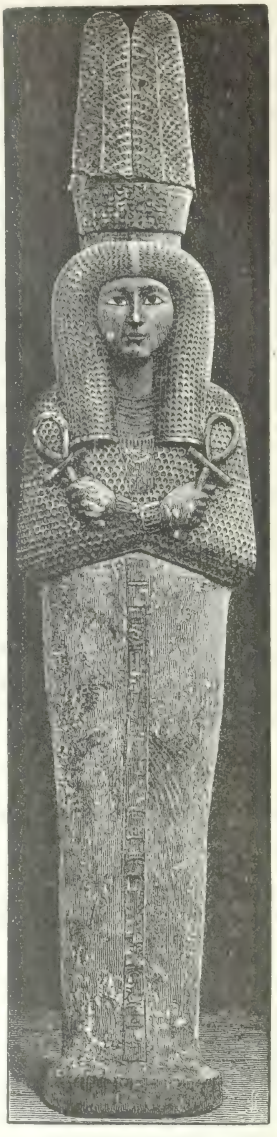
(Circa B.C. 1110 to B.C. —.)

15.	Queen Notem-Maut	† * *
16.	King Pinotem I	† *
17.	Queen Hathor Honttauï	† * *
18.	King Pinotem II.	† *
19.	Queen Makara	† * *
20.	Prince and High-Priest Masahirti.	† * * *
21.	Princess Nasi-Khonsu	† * *
22.	Queen Isi-em-Kheb	† * * *

Besides the above, there were found some few minor royalties and priestly personages of both sexes, as the Princesses Meshonttimoohoo and Set-Amen, the Princes Se-Amen and Tat-Ptah-f-ankh, the Priest Nebseni, the Lady Tauhirt, Songstress of Amen, various court functionaries, etc., etc., all of the XVIIIth and XXIst dynasties.

On reading this list, the mind at once assumes an attitude of inquiry. How comes it, we ask, that so many royal mummies, of periods so widely separated, are found gathered together in a single vault? Were they not originally buried in sepulchres of their own? If so, why were they not suffered to repose "each in his own house"? When were they taken thence, and why deposited *en masse* in the later resting-place? These are questions which need to be answered separately, and at some length.

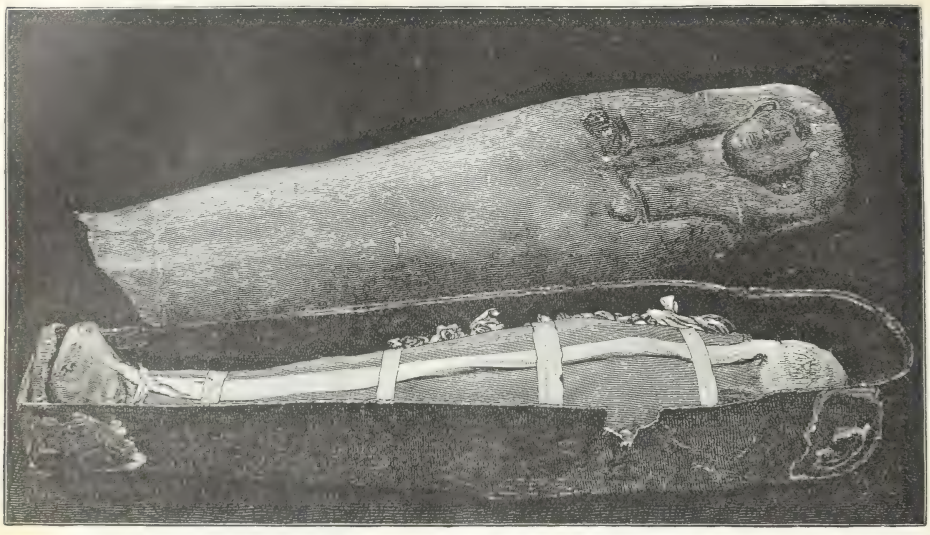
* An asterisk (*) stands for a mummy case, two or more asterisks denote two or more mummy cases, and † stands for a mummy.



OUTER MUMMY CASE OF QUEEN AHMES NOFRETARI.*

* This huge outer mummy case (in style resembling the colossal Osirian caryatidæ in the first court of the Temple of Medeenet-Aboo) stands 7 metres 17 centimetres high, without counting the lofty plumes upon the head-dress. These plumes measure 1 metre 50 centimetres in height, so making a total of 8 metres 67 centimetres. This mummy case measures 87 centimetres across the shoulders, and in thickness, from the chest to the back, 55 centimetres. The material is what French Egyptologists call "cartonnage." It is made of innumerable lay-

We do know that most if not all of these personages were originally buried in sepulchres of their own. There is little doubt that Rasekenen and Ansera, of the XVIIth Dynasty, and most of their successors of the XVIIIth Dynasty, were interred in a certain desolate hill-side called by the Arabs Drah-Aboo-el-Neggah. This hill-side, which rises behind the Temple of Goornah, near the entrance to the valley of Bab-el-Molook, is the most ancient quarter of the great Theban necropolis. The kings of the Entef line (XIth Dynasty) and some of the kings of the XIIth Dynasty were certainly buried there. Two or three of their ruined sepulchres are yet extant. Others are specified in a document known as "The Abbott Papyrus," to which I shall presently have occasion to refer. Although the tombs of Drah-Aboo-el-Neggah have been pillaged, re-appropriated, again pillaged, and for the most part destroyed, there is reason for believing that the district continued in use as a royal burial-field up to the time of Amenhotep I. (XVIIIth Dynasty). After this date we find the XVIIIth Dynasty sovereigns choosing other sites for their last homes. Mr. Rhind in 1857 found a rifled tomb near the foot of the hill called Sheykh Abd-el-Goornah, which, according to certain tablets discovered among a heap of débris, had once contained the mummies of eleven princesses, daughters of Thothmes III. The Hon. J. Villiers Stuart in 1878 discovered the tomb of Queen Hatasu close behind the Temple of Dayr-el-Baharee. The sepulchre of Amenhotep III., excavated to a depth of 352 feet in the mountain-side, is found in the western branch of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings (Bab-el-Molook). To the XIXth



MUMMY AND INSIDE COFFIN OF QUEEN AHMES NOFRETARI.

ers of linen saturated and hardened together by some kind of glue, and coated outside with stucco. The cartonnage of Queen Ahmes Nofretari is impressed in parts with a reticulated sexagonal pattern, which gives the surface the appearance of being honey-combed. Each little sexagonal hollow is painted blue, the rest of the cartonnage being of a vivid yellow. The features, necklace, bracelets, etc., are also picked out in blue. In each hand the queen holds the emblem *Ankh*, which is the hieroglyph signifying "life." A vertical band of hieroglyphs reaching from the waist to the feet contains the ordinary invocation to Osiris in the name of the deceased. Inside this enormous external case was found another of the ordinary size and the same material. This second case, which is painted of a vivid crimson, contains the mummy, wrapped in a shroud of somewhat coarse linen, dyed orange-red by means of the *Carthamus tinctorius*. The shroud is kept in place by bands of linen, through which are stuck a few faded lotus blossoms, both in flower and seed-pod. The mummy measures 1 metre 69 centimetres in length; and upon its breast, written in hieratic characters, bears the name of Ahmes Nofretari. Around the head is bound a band of white linen inscribed with fantastic and magical figures, outlined in marking-ink with the pen. This is an amulet, and was placed there to preserve the mummy from destruction or injury. For nearly 3600 years it would seem to have answered that purpose very satisfactorily.

and XXth dynasties belong the famous catacombs in the eastern branch of the same valley, and it is absolutely certain that the mummies of Rameses I., Seti I., and Rameses II. were originally laid in the magnificent subterraneous palaces which they sculptured and painted and inscribed for themselves behind the western mountain. All these Pharaohs, then, from Rasekenen to Rameses II., were in the first instance buried in tombs of their own.

With Rameses II., however, this certainty ends. Next in chronological order (*i. e.*, nearly two hundred years later) comes the mummy of Queen Notem-Maut, wife of Her-Hor, High-Priest of Amen, and founder of the XXIst Dynasty. All the rest of the royal mummies enumerated in our list are descended from this pair, and no separate tomb belonging to any one of them is known to exist. We are therefore driven to conclude that, contrary to immemorial custom, the priest-kings of the Her-Hor line elected to be buried in a single family vault, which family vault, rough-hewn, unsculptured, unadorned, is no other than the recently discovered hiding-place at Dayr-el-Baharee. Queen Notem-Maut and her descendants were therefore found in "their own house," whereas their illustrious predecessors were there only as guests, and possibly as refugees.

The post-mortem adventures which befell several, and possibly all, of these defunct refugees before entering into the shelter of the Her-Hor vault are exceedingly curious. Inscriptions traced in hieratic writing upon the mummy cases of some and upon the bandages of others show that they were periodically examined by official Inspectors of Tombs, who not only renewed their wrappings and repaired their coffins, but were authorized to remove them when necessary from their own sepulchres, and to lodge them elsewhere. In the sixth year of Her-Hor, for instance, the mummies of the three Pharaohs of the XIXth Dynasty (Nos. 12, 13, 14) would seem to have been still in occupation of their own separate catacombs in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. There they were visited by a government inspector, who "renewed their funerary appointments," and left an entry of the fact, duly attested by witnesses, upon the mummy cases of Seti I. and Rameses II. After this, at some date unknown, Rameses I. and Rameses II. were removed into the tomb of Seti I., where, in the sixteenth year of Her-Hor, they were visited by a commission of priests, who proceeded to transfer all three mummies to the tomb of Queen Ansera (No. 2). This removal they recorded upon the mummy cases of all three Pharaohs (Rameses I., Seti I., and Rameses II.), deposing at the same time to the uninjured condition of the bodies, and to the fact that in Queen Ansera's sepulchre one of the Amenhoteps already "reposed in peace." Later still, according to an entry inscribed upon the coffins of Seti I. and Rameses II., bearing date the tenth year of Pinotem I., these two Pharaohs were shifted from the tomb of Queen Ansera into "the Eternal House of Amenhotep"; but whether this was the same or another king of that name is not specified. Lastly, written in marking-ink upon the breast bandages of Rameses II., a fourth inscription tells how this Pharaoh was actually carried back again to the tomb of his father: "The year XVI., the third month of Pert [*i. e.*, the season of seed-time], the sixth day, being the day of carrying the defunct King Ra-user-Ma Sotep-en-Ra, for the renewal of his funerary appointments, into the tomb of the defunct King Ra-men-Ma Seti, by the First Prophet of Amen, Pinotem."

Other inscriptions—two on the mummy cases of Amenhotep I. and one on the bandages of Thothmes II.—record similar visits of inspection, the latest date being that of the sixteenth year of the pontificate of Masahirti, son of Pinotem II.

All this contemporary information, dated and attested by numerous witnesses, is of immense historical value; but, unfortunately, like many a broken stela and many a torn papyrus, it gives neither the beginning nor the end of the story. That the story had a beginning which dates from before the earliest of the foregoing inscriptions, and an end subsequent to the latest, is capable of direct proof. Like architecture, sculpture, penmanship, or any other product of Egyptian art, mummy cases have their epochs of style. A mummy case of the XIth Dynasty differs as widely from a mummy case of the XXVIth Dynasty as the recumbent effigy of a crusader in chain-mail differs from the periwigged memorial statue of the Queen Anne period. Now Rameses II. lies in a mummy case which unquestionably appertains to the school of the XXIst Dynasty. The face is excellently carved



MUMMY AND MUMMY CASE OF RAMESES THE GREAT.*

(note especially the thin open nostrils, the full free curves of the mouth, and the characteristic ridge at the edge of the lips), but it in no wise reproduces the delicate and haughty features of the hero of Kadesh.

If the profile of a tiny figure sketched by the pen of a draughtsman might be compared with a carved mask larger than life, I would point to the curious resemblance which may be detected between this mask and the portrait of Her-Hor as he appears in the vignettes to Queen Notem-Maut's papyrus, part of which belongs to the Prince of Wales, and part to the Louvre.* The likeness may be accidental, or may resolve itself into the art type of the period; but remembering that under the new empire it was customary to give the features of the reigning sovereign to images of gods and sphinxes, and to the human-headed lids of Canopic vases, I venture to suggest that this mummy case may have been made in the first year of Her-Hor's rule (prior, of course, to the date of the first hieratic inscription), and that the mask upon the lid was intentionally modelled in the likeness of the king.

And now it will be asked, what had happened in that foregone time, of which we have no record, to make this new coffin a necessity? The museums of Europe possess specimens dating from a period far more ancient than the period of Rameses II.—specimens of the workmanship of the XIth and XIIth dynasties, which are to this day as perfect as when they were consigned to the tomb. We therefore can hardly suppose that age had decayed the outer and inner coffins, three or four in number, in which, according to the fashion of the XIXth Dynasty, we may be sure this mighty monarch was originally in-

* The mummy case of Rameses II. is of unpainted sycamore-wood, and of the shape called "Osirian"; that is to say, the deceased is represented in the attitude and with the attributes of Osiris, the lower limbs swathed, the arms crossed, and the hands grasping a flail and crook. The eyes of the effigy are inserted in enamel, and the eyebrows, edges of eyelids, and beard are painted black. Upon the breast are drawn the two royal cartouches of Rameses II., reading Ra-user-Ma Setep-en-Ra, *i. e.*, "Ra Strong in Truth, Chosen of Ra." The mummy measures 1 metre 80 centimetres in length, *i. e.*, six English feet. The process of mummification has, however, in all likelihood brought the larger bones closer together in their sockets, and Rameses II., when in life, may have stood over six feet in height. The body is wrapped in outer shrouds of very fine amber and rose-colored linen, bound with bands of a stronger texture. Underneath these shrouds, which date from the XXVIth Dynasty, the mummy is yet swathed in its original bandages. It is Professor Maspero's intention to remove these inner bandages at some convenient opportunity, and in the presence of medical and Egyptological witnesses.

* See my article, "The Prince of Wales's Papyrus," in *The Academy*, October 1, 1881.

closed. Why, again, are others of these royal mummies found in mummy cases not their own? The coffin of Rameses I. (No. 12) once belonged to some other personage, whose epitaph is effaced; the name of Queen Sitka (No. 11) is surcharged upon that of a former occupant who was a "Songstress of Amen"; Queen Ansera (No. 2), in whose tomb so many of these wandering royalties were at one time deposited, herself lies in the coffin of a Lady Raï, who was nurse to Queen Nofretari (No. 4); Queen Merit-Amen (No. 5) usurps the mummy case of one Sonou, Master of the Royal Household, etc., etc. Others of the coffins bear signs of rough usage, and some have been altered and repaired. All these facts, considered in connection with the frequent removal of the mummies, and their final consignment, as if for safety, to the family vault of the Her-Hor kings, point to some great disturbing cause. To determine the nature of that disturbing cause is therefore our main object of inquiry.

The Cairo correspondent of a daily paper, writing on August 8, 1881, thought to solve the enigma by putting his own construction upon the inspectors' entries, which he boldly interpreted as statements recording the concealment of the mummies "in a pit during the time of a foreign invasion." This fine flight of imagination is wholly without foundation. The inscriptions—all translated *verbatim* in Professor Maspero's official report—relate solely, as I have shown, to the visits of the inspectors, the removal of the mummies from tomb to tomb, and the renewal of their "funerary appointments." They were certainly not deposited in the "pit" till some date subsequent to the entry which records the last migration of Rameses II.; while as regards the "foreign invasion," there is not only an entire absence of monumental evidence to show that any such invasion took place, but the unbroken hereditary succession of six, if not seven, rulers of the Her-Hor line affords strong presumptive proof of a long period of peace.

Fortunately for the cause of historic truth, there are yet extant two hieratic documents, respectively known as the "Abbott Papyrus" and the "Amherst Papyrus" (both written during the sixteenth year of Rameses IX., of the XXth Dynasty), which suggest a more than hypothetical explanation of all these difficult questions. The "Abbott Papyrus" is the original draft of a report drawn up by the Commandant of Police and other high functionaries in the year and reign above named. It contains the minutes of an inquiry into certain sacrilegious robberies which had then lately taken place in "the august necropolis in the west quarter of Thebes." This inquiry extends over four days—the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st of the month Athyr—in the course of which the Commissioners visited the tombs of various



HEAD OF CARVED EFFIGY ENLARGED.

Pharaohs of the XIth, XIIth, XVIIth, and XVIIIth dynasties, the tomb of King Rasekenen (No. 1) and the tomb of Amenhotep I. (No. 6) being among that number. Some they found intact, including these two; others betrayed marks of violence outside, but were intact within; but the tomb of King Sevek-em-Saf and of Queen Nubkhas, his wife (XIIth Dynasty), and a great number of tombs and memorial chapels of private persons, were discovered to have been broken open and robbed. The sepulchre of Sevek-em-Saf was cleared of mummies, jewels, and all its contents; but as regarded the private tombs, "it was found that the thieves had torn their occupants from their coffins and mummy cases, and had cast them in the dust, and had stolen their funerary furniture which had been placed with them, as also the gold

and silver and the ornaments which were with them in their coffins."

The "Amherst Papyrus," of which the beginning and end are lost, contains the deposition of one of the criminals, which would appear to have been taken down in writing by a scribe in attendance upon the Governor of Thebes. It bears date the 19th day of Athyr, *i. e.*, the second day of the judicial visitation recorded in the "Abbott Papyrus." The confession of the robber, telling how he and his companions broke into the sepulchre of King Sevek-em-Saf, is very circumstantial. "It was surrounded by masonry, and covered in with roofing stones. We demolished it, and found them [the king and queen] reposing therein. We found the august king with his divine axe beside him, and his amulets and ornaments of gold about his neck. His head was covered with gold, and his august person was entirely adorned with gold. His coffins were overlaid with gold and silver within and without, and incrusted with all kinds of precious stones. We took the gold which we found upon the sacred person of this god, as also his amulets and the ornaments which were about his neck, and the coffins in which he reposed. And having likewise found the royal wife, we took all that we found upon her in the same manner; and we set fire to their mummy cases, and we seized upon their furniture, their vases of gold and silver and bronze, and we divided them amongst ourselves."

From this and other evidence it is clear that the social condition of Thebes had ceased to be one of absolute security. We have, indeed, the testimony of two other very important contemporary documents to show that the beginning of the XXth Dynasty was a time of exceeding lawlessness, of treason, of rapine, and of religious decadence. Rameses III., in his famous posthumous address known as "the Great Harris Papyrus," tells how, when he ascended the throne, "the Land of Khemi (Egypt) had fallen into confusion, every man doing as he listed. For many years there were none who had command over others. The land was under chiefs of provinces, each slaying the other for jealousy and ravin. No offerings were made in the temples. The gods were overthrown, and lay upon the ground." From another papyrus, written a few years earlier than the above, while Rameses III. was yet living, we learn that disaffection was rife among the nobles of the land, and that treason lay in wait for Pharaoh within his own palace gates. This document, known as "the Judicial Papyrus of Turin," contains a mutilated abstract of criminal proceedings instituted against the leaders of a vast conspiracy which would seem to have included most of the principal dignitaries of the royal household, as well as numerous priests, scribes, officers in the army, and ladies of high rank, all of whom were found guilty, and condemned to die by their own hands. That Rameses III. succeeded in temporarily stamping out these and other dangers proves only the greatness of the man, but not the security of the state. All that he did to prop that tottering fabric went to pieces at his death; and under his feeble successors, commerce, public works, manners, and morals rapidly declined. What with a bankrupt treasury, an unpaid army, and a starving population, it was no wonder that the dead were not safe in their graves.

As late as the reign of Rameses IX. (according to the "Abbott Papyrus"), most of the royal sepulchres situate in the flanks of the hill called Sheykh-Abd-el-Goornah, as well as those near the Temple of Hatasu at Dayr-el-Baharee, had escaped violation. But we know not how they fared during the reigns of Rameses X., Rameses XI., and Rameses XIII. It is, however, certain that marauders grew bold as the law grew weak, and that under these *rois fainéants*, whose throne was presently to be usurped by Her-Hor, an organized system of spoliation was carried on almost unchecked in the necropolis of Thebes. Still there was one place into which the tomb-breakers had apparently not yet ventured, namely, the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. This remote and desolate gorge lies at the back of the mountain range which bounds the western plain of Thebes. The way to it is long and wearisome. The gorge itself is not only a *cul-de-sac*, but it originally had no entrance. Like a coral-reef atoll, it was entirely shut in by mountain walls. Through the lowest of these walls some Pharaoh of old—presumably Rameses I.—caused a passage to be hewn, in order that his sepulchre might be prepared in the appalling solitude within. Inclosed by limestone precipices calcined to a white heat by the pitiless sun, shut away from the breeze of the desert and the breath of the Nile, it is a place utterly without moist-

ure, without verdure, without life. Not a lichen relieves the scintillating whiteness of those skeleton cliffs. Not a lizard makes its home in their crevices. In the palmy days of the new empire, when the treasury overflowed with the spoils of conquest, and the Pharaohs were as gods, the base of the cliffs at the upper end of this Valley of the Shadow of Death became gradually honey-combed with subterraneous palaces of enormous extent and extraordinary splendor of decoration, in each of which a mummied king, with his arms, his jewels, his illuminated papyrus, and all his funerary treasures, was walled up forever. During the whole period of the XIXth Dynasty, and till nearly the end of the XXth Dynasty, these tombs remained inviolate. Rameses IX., despite the sepulchral pillage which went on in his reign, caused his own tomb to be excavated in a lateral branch of the valley, and his example was followed by Rameses X. Possibly the first predatory attempts in this quarter were made during the reigns of Rameses XI., Rameses XII., and Rameses XIII. The tomb of Rameses I., which is not only the oldest in the eastern valley, but is also the most secluded, would have been one of the first to invite attack. We accordingly find that the original mummy case of this sovereign has disappeared, and been replaced by a coffin which formerly belonged to some person whose name is effaced. The tomb of Rameses II. must evidently have suffered the same fate. His mummy cases having been destroyed, a new coffin was provided for him during the early years of Her-Hor. But the tomb of Seti I. would seem to have either escaped detection or defied assault. His mummy case is slightly damaged, and the feet of the mummy are visible; but this accident may have happened in the course of removal, and does not necessarily imply willful injury. The inspectors' inscriptions point, at all events, to the fact that in the sixteenth year of Her-Hor the tomb of Seti I. was regarded as a place of such undoubted security that the mummies of Rameses I. and Rameses II. were deposited therein.

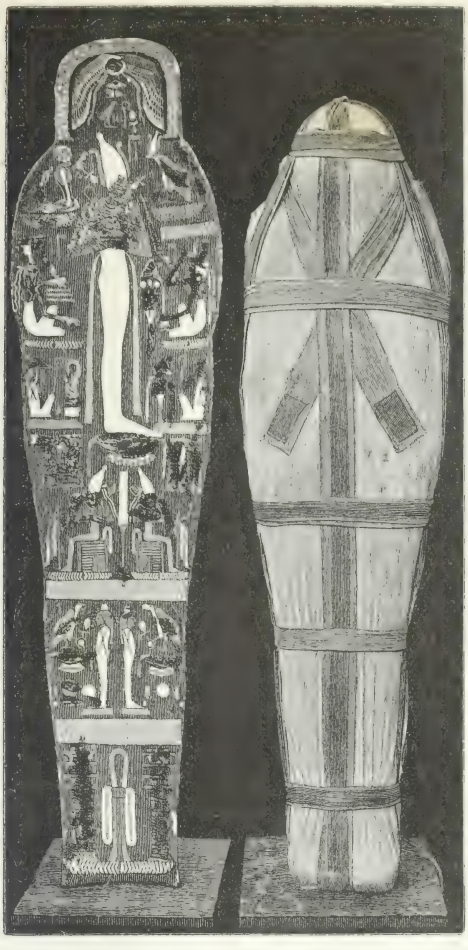
But were they brought hither by way of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings? Evidently not. If we turn back to the now half-forgotten pages of Belzoni, we learn that the entrance to the tomb of Seti I., when he discovered it in 1819, was built up with massive masonry, and hidden under a cataract of débris from the cliffs above. Belzoni broke through that masonry, and found himself on the threshold of a series of staircases and passages leading to a deep pit, the walls of which, like the walls of the preceding staircases and passages, were covered with texts and illustrations from the Ritual, all exquisitely sculptured, covered with a thin coat of cement, and brilliantly colored. One wall of this pit, however, despite the hieroglyphs and paintings upon its surface, proved to be mason's work, and not excavated rock. A breach was made, and the entrance to a magnificent hall was disclosed. Beyond this lay a second hall. Then came more passages, more chambers, a third hall, and a vaulted saloon containing the beautiful alabaster sarcophagus which is now in the Soane Museum. To Belzoni's amazement, although he found the tomb absolutely inviolate, the lid of this sarcophagus was broken, and the mummy was gone. But the mystery did not end even here. He presently discovered that at the spot where the sarcophagus stood the floor sounded hollow. He broke through the floor, and found a descending passage, a double staircase, and another passage leading no one knows how far into the heart of the mountain. This passage is still accessible for a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet, beyond which point the roof has fallen in. Whither did it lead? Perhaps to another sepulchral chamber, or perhaps to a tunnel leading out upon the Theban side, somewhere near the Temple of Hatasu at Dayr-el-Baharee. It is, at all events, certain that, until opened by Belzoni, this tomb was intact on the side of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Also it is no less certain that it must have had a second entrance, by which the mummies of Rameses I. and Rameses II. were introduced, and by which, ten years later, they were (together with the mummy of Seti himself) transferred to the tomb of Queen Ansera. The existence of a subterraneous passage leading from the Tombs of the Kings to some point not far from Dayr-el-Baharee has long been suspected. It is even laid down conjecturally in the plan of the valley given in the sixth edition of *Murray's Hand-Book for Egypt* (1880). Granted that such a passage existed, and that the secret was known only to a faithful few, we at once see that the tomb of Seti I. must not only have been a place of great

security, but also a place easy of access for the purposes to which it was ultimately applied. Even after Rameses II. had been transferred thence to the tomb of Queen Ansera (wherever that may have been), he was brought back again, in the sixteenth year of Pinotem I., to have "his funerary appointments renewed." That is to say, the tomb of Seti I., having ceased to be used as a sepulchre, became a kind of workshop in which these pious offices were performed.

And why, being inviolate on the side of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, did it cease to be used as a sepulchre?

Again we are forced back upon conjecture. It may be that in course of time the secret of the second entrance became known to too many persons, and that the place was no longer deemed secure. This would account for the removal of all three Ramesside Pharaohs, father, son, and grandson, to the sepulchre of Queen Ansera, whence they were by-and-by transferred to the tomb of one of the Amenhoteps. What next became of them we know not. Rameses II. may have been taken back to the Amenhotep tomb after his funereal toilet was repaired in the sepulchre of his father Seti during the sixteenth year of Pinotem I. Or he may have continued migrating from tomb to tomb until he finally found shelter in the Her-Hor vault. In this Her-Hor vault, at all events, we at last discover him, with the father and grandfather, who were the companions of his wanderings. In the absence of more hieratic inscriptions, it is impossible to say whether the earlier kings and queens were or were not in like manner periodically inspected and occasionally removed. But if such inspections and such removals were essential to their safe custody, the mere evidence of their preservation may be accepted in favor of that conclusion. M. Maspero is of opinion that in the time of the priest-kings of Amen all these lately discovered Pharaohs of the XVIIth, XVIIIth, and XIXth dynasties formed a single group, and were consigned at the same time to their last resting-place. As regards the date of that consignment, he inclines to place it under the reign of King Menkheperra, second son of Pinotem II., and husband of Queen Isi-em-Kheb. Now the only funereal repast found in the Her-Hor vault was the funereal repast of Isi-em-Kheb, which shows her to have been the last buried. The other mummies when first brought in would, as a matter of course, have been similarly provided, each repast, however, on the occasion of a fresh interment, being replaced by the repast of the newest comer. Isi-em-Kheb, therefore, died before her husband Menkheperra, whose seal (he being then living) is impressed upon the hamper in which the food is contained. She must, however, have survived her father, Masahirti (No. 20), whose mummy, inclosed in three mummy cases and an enormous outer sarcophagus, was among those discovered in the mortuary chamber. The absence of Menkheperra and his son Pinotem III. yet remains to be accounted for, and to this question Professor Maspero recognizes but one probable solution. He believes that at some date subsequent to the interment of Queen Isi-em-Kheb, Menkheperra must have caused the whole group of ancestral mummies, from Rasekenen to Rameses II., to be transferred from the Amenhotep tomb (if, indeed, they were still there) into the family vault of his own kinsfolk, and that there consequently no longer remained sufficient accommodation for the last representatives of the Her-Hor line. In this case, might not Menkheperra and Pinotem III. have been buried at Haybee, a city which seems to have been founded by Menkheperra, and of which the principal temple was dedicated to Isis, the tutelary goddess of Queen Isi-em-Kheb? Here, at all events, last year's excavations laid bare a great wall built of huge burned bricks stamped with the cartouches of these two kings, as well as a series of sepulchral vaults filled with sculptured sarcophagi of great size and excellent workmanship.

Be this as it may, however, "the divine forefathers" were safe at last. Warned by the sacrilegious deeds which had been done among the tombs of their predecessors, the priest-kings had made their own last home, not for splendor, but for security. To this end they elected—apparently for the first time in Egyptian history—to be buried, generation after generation, in one common sepulchre, it being obviously less difficult to keep guard over one catacomb (and that catacomb on the Theban side of the mountain) than to keep guard over many. They were therefore laid together in this vault, the approach to which was so well concealed "that one might have passed it twenty times without ob-



MUMMY CASE AND MUMMY OF QUEEN ISI-EM-KHEB.*

serving it." The secret of its whereabouts was well kept, and when the descendants of Her-Hor became extinct, it died with them. Through all the changes and all the ages that followed, it remained undiscovered. The Ethiopian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Turk, conquered and ravaged in turn, and still the Pharaohs and the pontiffs "reposed in peace." Then came the archæological invasion. But the great discovery, denied to Champollion, Lepsius, Wilkinson, and Mariette, was reserved for the brothers Abd-er-Rasoul. We know too well what use they made of it. All the jewels which were unquestionably buried with these royal mummies, all the weapons, all the precious papyri (save four), have disappeared. Her-Hor himself, and Piankhi, his immediate successor, are missing. Only one king and one queen of the XVIIth Dynasty are left. Where are the rest? Of the XVIIIth Dynasty, Amenhotep I., Thothmes II.,* and Thothmes III. have escaped; but where are Amenhotep II., Thothmes IV., Amenhotep III., and Queen Hatasu? Where are all the kings of the XXth Dynasty? There is ground for supposing that these last may have been deposited in a hiding-place discovered some five-and-twenty years ago, not far from

* The mummy of Queen Isi-em-Kheb, like the mummies of most of the Her-Hor family, was found in three mummy cases, all made after the one pattern, and varying only in size. That is to say, they are in the form of a mummy, the face and hands gilded, the wig black, and the cases covered both inside and outside with innumerable figure subjects and hieroglyphed legends. Our illustration shows the inside of the lid of Queen Isi-em-Kheb's third mummy case and its elaborate decorations. At the top we see the winged disk (symbolical of the sun in his journey from east to west) presiding over the head of Osiris, who stands upon the hieroglyphic sign "Nub," signifying the chamber of the sarcophagus. A brief legend styles him "Osiris, King of the Living, the Great God." The uræus serpent and crowned vulture (each on a basket), emblematic of the sovereignty of the sun over the northern and southern horizons, are placed at each side of his head. Next below these come the divine sisters of Osiris, Isis and Nephthys, in the attitude of mourners; and under Isis and Nephthys two of the lesser deities, or genii, of the dead, seated behind altars and offerings. The lower half of the lid is divided in three compartments, the first or highest containing two sitting figures of Osiris, back to back; the second, two mummies, back to back, each attended by the vulture, emblematic of the goddess Maut, with the Ankh, or sign of life, held in its claw. Each vulture stands on the hieroglyph "Nub." Lowest of all we see the amulet *Ta* between two of the amulets called *Tat*. The *Ta* represents a kind of belt buckle, and when cut in carnelian or jasper is generally suspended round the neck of the mummy. The *Tat* signifies "stability," and is the emblem of Pthah. All these designs have reference to the Egyptian dogmas of immortality and resurrection.

The mummy of Queen Isi-em-Kheb measures 1 metre 62 centimetres in length, and is here seen wrapped in an outer shroud of the finest linen, held in place by bands of linen and leather, in the style of the XXIst Dynasty.

* The tomb of Thothmes I. must have been among those violated by the tomb-breakers of the XXth Dynasty. His mummy had no doubt been destroyed, but his mummy case remains, having been enlarged and redecorated for the reception of Pinotem I., who was a taller man. When it is remembered that James I. caused his own body to be laid in the tomb of Henry VII., where the two skeletons were found by Stanley, side by side, we may readily suppose that Pinotem I. coveted the honor of reposing in the coffin of so mighty a monarch as Thothmes I.

the great temple of Medeenet-Aboo;* but the presence of a very singular relic of the great woman-Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty would seem to indicate that her



MUMMY OF THOTHMES III., AS FOUND.

mummy was consigned to the vault at Dayr-el-Baharee, with the mummies of her two brothers Thothmes II. (who was also her husband) and Thothmes III. The said relic is a small wooden and ivory cabinet, ornamented with both cartouches of Hatasu, and containing, strange to say, a desiccated human liver—possibly hers.

For some of these absent royalties the old tomb-breakers may doubtless be held accountable, but there is too much reason to fear that very many have been sold by the brothers Abd-er-Rasoul. For, unfortunately, the modern traveller is not content to collect merely beads and funereal statuettes and such small game. He must bring home an ancient Egyptian *in propriâ personâ*. The amount of business done of late years in this grim kind of bric-à-brac has been very considerable. A foreign agent and wine-merchant of Cairo assured me, when I returned from the Second Cataract in 1874, that he had that very season already "passed" and shipped no less than eighteen Theban mummies; and many other agents were most likely equally busy and equally successful. Amenhotep III. artfully stowed away inside a crocodile, or Hatasu rolled up in the folds of a sketching tent, may easily have been slipped through the Alexandria custom-house by one of these gentlemen. Mummies, however, are expensive hobbies, only to be indulged in by the wealthy. From £60 to £100 was at that time the average price of a full-sized specimen, while from £10 to £12 was asked for a baby. I must not be supposed to imply that the general mummy market was supplied by the brothers Abd-er-Rasoul. Their goods were too precious and too perilous to be parted from except under conditions of elaborate secrecy and exorbitant payment. The purchaser of the Pinotem papyrus paid £400 for his bargain, and it may be assumed that a royal mummy from the same source would have cost at least double that sum. That Rameses II. was, as lately as 1880, actually offered for sale to a wealthy American (who did not, however, believe in the genuineness of the article as reported, and declined to deal) is a fact for which I have the authority of one of that traveller's companions.

But the ordinary mummy sold to the ordinary tourist is of quite another class.

* This cavern, which lies about 20 feet below the level of the desert, was shown to Mr. Harris, the antiquary, in 1856 or 1857, by some Arab diggers, who stated that they had there found a number of broken mummies and a large heap of papyri. Of these last they offered him a sackful. Not being able to buy them all, Mr. Harris secured only a few, one of which is the posthumous address of Rameses III., now known as "the Great Harris Papyrus." This magnificent document is one of the finest specimens in the world, and measures 133 feet in length. No one knows what became of the rest of the sackful, nor whose those broken mummies were; but the subject of this especial papyrus, taken in connection with the locality, and other circumstances, renders it likely that the cavern in question was a hiding-place similar to that of Dayr-el-Baharee, and that it contained the Pharaohs of the XXth Dynasty.



MINIATURE MUMMY CASE INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME OF SOUTIMES, AND VARIOUS SMALL FUNERARY OBJECTS.*

He belonged in his day to the lesser nobility; that is to say, he was an architect, a sacred scribe, a civil or military official. Such mummies, ranging chiefly from the

* The small cabinet of Queen Hatasu, and the tiny mummy case in the foreground, each contains a mummified human liver. The small mummy case measures only twenty-five centimetres in length—*i. e.*, ten inches—and bears the name of one Soutimes, a priest. On the left of the cabinet stands a conical object, of the kind commonly represented placed on either side of a table of offerings. This object is painted green, with horizontal bands of gilding. Three nuts of the dôm-palm in their husks, and three funereal statuettes, or *shabti*, are laid here and there among the other objects. These *shabti*, or "respondents," are found in tombs of all classes of persons, and are made in various materials, as wood, clay, limestone, and porcelain. They represent laborers, and carry in their hands a hoe, flail, and seed sack, with which to till and sow the celestial fields of Aāhlu (corrupted by the Greeks into "Elysium"). This labor of tilling and sowing is, in fact, the duty of the deceased. These figures, however, are supposed to answer for him, and act as his substitutes; hence their name of "respondents." The specimens here represented are in fine blue porcelain. The two in the foreground are for Queen Makara, wife of King Menkheperra (XXIst Dynasty); the one at the back is for the Lady Taïuhir-t. Five very beautiful goblets complete the group, all belonging to Queen Isi-em-Kheb. The two to the left are in blue glass, inscribed with short funerary legends; the three to the right are in opaque varie-

XXIst to the XXVIth dynasties, form the staple of Theban trade. As for the Theban fellah, mummy-hunting is his hereditary vocation. He passes his life in digging, finding, hiding, and selling; his home is an empty sepulchre; his shirt is made of mummy cloth; his children's playthings and his wife's ornaments are spoils of the dead. His forefathers have subsisted for generations by this equivocal industry, and his descendants will subsist by it for who shall say how many generations to come? Even now, after centuries of spoliation, the soil needs only to be dug a little deeper in order that the spade may strike a lower stratum of graves. And if this be true of a mine so long and so persistently worked as the necropolis of Thebes, what must be the sepulchral wealth of thousands of other burial-fields, some partially and some wholly unexplored? To this day the mountain ranges and shifting sands of Egypt conceal some hundreds of millions of mummies. Dr. Birch—counting from B.C. 2000, when mummification was supposed to have been first practiced, down to A.D. 700, when it may be said to have ceased—calculates the approximate number of bodies embalmed during that period at 420,000,000. But recent explorations among the pyramids of Sakkara, and the discovery of the mummied corpse of King Merenra* (VIth Dynasty), must henceforth compel us to ascribe a much earlier date for the beginnings of the art. I would venture, in fact, to carry it back to B.C. 3800, or even to B.C. 4000, so assigning a period of 4700 years for the observance of the process, and approximately estimating the gross number of mummies of all epochs at not less than 731,000,000—a gigantic total. Yet when it is remembered that the rites of mummification were performed not only for every Egyptian man, woman, and child, gentle or simple, but for every stranger, no matter what his nationality or religion, for every captive, for every slave, for every criminal, for every leper and outcast, this presumed total of 731,000,000 falls probably far short of the actual number.

Very few mummies of children have been found in the Her-Hor vault, but originally there must have been several. A tiny wooden sarcophagus measuring some fourteen inches in length by eight in breadth, dome-topped, and decorated with the usual royal frieze of asps, disks, etc., was offered to me by Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul in 1874. It contained the embalmed remains of a little undeveloped infant which had never drawn the breath of life, but which was nevertheless spiced and swathed and laid to rest in a coffin adorned with all the emblems of royalty. There were no inscriptions on either the sarcophagus or the bandages; but the former was of XIXth Dynasty workmanship, and belonged, I think, to that portion of the XIXth Dynasty covered by the reign of Rameses II. Its occupant may have been one of his many children.

But the one touch of real pathos in all this curious history of the great *cache* concerns Queen Makara (No. 19), who was second wife of Pinotem II., and mother of Menkheperra. In the summary of Professor Maspero's address read before the Orientalist Congress at Berlin, we find the following entry: "No. 29.—A double sarcophagus containing the mummies of two queens, named Makara and Maut-em-Hat." With this double sarcophagus was found a box in two compartments, the one half filled with funereal statuettes for Makara, the other filled with similar statuettes for Maut-em-Hat; also a funereal papyrus written for both queens, in which Makara's name was distinguished by being inclosed in a royal cartouche. On the other hand, however, Maut-em-Hat bore a string of titles, one of which was "Principal Royal Wife." Now that two contemporary queens should have died and been embalmed at the same time, and then laid together in one sarcophagus, seemed very extraordinary. Were they sisters? or were they wives to one and the same husband? Our illustration solves the mystery. Queen Maut-em-Hat, for all her high-sounding dignities, is only sixteen inches long. Makara died in child-birth, and this tiny infant—superscribed with every title which was already hers by right of birth, or which might have been hers, had she lived, by right of marriage—

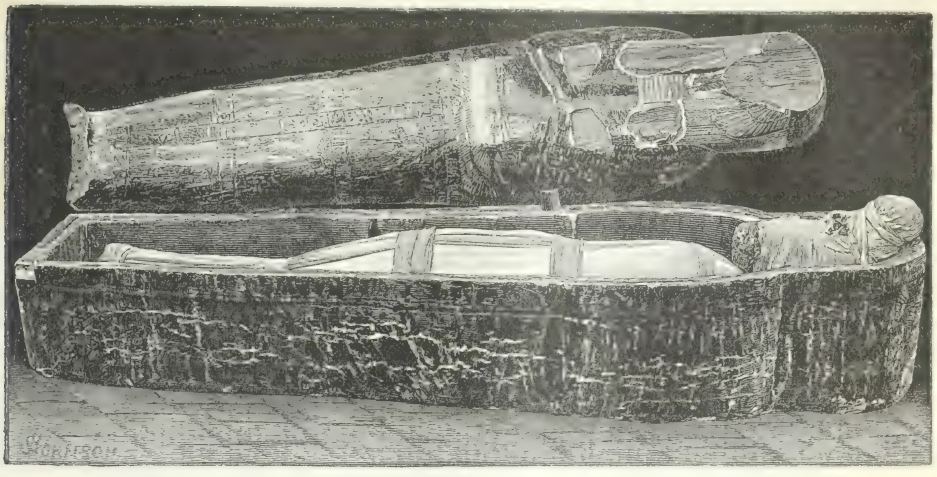
gated glass of the kind generally believed to be of Phœnician manufacture. The two uppermost goblets imitate marble; the lowest, in waved bands of blue, red, and yellow, is of the pattern known in antiquity as the "false murrhine."

* The pyramid of Merenra would seem to have been violated and the mummy stripped of its bandages at some very remote period. The marks of the bandages, however, are distinctly impressed upon the skin, and show the process of mummification, as practiced at the time of the VIth Dynasty, to have been identical with that of later times.

was, after all, no more than a little dead letter addressed to the Land of Shadows.

Mummied infants as a rule, however, were separately coffined, and instances to the contrary are rare. But Paul de Saint-Victor tells of a touching group, also found at Thebes—the mother with her babe clasped in her arms, and pressed to her lifeless bosom.

dynasties tools, weapons, household furniture, and articles for personal use are abundant. Thus we find the soldier with his bow and arrows, the painter with his palette, the scribe with his pen and slab, the mason with his mallet and chisel, the carpenter with his adze, the beauty with her rouge pots and mirror. Coming down to later times, the mummy of a Greek dis-



MUMMY CASE AND MUMMIES OF QUEEN MAKARA AND PRINCESS MAUT-EM-HAT.*

A curious catalogue might be made of the strange things buried with mummies. The pet gazelle of Queen Isi-em-Kheb, as carefully embalmed as herself, was found the other day in the Her-Hor vault. A musician in the British Museum has his cymbals on his breast. Dolls and balls and other playthings are constantly discovered in the mummy cases of children; and in tombs of the XIth and XVIIth

interred at Thebes was found holding in his hand a roll of papyrus containing, not a chapter from the Ritual, not an exorcism against evil spirits, not a litany for the dead, but, strange to say, a transcript of the Seventeenth Book of the Iliad. Buried with another Greek mummy of Ptolemaic times, Signor Passalacqua found a sealed letter, written by one Timoxenes to a certain Moschius, introducing the bearer, for whom the good offices of Moschius were solicited. The young man never delivered his letter of introduction. He died before he reached his destination, and the letter remained unopened by human hands, unread by human eyes, till the Ptolemys and the Egypt over which they reigned had passed into the domain of ancient history.

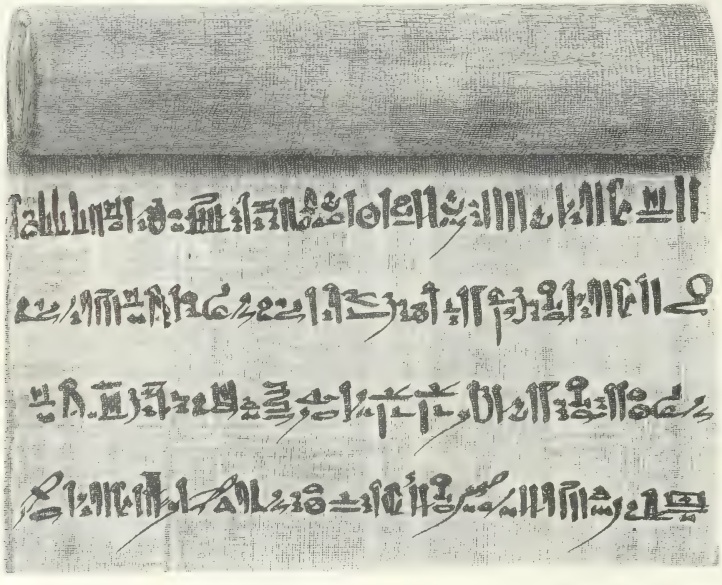
No letters or miscellaneous documents of any description, save the papyri of Queen Makara, Queen Isi-em-Kheb, and Princess Nasi-Khonsu, have been recovered from the *cache* at Dayr-el-Baharee, and these few were found hidden in the dwelling of the Abd-er-Rasoul brothers. It is impossible even to guess how many such have been sold and dispersed, but nothing

* Though otherwise in good preservation, the mummy case of Queen Makara has lost all the prominent parts of the decoration, as the face, hands, and feet of the external effigy. The surface is covered with hieroglyphed legends, and highly varnished. The mummy of Queen Makara is bandaged in the same style as the mummy of Queen Isi-em-Kheb, the outer shroud being drawn in long pleats along the legs, and held in place by cross-bands. The infant appears to be mummified in a crouching position. It lies just above the head of the mother. Among the funereal furniture of Queen Makara was found a coffer divided in two by a partition, the one half containing *shabti* for Makara, and the other half *shabti* for Maut-em-Hat. Each half of the coffer bears its separate inscription, the first on behalf of Makara, the second on behalf of Maut-em-Hat; and, strangely enough, both mother and infant are distinguished by the same titles of "Royal Daughter, Royal Wife, and Royal Mother."

unproved can be more certain than that a funereal papyrus of some kind was buried with each member of the Her-Hor family. A few, and only a few, of the lost treasures have been traced* to their present owners. It is to be hoped that the possessors of other papyri from the same source may be induced to make their acquisitions known to Professor Maspero, who is anxious, on historical grounds, to restore as nearly as may be the list of all that the Her-Hor vault may originally have contained.

Such in outline is the story of the great discovery at Dayr-el-Baharee. For ampler details and more exact descriptions I must refer my readers to Professor Maspero's official report, in which will be found an account of many more mummies, mummy cases, and other relics than I have space to mention. My object has been to trace the *post-mortem* history of the principal royal mummies lately discovered, and following the lines laid down by Professor Maspero, to gather up such scattered links of evidence as may tend to show when and why these kings and queens of various dynasties were concealed in the family vault of the Priest-Kings of Thebes.

And now, after burial and reburial, after the darkness and silence of ages, after all the dangers of pillage, ancient and modern, these kings and queens and pontiffs of old, who ranked with the gods, and reckoned their descent from the sun, are no longer anything but "antiquities," classified, catalogued, and exhibited in a museum. Even at Boolak, although the structure has lately been rebuilt, and is now being enlarged, it is doubtful whether they are really safe. An unusually high Nile, a fire, a popular revolt, may at any moment sweep them away, leaving to future generations only the strange story of their discovery and the memory of their fame.



HIERATIC PAPYRUS OF PRINCESS NASI-KHONSU.†

* See my papers on "The Prince of Wales's Papyrus in the British Museum" (*The Academy*, October 1, 1881); "A New Royal Papyrus" (*The Academy*, November 5, 1881); "Arabs, Travellers, and Anteckahs" (*The Academy*, September 3, 1881); also, M. Naville's paper on "The Recent Discoveries at Thebes" (*The Academy*, October 22, 1881).

† With this princess (who would seem to have been wife to Prince and High-Priest Masahirti) were buried two papyri, an ordinary funereal "Ritual," and the document shown in the accompanying illustration. This document purports to be a decree of Amen-Ra, King of the Gods, and tutelary deity of Thebes, in favor of the deceased. The four lines here shown afford an excellent specimen of the handwriting of the epoch, and are translated as follows by Professor Maspero: "This august deity, Ruler of all the Gods, AMEN-RA, Lord of Karnak; great soul which has been from the beginning; God subsisting by Truth; the first to exist, and the parent of all who live, so that every God is in him; the One only Being; Maker of all things; whose beginning was the beginning of the world; whose births are mysterious, and his forms many and various," etc., etc.

SPANISH VISTAS.

Third Paper.

CORDOVAN PILGRIMS.

I.



THE House of Purification, as the great mosque at Cordova was called, used to be a goal of pilgrimage for the Moors in Spain, as Mecca was for Mohammedans elsewhere. Their shoes no longer repose at its doors, but other less devout pilgrims now come in a straggling procession from all quarters of the globe to rest awhile within its fair demesne, hallowed, perhaps, as much by the unique flowering of a whole people's genius in shapes of singular loveliness as by the more direct religious service to which it has been dedicated and rededicated under conflicting beliefs.

It was with peculiar eagerness, therefore, that we set out on our way. An American who was following the same route had joined us—a man with ruddy bronzed cheeks and iron-gray hair, whom I at first should have taken for the great-grandson of a Spanish Inquisitor, if such a thing were possible. His iron persistence and the intensity of his prejudices were in keeping with that character; the only trouble being that the prejudices were all on the wrong side. Whetstone (as he was called) shared our eagerness in respect of Cordova, though from different motives. He hailed each new point in his journey with satisfaction, because it would get him just so much nearer the end; for the reason he had come to Spain was, apparently, to get out of it again. "I don't see what I came to Spain for," Whetstone would observe to us, dismally; and, for that matter, we could not see either. "If there ever *was* a God-forsaken country— Why, look at the way a whole parcel of these men at the dinner table get out their cigarettes and smoke right there, without ever asking a lady's leave! I'd like to see 'em try it on at home. Wouldn't they be just snaked out of that room pretty quick?" He had under his care a young lady of great sensibility, a relative by marriage, accompanied by her maid; and the maid was a colored woman of the most pronounced pattern. Altogether our pilgrim party embraced a good deal of variety. The young American girl being a Catholic, was really a palmer faring from shrine to shrine. Rarely a convent or a chapel escaped her; she sipped them all as if they had been flower cups and she a humming-bird, and managed to extract some unknown honey of comfort from their bitterness. It was like having a novice with us.

The night journeys by rail, so much in vogue in Spain, have their advantages and their drawbacks. At Castillejo, a junction on the way to Cordova, we had to wait four hours in the evening at a distance of twenty miles from the nearest restaurant. The country around was absolutely desolate except for tufts of the *retamé*—a sort of broom with slim green and silvered leaves, which grows wild, and, after drying, is used by the peasants as a substitute for rye or wheat flour. Only two or three houses were in sight. The tracks with cars standing on them, and the unfinished look of the whole place, made us feel as if we had by mistake been carried off to some insignificant railroad station in Illinois or Missouri. The Spaniards invent little rhymed proverbs about many of their villages, and of one insignificant Andalusian hamlet, Brenes, the saying is:

"If to Brenes thou goest,
Take with thee thy roast."



COFFEE AT CASTILLEJO.

But Castillejo seems to be an equally good subject for this warning. We recalled how lavishly, on the way to Toledo, we had presented bread, meat, and strawberries to some country folk who were not in the habit of eating, and how ardently they had thanked us. As we passed their house in returning, it was closed and lifeless, and we were convinced that they had died of a surfeit. How willingly would we now have undone that deed! However, after making some purchases from an extremely deaf old woman who presided over such poor supplies as the place afforded, we asked her if she could have coffee prepared. "If there is enough in the house," she replied to our interrogatory shrieks. Accordingly, we carried a table out under some trees on the gravel platform, to eat *al fresco*.



When we found ourselves in this way for the first time thrown back on the Spanish sausage, we resisted that unsympathetic substance with all the vigor of despair. But aided by some bad wine, an interesting conversation with the Novice, and the glow of a sunset sky that looked as if strewn with fading peony petals, we recovered from the shock caused in the beginning by a mingled flavor of garlic, raisins, and pork. In truth, there was something enjoyable about this wild supper around which our quartette gathered in the dry, dewless twilight. An ancient female, resembling a broken-down Medea,

came out and kindled a fire of brush-wood beyond the track, swung a kettle there and cooked our coffee, bending over the flame-light the while with her scattered gray tresses, and wailing out doleful *peteneras*, the popular songs of Spain. The songs, the fire, the wine, the strange scene, were so stimulating that we were surprised to find all at once the dark vault overhead full of stars, the comet staring at us in its flight above the hills, and our ten-o'clock train nearly due.

The next morning we were in a region totally unlike anything we had seen before, excepting for the ever-present mountain ranges wild as the Pyrenees or Guadaramas. The light of dawn on these barren Spanish mountain-sides, drawn up into peaks as sharp as the points of a looped-up curtain, produces effects indescribable except on canvas and by a subtle colorist. The bare surfaces of rock or dry grass and moss, and the newly reaped harvest fields lower down, blend the tints of air and earth in a velvet-smooth succession of madder and faint yellow, olive and rose and gray, fading off into a reddish-purple at greater distances.

These eminences are a part of the Sierra Morena, where Don Quixote achieved some of his most noteworthy feats—the liberation of the galley-slaves, the descent into the Cave of Montesinos, the capture of Mambrino's helmet, and the famous penance.

A winding river-bed near by was bordered by tufted copses of oleander in full flower, and hedges of huge serrated aloe guarded the roads. On the hill-sides a round corral for herds would occasionally be seen. In the fields the time-honored method of threshing out grain by driving a sort of heavy board sledge in a circle over the cut crop, and of winnowing by tossing up shovelfuls of the grain dust into the breezy air, was in active operation. By-and-by the olive orchards began. As far as we could see they stretched on either side their ranks of round dusty green tree-heads. Thousands of acres of them —one grove after another: we travelled through fifty miles of almost unbroken olive plantations, until we fancied we could even smell the fruit on the boughs, and our eyes were sick and weary with the sameness of the sight. Then the river, which



PRIMITIVE THRESHING.



WHILE THE WOMEN ARE AT MASS.

from time to time had shown its muddy current in curves and sweeps, moving through the land at the bottom of what might have been an enormous drain, turned out to be the famous Guadalquivir, which, as Ford vividly puts it, "eats its dull way through loamy banks." At last, Cordova, seated in an ample plain; Cordova, in vanished ages the home of Seneca, Lucan, Averroes, and the poet Juan de Mena; Cordova, white in the dry and gritty sun-dazzled air, with square, unshadowed two-story houses, overlooked by the bell tower of its incomparable Mezquita Cathedral: a cheerful Southern city, maintaining large gardens abounding in palms and myrtles and orange and lemon trees; possessing, moreover, clean streets of perceptible width.

After the "interpreter," or hotel guide, the beggar: such is the order in these Spanish towns, and not seldom the guide is merely a bolder kind of beggar. Two or three of the most frantically miserable and loathsome charity-seekers I ever saw surrounded our omnibus as we awaited our baggage, and stuffed their hideous heads in at the windows and door, concentrating on us their fire of appeals. Velazquez had heard that the sovereign remedy for these pests was to treat them with consummate politeness and piety. "Pardon me, brother, for God's sake," was the deprecatory formula which had been recommended, and he now proceeded to recite this, book in hand. Unfortunately it took him about five minutes to get it launched in good style and pure Spanish, during which time the beggars had an opportunity entirely to miss the sense. A few grains of tobacco dropped into the hat of one of them was more efficacious, for it had the result of mystifying him and hopelessly paralyzing his analytical powers. Finally the guide, coming with the baggage, recognized his rivals, and drove them off.

At several places on the way we had seen our twin military persecutors waiting for us, sometimes with white havelocks, and again in glazed hat-covers and capes. "Are they disguising themselves so as to fall upon us unawares?" I asked my friend. We determined not to be deceived, however, by the subtle device. These Spanish police-soldiers go through more metamorphoses in the linen and water-proof line than any troops I know. It must be excessively inconvenient to run home and make the change every time a slight shower threatens; and invariably as soon as they get on their storm-cover, the sun begins to shine again. On our arrival they seem to have made up their minds to apprehend us at once; they came striding along toward us in duplicate, one the facsimile of the other, and we gave ourselves up for lost. But just as they were within

a few paces, their unaccountable policy of delay caused them to deviate suddenly, and march on as if they hadn't seen us. "One more escape," sighed Velazquez, fervently.

Strangely enough, the languor which we had left in the middle of the kingdom, at Toledo, was replaced in this more tropical latitude by great activity. The shop streets presented a series of rooms entirely open to the view, where men and women were busily engaged in all sorts of small



WATER STAND IN CORDOVA.

manufacture—shoes, garments, tin-work, carpentering. They were happy and diligent as if they had been animated writing-book maxims, and sang or whistled at their tasks in a most exemplary manner.

"Cordovan leather" still holds it own, on a petty scale, and the small cups hammered out of old silver dollars constitute, with filigree silver-work, a characteristic local product. The faces of the people betrayed their gypsy blood oftentimes, and traces of blonde or light chestnut hair showed that the Moorish stock had left some offshoots that do not die out. The whole aspect of Cordova presents at once a reflex of the refined and enlightened spirit of the ancient caliphate. Everybody, including most of the beggars, has a fresh and cleanly appearance; the very priests undergo a change, being frequently more refined in feature, and of a more tolerant expression. The women set off their rosy brown complexions and black hair with clusters of rayed jasmine blossoms flattened and ingeniously fixed in rosette form on long pins. The men, discarding those hot felt hats so obstinately worn in the central provinces, make a comfortable and festive appearance in their curling Panamas. On the Street of the Great Captain—the chief open-air resort, commemorating Gonsalvo of Cordova, who led so ably in the triumphant Christian campaigns—the people laugh and chat as if they really enjoyed life. There is a great deal of wealth in the place, and the lingering atmosphere of its past greatness is not depressing, as that of Toledo is, for it was never the home of bigotry and ignorance. Its prosperous epoch under Abdur-rahman and his Ommeyad successors was one of brilliant civilization. It was then a nursery of science and the arts; its inhabitants numbered a million. It had mosques by the hundred, and nearly a thousand baths—for the Spanish Moors well knew the civilizing virtue of water, and kept life-giving streams of it running at the roots of their institutions. The houses of the modern city are very plain on the exterior, and their common coat of whitewash imparts to them a democratic equality; but aristocracy is still a living thing there, instead of having sunk into pitfalls of squalor and idleness, as in the sombre city by the Tagus.



THE GAY COSTER-MONGERS OF ANDALUSIA.

"But now the Cross is sparkling on the mosque,
And bells make Catholic the trembling air."

Gloomy little churches crop out in every quarter, and a few convents of nuns remain, where you may hear the faint, sad litany of the unseen sisters murmured behind the grating while a priest chants service for them in the lonely chapel. The bells of these churches and of the mosque-cathedral are hardly ever silent; the brazen jargon of their tongues echoes over the roofs at all hours, and the hollow, metallic tinkle of mule bells from the otherwise

silent streets at times strikes one as making response to them. But the beauty of the cathedral—still called the Mezquita (mosque)—lies almost solely in the preservation of its original Moorish architecture.

The site was first occupied as a place of premely wonderful House of Purification as it now stands; and then, after the conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella, in the reign of Charles V., the cumbrous high altar and choir, which choke up so much of the interior, transformed it once more



THE MEZQUITA.

worship by the Roman Temple of Janus, and this in turn became a basilica of the Gothic Christians. Abdur-rahman, after the Christians had long been allowed by the caliphs to continue their worship in one half of the basilica, reared the su- into a stronghold of Christian ceremonial. But when you enter at the Gate of Pardon the long, wide Court of Oranges, you find yourself transported instantly to Mohammedan surroundings; you are under the dominion of the Ommeyades.

High walls hem in this open-air vestibule, where rows of orange-trees rustle their dense foliage in the warm wind. Their trunks are corpulent with age, for some of them date back to the last Moorish dynasty, and at one end stands the tank where followers of the Prophet washed themselves before entering in to pray. The Gate of Pardon, under the high-spired bell tower, takes its name from the cus-



RELIC PEDDLERS.

tom which obtained of giving criminals refuge by its portal. The murderer who could fly hither and gain the central aisle of the temple, directly opposite the gate across the court, was safe for shelter by the inner mihrab (shrine), at the farther end of the aisle. All the nineteen aisles formerly opened from the fragrant garden, though Catholic rule gives access by only three; but inside one sees at a glance the vast consecrated space which was so freely open to the Mussulmans—a space covering several acres, not very lofty, yet imposing from its exquisite proportions. A wilderness, a cool, dark labyrinth of pillars from which light horseshoe arches rise, broken midway for the curve of another arch surmounting each of these, spreads itself out under the roof on every hand—grove of stone in a cave of stone, stretching so far that the eye can not follow its intricate regularity, its rare harmony of confusion. The rash Christian renovators who, overruling the protest of the city, undertook to remodel so exceptional a monument, covered the arches with whitewash; but many of them have been restored to the natural hues of their red and white marble. Imagine below them the pillars, smooth-shafted and with fretted capitals. Of old there were *twelve hundred* of them supporting the gilded beams and incorruptible larch of the roof; and a thousand still stand. Each is shaped



THE GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR.

from a single block, and many quarries contributed them. Jasper and porphyry, black, white, and red emerald and rose marble, are all represented among them; though with their diversity they have this in common, that from the pavement up to about the average human height they have been worn dark, and even smoother than the workmen left them, by the constant touching and rubbing and leaning of generations who have loitered and worshipped in the solemn twilight that broods around



PRIEST AND PURVEYOR.

them. A large number were appropriated from the old Roman temple which stood on the spot; others were plundered from temples at ancient Carthage; still others were brought entire from Constantinople. They typify the different powers that have been concerned in the making and unmaking of Spain, and one could almost imagine that in every column is concealed some petrified warrior of those conflicting races, waiting for the spell that shall bring him to life again.



FLOWERS FOR THE MARKET.

On the surface of one of these marble cylinders is scratched a rude and feeble image of Christ on the cross, hardly noticeable until pointed out. It is said to have been traced there by the finger-nail of a Christian captive who was chained to the pillar when it formed part of a dungeon somewhere else. He had ten years for the work, and enjoyed the advantage of a tool that would renew itself without expense whenever it began to wear out. I must say that we were touched by this dim record of the dead-and-gone prisoner's silent suffering and faith. The shock of doubt struck us only when, in another part of the mosque, we came upon another pillar against the wall, bearing an exact reproduction of the finger-nail sculpture, and furthermore provided with a holy-water basin and a lamp burning under the effigy of the captive, who appears to have been canonized. "How is this?" I asked the guide. "Here is the same thing over again." He scrutinized me carefully, taking an exact measure of my credulousness, before he replied: "Ah, but the other is the real one!" It all seems to depend on which pillar gets the start.

But there is no deception whatever connected with the inner shrine, or mihrab, where there is a marvellous alcove marking the direction of Mecca, on the east. Its ceiling, in the shape of a quarter-globe, is cut from a single great piece of marble, which is grooved like a shell. And when the light from candles is thrown into this Arab chapel, it sparkles upon elaborate enamelling on the surface, the vitreous glaze of minute and almost miraculous mosaic, making it flash and sparkle with rays of the ruby, the emerald, the topaz, and diamond. There in the dusk the glittering splendor scintillates as brilliantly as it did eight hundred years ago, and shoots its beams upon the unwary eye as if it were a cimeter of the defeated race suddenly unsheathed for vengeance. In this place was kept the wondrous Koran stand of Al-Hakem II., which cost a sum equal now to about five million dollars. The

sacred book within it was incased in gold tissue embroidered with pearls and rubies, and around the spot where it was enshrined the solid white marble floor is unevenly worn into a circular hollow, where the servants of the Prophet used to crawl seven times in succession on their hands and knees. This homage was paid by the brother of the Emperor of Morocco only a few years since, when he visited Spain, and indulged the luxurious woe of weeping over the fair empire his people had lost. The bewildering arabesques, the lines of which pursue and lose each other so mysteriously about the shrine, managing to form pious inscriptions in their intricate convolutions—by an exception to all other Hispano-Arabic decoration, which employs only stucco—are wrought in marble, frigid and stern as death, but embossed into a living grace as of vine tendrils.



TRAVELLERS TO CORDOVA.

Whetstone had been remarkably silent after entering the Mezquita. I fancied that he did not wholly approve of it. But after we had looked long at that epitome of the beautiful, he observed, impartially, in turning away, "I tell you, those fellows knew how to chisel some." He had merely been trying to reduce the facts to their lowest terms.

Priests and boys were marching with crucifixes from the choir as we came away; the incense rolled up against the lofty smoke-dimmed altar; and the mild-faced celibate who played the organ sent harmonies of unusually rich music (performed at our guide's special request) reverberating among the thousand-columned maze of low arches. But my fancy went back to the time when gold and silver lamps had shed from their perfumed oils the only illumination there, and when the jewelled walls, smouldering in the faint light, had looked down upon the prostrate forms of robed and turbaned zealots. Then we passed out through the Court of Oranges into the street, with those forty towers of the cathedral wall again seen standing guard around it, and found ourselves once more in modern Cordova.

The breath of the South, the meridional aroma, welcomed us. The scent of the air in the neighboring Alcazar garden would of itself have been enough to tell us, in the dark, that we had entered Andalusia. From this post of vantage one can see the thick brown current slowly oozing by, and the ancient bridge which spans it, fortified at both ends, connecting the Cordova of to-day with the opposite bank where the ancient city extended for two or three miles. With its great arched gate, Roman made and finely sculptured, this mellow light brown structure

makes an effective link in the landscape, and below its piers stand several Moorish mills, disused, but as yet unbroken by age or floods.

We drove across the venerable viaduct afterward, and found that by an extraordinary dispensation some very fresh and shining silver coins of ancient Rome had lately been dug up from one of the shoals in the river (a peculiar place, by-the-way, to bury them in), and that our guide had some in his pocket. We forbore to deprive him of such treasures, however, even at the very trifling price which he put upon them.

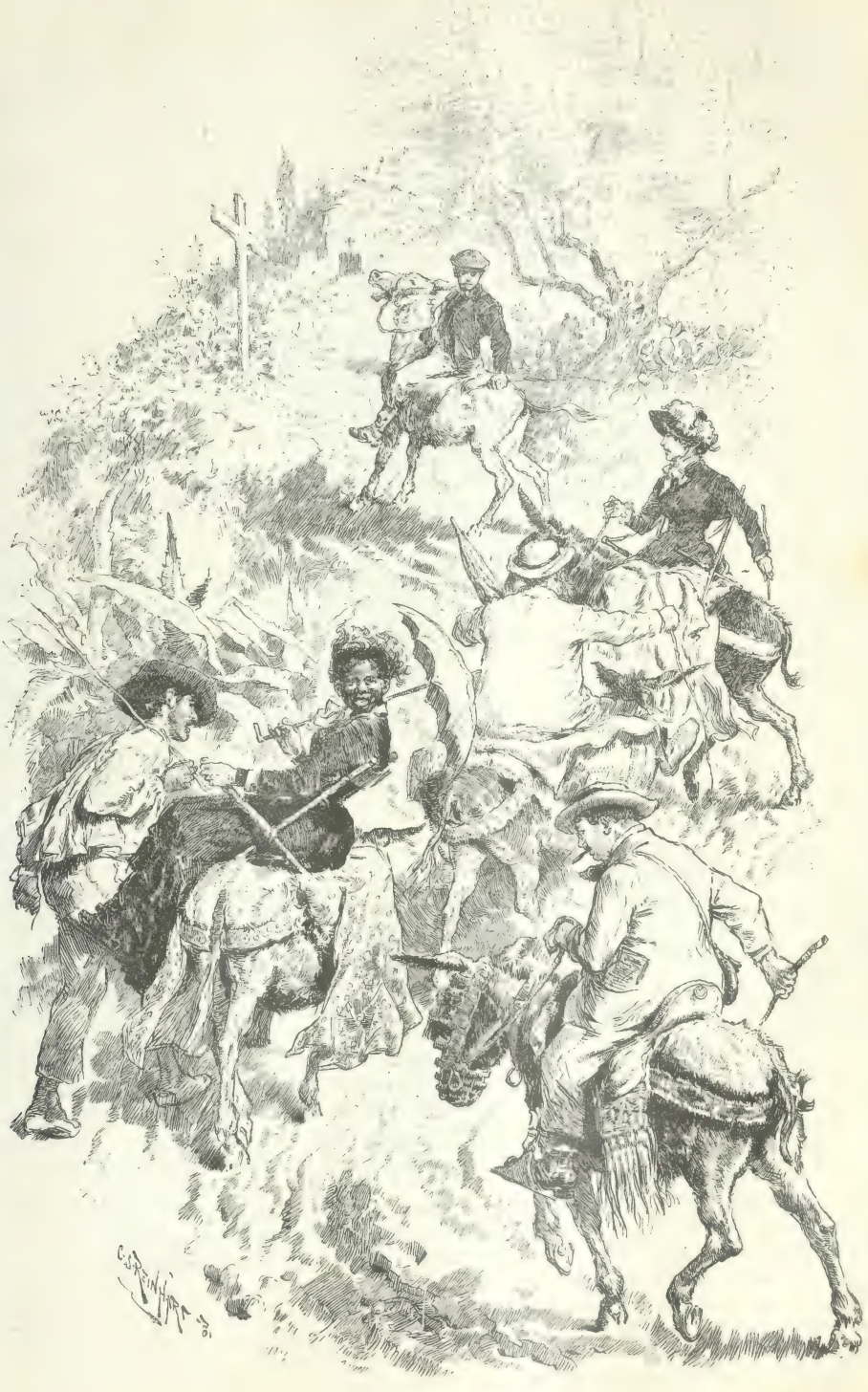
II.

From Cordova may be made, by those who are especially favored, one of the most interesting expeditions possible, to the Hermitage, or, as the church authorities name it, the *Desierta* (desert), of solitary monks, genuine anchorites, a few miles distant in the Sierra Morena. There are obstacles more formidable than the purely physical ones in the way of this excursion, the bishop of the diocese being averse to granting permissions for the visit to any one who is not a good Catholic. Two Englishmen who came before us, relying on the potent gold piece, had made the toilsome ascent only to find that their sterling sovereigns were of no avail. I think the presence of the Novice helped our party; but it would be unwise to reveal the stratagem by which we all gained admittance. Let it be enough to say that we went to the bishop's palace after the usual hours of business, and by humble apologies obtained an audience with the secretary. While we were waiting we sat down under a frivolously gorgeous rococo ceiling on a great double staircase of marble leading up from the *patio*, which was well planted with shrubs, and had walks paved with smooth round stones of various hue, set edgewise in extensive patterns. The vaulted ceiling resounded powerfully with every remark we made, which had the result of subduing our conversation to whispers, for an attendant soon came to warn us that the bishop was asleep, and that we must not speak loud, on account of the echo. Profiting by the great man's siesta, we extracted the desired permission from his severe-faced but courteous secretary, who marked the document "Especial."

Our brief cavalcade of donkeys started the next morning at five, after we had taken a preternaturally early cup of chocolate. The donkeys appeared to know just where we were going, and would not obey the rein; the driver, walking behind, governed them by a system of negatives, informing them with a casual exclamation when they showed signs of turning where he didn't want them to. "Advance there, Baker!" he would cry. "Don't you know better than that? What a wretched little beast! Do as I tell you." The animal in question was named Bread-dealer, or Baker, and the one that I rode rejoiced in the eccentric though eminently literary appellation of "College."

"To the right, College!" our muleteer would shout, exercising a despotic power over my four-footed institution of learning. "Get up, little mule. *Arré, burr-r-rico!*" firing off a volley of *r*'s with a tremendous rising and falling intonation, which invariably moved the brute to take one or two rapid steps before dropping back into his customary slow walk. As the heat increased and the way grew steeper, he sighed out his "arré"—gee up—in a long, melancholy drawl, which seemed to express profound despair concerning the mulish race generally. Muleteers in Spain are termed generically, from this surviving Arabic word, *arrieros*, or "gee-uppers," as we may translate it.

In this manner we made our way along the dusty road among olive orchards, and a sort of oak called *japarros*, until we began to mount by a rough, stony path which sometimes divided itself like the branches of a torrent, though we more than once succeeded in prodding the donkeys into a lively canter. The white façades of villas—*quintas* or *carmens* they are denominated hereabouts—twinkled out from nooks of the hills; but at that early hour everything was very still. We could almost *see* the silence around us. Higher up, unknown birds began to sing in the sparse boscage that clothed the mountain flank or clustered in its narrow dells. Midway of the ascent, furthermore, Baker, on whom Velazquez was seated in solemn stride, with a blanket in place of saddle, paused ominously, and then began a nasal performance which shook our very souls. Why a donkey should bray in such a place it is hard to determine, but *how* he did it will forever remain impressed on our tympana. There was something peculiarly terrible and unnerving in the sound, and just as it ceased, our guide,



"ARRÉ, BURR-R-RICO!"

Manuel, observed that this had once been a great place for robbers. "A few years ago no one would have dared to come up along this road as we are doing." He added that they used to conceal themselves in the numerous caves in the region, and pointed out one fissure in the rocks which his liberal imagination converted into the entrance of a subterranean retreat running for several miles into the heart of the mountains. At the same instant, looking down across a gorge below our track, I saw a man with a gun moving through a patch of steep olives, as if to head us off at a point farther along, and on a jutting rock rib above us a memorial cross rose warningly. Crosses were formerly put up in the most impossible places among these hills, to mark the spot where anybody fell a victim to bandits or assassins. The elder Dumas makes effective use of this fact in one of his short stories.* Brigands were themselves punctilious in setting up these reminders, which were held to exert an expiatory influence. If any one would understand how hopelessly the Spanish mind at one time perverted the relations of crime and religion, he may read Calderon's *Devotion of the Cross*, wherein the hero, Eusebio, born at the foot of one of these way-side crosses, a terrible renegade who murders right and left, is saved by his reverence for the holy symbol. He is enabled, by virtue of this pious sentiment, to rise up after he is dead, walk about, and confess his sins to a friar, after which he is caught up into heaven.

The whole conjunction was somewhat alarming, but Manuel explained away our man with a gun by saying that he was merely one of the armed watchmen usually attached to country estates to protect crops and stock from depredation. As for the bandits, they had now been quite dispersed, he declared, by the Civil Guard. That name, it is true, called up new fears for Velazquez and myself as we thought of the two relentless men who were on our trail; but we knew that for the moment at least we were beyond their reach.

At last we gained the very summit, and drew up under a porch at the walled gate of the Desert, while a shower began to fall in large scattered drops, like the lingering contents of some gigantic watering-pot, but soon spent itself. Our second pull at the mournful-sounding bell was answered by a sad young monk, who opened a square loop-hole in the wall, and asked our errand in a voice enfeebled by voluntary privations. After inspecting our pass, he told us, with a wan but friendly smile, that we must wait a little. It was Friday, and we had to wait rather long, for the hermits were just at that time undergoing the weekly flagellation to which they subject themselves. But finally we were let in—donkeys, guide, *arriero*, and the colored maid "Fan" sharing the hospitality. An avenue of tall, sombre cypresses opened before us, leading to the main building and offices. The Desert, in fact, was green enough; well supplied with olives and pomegranates; and hedges of the prickly-pear, with its thick, stiff leaves shaped like a fire-shovel, and heavy as wax-work, cinctured the isolated huts in which the brothers dwell each by himself. Precisely as we came to a triangular plot in front of the entrance we were confronted by a skull set up prominently in a sort of monument, giving force by its dusty grin to an inscription in Spanish, which read: "As thou lookest, so once looked I; as I look now, so wilt thou appear hereafter. Ponder upon this, and sin not." Shortly beyond stood a catacomb above-ground, in which a number of defunct hermits had been sealed up. It also bore a legend, but in Latin: "The day of death is better than that of birth." In the vestibule of the house these drastic reminders of mortality were supplemented by two allegorical pictures hanging among some portraits of evanished worthies who had ended their penitential days there—two crude paintings exhibiting "The Soul Tortured by Doubt," and "The Soul Blessed by Faith." It was not altogether in keeping with the unworldly and ascetic atmosphere of this spiritual refuge that a tablet in the wall should record with fulsome abasement of phrase how her Most Gracious Majesty Isabella II. had, some few years ago, deigned to visit the Desert, and how this stone had been placed there as a humble monument of her condescension. Certainly, considering the ex-queen's character (if it may claim consideration), it is hard to see what honor the anchorites should find in her visiting their abode.

A gray-haired brother, robed in the coarse and weighty brown serge which he is obliged to wear in winter and summer alike, received us kindly and showed us

* Contained in the series called "The Man With Five Wives."

the expensively adorned plateresque chapel. He knelt and bowed nearly to the threshold before unlocking the door, crossed himself, and knelt again on the pavement within; then, advancing farther, he dropped down once more on both knees, and bent over as if he had some intention of using his good-natured, simple old head as a mop to polish the black and white marble squares, but ended by signing another cross, and moving his lips in noiseless prayer. The national manner of making the cross is peculiar: after the usual touching of forehead and breast, the Spanish Catholic concludes by suddenly attempting to swallow his thumb and then as hastily pulling it out of his mouth again, to save it up for some other time. This movement, I suppose, emblemizes the eating of the consecrated wafer, but it makes a grotesque impression that is anything but solemn. At times you will also see him execute a unique triple cross, with strange passes and dabs in the air which might easily be mistaken for preliminary strategy directed against some erring mosquito engaged in guerrilla warfare on his eyebrow. We were obliged, in conformity, to do as our Catholic companions did, receiving the holy water and making a simple cross — an act which, without being of their faith, one may perform with unsectarian reverence. Brother Esteban was on the watch to see that proper devotion was shown in this peculiarly sacred chapel, and in the midst of his adoration he turned quickly upon Manuel, asking, "Why don't you go down on *both* your knees in the accustomed manner?"



THE FRUIT OF THE DESIERTA.

Manuel, being a master of ready deception, answered without an instant's delay, "Ah, that is my misfortune, that I lately had an accident to that leg" (indicating the one which had not sunk far enough), "and that is why it is not easy to get down on both knees." However, he spread his handkerchief wider, and painfully brought the offending member into place.

Esteban frankly apologized, and then the praying went on again.

The hermits, as I have said, have their separate cottages scattered about the grounds, each with a small patch of land to be cultivated. There they raise fruit, which their rules forbid them to eat, and so it is carried down as a present to some wealthy Cordovan families who support the hermitage by their largesses. Every day poor folk toil up from the plain, some five miles, to this airy perch, and are fed by the monks; but they themselves eat little, ab-

staining from meat, wine, coffee, tea—everything, indeed, except some few ounces of daily bread, a pint of *garbanzos* (the tasteless, round yellow bean which is the universal food of the poor in Spain), and a soup made of bread, oil, and garlic. They live on nothing and prayer. They rise at three in the morning, and thrice a week they fast from that hour until noon. Their step is slow, and their voices have a strange, inert, sickly sound; but they appeared cheerful enough, and joked with each other. I asked Esteban the name of a tiny yellow flower growing by the path, and he couldn't tell me; but he plucked it tenderly, and began discoursing to Manuel on its beauty. "*Tan chiquita*," he said, in his poor soft voice. "So *little, little*, and yet so precious and so finely made!" Another brother was deeply absorbed in snipping off bits of coiled brass wire with a pair of pincers. "These are for the 'Our Fathers,'" he explained, meaning the large beads in the rosary, separated from the smaller "Ave Maria" ones by links of wire. The cottages or huts, surrounded by an outer wall, contain a cell, sometimes cut out of a bowlder lying on the spot, where there is a rude cot, a shelf for holy books and the crucifix, and a grated window, across which waves, perhaps, the broad-leaved bough of a fig-tree. An anteroom, provided with a few utensils and the disciplinary scourge hanging mildly against the wall, completes the strange interior. The lives of the hermits of the Sierra are reduced to the ghastly simplicity of a skeleton; a part of their time is spent in contemplating skulls, and they have a habit of digging their own graves, in order to keep more plainly before their minds the end of all earthly careers. Mistaken as all this seems to many of us, there was a peacefulness about the hermitage for which many a storm-tossed soul sighs in vain; and I am glad that some few creatures can find here the repose they desire while waiting for death. Some of the hermits are men of rank, who have retired hither disheartened with the world; others are low-born, men afflicted by some form of misfortune or misdemeanor of their own, who wish to hide from life; but all assemble in a pure democracy of sorrow and penitential piety, apparently contented.

When night closed above us again in the city; when mellow lamps glowed, and a tropical fragrance flowed in from the gardens; when in the long dusky pauses of warm nocturnal silence the watchman's weary and pathetic cry resounded, or gloomy church bells rang the hour—the romance of Cordova seemed to concentrate itself, and fell upon me, as I listened, in cadences like these:

FLOWER OF SPAIN.

Like a throb of the heart of midnight
I hear a guitar faintly humming,
And through the Alcazar garden
A wandering footstep coming.

A shape by the orange bower's shadow—
Whose shape? Is it mine in a dream?
For my senses are lost in the perfumes
That out of the dark thicket stream.

'Mid the tinkle of Moorish waters,
And the rush of the Guadalquivír,
The rosemary breathes to the jasmine,
That trembles with joyous fear.

And their breath goes silently upward,
Far up to the white burning stars,
With a message of sweetness, half sorrow,
Unknown but to souls that bear scars.

Here, midway between stars and flowers,
I know not which draw me the most:
Shall my years yield earthly sweetness?
Shall I shine from the sky like a ghost?

A spirit I can not quiet
Bids me bow to the unseen rod.
I dream of a lily transplanted,
To bloom in the garden of God.

Yet the footsteps come nearer and nearer;
Still moans the soft-troubled strain
Of the strings in the dusk. Well I know it:
'Twas called for me "Flower of Spain."

Ah, yes, my lover he made it,
And called it by my pet name:
I hear it, and—I'm but a woman—
It sweeps through my heart like a flame.

The night's heart and mine flow together;
The music is beating for each.
The moon's gone, the nightingale silent;
Light and song are both in his speech.

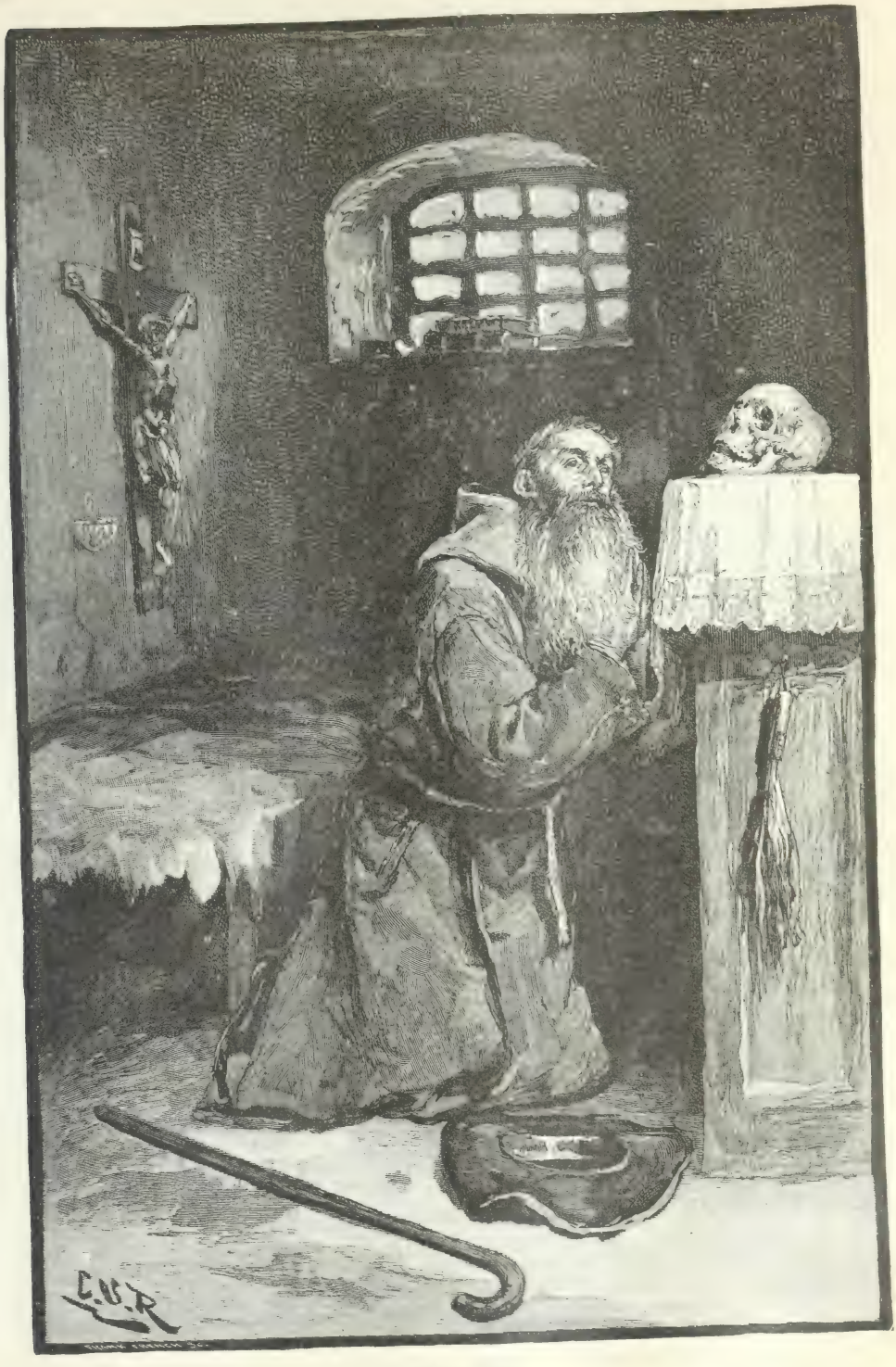
As the musky shadows that mingle,
As star-shine and flower-scent made one,
Our spirits in gladness and anguish
Have met. Their waiting is done.

But over the leaves and the waters
What echoes the strange clanging bells
Send afloat from the dim-arched Mezquita!
How mournful the cadence that swells

From the lonely roof of the convent
Where pale nuns rest! On the hill
Far off, the hermits in vigil
Are bowed at the crucifix still.

And the brown plain slumbers around us.
O land of remembrance and grief,
If I am truly the flower,
How withered are you, the leaf!

There was a good deal of discussion among our group of pilgrims as to the



MEMENTO MORI.



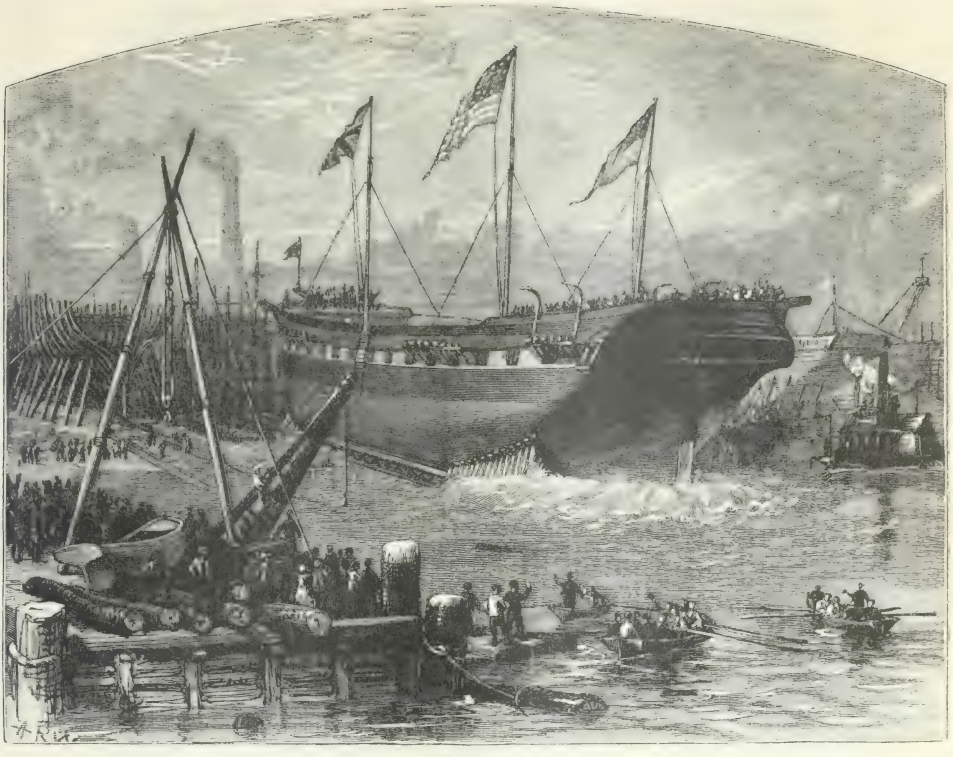
DIFFICULT FOR FOREIGNERS.

propriety of a foundation like the hermitage of the Sierra continuing to exist in an age like the present one. Whetstone, who had declined to visit it, was of opinion that men who led such idle lives should be suppressed by law, and even went so far as to talk about hanging. As for the rest of us, it was not easy to pronounce that we were of much more value than the hermits; and assuredly those earnest ascetics compared favorably with our mule-driver, who was remarkable only for an expression of incipient humor that was never able to attain the height of actual expression. I was sure that as he sighed out his final "Arré" in this world, he would pass into the next with that vacant smile on his face, and the joke which he might have perpetrated under fortunate circumstances still unuttered. Nor did the average life of Cordova strike us as signally indispensable to the world's progress. It was doubtless a very pleasant, lazy life so far as it went. They have a charming fashion there of building houses with pleasant interior courts, in which the *selinda*, a vine with pale lavender clusters of blossoms suggesting the wistaria, droops amid matted foliage, and lends its grace alike to crumbling architecture or modern masonry. In these courts, separated from the street by gates of iron grating beautifully designed, you will see pleasant little domestic groups, and possibly a whole dinner party going on in the fresh air. It was likewise agreeable to repair to a certain restaurant restored in the Moorish manner, and there, while clapping hands echoed through the light arcades, drink iced beer and lemon—a refreshing beverage, which might reasonably take the place of fiery punches, in America, for hot weather. "Neither will I deny," said Velazquez, "that it is a wonderful sensation to stray into the Plaza de Geron Paez and come up suddenly against that glorious old Roman gate—growing up as naturally as the trees in front of it, but so much more wonderful than they—with its fine crumbling yellow traceries. How nicely it would tell in a sketch, eh, with some of the royal grooms, the *remontistas*, walking through the foreground in their quaint costumes!"

The men to whom he referred wear, in the best sense, a thoroughly theatrical garb of scarlet and black, finished off by boots of Cordovan leather in the style of sixteenth-century Spain, turned down at the top, laced, tasselled, and slashed open by a curve that runs from the side down to the back of the heel. This shows the white stocking under short trousers, giving to the masculine calf and ankle a grace for which they are usually denied all credit.



For the rest, dwellers in modern Cordova attend mass and vespers, stroll around to the confectioners' of an afternoon to eat sweetmeats, especially sugared *higochumbos* (the unripe prickly-pear boiled in syrup), or the famed and fragrant preserve of budding orange blossoms known as *dulces de alzahar;* and the remainder of the time they while away pleasantly in loitering on the Street of the Great Captain, or in peering from their windows at whatever passes beneath.



AN OLD-TIME SHIP LAUNCH.

THE OLD SHIP-BUILDERS OF NEW YORK.

I.

ON a bright morning, fifty years or more ago, Christian Bergh, father of Henry Bergh, was sitting in his office at the northeast corner of Scammel and Water streets, not far from what is now the Grand Street Ferry, watching some workmen in his ship-yard. He was in a region of ship-yards. Below him, at the foot of Montgomery Street, was the ship-yard of Thorn and Williams—Stephen Thorn and "honest old Jabez Williams," as they used to call him—and lower still, near the foot of Clinton Street, the ship-yard of Carpenter and Bishop. Ficket and Thoms's yard (afterward at the foot of Houston Street) adjoined it, and, farther south, James Morgan and Son had built a bark at the foot of Rutgers Street, and Joseph Martin the brig *Mary Jane* at the foot of Jefferson Street, and the ship *General Page* at the foot of Pike Street. Above Mr. Bergh was a series of yards extending along the East River as high up as Thirteenth Street: Sneden and Lawrence's yard, near the foot of Corlears Street; Samuel Harnard's yard, near the foot of Grand Street; Brown and Bell's yard, from Stanton to Houston streets, which was formerly occupied partly by Henry Eckford, and partly by Adam and Noah Brown; Smith and Dimon's yard, from Fourth to Fifth streets; Webb and Allen's yard (afterward William H. Webb's), from Fifth to Seventh streets; Bishop and Simonson's yard (afterward Westervelt and Mackay's), from Seventh to Eighth streets; James R. and George Steers's yard, William H. Brown's yard, and Thomas Collyer's yard, higher still. Many other builders or repairers of ships occupied the same interesting shore of the East River at about the same time or later: Mr. George Thorburn, a well-known spar-maker, who now uses a part of the old yard of Sneden and Lawrence, counted, the other day, not less than thirty-three of them, whose yards resounded with the axes and hammers of busy American ship-carpenters, calkers, blacksmiths, and joiners. Above the northernmost yard



[From a Painting in the possession of the Long Island Historical Society.]

HENRY ECKFORD.

the bank of the river sloped into a beautiful beach of clean fine sand, where at evening scores of men and women assembled to bathe in Arcadian simplicity. Dandy Point, or "Pint," as they called it, was the name of this popular resort, and no summer night passed without witnessing the arrival of bathing parties of twenty or more persons of both sexes. Down from the big wagons they jumped, the men going to one spot, the women to another not far off; and when their clothes had been exchanged for older or less valuable ones, without the protection of bath-houses of any kind, down into the water they ran, disporting themselves as freely as dolphins. "Sandy" Gibson's tavern, with its supply of cakes and drinks, was the favorite resort of pleasure-seekers on the beach. There was considerable bathing also near the foot of Corlears Street—a spot chiefly distinguished, however, for the number of baptisms that it witnessed, the candidates being brought thither in carriages from the Baptist churches of the city, and submerged in the clear water—the river drained no sewers then—by their respective pastors, before a crowd of interested and well-behaved spectators. The Williamsburg shore, with its modest cottages, gardens, and orchards, was the favorite fruit market of the calkers and ship-carpenters: they used to row across the river in small boats, and steal the apples that complemented their mid-day meals. Morning, noon, and evening, Lewis Street was almost filled with the multitude of mechanics going to work in the ship-yards, or returning thence; the sidewalks did not begin to be wide enough to hold them. The traveller who sailed down the East River and saw the spacious

yards that lined the New York shore, the noble vessels on the stocks, the thousands of busy workmen, and the huge collections of timber—white oak, hackmatack, and locust for the ribs of the ships, yellow pine for the keelsons and ceiling timbers, white pine for the floors, live-oak for the "aprons"—might have been pardoned for supposing that Manhattan Island was the head-quarters of the ship-building of the world; for such indeed it was. The glory has departed: not one of those ship-yards is left. In their place are machine shops, sash-and-blind factories, lumber yards, sugar refineries, and coal wharves—a transformation so complete that Mr. Whittier might find in it a subject for another "Ichabod."

Christian Bergh, as we have said, was sitting in his office, looking at some workmen, a hundred and fifty feet away, in his ship-yard. To one of them, who had just finished trimming a piece of timber, he shouted, "That's three-quarters of an inch out of line," and in a few minutes was beside the offending mechanic, upbraiding him in warmest terms. "You are mistaken," said the man; "the beam is all right," appealing to Mr. Robert Connolly and Mr. Jacob A. Westervelt, other members of the firm, who sustained his position. Mr. Bergh insisted upon the justice of his criticism, and proved it by measurement. "Bergh had a hawk's eye," said this mechanic to the writer, fifty years after the event just described. "The beam lay 'fore and aft' to him as he sat in his office, and though a hundred and fifty feet away, he detected the deflection of three-quarters of an inch from the horizontal."

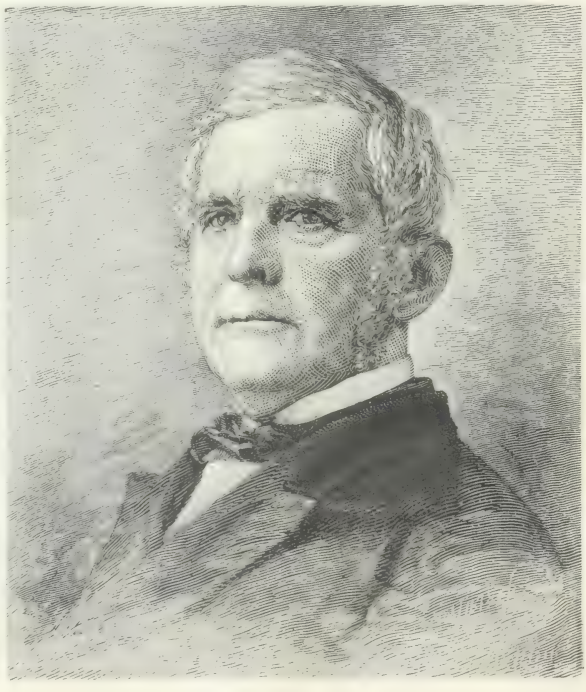


WILLIAM H. WEBB'S OLD OFFICE.



DAVID BROWN.

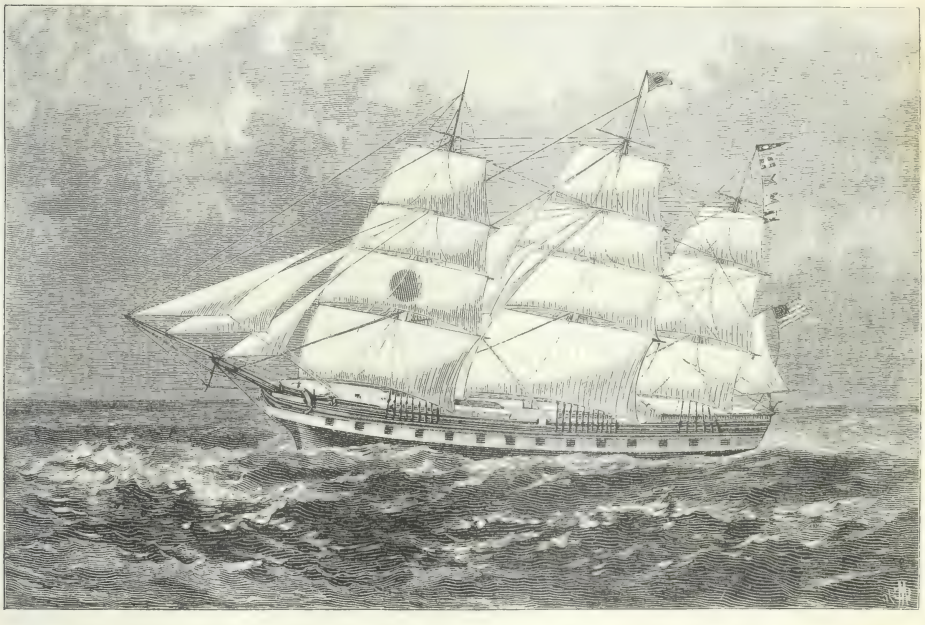
On the inner side of one of the covers of an immense German Bible now in the possession of a member of that old ship-builder's family is the following entry: "Christian Bergh was born April 30, 1763, and baptized, May 12, in Wettenburgh Church, in Rhinebeck Precinct—he died June 24, 1843. Aged 80." The existing records of the Bergh family in this country go back to the year 1700, and there were still earlier records, destroyed during the Revolutionary war; so that Mr. Henry Bergh, the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, seems justified in saying, "If there is such a thing as an American, I think I am one." Having submitted to the usual course of apprenticeship, Christian Bergh was appointed by the United States government to superintend the construction of the *President* and other war vessels in the Brooklyn Navy-yard; and at the breaking out of the war of 1812 was sent to Lake Erie to build sloops and cutters for service against the enemy. On returning to New York he established a ship-yard at the foot of Scammel Street, on the East River, and built packets for the Liverpool, London, and Havre lines; and the frigate *Hellas* for the Greeks, which was blown up by order of her commander in a Turkish port, whence she had been unable to escape. Another famous vessel was the 6-gun schooner *Antarctic*, constructed by Mr. Bergh for a Captain Morrell, who proposed to go to one of the islands of the Antarctic Ocean for a cargo of *bêche la-mère*, a fish for which there was great demand. Her history was romantic. On arriving at the place of destination, the captain began to catch and cure his fish under the eyes of the barbarian inhabitants, whose friendship he believed he had secured, but who one day suddenly made a descent upon him, and butchered all but three or four of his crew. The survivors hurriedly took to a boat, rowed to their vessel, weighed anchor, sailed to Manila, restocked her at great expense with men and munitions of war, and returned to the hostile islanders, who, in great fear, sent out a canoe with an embassy of peace. Captain Morrell was about to fire upon the canoeists, when one of them called, in good English, "Don't shoot, captain."



JACOB A. WESTERVELT.

He was a relic of the captain's old crew, and during the treacherous assault of the natives had saved himself by creeping into the bushes, where the king of the island, on a promenade, found him, and after striking the unlucky fellow on the head so hard as to lay his scalp open, and pouring sand and sea-water into the wound, made a slave of him. Morrell brought the sailor home, and with him a cargo of seal-skins that fetched a handsome price. He published a volume, in which he recorded some valuable discoveries that are now to be found on the maritime charts.

In the neighborhood of Scammel and Henry streets Mr. Bergh's tall, commanding figure (he stood six feet six in his stockings), his blue frock-coat, blue trousers, broad-brimmed high hat, and white neckcloth which no collar ever creased, are still remembered by a few old residents. The old gentleman's popularity caused him to be respected by the politicians, and many a time did he preside with grace and dignity in Tammany Hall (on the site of the present *Sun* building), though steadfastly refusing to run for office. His honesty was proverbial, his dislike of debt a passion. In his last illness the one thing uppermost in his mind was that his physician's bill had not been paid. To the reply that the bill was not yet presented and not yet due, he said to his son: "Henry, I wish you would have a check made out." On being assured that the matter would be attended to, he nevertheless repeated the request, and finally, in order to quiet him, his son filled out a check for his signature, which, with a trembling hand, was affixed. In a few days the honest old Democrat was dead. His handsome property was divided among his three children, Edwin (who died on the 4th of May, 1876, at Henry Bergh's house, No. 429 Fifth Avenue), Henry, and a daughter. Henry's share was the old homestead—a two-story frame house, with attic, at the northeast corner of Scammel and Water streets, where his father's office was, in an excellent neighborhood, old Colonel Rutgers, the Crosbys, and Henry Eckford living near by. The property extended north to Grand Street, and among the trees in its orchard was an ox-heart cherry-tree the like of which the Bergh children never saw elsewhere. Henry, who had just returned from Europe, built ten five-story tenement-houses on the site of the homestead, the first in New York city to give each family a floor to itself. Fire-escapes and other philanthropic conveniences were not wanting, and to-day these buildings are



THE "GREAT WESTERN."

still models of their kind. Christian Bergh would not consent to have a portrait of himself taken; he had an impression that to do so would betoken a certain aristocratic vanity—as if he considered himself of sufficient importance to make arrangements for the preservation of his verisimilitude after death. "Henry, what do you want a picture of me for?" he once asked of his son: "merely to be put up into the garret some day or other, and covered with dust?"

It is remembered to the honor of Christian Bergh that he was the first ship-builder who had the courage to employ colored men.

II.

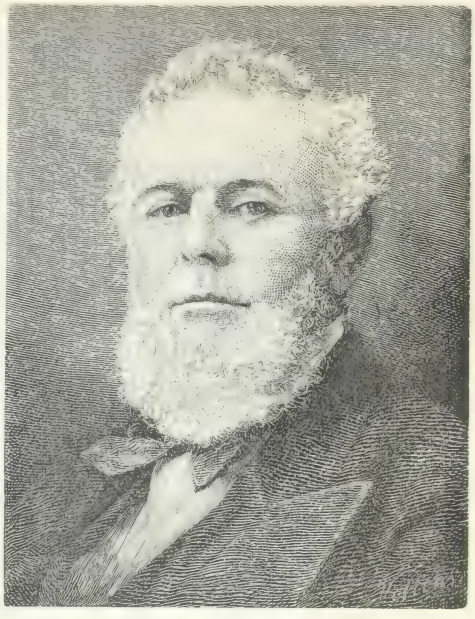
At the immense fire-place (it was so large that a man could easily sit in the chimney) in the Bergh house Henry Eckford was a frequent visitor. Indeed, Bergh's principal amusement was in going to see Eckford, and Eckford's principal amusement in going to see Bergh. Henry Eckford was a Scotchman, who came to this country in 1796, when twenty-one years old, and, like his friend Christian Bergh, rose into prominence during the war of 1812, having obtained contracts for building government vessels on the lakes. His house on Water Street is still standing. Not striking in personal appearance, he was a genuine mechanic, and much liked by his men, one of whom, Mr. Thomas Megson, an octogenarian, of Eighteenth Street, New York city, speaks of him to this day in terms of enthusiastic admiration. Eckford's yard in 1801 was near the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and there he built the ship *Samuel Elam*—a ship of 350 tons, whose figure-head represented a man on horseback, and whose bowsprit was high enough to clear the man's head; and the ship *Beaver*, for John Jacob Astor, which carried a cargo of 1100 tons in her live-oak frame, and after a service of more than forty years was broken up to furnish timber for another vessel. On Lake Ontario, in 1812, Eckford built several war vessels for the government, and had a large frigate on the stocks when peace was proclaimed. Soon afterward he became Superintendent of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and built the United States frigate *Ohio*. He seems to have had the instincts of a reformer, for one day, passing the blacksmiths' shop, and seeing that the commodore's horses were being shod there at the national expense, he ordered the grooms to remove the animals at once. "The business of this shop," he said, "is to repair government vessels, not to shoe commodores' horses." In his own yard he built a frigate apiece for Brazil, Colombia, Peru, and Chili. Having received an advantageous and very flattering offer from the Turkish government, Eckford accepted a commission as naval constructor at Constantinople. His departure created considerable excitement in New York city, chiefly because he took with him a number of American mechanics, who were promised what was then considered the extraordinary sum of two dollars a day apiece, the time of service to be reckoned from the moment they started on the voyage. The hopes of the company were of short duration. Eckford lived only about a year after reaching the Turkish capital. His untimely death occurred on the 12th of November, 1832.

These men—Bergh and Eckford—were brought into prominence by the war of 1812, which marked the first great era of New York ship-building. The entire coast of the United States having been exposed to the attacks of British cruisers, a demand arose for the construction of vessels that should meet those of the enemy, and, in the words of Commodore Perry, make them ours. Among the New-Yorkers summoned to build a fleet for that gallant commodore on the shore of Lake Erie—the same fleet with which he captured the British men-of-war near Put-in-Bay on the 10th of September, 1813—were Adam and Noah Brown, who soon launched several privateers, among them the *Yorktown*, *Teaser*, *Paul Jones*, *Saratoga*, and *General Armstrong*, the latter especially distinguishing herself by going under the stern of a British man-of-war in the English Channel, and by blockading an English port. But the most famous of their vessels was a steam-battery called *Fulton the First*, designed by Robert Fulton, and built by Adam and Noah Brown, under the superintendence of commissioners appointed by William Jones, Secretary of the Navy, her keel being laid on the 20th of June, 1814.

Eight years before, the first steamboat in the world was constructed in the yard of another American ship-builder, Charles Browne (not a relative of Adam and Noah Brown), after the design of Robert Fulton, who had brought her engines from Eng-

land. She was called the *Clermont*, and was intended to ply between New York city and Albany.

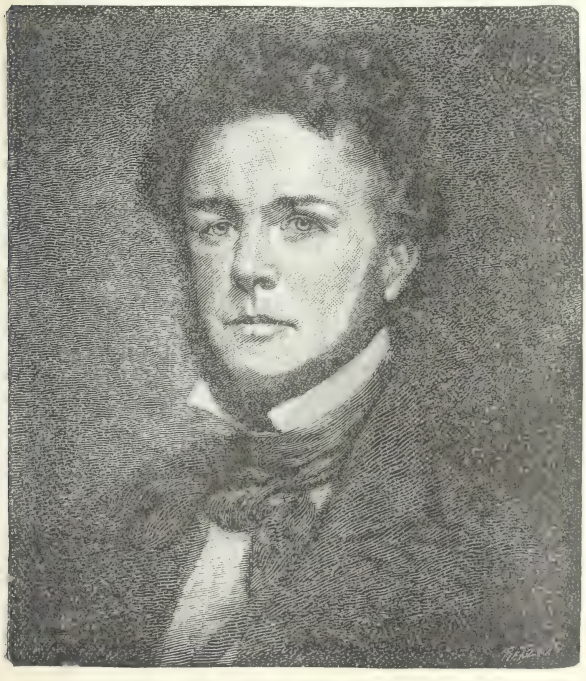
One of the few persons alive this year who remembered the trial trip of the *Clermont* was the late ship-builder Mr. Herbert Lawrence. He died last March, at his residence, No. 267 Henry Street, in his ninety-fourth year, after an illness of about two months. The children in the neighborhood, for whom he always had a pleasant word, and often a piece of money, will miss that benevolent and well-preserved nonogenarian. In 1817 he built the *Bolona*, the first steamboat commanded by Captain (afterward Commodore) Vanderbilt, the model of which is said to be in the possession of William H. Vanderbilt. He and his partner, Mr. Sneden, built also the first of the large Sound steamboats—the *President*, *Boston*, *Empire State*, *Granite State*, and *Bay State;* and it used to be the delight of the boys to go in swimming off the docks about five o'clock in the afternoon, and float in the wake of those vessels. One of Mr. Lawrence's sons is a ship-builder at Greenpoint.



JAMES R. STEERS.

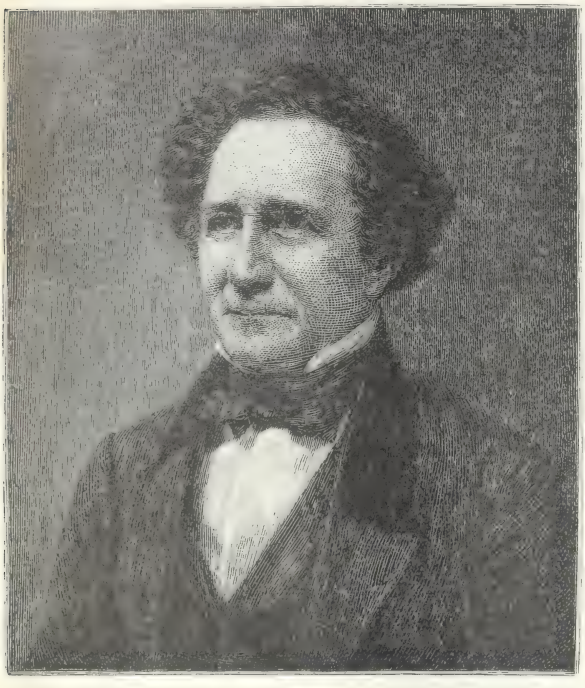
III.

The two most eminent apprentices of Henry Eckford were Isaac Webb (father of William H. Webb), of the firm of Webb and Allen, and Stephen Smith, of the firm of Smith and Dimon. Isaac Webb was born in Stamford, Connecticut, in 1794, the son of Wilsey Webb, himself afterward a ship-carpenter in Eckford's yard. Among the ships built by him in his first yard, at the foot of Montgomery Street, were the *Superior* and the *Splendid*, for the China trade, of about 300 tons each. They were in their time the largest merchant ships in the United States, unfortunately too large, there being no cargoes for them. The *Splendid* became a Havre packet. A New York gentleman, during an absence from his family, wrote home from Constantinople as follows: "I have the most unbounded confidence in the honor and integrity of Isaac Webb, and I can not be mistaken; and it is my particular wish that he may be consulted and advised with by my whole family as a man in whom they may implicitly rely, and one whose judgment is good on all subjects with which he is acquainted. He is cautious in business, and not easily led



GEORGE STEERS.

astray. On the whole, I think him one of the safest men I have met as a friend." It is related of Isaac Webb, who was very considerate of the feelings of his workmen, that when he had occasion to find fault with a mechanic who had done a piece of work to the best of his ability, but not exactly in the best style, he would say, "John, if I had had this to do, I should have done thus and so," indicating the way; but if the man offered to do it over again, he would invariably say, "No matter," thus sparing his pride while teaching him a lesson.



JACOB BELL.

Stephen Smith, of the firm of Smith and Dimon, was, like Isaac Webb, a native of Stamford, and an apprentice of Eckford's. Among his celebrated ships were the packets *Independence* and *Roscoe*, and the clippers *Rainbow* and *Sea Witch*. His partner, Mr. Dimon, attended principally to the business of repairing vessels—usually the most profitable department of a ship-building firm's enterprises—and is related by the late Dr. A. K. Gardner (from an unpublished manuscript by whom, some facts in this narrative are taken) to have said on one occasion, "Smith builds the ships, and I make the money." The ship *Mary Howland* had great celebrity in her day because of her size; crowds thronged the wharves to see her—she was of about 500 tons. The North River boats *Rochester*, *James Kent*, and *Oregon*, and the Greek frigate *Liberator* (which was built in four months and twenty days), were other products of Smith's genius. The ship *Independence*, just mentioned, was one of the most celebrated of the Liverpool packets; she was built in 1834, was 140 feet long, 32 feet wide, 20 feet deep, and 734 tons burden. Commanded by the famous Captain Ezra Nye, she for several years sailed regularly on the 6th of March, and carried the President's Message.

David Brown, of the firm of Brown and Bell, was the nephew and adopted son of Noah Brown, of the firm of Adam and Noah Brown. He died in Princeton, New Jersey, on Christmas-day, 1852, and when his body was brought to New York for burial, his friends noticed that many flags in the shipping were at half-mast. The sailors in the government vessels in the harbor used to man the shrouds when Noah Brown went on board. The late Dr. William A. Dod, Lecturer on Architecture in the College of New Jersey, used to speak with much warmth of the beauty of the lines of David Brown's vessels. Mr. Brown received from the Emperor of Russia a diamond ring in acknowledgment of some drawings lent to that monarch. One midnight he was awakened by loud rapping at the door of his house. The Seventh Ward Bank was in trouble, and some of the directors had called to beg him to take the presidency as the only hope of carrying them through the crisis. Very reluctantly he consented, and from that hour the bank's distress ceased. He built many ships for the Liverpool packet lines—the *Liverpool*, of 1174 tons, in 1843; the *Queen of the West*, of 1168 tons. His favorite ship was the *Roscius*, of E. K. Collins's Dramatic Line. "Nothing," he used to say, "can beat the *Roscius*." About 1846 Mr. Brown determined to retire from business, in spite of the remonstrances

of his friends. He had long desired to spend his days in the country, and his ample fortune made him independent. Four years afterward he died. His partner, Jacob Bell, continued the business, and constructed two of the Collins Line of steam-ships, the *Pacific* and the *Baltic*.

Jacob A. Westervelt was a native of Hackensack, Bergen County, New Jersey, and the son of a ship-builder. He learned the "art, trade, and mystery" of his profession by serving as a common sailor, and as an apprentice of Christian Bergh. Having finished his time with Mr. Bergh, he established himself in business in Savannah, and built several vessels there; but on the invitation of his old "boss" he returned to New York, and became a member of the firm of C. Bergh and Company, Mr. Robert Connolly being a third member, and so continued until 1837, when each partner retired with a fortune. Indeed, all the old ship-builders that have been mentioned became rich, with perhaps the single exception of Isaac Webb. After a trip to Europe, Mr. Westervelt became associated with Nathan Roberts, and built two ships in Williamsburg. He went back to New York, entered into business with Mr. Mackay, and built many ships. While a member of the firm of C. Bergh and Company he constructed most of the Havre packets and London packets that were launched previous to 1837. In 1852 he was elected Mayor of New York city, and on leaving office was awarded the contract for building the United States steam-frigate *Brooklyn*. He finally took his sons into partnership, under the style of Westervelt and Company. Mr. Connolly and Mr. Westervelt built houses for themselves side by side, in East Broadway, facing Grand Street, and over the front door was a large stone cap on which was carved a representation of a ship's taffrail.

John Englis was born in the city of New York on the 27th of November, 1808. After serving an apprenticeship in the yard of Stephen Smith, he became foreman in the yard of Bishop and Simonson. In 1837 he went to Lake Erie, and built the steamers *Milwaukee* and *Red Jacket*, and on returning to New York opened a ship-yard of his own at the foot of East Tenth Street—an immense establishment, covering 140,000 square feet, and employing at times the services of 450 men. His specialty was in the construction of steamboats of improved model and speed, having built fifty-six of them, of an average burden of 1500 tons each, previously to the year 1866. Of his seven steamers for the China trade, the chief was the *Sumo Nada*, which made the trip from Hong-Kong to Shanghai in fifty-six hours—a distance of one thousand miles. The Albany steamboat *St. John*, of the People's Line, built in 1863, was one of the largest and finest vessels of his construction, costing $600,000, and entering the lists as the first of the great floating palaces that navigate the North River. She was soon followed by



THE OLD MECHANICS' BELL TOWER.

the *Dean Richmond* and the *Drew*. The Sound steamer *Newport*, which makes the voyage from New York to Newport, 160 miles, in eight hours, is another envoy from Mr. Englis's yard. A bronze medal, "awarded to John Englis and Son for a model of the United States revenue-cutter *Ashuelot*, 1863," by the American Institute, is a trophy valued because of the great competition then existing in that department of American ship-building. The following letter explains itself:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, *October* 8, 1861.

"SIR:—The Department is much gratified to learn that the *Unadilla*, built by you, is the first of the gun-boats that has been delivered, as well as being the first that was launched, in the short space of fifty-eight days, and twelve days within the contract time. It gives the Department much pleasure to add that the reports of the Inspector are in the highest degree complimentary of the manner in which the work has been executed.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GIDEON WELLES.

"JOHN ENGLIS, Esq., *New York.*"

IV.

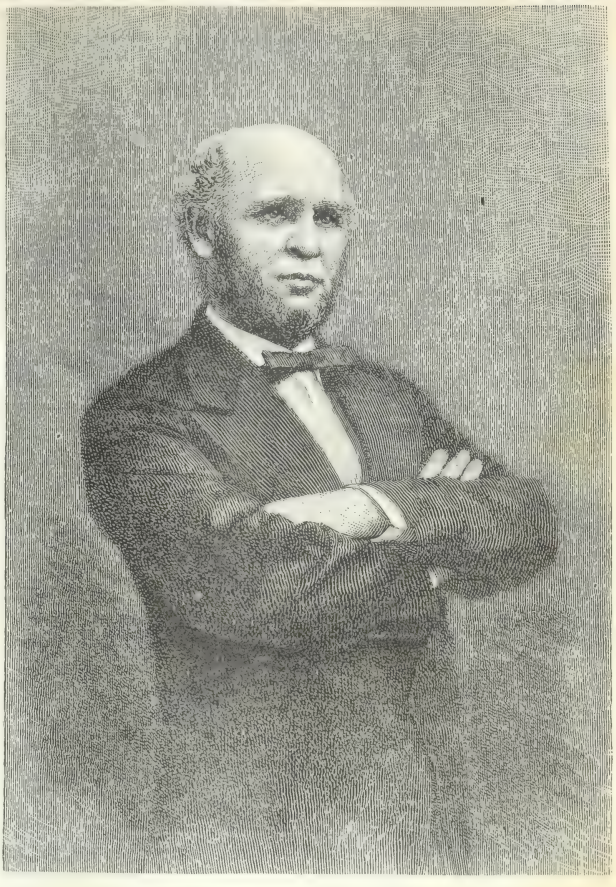
The life of an apprentice to a ship-builder fifty years ago would be distressful to a modern mechanic. Two of Eckford's apprentices, Thomas Megson and William Bennett, still live to testify to their early hardships. Andrew Craft, now Inspector of Steamboats at the Port of New York, and John Englis, the well-known ship-builder at Greenpoint, went through the same mill. How fine that mill ground is evident from the following little document, which hangs in a neat frame in Mr. Englis's office:

"This Indenture witnesseth, That John Englis, now aged sixteen years, nine months, and twenty-four days, by and with the consent of George Bell, his step-father, hath put himself, and by these Presents doth voluntarily and of his own free will and accord put himself, apprentice to Stephen Smith, of the city of New York, ship-carpenter, to learn the art, trade, and mystery of a ship-carpenter, and after the manner of an apprentice to serve from the day of the date hereof, for and during and until the full end and term of four years, two months, and seven days next ensuing: during all which time the said apprentice his master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere readily obey: he shall do no damage to his said master, nor see it done by others without telling or giving notice thereof to his said master: he shall not waste his said master's goods, nor lend them unlawfully to any: he shall not contract matrimony within the said term: at cards, dice, or any unlawful game he shall not play, whereby his said master may have damage: with his own goods nor the goods of others without license from his said master he shall neither buy nor sell: he shall not absent himself day nor night from his master's service without his leave; nor haunt ale-houses, taverns, dance-houses, or play-houses; but in all things behave himself as a faithful apprentice ought to do during the said term. And the said master shall use the utmost of his endeavors to teach, or cause to be taught or instructed, the said apprentice in the trade or mystery of a ship-carpenter, and the said master shall pay to the said apprentice the sum of two dollars and fifty cents weekly for each and every week he shall faithfully serve him during the said term. And also shall pay to him, the said apprentice, the sum of forty dollars per year, payable quarterly, for each and every of the said years, which is in lieu of meat, drink, washing, lodging, clothing, and all other necessaries. And for the true performance of all and singular the covenants and agreements aforesaid, the said parties bind themselves each unto the other firmly by these Presents. In witness thereof, the parties to these Presents have hereunto set their hands and seals the 10th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five.

"STEPHEN SMITH,
"JOHN ENGLIS,
"GEORGE BELL."

His apprenticeship fulfilled, the youth became at twenty-one years of age a full-fledged mechanic; but it would be a mistake to suppose that his labors were easy. He worked from sunrise to sunset—that is to say, from half past 4 o'clock A.M. in summer till half past 7 o'clock P.M., a period of fifteen hours—for $1 25 a day. At 8 o'clock in the morning he was allowed an hour for breakfast, but on reaching home was usually too tired to enjoy that meal or to eat much of it. At 12 o'clock he had two hours for dinner. His supper came after the day's labor. The heaviest beams, which are now lifted to the stocks by steam or horse power, he carried on his shoulders, his bosses working with him, and usually not sparing their emphatic orders. Many hours would be consumed in the sawing of a piece of live-oak timber, one man standing upon it, and the other below it, in a ditch that had been dug to hold him, his face protected by a veil from the dust, while to-day a circular steam-saw would go through such a beam about as fast as you could walk. Often, when the sun had set, one of the bosses invited his

men to refresh themselves from a pail of brandy and water, and then suggested that some timbers be raised; so that it was dark before the raisers reached home. Jacob A. Westervelt had to walk three miles to get there. A faint ray of light illumined the scene at 11 o'clock A.M. and 4 o'clock P.M., the hours for grog, when for three cents the mechanic obtained at the neighboring shops a glass of brandy much better than that for which the guest of a Broadway hotel to-day pays twenty-five cents. Good cigars cost three cents apiece. Presently wages became $1 50 a day, and very soon afterward $1 75, when the overjoyed mechanics resolved to strike for a day of ten hours instead of the prevailing fifteen hours. The bosses offered them $2 a day of the old hours, but the offer was rejected, and a day of ten hours ushered in; and in order that the privilege so won should not by any possibility be impaired, the workmen passed around the hat and raised money enough to buy a bell—the old Mechanics' Bell—which they erected on a small tower in Lewis Street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, near where it now stands, although recently recast. They hired a saw-filer in the neighborhood to ring the bell four times daily—at 7 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 1 o'clock, and 6 o'clock—and were insatiable in their demand that he should be prompt, paying him for his services $50 a year, and obtaining the money by passing around the hat. At any of these hours he might have been seen crossing the street with his little ladder, which he planted against the shed on which the tower stood, and after mounting it, proceeding to ring the bell by means of a lever very like a pump handle. Every time he lowered the lever the bell turned a complete somersault. The silver watch of the ringer and the silver tones of the bell still linger in the memories of thousands of American shipwrights.



WILLIAM H. WEBB.

The amusements of these mechanics were simple but thorough. There was a good deal of boat-rowing on the river for one thing; and the "East River Garden," on Cherry Street, a part of it roofed for a stage, where singing and acting were provided. A balloon occasionally made its admired ascent, after special performances on the tight rope and the slack rope. There was the Mount Pitt Circus, managed by Major-General Sanford, the Barnum of that era, who provided entertainments both histrionic and equestrian. On each anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence the "Fourth-of-July Ship"—a vessel forty feet long, rigged to look like a ship about to be launched, mounted on a truck, manned by from twelve to sixteen sailor lads, and drawn by eight horses—appeared in the streets. Some old residents of Henry Street remember William H. Webb, a youth of thirteen years, with trousers

tight at the knee and loose at the bottom, as one of those sailor lads. The vessel was housed in Cannon Street, and afterward at the corner of Houston and Columbia streets, and had been built by Isaac Webb and other shipwrights in their spare hours. A large brick building in Columbia Street (afterward known as the "Weary Wanderers' Hotel"), erected as a boarding-house by Noah Brown for his apprentices, was a head-quarters of considerable jocularity; and when at night they went out on a festive expedition, especially when changing the sign-boards in modern collegiate fashion, so that, for instance, a druggist's sign-board should ornament a butcher's shop, they were the terror of the neighborhood, though not of old Captain Asten, who did constabulary duty with his wooden leg and club.

In this region were the residences of the ship-builders. Stephen Smith lived on East Broadway, nearly opposite Sheriff Street; his house, finished in extra style by ship-joiners, is still standing. John Dimon built a large house on the corner of Columbia and Rivington streets. The boys used to call it the "Greek house," because it was supposed to have been constructed with money received from the Greek government in return for a couple of fine frigates. Jacob A. Westervelt lived on East Broadway a few doors below Gouverneur Street; Christian Bergh in a yellow clapboard house at Scammel and Water streets. On the top of a hill Miss MacLaughlin kept a dairy-farm, and sold the ship-builders milk. They drank water which came from wooden pumps in the streets. The last of these pumps is at the corner of East Broadway and Montgomery Street; and three churches—All-Saints Episcopal Church, Willett Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and St. Mary's Catholic Church—were built of the stone that came from the hill.

Democratic in their tastes and simple in their habits, the old ship-builders had little social intercourse with the four or five "great men" of the neighborhood; but their boys liked to steal pears from Colonel Willett's place, which was bounded by Columbia, Broome, Delancey, and Lewis streets, and defended by old Camp, the gardener ("Old Scamp" they called him). The colonel's house, now entirely surrounded by tenements, and hidden from the street, is occupied by the priests of St. Rose of Lima's Catholic Church. Colonel Rutgers lived on the block bounded by Jefferson, Clinton, Monroe, and Cherry streets, and a beautiful block it was, with its extensive lawn backed by a garden, and its two-story brick house, sixty feet square. Into one of its trees, four feet in diameter and hollow, the boys used to say that the colonel crawled when the British were after him. Judge Ogilvie, the last slave-holder on the east side, occupied the handsome block bounded by Sheriff, Delancey, Columbia, and Rivington streets. Three of his slaves, "Jess," "Tone," and "Dick," being impudent rowdies, the ship-builders' sons liked to "lick" them, being not at all awed by the aristocratic old judge with his queue, and his waistcoat pocket full of snuff; nor by the celebrated street preacher John Edwards, the linchpins of the wheels of whose gig they were wont to remove on a Sunday afternoon, when he had come to arouse the neighborhood.

Several ships having been burned on the stocks, the builders and mechanics organized in 1824 a fire-engine company, the famous old Live Oak, No. 44, whose head-quarters were in Houston Street near Lewis. Isaac Webb was foreman, and William H. Webb ran with her many a time. Joseph L. Perley, lately President of the Board of Fire Commissioners, who belongs to a ship-building family (his grandfather used to build vessels near Newburyport, Massachusetts, in the woods, and drag them to the shore with sixty yoke of oxen), was another foreman, and all the members were connected with the ship-yards. Mechanics' Hose Company, No. 47, whose house still stands on Fourth Street near Lewis, and Marion Hook and Ladder Company, No. 13, were organized in later years for a similar purpose, furnishing much amusement for the mechanics. The steamship *Panama*—the first of the Pacific Mail steamers—was on fire in Mr. Webb's yard; one of her sides was blazing, but a dash of water put it out. Charles Forrester, engineer of the Fire Department, asked Mr. Webb, "Where can we be of most assistance?" "If you can save my steam-chest," was the reply, "you will help me most." The steam-chest was the box, say forty-five feet long and two feet wide, where the timbers were steamed in order to make them pliable. If it had been burned at that time, most of the men in the yard would have been compelled to stop work. Mr. Forrester, when a boy,

carried a torch at the burning of Adam and Noah Brown's ship-yard in 1824, when two steamboats on the stocks, nearly ready to be launched, were consumed, and Jeremiah Bunce and several other members of Black Joke Engine Company, No. 33, jumped into the river to save their lives. At the house of his father, Archibald Forrester, he used to hear Henry Eckford, John Allen, and other old Scotch ship-builders talk politics and theology with all the national energy and certainty.

A launch of a large vessel brought people from the city and all parts of the surrounding country, and made a general holiday. The builders invited their friends, and the owners invited theirs. Christian Bergh did not like the saturnalia which the occasion often invoked—almost everybody in the neighborhood was more or less under the influence of liquor—but the proprietors of the packet and clipper lines always insisted upon giving the workmen a "blow-out," and usually paid the bills for the biscuits, cheese, and rum punch, and also for the champagne drank by the guests in the mould loft. It was a day of anxiety to the builder until the ship was successfully launched. He had so much at stake: the ways might be insufficiently greased; the chains beneath the vessel might break; she might tumble over on her side, as the *Switzerland* did in Westervelt and Mackay's yard; she might acquire momentum enough to drive her into the opposite bank of the river. But there was no finer sight in New York fifty years ago than that of a noble ship sliding easily into the water, while a young woman broke the christening bottle of wine over the bow, and the sailors heaved anchor, and the saluting cannon boomed, and the wild throng of spectators on river and shore rent the air with cheers. A friend of the late Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander relates that one day at a launch in Brown and Bell's yard the doctor was trembling with emotion when the ship began to start. "There! there she goes!" he exclaimed, adding, as the gun was fired, "That serves as an outlet to my feelings." For the launch of the *General Admiral*, twenty-five years ago, in Mr. Webb's yard, the mechanics had erected, the previous evening, a stage for "their really fine-looking families," wrote an eye-witness of the scene, who was on board the vessel. "A slight jar, a rush to the sides, roar of cannon, loud huzzahs from outsiders, Dodworth's Band playing 'Departed Days,' and through the port-holes it was seen that



HENRY STEERS'S MODEL-ROOM.

the vessel was in motion. So gentle and steady was the movement, so slight was the dip, and so gradually was she brought up by her anchors before passing twice her length from the shore, that a person standing on board, with closed eyes, could not have realized that any change whatever had been made in her position."

V.

One of the most brilliant successes of the clipper era was the yacht *America*, built in 1851 by James R. and George Steers, for John C. Stevens and several other gentlemen, who desired to secure a vessel which would win the Queen's Cup at the annual regatta of the London Royal Yacht Club. She cost about $23,000, and her builders were to have a large bonus in case she won. After a sail of twenty-two days and four hours, during five days of which she was so becalmed as to make only six miles a day, she reached the neighborhood of Havre, her port of destination, and was met by a Channel pilot-boat, which at once showed the French flag, and was supposed, of course, to carry a French pilot. As soon as the pilot stepped on board, James R. Steers said to his own pilot, Richard Brown, who had brought the yacht from New York, "Dick, that fellow is no Frenchman." Immediately Dick walked up to the stranger, and shouted, in most emphatic tones: "I tell you what, my friend, if you let this yacht scrape bottom, I'll throw you overboard." Dick kept hold of the tiller himself, and would not give it up. As the yacht approached the lights of Havre, the pilot confessed his inability to take her in. He left her, and hurried in his own boat to Cowes, with the news that "the Yankee is the fastest vessel going." The Englishmen always spoke of the *America* as the "Yankee."

So it came to pass that when the Steers brothers and the rest of the party crossed the Channel, and offered to back their yacht with wagers, they discovered that they had been betrayed. There was nobody to take their bets. So confident of success were they that they had brought $4000 each to invest in that way, while Dick Brown had manifested his faith by mortgaging his own pilot-boat in New York to John C. Stevens for $2000, every cent of which he intended to stake upon the race. But the "French" pilot, who had been employed by somebody to get on board the *America* and learn her sailing qualities, had destroyed their chance of winning a dollar. Moreover, at eleven o'clock of the night preceding the long-anticipated regatta, the Messrs. Steers were informed that their yacht, which they had brought three thousand miles to sail, was ruled out of the race. Why? Because it was "a rule of the club" that every competing yacht should be owned by but one owner. Now the *America* was owned by several owners.

The next day, however, August 21, 1851, the *America* sailed from Cowes at the moment that the regatta yachts sailed from Ryde, and beat them handsomely, although the distance traversed by her was nine miles longer than that traversed by the other yachts. The excitement was tremendous, but over the victory of the "Yankee" the twenty thousand spectators were mute as oysters. Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and young Albert Edward, however, paid a visit of compliment to the winning yacht that did not get the prize. Her Majesty was dressed in republican simplicity; the one thing that one of her hosts best remembers to this day is that she wore a plain calico gown. The tastes of her maids of honor were less severe. On leaving the yacht, the Queen asked how many men there were in the crew, and on being told the number, drew from her pocket a purse, from which she counted an equal number of guineas, laying them one by one upon a plate that had contained some "ginger-snaps" brought for her refreshment. With a request that the steward would distribute the guineas, and with a polite invitation to the yachtsmen to visit her at Osborne, she took her leave. The next thing the Steers brothers heard from her was that she had given them another "Queen's Cup," a precise duplicate of the Queen's Cup for which they had not been allowed to compete. That is the cup which was brought home by them, and deposited by Mr. John C. Stevens and his friends in the hands of the New York Yacht Club, where it still lies safe, in spite of repeated efforts of foreign yachts to capture it. The visit to Osborne was duly made and greatly enjoyed. Upon the lawn in front of the palace her Majesty had provided a variety of rural sports—men running in sacks, and climbing greased poles, and so on. But the truly marvellous fun was this: A wire was stretched between two poles twelve feet

high, and upon it were fastened a series of buns, the ends of which had been dipped in molasses (or treacle, as the natives called it). Several men, each with his hands tied behind his back, made their appearance, and very industriously strove by jumping to detach the buns with their teeth. When successful, it was their duty to eat the bun thus detached—a task impossible in many a case except by putting their noses in close proximity to the ground upon which the slippery bun had fallen. The fellow who ate his bun first got the prize.

The Marquis of Anglesea also called upon the yachtsmen, inspected their vessel, and invited them to his mansion on the Isle of Wight. He had come, he said, "to see the men who had the brains to build that boat." The friends of those gentlemen gave them a magnificent banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, on their return from Cowes, speeches of congratulation being made by George Law, Simeon Draper, Theodore E. Tomlinson, and others, and a silver cup presented. Five years afterward, on the 25th of September, 1856, George Steers, while driving a pair of horses to Glen Cove, Long Island, in order to bring home his wife, who had been visiting there, was thrown from his wagon and mortally wounded. The horses had begun to run, and he had jumped to the ground, had struck his head, and injured his spine. He never spoke again. He was only thirty-six years old.

At the time of his death the magnificent Collins steamer *Adriatic* had just been launched from Mr. Steers's yard, and was about to make her trial trip. He and his brother, James R. Steers, had won thirty-six prizes in regattas with the yachts which they had built. Among these yachts, the most notable, next to the *America*, was the *Una*, built for James M. Waterbury, which took the first prize in the New York Yacht Club regattas of 1847, 1850, 1851, 1853, 1854, and 1856. The *Julia*, built for the same owner, took the first prize in 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1858, and then was ruled out because of her speed. She sailed so fast that the club would not enter her, and Mr. Waterbury was compelled to transform her into a schooner. And then she won. The *Widgeon* and the *Cornelia*, built for William and Daniel Edgar, and the *Haze*, built for Mr. Ives, of Rhode Island, were also very fast. As for the *America*, she was sold in England by Mr. J. C. Stevens for $25,000; was bought there by the Confederate government, brought back to this country, and



[From a Drawing by Eliphalet Brown, Jun.]

THE YACHT "AMERICA."

then sunk in a Southern port to prevent the Federals from capturing her. They raised her, however, and after repairs made her a tender to a government schoolship in Boston Harbor; but as the raisers claimed prize-money, the Secretary of the Navy ordered her to be sold at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, where General Benjamin F. Butler bought her for $5000. He still owns the brilliant little yacht. "Why was she so fast?" was recently asked of Mr. James R. Steers. "Because," he replied, "we studied to get the shape of model that would create the least resistance to water considered as a solid. This is the condition of the success of all vessels, steam or sail. I actually believe that sailing vessels will be constructed to go twenty miles an hour without raising the water two inches above their flotation lines."

Mr. Russell, in his *Naval Architecture* —an English treatise—while comparing the English yacht *Titania* with the *America*, says that before the wind "there was scarcely a difference in their speed, except that arising from the larger sail area of the *America;* on a wind, on the contrary, the *America* stood up under her canvas by virtue of her uncurtailed shoulders, while the *Titania* heeled over. The *America*, with her uncurtailed longitudinal section, weathered the *Titania* on every tack. This challenge of America to England was of incalculable benefit to England. America reaped a crop of glory; England reaped a crop of wisdom. The yacht-builders of England at once adopted the wave-line principle for their new yachts, and called them, with rigid self-denial, American lines, and they instantly swept from their books those legislative enactments which compelled their yacht-builders to dance in fetters. It was worth the loss of a race to gain so much." (Vol. I., p. 613.)

The father of James R. and George Steers was Henry Steers, an English shipbuilder of eminence, who, after some service in the Plymouth Navy-yard, went to the Isle of Guernsey and built for the French government three war vessels (after the drawing reproduced for this article), which sailed so fast as to make havoc among the fleets in the Channel. One of his comrades, John Thomas, having gone to the United States, and obtained a position in the Washington Navy-yard, wrote to Henry Steers to join him. Steers accepted the invitation, and in 1819 was installed with Thomas at the national capital. It was not long before he showed to the commodore of the navy-yard the drawing after which he had constructed the terrible cruisers for the French government. The subject so interested that officer that he obtained from the authorities an order to build two war vessels, the *Shark* and the *Grampus*, after the same model. Steers and Thomas also furnished plans for the construction of an immense ship-house and an inclined plane, by means of which they were successful in hauling up the frigate *Congress* for repairs. In 1824 the two ship-builders came to New York, and built, at the foot of Tenth Street, on the East River, the first ship-railway ever seen in the United States; it consisted of rails laid on an inclined plane, upon which a cradle was run for the purpose of drawing vessels up out of the water in order to repair them; and in consideration of their enterprise the Legislature granted to the railway company a charter for a bank, to last "as long as grass grows and water runs." Thus was founded the Dry-dock Bank, now the Eleventh Ward Bank. The only other institution that ever received such a charter was the Manhattan Company. Mr. James R. Steers has been a stockholder in that bank more than fifty years. His home is a fine old mansion, with extensive grounds, on an eminence in Westchester County, overlooking the Sound. His father died in 1841, at the age of sixty-two. His son Henry Steers, grandson of the Henry Steers who built the *Shark* and *Grampus*, has built some of the largest vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and some of the largest steamboats to be seen on Long Island Sound—the *Massachusetts*, for instance.

VI.

William H. Webb's distinction as an American ship-builder consists partly in having launched a larger aggregate tonnage than any other member of his profession, and partly in his successful construction of powerful war vessels. At the age of fifteen years, and contrary to the wishes and plans of his father, Isaac Webb, who desired for him an easier berth on the voyage of life, he entered his father's shipyard, and swung the axe, shoved the plane, and performed all the other functions of an apprentice, working as hard and as

long every day as did any of his fellows. He was soon promoted to the mould loft, model-room, and drawing-room, where he modelled entirely some of the last vessels built by Isaac Webb. While travelling in Europe in 1840 for professional purposes, he learned of the death of his father, and at once prepared to return home. The same year, at the age of twenty-four, he became his father's successor, the firm name continuing to be Webb and Allen; and before the end of the year had launched two square-rigged vessels—the brig *Malek Adhel*, of 110 tons, and the ship *James Edwards*, of 500 tons. It is said that David Brown, of the firm of Brown and Bell, remarked upon seeing the little brig that Webb's future was not problematical. In 1847, Mr. Webb built for Mr. Charles H. Marshall and others the steam-ship *United States*, the first steamer to enter the Golden Gate of the Pacific slope. In several important respects her frame differed from that of any vessel previously constructed, especially in having a flat bottom with "concave points." Her engines were from the works of T. F. Secor and Company. On her second trial trip, with Dudley Persse, Philip Hamilton, D. Austin, Jun., Gabriel Mead, Hemly Sanford, Captain Hudson, U.S.N., Captain Jacob Vanderbilt, and other guests on board, she made nine and one-third knots an hour in the teeth of a gale and a heavy head-sea, a rate of speed which the late Mr. George W. Blunt thought "hardly possible under the circumstances," and which led a committee of experts to feel a "just pride in such a successful specimen of naval architecture and ocean steam-engine building." The *United States* was also the first commercial steam-ship constructed to be of use to the government naval service. She could be armed with two tiers of guns, had plenty of room in which to work them, and could carry coal enough for a voyage to Europe. Her first trip to Liverpool, under command of Captain Hackstaff, occupied thirteen days, and consumed forty tons of coal daily. She was 256 feet long, 50 feet broad, and 30½ feet deep. In 1849, Mr. Webb built the three-decker ship *Guy Mannering*, the first complete three-decker constructed for the American packet service. By the end of the next ten years he had built 126 vessels.



[From a Lithograph by Endicott and Company.]

THE "GENERAL ADMIRAL."

Meantime Mr. Webb's ambition led him to seek wider opportunities. His offer to build a line-of-battle ship for the United States government having been declined in 1851, he sent a special messenger with a similar offer to the court of St. Peters-

burg, especially to the Grand Duke Constantine, then commander of the Russian navy, with the rank of General Admiral. Two years afterward, at the invitation of that government, he visited St. Petersburg, and obtained a contract to build a propeller frigate of the first class. Some delay intervened, owing to the advent of the Crimean war, but on the Emperor's birthday, September 21, 1857, the stern-post of the *General Admiral* was laid in Mr. Webb's yard, at the foot of Sixth Street, in the presence of Baron de Stoeckel, the Russian Minister, and many invited guests, the event being further celebrated by the offering of a prayer in the Russian language, and the partaking of a grand banquet at the Clarendon Hotel. The baron placed in a mortice in the keel a silver plate inscribed in Russian as follows: "The 70-gun ship *General Admiral* was begun in the presence of the Baron de Stoeckel, Russian Minister at Washington, September 21, 1857, in New York, after the plans of W. H. Webb, American ship-builder." The mortice was then closed, and the first copper bolt driven into the ship, every guest present giving a blow. Precisely one year afterward, on the birthday of the Grand Duke Constantine, after whom she was named, the *General Admiral* was successfully launched with great éclat. Her cost was about $1,125,000. On her trip to Europe she made the voyage to Cherbourg in eleven days and ten hours, part of the time under canvas alone. With her propeller lifted clear of the water, her average speed was twelve knots an hour. In acknowledgment of her success, the Emperor of Russia presented Mr. Webb with a gold snuff-box enriched with diamonds, and the British government immediately built two vessels after the same model, which, however, never equalled her in speed. She was 325 feet long, 55 feet wide, and 34 feet deep, and had two horizontal engines of 800 horse-power. A board of United States naval officers, consisting of Commander Andrew H. Foote, Chief Engineer W. E. Everett, and Naval Constructors S. M. Pook and B. F. Delano, appointed to examine the *General Admiral*, reported to the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Toucey, that the workmanship and disposition of materials were excellent, and "fully equal those of any vessels constructed by our government; and we may mention that in regard to location of beams relatively to the ports, she is superior, from the fact of the armament having been determined before building the vessel. We therefore recommend in future that the armament be always determined in our service before building the vessel. The construction of the *General Admiral* reflects great credit on Mr. Webb."

In 1861, Mr. Webb contracted with the Italian government to build two iron-clad steam-frigates, and a few years before this had obtained the contract from the United States government for building the revenue-cutter *Harriet Lane*, his model for her having been selected by a committee of sixteen ship-builders, out of twenty-two models presented in competition. But the greatest undertaking of his life was the steam-ram *Dunderberg*, launched on the 22d of July, 1865. Her length was 378 feet, her breadth 73 feet, her depth of hold 23 feet, and her tonnage 7500 tons. Her sides, five feet thick, were covered with a five-inch plating of iron. Her revolving iron turrets contained guns capable of throwing shells weighing 500 pounds each, and she was driven fifteen nautical miles an hour by an entirely concealed force of 1200 horse-power. After offering her to the United States government, which would not buy her, Mr. Webb sold her to France.

Mr. Webb modestly ascribes his success to "attention to details." For many years he was the first man to enter his yard in the morning, and the last to leave it at night; he marked the place for every stick of timber in every vessel, and, until the *General Admiral* was built, made every model, drawing, and specification for every vessel with his own hand. The drawings in his books are arranged so systematically that he could at any time duplicate exactly those of any one of the hundred and forty or more vessels that he has built; and by referring to them could in a few minutes give the particulars of any kind of vessel ever built by him, and make a contract, with full details of style and price—a labor of days to most ship-builders. To this habit of personal attention to the details of his own business is partly, at least, due the fact that none of Mr. Webb's vessels ever received an injury in launching, or ever stuck on the ways. They were ready at the word go. But this cause alone does not account for the fact that the plans of the vessels which gave Mr. Webb his reputation were not transcripts of any-

thing previously planned at home or abroad, but represented, each by itself, a distinct advance upon the methods then prevailing.

VII.

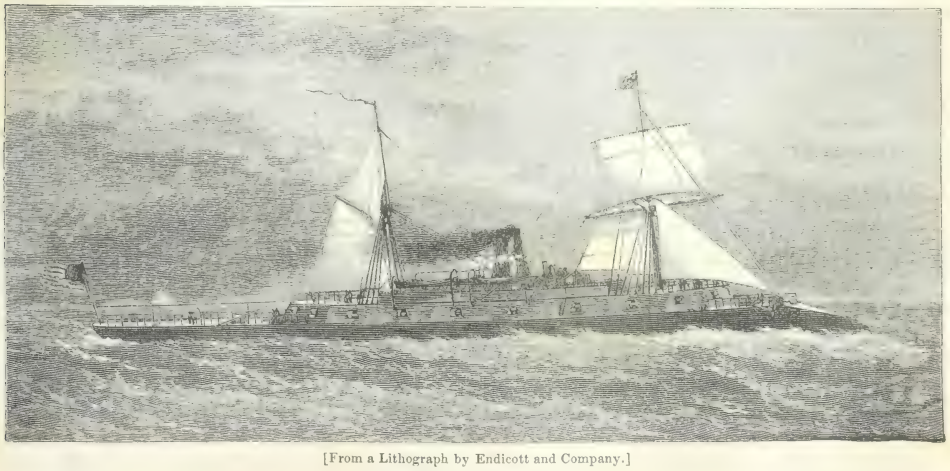
"New York," said one of its newspapers, about the year 1852, "is one of the great ship-yards of the world. Our clippers astonish distant nations with their neat and beautiful appearance, and our steamers have successfully competed with the swiftest-going mail packets of Great Britain. In the farthest corners of the earth the Stars and Stripes wave over New York built vessels." Contrast this statement with the following from a New York newspaper thirty years later, on the 21st of December, 1881:

"WHAT THEY STARED AT.

"Passengers on the Brooklyn ferries between 9 and 10 A. M. on Tuesday saw something which made them stare. The curious object was a new trim-built clipper ship, fresh from the shipwright's hand, and flying the American flag at the fore. The old flag has become such a novelty and a new-built clipper such a rarity that as she sailed leisurely down the East River, old-timers recalled the days when such objects were common and ship-building was at its zenith. Many looked upon the sight as an omen of better days to come."

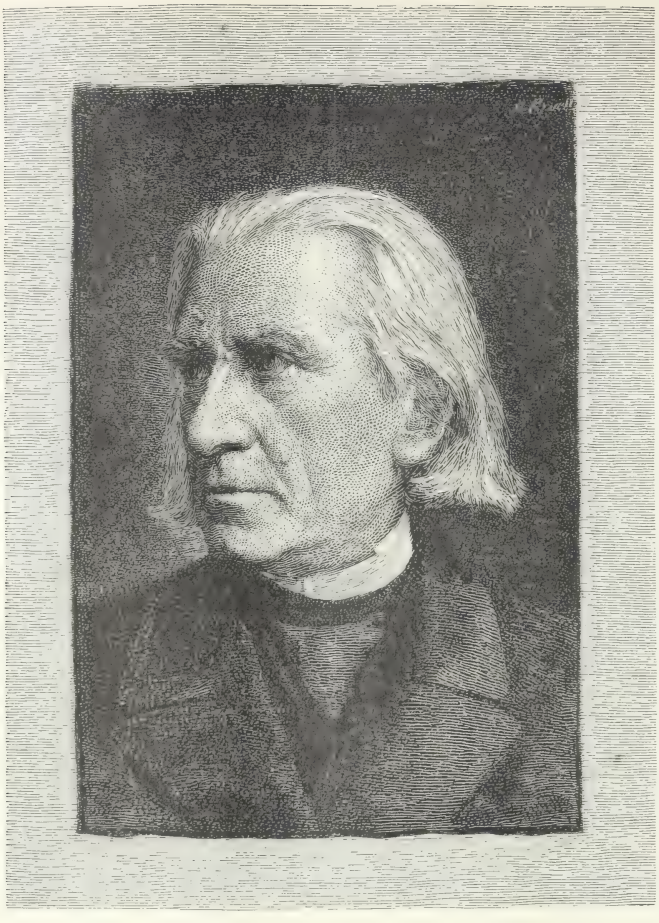
As long ago as January, 1867, Mr. David A. Wells, Special Revenue Commissioner, reported to the government that during the month of November previous "there was but a single vessel in the course of construction in the ship-yards of the city of New York."

The causes of the decline of ship-building in New York city are clear and simple. The war for the Union was one of them. Our vessels were captured by the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers, and at one time were supposed to be in danger from British men-of-war. There was little encouragement to invest money in such property. The substitution of iron for wood in ship-building was another cause; and the war left us with a high protective tariff on iron, as well as on copper, chain-cables, rigging, and canvas. Mr. W. H. Webb wrote to a friend in 1869: "My business is destroyed by the absurd laws of a high tariff, which destroys the shipping interest—the right arm or bower of the country." Then the use of steam has diminished the need for ships. Thirty-five years ago about two hundred sailing vessels were engaged in the trade between this city and Charleston; to-day, four steamers do the business. Furthermore, the value of the land formerly occupied by the ship-builders has increased to an extent that forbids its use for the old purposes. The ship-builder on the coast of Maine pays comparatively little for his land, and gets his timber from the woods behind it. Wages are lower there; and lower, too, in England, where eight dollars a month will procure a sailor who would demand from thirty-five to forty dollars if he lived in New York city. Finally, the old ship-builders retired rich, and the sons do not begin where the fathers did, living over their own shops.



[From a Lithograph by Endicott and Company.]

THE "DUNDERBERG."



FRANZ LISZT.

"The Master awaits you at two o'clock to-day.
"TONI RAAB.
"HOTEL HUNGARIA."

A SIMPLE visiting card with these words hurriedly traced upon it was lying on the piano as I entered the music-room this morning.

"A commissionnaire brought it," said my maid, answering, as she supposed, my look of blank astonishment. "Madame Raab came to Pesth last night."

"The Master"—Liszt, Franz Liszt, awaited me, and to-day my friend Madame Raab would present me to him!

We had seen him at the noonday mass in the old parish church last Sunday; yesterday a note from him, with his photograph, had been sent me, and now the kindly old Master would receive me.

But such a storm as raged outside my windows! The rain, as it only can rain on the banks of the Danube, dashed down in torrents.

"How can you think of going out to-day!" exclaimed the countess, to whose boudoir I had flown with my treasure, Toni Raab's card. "I dare not send my horses out. You'll see Liszt at the concert to-morrow night. Do not peril health and reception toilet in this storm. Carriages stop before the door: you can not drive into the porte cochère at the Maestro's."

"Dear countess, please say no more. I *must* go. I saw him Sunday; I had a letter from him yesterday; to-day I shall go to him; to-morrow attend his concert; Thursday, go to Vienna with him—" Her ladyship raised her eyes. "In the same train, I mean," said I, correcting myself.

"Friday, meet him at the Wagner-Verein; Saturday, attend the levée given for him at Princess ——'s; and Sunday—ah! I shall hear his Graner Mass, which he will himself direct. Ach! a week *auprès de* Liszt—a week of delight!"

Her ladyship smiled—high-born women never laugh in Austria. "Your enthusiasm amuses me," she said. "Thirty years ago I could have understood it. Ah! you should have been with me then."

"Even ten years ago," interposed her daughter, "when Cousin Marie was with us. Liszt was charmed with her voice, and used to accompany her delightfully."

"That must indeed have been music. Countess R——, whom I heard in Vienna, recalled my childhood's enthusiasm for music as nothing else has ever done. I was quite too young to appreciate her mother, Henrietta Sontag; but something in the tones of Countess Marie's voice, in the Schubert ballads, brought back every remembrance of her mother."

All the morning I played over the rhapsodies, ballads, and memories arranged by the "Master." Chopin's life, too, I glanced through. I had many things to say, many questions to ask him. A few minutes before two o'clock the servant announced the carriage, and I left the warm cheerful music-room in the palace for—the Fisch Platz. Could a less artistic street have been found for a maestro's abode! The rain had partially ceased; it was quite too wet to walk, and yet, as the carriage turned from the Donau-Gasse, we saw a crowd of ladies and gentlemen leaving the house.

"The reception is just over," said the footman, as he came to the carriage door. "Madame must wait; there are many carriages before the house."

I was glad of it. I was frightened and nervous now that I must really appear before the Master, and grasping my music roll tightly, sank back in a corner of the coupé. At last we reached the door, and springing from the carriage with the same shudder one feels when about to dive into a swimming bath, I was soon under the shelter of the broad entrance.

"Which floor does the Abbé Liszt occupy?" I asked of the portier.

"Ich weiss nicht. He not here," said the man.

"But that is impossible," retorted I. "Liszt certainly lives here."

"Der Meister, vielleicht?" said the old German, catching sight of the music roll which the footman carried.

"Natürlich, der Meister," answered I. By name, by Church title, he was not known, but "der Meister" was the open sesame to his abode.

Turning to the right, I ascended a circular marble stairway, and going out to the balcony of the first story above the court, knocked at a door, upon which a simple white card bore the name,

F. Liszt.

A pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman admitted me to a small vestibule. A table under a wall hat rack on the right, a bureau covered with lamps on the left, and two chairs, were all the furniture of this room.

"Is the Master ready to receive me?" I asked.

She shook her head: "Oh no; he is very tired; he has gone to lie down."

"Is Madame Raab not here at this hour?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "Ich weiss nicht," she said, then suddenly left me.

I remained standing a few moments, then sat down by the bureau, and examined the lamps and their fanciful chimney caps—little crochet hats and bonnets to cover, German fashion, the long glass chimneys when the lamps were not lighted. At last a portly, good-natured man came into this anteroom, and asked if I had an appointment to see the Master.

"Natürlich," said I.

"Please, your name?"

I handed him my visiting-card. He glanced at it, then at a memorandum-book, and shook his head. "There is some mistake," he said; "I find no such appointment here."

"Is not Madame Raab here?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "but you are not the lady for whom she is waiting."

"Yes, I am; take my card to her."

He shook his head, and replied: "Pardon me, your ladyship" (he thought me a countess: a simple *musicienne* would hardly have dared to be so importunate, perhaps imperious), "excuse me, I can only admit those appointed to come at this hour. Wait until the lady comes, if you wish, and perhaps she will resign her interview in favor of your ladyship."

"Whom are you expecting?" I asked.

"Madame ——"

I started. How stupid I had been! My *nom de plume* was the only name by which Liszt knew me, and I had forgotten the fact. It was utterly impossible to make this good-natured servant believe me; he was too used to all deceits and tricks practiced by the aristocracy to get admitted to the Master to credit my assertions. Fortunately, Pauli, tenor at the Hungarian Opera, arrived just as I was beginning to despair. He, seconded by Count ——, of Vienna, who also "looked in," gained for me the privilege denied them—admittance to the reception-room.

What a cheerless, comfortless spot it was! Nothing but the superb bunch of purple Parma violets which stood on the small wooden table before the sofa showed sign of artistic taste. A few cane and wooden chairs, a common brown "reps" sofa, a floor uncarpeted and carelessly waxed, blank walls covered with a paper dingy and dark, gave the room a sombre, melancholy aspect, perfectly chilling to musical sensibilities. Somebody in the room to the right was playing one of Liszt's "rhapsodies." I listened, and felt sure that my friend Toni was at the piano. A door to the left opened. It was a bedroom, for I saw an oak-colored wooden bedstead, an oaken wash-stand, and on the wall a row of pegs, on which hung a dressing-gown and a black soutane-like coat. It was only a glance, for in the doorway stood the tall, commanding form of the Master.

He advanced toward me, holding out both hands. "Is this Madame ——?" he asked, as I placed both hands in his and looked up to his grand old face.

"Yes, Master." I could say no more. I was spell-bound, magnetized by the majesty of the face upon which I was gazing.

"Madame Raab tells me you love music, and, what is better, that you know the meaning of the word; that you are artiste in soul."

"In your presence, Master, I can only acknowledge that I am but beginning to grasp the true meaning of art."

"It would be well if all 'beginners' had such a grasp as yours," he said, taking the seat of honor on the sofa, which I persistently refused and pointed out to him.

"Ach! you Americans are a great people. You form Jubilee Symphonies to be played with steam-whistles, church bells, and cannon!"

"We are a noise-loving people, and so we do the best we can until we have learned to control Heaven's thunder for our diapason. But we know how to appreciate and reward artists whom Europe lends us. Ah, Master, why will not you come?"

He laughed a low, pleased laugh. "No, no; I am too old now; the time is past for me to seek new worlds to conquer."

"No need 'to conquer,' Master. We already own and acknowledge your sway; to us as to all other nations you are 'the Master.' We ask your presence, to welcome you with homage, enthusiastic and loyal."

"Yes, I should like to see America, but that is quite impossible." He paused, for the tones of the piano in the adjoining room became louder. Sextolats in chromatics flashed like the splendor of a comet's pathway through a starry heaven. Liszt held up his hand as if to implore silence. The passionate allegro of the rhapsody seemed flinging phosphorescent light even into the shadowy room where we sat.

"Too loud, too loud," murmured Liszt; "that passage must be more subdued. In life, as in love, deep, earnest passion is always calm: the more intense the feeling, the calmer its outward expression."

"In all natures, Maestro?" I asked, speaking in Italian. "You describe the Northern intellectual life and love. Would an Englishman play that allegro better than an Italian? John Bull, you know, is always calmly earnest."

Liszt laughed. "You apprehend well enough what I mean," he said. "A rhapsody is a quickly told story; it is intense in feeling, and progressive; it may end in death, or the heart sink into restful silence, like a calm after a storm. Would not John Bull be too apathetic?"

"For your rhapsodies, perhaps, Maestro, for they are like the 'sunshine of Monte Bene,' or the sparkle of champagne. We do not die; we are exhilarated, confused, *berauscht:* no Italian word expresses it."

"Do you like to play them?"

"No; they make me dizzy, like Hungarian wine."

"And hearing them?"

"They confuse me," I said, laughing and rising, for I saw his mind was on the music in the next room. "Toni Raab is perhaps awaiting you, and I am only detaining. Let me say 'good-by.' I am going to Vienna for the Wagner-Verein concert. Shall we meet there?"

"I hope so. But you will be at the concert to-morrow evening? And when are you going to play for me?"

I bowed low. Courage having completely failed me in the anteroom, I had left my music upon the table there. "Thank you, Maestro. If you will be so patiently good as to criticise my rendition of some very simple thing, I will play the next time I come to you."

He smiled and held out his hands. "I can answer for the patience," he said.

"Then you are good indeed," I replied, and bending down, pressed my lips upon the strangely statuesque hand which held both of mine.

As I looked up to him, he leaned forward and kissed my forehead, saying, "God bless you, my child!" He rang for the servant. "We shall meet in Wien," he said, as he led me to the vestibule, into which the servant had opened the door, and where my maid awaited me with mantle and umbrella.

The immense Redouten Saal in Buda-Pesth was crowded. The "stage" for the occasion of Liszt's concert occupied the centre of the room. Two pianos were placed upon it, for the Master, in order to be seen by all the audience, would use them alternately. The piano by which I sat (for I had a place in the front row of seats nearest the stage) was decorated with Hungarian colors, natural garlands, and bouquets of red and white roses amid their green leaves. The piano chair was a throne of red, white, and green flowers and leaves, and upon the music desk was a laurel wreath tied with an immensely long and broad satin streamer of red, white, and green. Here is the programme —in Hungarian, of course:

MUSOE:

1. "Bölcso költemény" ..... Jokai Mór.
   Szavalja JÓKAINÉ úrno.
2. Gyászinduló ..... Schubert, F.
   LISZT FERENCZ.
3. *a*) Csillog a harmat ..... Rubinstein, A.
   b) Szerelmi üdo ..... Liszt, F.
   c) Magyar dal Mikoe megyek az oltárhoz. Abrányi.
   Énekli BUSSE ALVIN, k. a.
4. *a*) Petöfi Szellemének } ..... Liszt, F.
   b) Cantique d'Amour }
   LISZT FERENCZ.
5. *a*) Dal ..... Gounód, K.
   b) Arózsa ..... Wagner, R.
   Énekli ODRY LEHEL.
6. Ábránd két zongorára ..... Schubert, F.
   LISZT FERENCZ és MICHALOVICH ÖDÖN.

A little before seven o'clock Liszt and Mr. Michalovich entered the hall. They joined friends opposite to me, but after laying aside his great-coat, the Master passed about the room, chatting with his acquaintances and musical protégées.

"You will lose much to-night," said he, sitting down beside us—"you will lose much by not understanding Hungarian. Madame Jókainé is a superb elocutionist."

"I translated her selection with my teacher this morning," I replied. "But I shall lose more, Maestro, by not being familiar with the Magyar 'In Memoriam' to Petöfi which you are to interpret. Dearly as I love Hungarian music, it is a mystery to me as weird and wild as its Asiatic origin. Foreigners can not render it, for so very few understand it. I wish you were to play something more familiar."

"One never knows what the Master is to play," said the friend who accompanied me. "Something Hungarian and patriotic must be given to-night, of course; but at the Wagner-Verein in Vienna—ah! there we'll taste of the Master's most generous bounty!"

"No, no, children," said he, laughing; "there I do not, shall not play. I am only a guest."
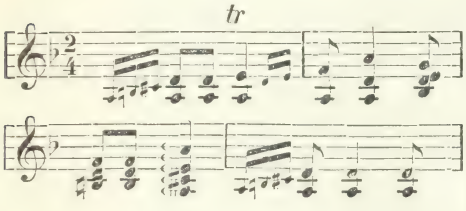
"Nous verrons," said my friend, as the Master moved away, smiling.

He offered his arm to Madame Jókainé, and with her ascended the steps of the platform. The applause was deafening. It is not customary in Austria to welcome artistes with applause when they appear; but Patti, Liszt, Joachim, and Rubinstein are exceptions to all rules.

After Madame Jókainé's "reading," Liszt led her to her place in the audience, and taking time to whisper a few complimentary words to her, and to converse with other friends, he leisurely returned, and again mounted the steps. Shouts of "Eljen!" (the Magyar hurrah) and a clapping of hands most deafening greeted the grand old Master as he approached the piano, where, leaning on the rose-garlanded chair, he bowed repeatedly on all sides to the enthusiastic throng. At last he seated himself at the instrument. The silence was so intense you could have heard a cambric needle fall on a bed of moss. I fixed my eyes upon the hands of the Maestro; I could have laid my hand upon his arm, he was so near; and yet, as those long slender fingers of his fell upon

the keys, the music seemed to come from a sphere miles away from this earth. How can I describe it? The attempt to do so would be absurd. No pencil has painted the *Alpenglühen* on Tyrolean mountain heights; no pen can transcribe the wondrous passion and poetry of the tone-poem the Master interpreted.

The apotheosis to Petöfi was as Magyar as that noble young patriot and poet, who in dying wrote with his blood upon the sand, could have wished it, and far more abstruse than the audience, Hungarians though they were, wished it. It seemed an interweaving of unfamiliar Hungarian *motives* broken by discordant arpeggios. The only one recognizable sounded like the "Szomorú füz ága:*



but so wound in arpeggios and so smothered in minors that one could not be sure what the Master was trying to render.

The "Cantique d'Amour" was Wagnerian, although it may have been composed before Richard Wagner ever started his metaphysical pen to tone *chef-d'œuvre* fabrication, but it sounded Nibelungenly; and had it not been for the exquisite delicacy of the Master's touch, clasping dreamy arpeggios with questioning accords, I think the "Cantique d'Amour" would have been what many love canticles are—arrant humbugs.

Delightful as this concert was, I felt sure my friend was right when she said: "Wait, you've not heard Liszt yet. He must improvise. Once worked up to the necessity of interpreting his thoughts in music, you will hear the Maestro of forty years ago."

Friday evening the Bösendorfer Saal in Vienna was lighted up for the long-expected concert of the Wagner-Verein. Toni Raab was to play, and Liszt to be there, an invited guest.

Long before seven o'clock that charming little hall was full to suffocation. Not only the hall itself, but the vestibule, cloak-room, and even the piano salons beyond the vestibule were filled with Wagnerians and their opponents. I have lost the programme of that evening; indeed, what need was there for one? Every friend of music knew young Mottl and his wondrous rendition of the "Siegfried Idyl"—that charming cradle song which this young artist has made a *chef-d'œuvre* in the concert-rooms of the imperial city; and Toni Raab, with her grand technique and earnest adherence to *les bonnes traditions du piano*. She played better than ever before; she took the house by storm, and that is saying much for an artistes' concert in the Bösendorfer Saal. Better than all, she inspired Liszt. Round after round of applause greeted the difficult rhapsody she had played, but she would not acknowledge it alone. She sought out the Master where he sat among the peeresses of Austria in the circle before the platform, and seizing him by the hand, fairly dragged him to the stage.

Once there, he could not break away. Cheer after cheer, the Magyar "Eljen!" the Bohemian "Salva!" the German "Hoch!" with the "Bravo, Bravissimo!" of all lands greeted him. The audience arose; ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and gentlemen clapped their hands. The air was full of perfume and rose leaves as bouquets went flying over the audience to the stage, where they fell at the Master's feet, who stood bowing, smiling, and shaking his head, while honestly trying to resist Toni, who fairly dragged him to the piano. Refusal and resistance were both in vain. The perfume of flowers, the flashing of gems upon the jewel-decked arms and fans of the ladies waving toward him, but more than all, the splendid magnetism of sympathetic genius, for Vienna's grandest and best musicians were gathered around him, worked upon the artist-imagination and delicate nervous system of the great Master. He stood still for an instant, then, with a bow of acquiescence, he placed himself at the piano.

One wild shout of triumph rang through the room, and then a silence like the silence of death hushed the vast assembly.

Was the Master thinking of Chopin as he raised his superb hands, and let them fall, with a touch as delicately soft as rose leaves, and weave, as if in dreaming, the memories of mountain lakes and pine forests into an improvisation full of starry minors from echoing Alpen-horns? Of

* "The Weeping-Willow."

whom, of what, was he thinking? It was indeed Liszt who played his own wild Wanderlieder, the "Wallner-See," and other pictures of travel seen in his youth, but the improvisation moved on in Chopin-like phrases of thought, until the landscape faded from the memory, and the lights of the concert-room, the crimson hue of rose garlands lying scattered around, forced themselves upon the Master's mind; then, one of Chopin's weirdly wild and passionately gay waltzes whirled faster and faster into a dance almost bacchanalian. It was the hour of the "Danse Macabre"; but the twelve tones of midnight were crushed out in accords of revelry and mirth very different from the solemn annunciation which ushers in the revel of the dead.

He ceased. The thunders of applause which shook not only the Bösendorfer Saal, but the entire Lichtenstein Palace, were enough to raise the dwellers in Central Friedhof with the idea that they had heard the trumpets of the judgment-day.

What a night that was, or rather, what a morning! Liszt did not leave the hall until three o'clock, and our *partie carrée* was not called together until after four; nor did we adjourn then, but went to our music-room, had coffee, and talked and rehearsed the concert programme we had heard till noon next day. Saturday night *Götterdämmerung* was to be given at the Opera, and Sunday the glorious Coronation Mass, better known as the "Graner,"* was to be conducted by Liszt; so, soon after lunch, we parted to "sleep the intervening hours away."

The Master appeared in Prince Höhenlohe's box at the opera for a short time during the evening, and later attended a soirée at the prince's house; but Sunday noon he came to the Musik-Verein far more fresh and vigorous than many a younger man.

This force and vitality of Liszt are peculiarly remarkable. No matter how wearied the Master may be, a young aspirant for musical fame is never turned unheard or unheeded away; but many times princes and princesses have waited for hours to be admitted to his reception-room, and often have been compelled to go away without seeing him.

In the social world of the drawing-room, Liszt is quiet and reserved, but exceedingly courteous and graceful in manner. He converses pleasantly, and has a host of amusing anecdotes and reminiscences of persons he has met. To hear him speak of the salons of Paris, where "George Sand" held sway, and where Chopin improvised, is like turning over the pages of a grandfather's journal, or gazing on the miniatures of the friends of his boyhood. Unfortunately, the Master never loses sight of himself, and this is the one fatal blot on the greatness of his genius.

Surrounded by musicians, he is genial and sympathetic, thoroughly *bon camarade*. Called upon to criticise, he is condescending, kind, and lenient. As a patron of humble aspirants, he is noble and generous to a fault. Thus, as friend to musicians, especially to *musiciennes* (for he kisses and calls them all "daughters"), as grand old courtier in the drawing-rooms, Liszt is charming; but as director of an orchestra, with baton in hand, he is —*a failure*.

Poor dear gentleman, great musician as he is, majestic as he looks in the director's desk, he listens to and enjoys the music, and quite forgets to lead. In Vienna another director stands a little below him to one side, hidden from the audience by the flower-wreathed and garlanded music desk and arm-chair* of the Master, and this one the orchestra look upon as their leader. Not that Liszt does not know how to lead, but he forgets to do so. He raises his baton, begins well enough, then some delicious little *motivo* trembling in the music sets his brain improvising, and he forgets baton, orchestra, and everything but his fingers' play among the rose garlands. So it happened during the Graner Mass. No serious consequences followed, for the regular leader, hidden under the roses, carried the musicians along.

There is a pathos and beauty in this Coronation Mass† which pleases musicians better than other church music of the Master. The "Credo" is especially beautiful, the tenors softly declaring the birth of the Saviour, while the trinity-like triplets of the accompaniment mount upward. The confusion and intricacies of the "Crucifixus" with minor accompaniment descend until a grand burst of harmony proclaims

* So called because Hungarian kings used to be crowned at Gran, on the Danube.

* Whenever and wherever Liszt appears in public, flowers in profusion are wreathed about his chair.

† Written for the coronation of Franz-Joseph I.

the Resurrection. The "Sanctus" and "Benedictus" for tenors were superbly rendered. Liszt laid down the baton. He seemed miles away from this earth. Indeed, I think every musician present was, like the Master, "absent in spirit."

The "Agnus Dei" was more entrancing still. All through its intricacies one seemed to hear the whispering effect of the prayer, "Dona nobis pacem." And peace seemed to come at last; the violins trembled into silence, loath to cease their prayerful wail; but the "Amen" rang out exultant, as if faith triumphant had entered the soul, there to abide forever.

The Master was more wearied after this musical morning than I had seen him before. He hardly answered the congratulations of friends who gathered around him, but allowed his servant to wrap him in his warm cloak and conduct him at once to his carriage.

A few days later I called upon him in Pesth to bid him good-by for the summer. It was one of his general reception days, so I did not remain to converse with him beyond the five minutes *de rigueur* allowed for a call. A promise to see him in the fall, and most grateful thanks for the honor of being permitted to play before him, and I came away with a little bunch of Parma violets as a *souvenir* of that adieu, and a heart full of respectful love for the Master, "Franz Liszt, the only one."

GLADIS ROY.

THE heroines of fiction are generally found in romantic places. Why not? It is pleasant to contemplate enchanting environments, and to the creative imagination a castle with ivy-crowned turrets, set in a lovely landscape, costs no more than a dug-out on a barren moor. Still, it is better at times to copy than to create; and the heroines of real life do often spring up in the odd nooks and corners of the earth. Such was the fact in the case of Gladis Roy, a lovely woman, without spot or blemish, unless it may be set down against her that she was strong-minded. Some of her neighbors hinted this because she could not give much time to the cultivation of their acquaintance, and because she had taken up the oddest of callings, and had supported herself and her gentle mother handsomely thereby from the age of sixteen, she being now about twenty-one.

To get a peep at the particular odd nook where Gladis Roy's first days were passed we must go back some years to a little flag station in a pine-wood clearing on Long Island. This clearing, upon one side of the railroad, was but a few acres in extent, and was bordered by a dense growth of slender pines. On the opposite side of the road, extending north, was a barren stretch of dwarfed oaks, with blueberry and other bushes. There were no residences in sight of the nondescript home of Gladis, built of huge bricks in brown, black, red, blue, green, lilac—"all the colors of the rainbow," the railway travellers said, who pointed it out to each other with excited nudges as the train flew by. The general impression was that the builder was a lunatic; but Mr. Lowell was only a harmless inventor of "artificial stone," as he called it, and his house was a permanent advertisement of the same.

It was "a good thing," most people said; still there were few purchasers; and the inventor, alone there in the woods with his wife and a few swarms of neglected, discouraged bees, began to despair of the fortune held so long just beyond his grasp, as he believed, and he was forced to seek other work to keep the wolf from the door. This work, oddly enough, one would think, was the making of phrenological busts. He made the moulds himself after a plan of his own, and on showing some of the specimens to the house of Gall, Combe, and Co., he received small orders from time to time thereafter. His wife about that time induced her old friend Mrs. Roy, now a widow, to come and live with her. Mrs. Roy had a small government pension, her husband having served in the war of the rebellion; and being in delicate health, she was easily persuaded to give up housekeeping for a while, and try the "balsamic atmosphere" of the pine woods in which the Lowells lived. So Mrs. Lowell expressed it.

Gladis, Mrs. Roy's little daughter, was then about five years old: a thin child, with big dark eyes and a small neck. Still, she was quite a strong child, very active, and not without beauty of a certain kind. Mrs. Roy, for the first year or two, was too feeble to leave her room a great deal. Mr. Lowell was generally in a back room devoted to moulding, and as Mrs. Lowell was busy much of the time

cutting and pasting tiny labels on the "bumps" of the plaster heads, Gladis was left a great deal to herself. Her face at such times was always well powdered with the ghastly white of the plaster of Paris, which made her big dark eyes seem almost unearthly in their brightness. It was touching to see this little child amusing herself quietly without playmates or living creatures of any kind. The dining-room was her play-ground, whither she used to smuggle from the moulding-room all the cracked or otherwise spoiled heads, until crossing that room without demolishing some of Gladis's "company" became often an acrobatic feat. When reproved for bringing so much "trash" there, she silenced her accusers by a terrified, appealing look, and at once began to pack off her company under the sofa, the table, or behind the wood-box. No one dared to destroy Gladis's pets, lest her sensitive little heart should break over the wrong.

These old cracked phrenological busts were all the dolls she ever had, and one of these, a little one four or five inches tall, for some occult reason was specially precious in her eyes. The bumps of this one she had herself labelled after a plan of her own. "Combativeness" beamed from the top of the cranium, "Benevolence" from the tip of the nose, and "Sublimity" from the nape of the neck. In fact, her system of craniology appeared to be more than ordinarily crazy; for not only were the organs distributed in a wholly unconventional manner, but these were duplicated and reduplicated in different parts of the head. This particular bust was dignified by the name "Dolly." Little Gladis hardly ever laid it by; all day it was in her arms or near her, and at night it was ever found close to her heart.

In the summer Gladis had more freedom and life, and active companions also, which by-and-by became very dear to her; these were the myriad tenants of the old hives behind the house on the sunny side of the sheltering pines. Gladis watched them every pleasant day, and a pretty picture the brown-eyed, curly-headed little child made, standing before the hives, with her nondescript "Dolly" in her arms. At the age of seven or eight it became her function to watch for the outcoming swarms—a task of which she never wearied—and at ten she took almost the entire care of them.

One beautiful June day, when she was about twelve years old, a disabled locomotive delayed a train an hour or more at the station, and among the passengers who strolled about in the vicinity to pass away the time was a young man of twenty, rosy-cheeked, beardless, and as handsome as Apollo. He came by chance upon Gladis, who was securing a colony of bees. She was standing upon a short ladder that stood against the limb of a peach-tree, and was in the act of sawing off a branch heavily laden with the swarm. To him it was a novel occupation for a young lady, and indicated courage and ability. He instinctively raised his hat to her. Gladis smiled pleasantly, asked him if he belonged to the delayed train, and seeing that he kept looking warily about him, and occasionally shrank back as a bee flew uncomfortably near him, she said: "Oh, do not dodge the bees in that way; they are more apt to sting if you do that."

"Indeed? Then what ought I to do? You will say, 'Clear out,' perhaps; but I hope not. I like to watch you."

"Do you? Well, take this limb, please, till I get down," she said, quite seriously, as, having severed the limb, she held it suspended, the bees crawling everywhere over her dimpled brown hand.

The young man was placed in an awkward position by this matter-of-fact young lady. "To be candid with you," he said, "I am afraid. I am sorry, for I would like to help you."

"Oh, they won't sting you," Gladis said. "Can't you trust them?"

He looked into her honest brown eyes, and his cowardice left him in a moment. "I will trust *you*," he replied, and he advanced without flinching.

"Softly! softly!" said Gladis. "Don't make any quick or jerky movement, and don't start when a bee gets on your skin. He won't hurt you if you don't pinch him. Just take hold of the branch as soon as I can clear a spot;" and leaning on the ladder, the left arm thrust between the rungs, and supporting the heavy limb with all its might, with the other hand she coolly brushed the bees aside, and made a clear space for him to grasp.

"I believe anything now," he said, astonished and delighted that no bee attacked him. "I am studying law, but I think I'll give it up, and come and learn apiculture of you."

Gladis laughed gayly as she descended the ladder, and bade him bring the swarm

to the hive, on the top of which was a turkey's wing, put there for the occasion evidently; and taking it up, while he still held the branch, she began softly to brush the bees into the little door. "Watch now," she said, "and you *may* see the queen. She's large and long, with very short little wings." At that moment Gladis descried her Majesty, and picking her up as if she had been a fly, showed her a moment in her hand to the stranger, and then put her into the hive. "Now our work is done," she said. "The rest will follow their queen."

"But how do you know that they will adopt this residence?" he said.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure they will. There's a frame in there with comb, and one of the combs has a whole side of it cut off. As soon as the workers find their queen is with them, they will go at that broken comb. They can't endure disorder. They won't rest till they have mended up every broken cell, gathered up every drop of honey, put it back into the cells, and sealed them up. Now we'd better move away. There are angry bees near us; I know by the sound."

Gladis picked up her saw and turkey's wing, and walked by the side of the stranger back to the house. Now that her task was done, she began to see how very handsome he was, and wondered how she could have been so familiar with him, for now she felt a certain shyness, and dropped her eyes when she saw him looking at her, and especially when he told her that her hair "would make the fortune of a *coiffeur*." Mrs. Roy was sitting under the little porch reading. The stranger raised his hat politely to the elder lady, and Gladis told her that he was one of the detained passengers, and that he had been assisting her to secure a swarm of bees.

Mrs. Roy smiled, and said: "You are more tractable than I am. My daughter could never impress me into the bee service. I am too afraid of the virulent little wretches."

Gladis, of course, stoutly defended her pets, and the gentleman said: "It is a great accomplishment, madam, to be able to manage bees as your daughter does—far greater, I think, than the drawing and piano-playing of the young ladies of my acquaintance."

Gladis looked incredulous; but the train was ready to move, and there was no time to discuss his sincerity. She plucked a cluster of small white roses and buds from the Baltimore Belle that climbed over the little porch, and handed them to him, saying, as prettily as any court lady could have done: "I thank you for helping me hive my bees. Accept this as a token of my gratitude."

"Why, Gladis!" said Mrs. Roy, as the stranger, on the platform of the departing train, stood looking at them with uncovered head. "Is my little girl becoming romantic? To give a white rose to a young man is to tell him that your heart is free."

Gladis blushed, but made no defense. Long she cherished in her memory the impression made by the handsome stranger—cherished it, nursed it with fond imaginings, as a sensitive maiden will her first glimpse of the possible fairy prince. Yet she might have forgotten him, lonely as her life was there among the pines, but for one thing: the manly trust in her that made him overcome his fear, and gallantly advance to aid her. How handsome he had looked saying, "I will trust *you*." Though she was but about twelve years of age, she was mature for her years. Her flesh was fair and solid from constant out-of-door exercise; and the wealth of soft brown curls, tied back from her shapely forehead with a blue ribbon, gave her the expression of a much older girl: it was the luxuriant *chevelure* of womanhood.

Gladis had never fretted over the narrowness of her world. Perhaps she was yet too young for that; but she was a true child of nature, and found delight in everything around her; still, when one day her mother announced the intention of returning to her old home in Florenceton, in New Jersey, where Gladis could have superior school advantages, she heard the news with a quickening pulse. This old home was a fruit farm with large orchards, and had been, during Mrs. Roy's absence, taken care of by an old gentleman whom everybody called Uncle Benny, a half-brother of Gladis's father. The town had greatly improved, in consequence of two rival railroads built through the heart of it. A high school of excellent character would be invaluable in completing the education of Gladis, thus far conducted solely by her mother.

The old Roy place stood upon a hill a half mile from the village and railroad station, and overlooking a great

tract of level country. The frame house had a long veranda, with small pillars covered with climbing roses and honeysuckles. The place was in tolerable repair, except the purely ornamental adjuncts, about which the solitary bachelor had not greatly troubled himself. Old Temie—short for Artemisia—a servant in the family for many years, had been the sole preserver of the flowers, and as her system of culture was rather empirical, they had suffered a good deal in seven years.

The most delightful thing about the place to Gladis was the well-remembered mare Gypsy, which now had a little chestnut colt, which she at once appropriated, and named Violet. Uncle Benny resisted her efforts to own and control the pretty filly, but all in vain: Gladis soon learned to lead him figuratively and the colt literally by a chain of flowers. In time Violet, gentle, intelligent, and fleet of foot, was well broken to the saddle; and on Saturdays, after a vigorous tug at the baking, and general preparations for Sunday—for old Temie could not work as she once did, and Mrs. Roy was never counted upon for any hard work—it was Gladis's delight to take a long gallop over the country. With few exceptions this was her only recreation during the four years that she attended the village high school. At the end of that time she completed the course. Afterward she studied under a broken-down Professor of Greek and Mathematics who lived three miles away. The most attractive part of this supplementary course was the going and returning on horseback twice a week. Professor Baldwin had a small farm, and was far prouder of being able to do nearly all his farm-work himself than he was of his proficiency in Greek.

Meanwhile, despite the apparently good management of Uncle Benny, and the great quantity of land devoted to fruit, Mrs. Roy found the farm a burden to her. Sometimes she talked of giving up the place, and returning to the Lowells, where her pension would, with economy, support her and Gladis. Now, pension and everything were swallowed up in the futile effort to make the fruit-raising "pay." Nothing ever did "pay" in Mrs. Roy's experience. Gladis would not hear of going back to so dull a life; and gradually and by insensible degrees she assumed the direction of affairs—first in minor matters, then in those more important. She often discussed schemes for making a fortune, and somehow every discussion ended with bee-keeping. "At least our fruit trees and bushes blossom magnificently," she said. "Our apple and raspberry blossoms alone should bring us a hundred dollars a year." Mrs. Roy had little faith, though she thought Gladis could manage bees if any one could. Gladis had obtained several works upon the subject, and had studied them intently.

On one of the first days of April, it being mild and sunny, Gladis mounted Violet and rode over to Mr. Baldwin's. He was the only keeper of bees in the town, so far as Gladis knew, and her head was full of a project. After dismounting and paying her respects to Mrs. Baldwin, Gladis sought the Professor, who was in the neighborhood of what he called his "apiary"—five old weather-beaten hives of as many different patterns, half sheltered under a low, decaying old shed. He had a hammer in his hand, and was mending an old bench. He greeted his pupil very cordially, and she soon engaged him in a conversation about bee-keeping. Gladis was astonished, she said that afternoon at the tea table, at the character and extent of his "misinformation." She had been "cramming" lately upon the subject, and his almost total ignorance appeared in relief. She was very modest, however, about her knowledge. He told her that he had found the bees there when he bought the place: they were "thrown into" the bargain. A friend of his, a young man in Virginia, had become rich by bee-keeping; had established one of the largest apiaries in the country. The Professor had urged him to come and settle in Florenceton, which he talked of doing, as it was near New York, and a veritable land of flowers. Gladis asked Mr. Baldwin if he intended to increase his stock of bees. He did not, he said. They were not of much account for making honey, and, moreover, he was too afraid of them to get any benefit from their industry.

"Will you part with your five swarms, Mr. Baldwin?" asked Gladis. "If you will, I will take them."

The next day Mr. Baldwin's man drove up with the farm wagon and the five coveted swarms of bees. Gladis saw him from the dining-room window, and fairly danced for joy. Then she went out

and very gravely received her prizes, and saw them properly located. Long before sunrise the next morning Gladis was in her apiary. She placed a little white-sugar syrup before each hive door, that the bees—always greedy for sweets—might find something to do before they had time to scold about their change of place. During the next ten days no bee was ever busier than Gladis. She studied anew the work of Henry Meredith, the best and latest authority upon apiculture, and quickly decided to use his hives and frames. Uncle Benny kindly entered into the spirit of the scheme, and in less than ten days she had her five swarms safely transferred to the improved hives. Much of the comb was dingy with age, and had to be discarded, and the transferring of the comb to the new frames was a sticky and disagreeable task. Oh, how glad was Gladis when this was done! In one hive some drones had hatched—sure sign of the prospect of a new swarm; but Gladis hunted these out, and destroyed them as mercifully as possible.

The next important event was the arrival of the Italian queen. She came by express, in a little cage of wire-gauze. Most beautiful was she to Gladis's eyes with her three golden belts, and large with the thousands of eggs that were to hatch the precious Italian workers. The first thing to be done was to find and destroy the queen in one of the colonies, and introduce the Italian in her place—a delicate operation, and one in which Gladis had no experience. The bees might graciously accept the new sovereign, or they might fall upon her and kill her in a twinkling. But who has not remarked that kindly providence which so often crowns with success the bold first effort of the tyro?

Gladis hung the cage for one day in her queenless hive; then, presuming that the bees had become somewhat acquainted with her, at night she took her from the cage, smeared honey on her legs, and softly dropped her in and left her. With what anxiety she went to that hive at sunrise the next morning! All was well. The bees were all in order, and flying back from the orchard constantly laden with honey. Gladis never saw again a day of such triumph. She too was a scientific apiarian!

The next great task was to watch the combs of all the hives, and decapitate every young drone in his cell, so that no more would be hatched. The Italian queen was already laying thousands of eggs, and if Gladis could prevent the males from hatching until the Italian drones matured, the whole stock would become Italian. Then Italian queen cells must be taken from the Italian hive, and ingrafted in the comb of the other hives one by one, after destroying the black queens. In this Gladis also succeeded. The common black workers reared the Italian queens as tenderly as possible, very few drawbacks occurring, and before the end of May she saw her whole stock of black bees transformed to the gentle, active, golden-belted Italians, and her superimposed glass boxes being rapidly filled with beautiful apple-blossom honey.

The first year Gladis disposed of her honey in Florenceton and the neighboring villages—about eighty dollars' worth. The good Professor was glad of her success, and would not take back his bees. "Confound the yellow-striped foreigners!" he said, affecting a cross humor that never deceived Gladis for a moment; "I dare say they would come buzzing back to you the next day, and would utterly refuse to store honey for me. No; you keep them another year at least."

Gladis could not express her thanks for this great kindness. She had all along dreaded having to send back those original swarms, and she thought he would certainly want them, seeing she had seven new and strong colonies.

Now, indeed, Gladis felt the delight of success. Uncle Benny was greatly behind in his farm-work from having given so much time to the bees. This she more than made up by hiring work done for him. Then there must be more hives, frames, glass boxes, implements, etc.

To describe the young bee-keeper's career the ensuing three years would be but a history of triumphs: every bee seemed to turn to gold in her hands. Her profits the fourth year made Mrs. Roy feel as if the Golden Age were dawning. A little capital invested on the farm enabled Uncle Benny to make his fruit-growing profitable. Comforts and luxuries increased about the home.

The fifth year Gladis's enthusiasm flagged. No one could tell why. The bees seemed to lose heart also, for they stored less honey. Gladis was not ill, but her fervor seemed to be burning out.

Mrs. Roy fretted; everything was "going to ruin," she said; and she urged Gladis to resume her studies with Mr. Baldwin. Then she blamed the bees: they were not as good as the old ones had been.

"No, no, mamma," said Gladis; "the bees are the same. The fault is in me. I have been greatly annoyed at the difficulty of getting my carpenter-work done properly; there are so few mechanics who can work true to measure. I have, too, been discouraged by several things that I have not troubled you about. Still, all my troubles were slight while I had 'no rival near the throne'—I mean no great bee-keeper near to overshadow my little enterprise, as the mountain does the little foot-hill at its base."

"But, Gladis, you have no rival near the throne, as you express it."

"I soon shall have," said Gladis; "and no less a personage than the great Henry Meredith, author of *The Golden Bees*. He has bought Mr. Baldwin's place, and the whole of Beauty Hill adjoining; and to-day he is moving his two-hundred-colony apiary. I shall retire from the business. I think, after all, I'd better take up teaching, or working samplers—something more feminine, you know. I'm going to sell all my Italians and fixtures to Mr. Meredith."

"What an absurd child! You are so bitter to-day, so unlike yourself! I thought you liked to take care of bees so well."

"So I did, indeed, while I did most of the work myself; but now I have to hire so much done, and I don't feel a bit like keeping a few bees here against the greater enterprise of Mr. Meredith. I have a great respect for his name, and I don't want to enter into competition with him. I hate the idea. I'd like to go over and say to him, 'Take my bees and all my stock, let me do the work I can do well and easily, and give me a share of the profits.'"

Mrs. Roy smiled, and said: "I don't think I would approach Mr. Meredith with that proposition just yet, Gladis. I fear he would mistake your motives."

"Well, I sha'n't give him an opportunity to mistake my motives, but when he gets settled I shall sell out to him."

Mrs. Roy thought it was only a mood of her daughter, though she was the most even-tempered of girls.

For the next few days Gladis worked in her apiary indefatigably, putting everything in order, and generally taking a gallop toward evening for recreation. On one of these days, having got away earlier than usual, and the day being very lovely, she laid her bridle over the horn of her saddle and told Violet to go where she pleased, being then near the Beauty Hill road. Of course Violet, so accustomed to go to the Professor's, took the road through the pine grove. How tender were the lights, how soft and dreamy the music of the pines on that day! Gladis made Violet walk the whole distance, and a sweeter vision than horse and rider made could hardly be imagined. The dark green habit fitted the graceful figure of Gladis like a glove. Her soft felt hat of the same shade, lined with white satin, one side turned up and fastened by an ostrich plume, was wonderfully becoming to her handsome face. Her small hands were incased in gauntlets of faultless fit. At her throat was a frill of lace and a white tie, knotted with a spray of honeysuckle and scarlet verbena. A tiny riding-whip, scarcely ever used, completed her faultless costume.

She mused as she rode through this pine forest. She reviewed her life of active labor, and all the steps that had led to her most gratifying success. Her life, indeed, had been sweet, but something was wanting. She knew that something was love; yet only once in her life had a man crossed her path who seemed made for her, the thought of whom was a quickening of the pulses. Why had God made men's hearts so cold and practical? Why had not the handsome youth found in her the romance, the inspiration, that could survive a decade of years? What if he had, indeed, and at this moment were wandering over the earth in search of her!

When Gladis reached the Baldwin place, she found that Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin were absent. One of the half-dozen men engaged in grading a road gave her this information. Other workmen were engaged variously, for extensive changes were being made. A gentleman came from the buildings in the rear to meet her, and as he passed a side door of the house he looked in, and called, "Mrs. Meredith!" She did not answer. Approaching, he learned Gladis's errand, which was to look at the apiary of Mr. Meredith, and he showed her over the premises designed for the bees. What a city of hives it was! Gladis

was interested in everything, and the time passed so quickly that the afternoon was far spent when she remounted. She left her card for Mrs. Meredith, with the message that in proper time her mother and herself would do themselves the honor to call. They would wait, of course, until the confusion of moving was over.

When nearly through the pine woods, Gladis again met Mr. Meredith. He well remembered meeting her in Philadelphia. Gladis gave him her hand cordially, and a delightful conversation ensued. Both were good talkers, and themes were not wanting; both were bee-keepers; both were members of the Grange. He praised her beautiful horse, complimented her riding, expressed great delight in pine woods (Gladis's special weakness), and was exceedingly agreeable. When Gladis began to fear that she was making the interview too long, and signified it, he begged to accompany her the rest of the way through the woods, as the twilight was approaching. Gladis said, archly:

"If I have anything to fear from the lateness of the hour, had I not better trust to the speed of Violet at once, since I should still be alone for some two miles of the journey? Do you ride, Mr. Meredith?"

"I am sorry to say I do not, but I shall commence practicing at once. Mr. Bayard, my right-hand man, is a great horseman. If you will return, I will have him saddle his horse for me, and I will accompany you home. I have ridden some, of course. Don't fear I should tumble out of the saddle."

Gladis assured him she had no such fear, and that she would not trouble him to see her home; she could be there in ten minutes easily, if she chose. With that she shook hands with him, and touching the whip lightly to Violet's flank, was out of sight, while the admiring Mr. Meredith stood watching her fearless pose, and the swift and easy gait of the horse.

The next day Mr. Meredith appeared at the Roy place on horseback. Gladis saw him ride up from her chamber window, and went down to meet him. Mrs. Roy was before her.

"You see, Miss Roy," he said, "I have commenced my equestrian drill. I report fair progress thus far."

"I saw you from my chamber window, Mr. Meredith. I am sure you rode perfectly."

He scrutinized her face. "I thought you were laughing at me," he said. "I thank you sincerely for your compliment. I can truly say I never saw a lady ride like you. Nothing so charms me as a graceful equestrienne."

After this liberal exchange of compliments Gladis showed him her bees. She had now about forty swarms. More compliments—well merited, indeed, for Gladis's apiary was a model one. She would take little credit to herself; she had taken all her ideas, she said, from his book, and owed him everything.

What man, what author, could be indifferent to such flattery as this? Yet Gladis only spoke the simple truth. But, to his surprise, she added: "I am tired of bees, Mr. Meredith. Will you take mine off my hands?"

While talking they had left the apiary, and walking through the lawn before the veranda, had taken some rustic arm-chairs under a great elm. Mr. Meredith was silent for some time. Was this pearl among women about to marry? What more likely? Then he said: "If this charming apiary is really going out of your hands, Miss Roy, of course I shall take it, and at your own price. No other man shall have it. But I regret to hear that it has lost its charm for you. To my mind there is no calling more adapted to the finer instincts, the more delicate manipulation, of woman. Bees, beautiful in form, industrious, neat to a fault, quick in apprehension, I have always associated with your sex, and with a never-to-be-forgotten day in June, years ago, when I aided a young girl to secure and hive a swarm on Long Island." Gladis grew faint as he continued. She wanted him to recognize her, and yet was glad he did not. Fortunately her long hair was now worn in a knot at the back of her head, with ringlets on the forehead after the modern style. He detailed every incident graphically, except one—the giving of the roses. "I can see her now," he said, "standing on the ladder. How graceful she was! How certain of herself! When she asked me to take the bee-laden limb, I obeyed. I was not coward enough to bear her scorn of my weakness. I stood under her eye stoically, and let the blood-curdling bees walk over me. I have never done anything since to be proud of. She was not so very beautiful, I think, but she had the most wonderful hair, something

the color of yours. It hung in a hundred curls nearly to her knees."

Never was interruption so welcome as at that moment, when Mrs. Roy came out on the veranda. Gladis excused herself "for a minute," and went into the house, and to her room, where she threw herself into a chair and wept bitterly. After all the years of waiting, the fairy prince had come. But all her golden romance was come to naught. Oh, if it *could* have been otherwise! How cold he was, how selfish, to marry before he had even tried to find her! Then she grew reasonable. Of course he had not been foolish like her. He had not given his heart in childhood to one whose name even he did not know. He did right, of course, to marry.

Gladis did not return to the veranda, and her mother excused her to Mr. Meredith. From that time on for weeks he persistently sought her, and she as persistently avoided him. Occupied as he was with his immense apiary, he rode over quite often, kept watch of Gladis's harvests of honey, and kindly shipped them with his. Sometimes the thought occurred to her that he showed his regard too positively for one in his position; then she would pass every word and act of his in review, and reproach herself for the fear that a high-toned, cultivated gentleman like him would be guilty of even a seeming disloyalty to Mrs. Meredith.

On one occasion, when she had kept her room all day from some indisposition, her mother brought her work and sat with her all the evening. Gladis's heart was heavy and full of unrest; but she controlled herself, and talked of indifferent subjects, until her mother, on folding her work and rising, remarked that she looked unlike herself, pale, and proposed going to her room for medicine. Then Gladis broke down utterly. She did not want medicine. She was wretched. With sobs and broken accents she told her mother of the foolish hope she had nursed from childhood. For a while she talked almost wildly; then seeing the scared, anxious look of her mother, she tried to comfort her, laughing and crying in the same breath.

"There, don't look so frightened, mother dear. I have laid bare my senseless heart, and I feel better—ready to take up my burden of life again. I don't seem to be made like other girls. I have lived too much in an intangible world; but I shall be wiser now. Don't think, dear, that I am going to eat my heart out for love of another woman's husband. I have been so busy all these years that I have not had time to think how this childish romance had grown to be a part of my very heart, and only knew it when it was rudely wrenched away. I was cherishing a phantom of memory, and you see how miserably it has ended. But I must get this pain out of my heart. I have too much to do to indulge in the luxury of woe. I must get my bees in perfect order, for you know I have decided to sell them. We will never speak of this again, mother—never on earth!" and the sweet girl dried her swollen eyes, and bade her mother good-night.

Weeks passed. Gladis saw little of Mr. Meredith. She had learned self-control, and could now talk to him, feeling her secret safe. Gladis rode almost every day, but never approached the old pine woods: she rode for health now, not for pleasure.

After much talking of the subject, Mrs. Roy at last called upon Mrs. Meredith. Violet was put into harness for the occasion. Mrs. Meredith received her and Gladis with charming friendliness. She regretted much that "Mr. Meredith" was not at home; he would be so sorry. She was a very pretty woman—certainly over thirty, Gladis thought. She would not allow them to make a "society call," she said, it was such a distance, and she insisted upon their taking tea with her. At the tea table Mrs. Meredith hardly took her eyes from Gladis. This was embarrassing. Had Mr. Meredith talked of her too much to his wife, and so made her jealous? Horrible possibility! She was a Southern woman, and had that charming demonstrative manner that makes the natural-born queen of society. Most of the conversation was between the two elder ladies. She thought the name Gladis one of the prettiest she ever heard. "I thought it must have been found in some romance or poem, but my son says she is named for her grandmother."

Her *son!* Gladis's cup almost dropped from her nerveless hand. Her *son!* The light had not all gone from the earth, after all. Mrs. Meredith rattled on about her son, not observing Gladis's disturbance. "Mrs. Roy," she said, "I fear your daughter has stole my son's heart away. Certainly I never knew him to admire any lady so much."

What a weight was lifted from the young girl's heart! Violet could not fly fast enough on the homeward journey. Mrs. Roy was alarmed to see Gladis in such a mood of exultation, and told her she was premature. Mr. Meredith might not care for her—might even be engaged, for aught she knew.

"No, no, mother dear. You can not frighten me. I know as well that he loves me as that the sun shines—loves me, too, with a noble, unselfish love. Oh, how unhappy I have made him by my coldness all these months!"

"It is so strange we should not have learned that he was unmarried," said Mrs. Roy.

"No, because he is a stranger to all here except Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, and they have been away all summer visiting friends. From them, of course, I should have found out this fact."

Sweet rest and sweeter dreams came to Gladis that night. The next morning she flew about, surprising old Temie by the amount of work she accomplished. Then she went to her room, and took down her fine hair, wet it in bands, and rolled them over her fingers, to see if they had lost the art of falling into curls. At dinner Uncle Benny asked if she had forgotten the apiary. One of the hives was about to swarm, he said; and he remarked her hair, and asked her if she had turned school-girl again.

"Why, don't you like my hair so, Uncle Benny?"

"Oh, it is well enough in a picture; but a mop and tangle like that has not a very business-like air."

Gladis laughed at his calling her smooth and beautiful curls "a mop and tangle," and went out to look after her bees. An hour later the colony had come out, and settled on a small pear-tree. She would not need a saw for this small limb, the pruning shears would sever it; and turning round to go for this implement, she stood face to face with Mr. Meredith. She gave him her hand, her face beaming with unconcealed pleasure.

"Am I dreaming?" he said. "This rare *chevelure* is the counterpart of that I see always in my memory." He took her hand again. She suffered him to retain it. "Oh, Gladis! sweetest name of woman, were you so shocked at my blindness that you would not forgive me, nor hardly look at me, all this time? Believe me, I have never ceased to hope I would meet again the little bee-keeper of Long Island. Once I went far out of my course to visit that old pine-wood clearing. All had changed—no bees, no little maiden with wonderful hair; nothing but that nightmare of a house in rainbow squares, and that was deserted. No one could tell me anything about a family whose name even I had stupidly neglected to learn."

"Not stupid, Mr. Meredith. You did not find me, you know, until the train was almost ready to start. I too have reproached myself for not learning your name; but—I never forgot you."

"How sweet to tell me this! But you can not prove your fidelity as I can mine. See!" and he took an envelope from a breast pocket, opened it, and showed her a brown and withered cluster of roses.

"My proof is not a tangible one," said Gladis. "You never gave me a flower."

"Let me atone now, dear girl," he said. "Let me give you all I have on earth; my heart you have already. That meeting with you so long ago was the turning-point in my aimless life. It was that which gave me my passion for bees. Well I remember with what grace you performed a task, slight as you were, that appeared to me so difficult, and how you ordered the idle fellow to help you. Oh, Gladis! will you not command me for the rest of my life?"

For answer, Gladis's beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands; and there, under the heavy-fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently.

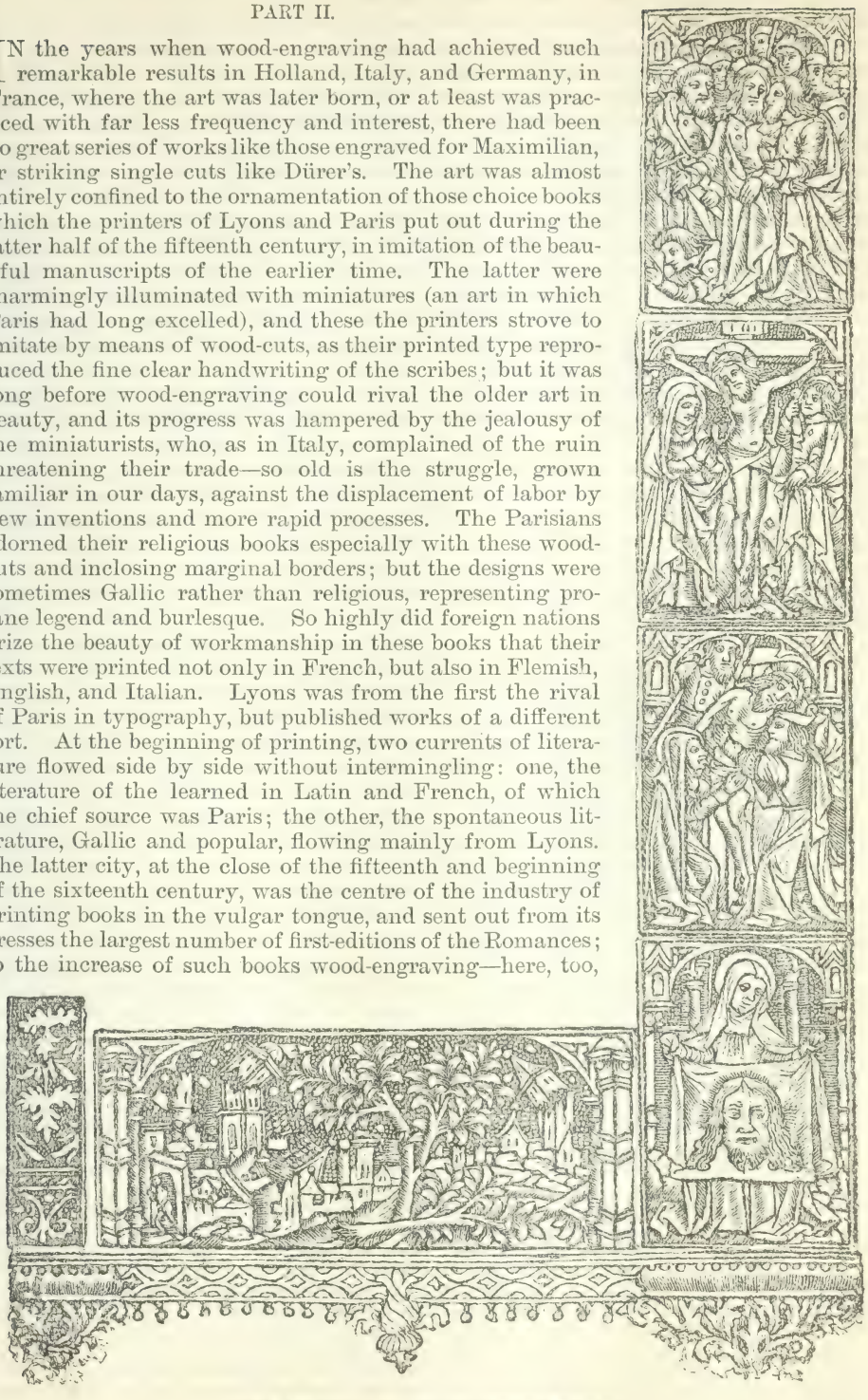
The bees were quite forgotten, until the footsteps of Uncle Benny, passing the road by the orchard, broke the spell; and then, if the lovers can be believed, the bees were attended to; but Uncle Benny always maintained that that particular swarm, upon which he had had his eye all day, was lost. "Gladis," he said, "was so intent upon selling out to Mr. Meredith, or, he might say, in clinching the bargain, that the bees flew away."

In the spring Uncle Benny gave the bride away. Beautiful she was in her snowy robes and bridal veil, a wreath of orange blossoms crowning the "mop and tangle" of her glorious hair.

THE HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

PART II.

IN the years when wood-engraving had achieved such remarkable results in Holland, Italy, and Germany, in France, where the art was later born, or at least was practiced with far less frequency and interest, there had been no great series of works like those engraved for Maximilian, or striking single cuts like Dürer's. The art was almost entirely confined to the ornamentation of those choice books which the printers of Lyons and Paris put out during the latter half of the fifteenth century, in imitation of the beautiful manuscripts of the earlier time. The latter were charmingly illuminated with miniatures (an art in which Paris had long excelled), and these the printers strove to imitate by means of wood-cuts, as their printed type reproduced the fine clear handwriting of the scribes; but it was long before wood-engraving could rival the older art in beauty, and its progress was hampered by the jealousy of the miniaturists, who, as in Italy, complained of the ruin threatening their trade—so old is the struggle, grown familiar in our days, against the displacement of labor by new inventions and more rapid processes. The Parisians adorned their religious books especially with these wood-cuts and inclosing marginal borders; but the designs were sometimes Gallic rather than religious, representing profane legend and burlesque. So highly did foreign nations prize the beauty of workmanship in these books that their texts were printed not only in French, but also in Flemish, English, and Italian. Lyons was from the first the rival of Paris in typography, but published works of a different sort. At the beginning of printing, two currents of literature flowed side by side without intermingling: one, the literature of the learned in Latin and French, of which the chief source was Paris; the other, the spontaneous literature, Gallic and popular, flowing mainly from Lyons. The latter city, at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, was the centre of the industry of printing books in the vulgar tongue, and sent out from its presses the largest number of first-editions of the Romances; to the increase of such books wood-engraving—here, too,



FROM KERVER'S "PSALTERIUM VIRGINIS MARIÆ."

allied with democratic tendencies—owed much of its progress, and if, as in other countries, in Lyons also the first cuts are rude and without pretension to art, there was nevertheless a beginning that gave promise. At Lyons, then, rather than at Paris, the French practice of the art began. As early as 1493 an edition of Terence appeared there, in which the engravings are by no means primitive. When engraving began to be executed with such artistic taste, the value of the art which Lyons had derived from Germany through Switzerland became apparent, and very few books were printed without woodcuts. These Lyons supplied to France and Europe, and their influence upon the middle classes, although little account has been taken of it, was of great consequence in the development of French civilization. In French work there are two styles, one German, archaic, the other Italian, characterized by arabesques and by greater simplicity and freedom.*

Hans Holbein, whose work is the glory of the Lyonese art, was born at Augsburg, about 1495, into a family of artists, for his father, uncle, and grandfather were all painters. His native genius revealed itself in boyhood, and he produced, as early as his fourteenth year, works which are still in existence. When nineteen or twenty, he went with his brother Ambrose to Basel, where they found work in designing upon wood for the printers of that city, then a centre of literature and civilization. Here he finished his apprenticeship to art, and acquired that complete mastery of its resources and methods which nearly all his works reveal, and here, too, he first felt the influences of the Humanists in literature and the reformers in religion; nor was it long before his genius divined the new intellectual movement, and served it with obedient sympathy. What he did in painting is outside this inquiry, but in his humblest works, in his title-pages for books and his capital letters, as well as in such cuts as those with which he illustrated Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, then a new and popular book, he showed a fertility in invention and a taste in design which were of rare order. His preference for the Italian manner, especially in architectural design, was already settled, and showed that the last of the great German artists was not to be debarred like Dürer from noble formal beauty. After some unsettled years in Basel and the neighborhood, he went to England in 1526, where Sir Thomas More, to whom Erasmus had given him a letter, entertained him with his hospitality for two years, until Henry VIII. received him under his patronage, when he went to reside at Whitehall, and served the king until his death in 1543. At the English court he

* Two processes which were practiced before this time deserve mention. Some of the illustrations in the Parisian books and elsewhere, which have been supposed to be wood-cuts, were engraved in a peculiar way. The block was punched with small holes at irregular intervals, and the lines of the design were then grooved out as in copper-plate engraving. After printing, the design would appear, of course, in white line on a dark ground covered with small white dots. Later, these dots were varied in size and in position, so as to obtain differences of color. This practice was especially used in borders of the books published at Paris by Verard, Vostre, and other early printers. It is to these that Ottley refers when he speaks of borders "decorated by figures very beautifully engraved, and relieved upon black ground specked over with extreme nicety of workmanship with minute white dots." It is now believed that such work, as a rule, is not usually true wood-engraving, but a mode of engraving in relief on metal. Many examples of work in this kind appear to be engraved in a mixed mode, partly in relief and partly in intaglio. Perhaps I should add that two examples of such work in imitation of miniatures have been assigned with reason by M. Henri Delaborde to the year 1406, and this indicates the practice of this method before the first-known wood-engraving, while it has been nearly universally believed that engraving on metal was a much later invention than engraving in wood. The second process, of which brief notice must be taken, is engraving in chiar-oscuro, which was introduced in the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was an attempt to imitate the results of painting, and consisted in printing an engraving in one color, and then overlaying with other colors successively, from other blocks, so as to obtain a variety of tints and shades as in painting. At first only two blocks were used; on one the outlines and dark shadows were engraved, and from it an impression was taken off in black; on the second the minor parts were engraved, and an impression taken off in bistre on the previous print. The effect was that luminous points appeared on the paper, which seemed to have been touched with white by a pencil in order to give more relief. This method was used by Lucas Cranach and Baldung as early as 1509, while the earliest Italian work by Ugo da Carpi, who claimed the invention of the process, does not date before 1518. The Italians developed the art by using more blocks, and imitated water-colors with considerable success; later, the first impression of lines and shadows was taken from copper-plate, over which tints were laid from wood blocks as before. In modern times prints have been taken by the use of from thirteen to eighteen blocks, which strive to imitate all the variations of color in painting; but this application of the art is not a true development, and really lies outside its province.

painted that series of portraits which remains unsurpassed as a gallery of typical English men and women, represented by an artist capable of revealing character as well as of portraying looks; and he is said to have adorned the walls of the palace with the designs of the famous "Dance of Death," but of this there is no proof. His great works in engraving were probably finished before he left Basel; they are three alphabets of initial letters, the figures of the Bible, and the "Images," or "Dance of Death," as it is commonly called. The alphabets are series of letters, about each of which is represented some dramatic or picturesque scene. In the first the triumph of Death over all ranks is vividly portrayed; in another, peasants are dancing and merry-making; and the third is a succession of natural scenes, where children are at their sports. The first is the most famous, and is so finely and delicately engraved that some critics have believed it was executed on copper-plate.

The "Dance of Death" is a series of designs illustrating in greater variety the subject of the alphabet, and its study is valuable not only because it is the finest work of the art it made illustrious, but because of the light it throws on the age in which it appeared. It was an old subject. It had possessed for centuries a powerful and sometimes morbid attraction for the artistic imagination as well as for popular reflection. It was peculiarly the symbol of Christian mediæval life, and survives as a representative of the great mediæval ideas. That age first surrounded death with terror in the hope of thus quickening spiritual life. For the world then the joy of life seemed to exist only to remind men that it had an end. In the thirteenth century, we are told, in some of the churches there swung a banner on one side of which were pictured a youth and maiden before a mirror of their loveliness, and on the reverse Death with spade and worm-pierced corpse. In France, the "Dance of Death," like the Oberammergau miracle play, was enacted by living persons, and humor, never absent in what the people touch, entered into it. On the walls of churches and other buildings, in literature as well, the same subject re-appears, with variation in treatment and meaning, while in the works of the artists the presence of Death is a continually recurring incident, as in Dürer, where he attends knight and beggar. On the walls of a hall in Basel was a famous representation, which must have frequently arrested Holbein's eye, although he obtained few suggestions from it. But Holbein took the mediæval idea, and remoulded it, as Shakspeare remoulded the tradition of Denmark or Italy into a work for all times and generations. He represented Death, but with an artistic power, a startling imaginative fervor, a human interest, which lifted it out of mediævalism into universal truth. Each design is a scene from daily life, real and vivid. Death lays his summons upon every rank and age in the midst of their habitual occupations. The trader has escaped shipwreck, and "on the beach undoes his corded bales"—Death plucks him by the cloak. The weary pack-laden peddler turns half reproachfully to the unknown delaying hand upon his shoulder. The pastor goes to the burial of the poor; the drunkard swills his liquor; the judge takes his bribe; the miser counts his gold —Death arrests them. The dramatic power of these scenes is intense, so simple and direct is the action in each of them. See the nun, with head averted from the altar



THE NUN.

of her devotions to the lover who sits upon the bed, playing the lute to her sleeping soul, and at the very moment Death stands there to put out the light of the taper which shall leave her in darkness forever; or look at the preacher, perhaps dilating in his accustomed half-mechanical strain on



THE PREACHER.

the terrors of that very Death at his elbow. In the representation of the ploughman, which is one of the most striking, how directly Holbein brings us face to face with the human curse—in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn death! George Sand describes this cut, and her words so vivify the concentrated meaning of the whole series that I make room to insert them; they are from the preface of *La Mare au Diable:* "The engraving represents a farmer guiding the plough in the middle of a field. A vast plain extends into the distance, where there are some poor huts; the sun is setting behind a hill. It is the close of a hard day's work. The peasant is old, thickset, and in tatters. The team which he drives before him is lean, worn out by fatigue and scanty food; the ploughshare is buried in a rugged and stubborn soil. In this scene of sweat and habitual toil there is only one being in good spirits and light of foot, a fantastic character, a skeleton with a whip, that runs in the furrow beside the startled horses and beats them, as it were a farmer's boy. It is Death." "Is there much consolation," she goes on after a little, "in this stoicism, and do devout souls find their account therein? The ambitious, the knave, the tyrant, the sensualist, all the proud sinners who abuse life, and whom Death hales by the hair, are on their way to a reckoning, no doubt; but the blind, the beggar, the fool, the poor peasant, is there any amends for their long wretchedness in the single reflection that death is not an evil for them? No! an inexorable melancholy, a dismaying fatality, weighs upon the artist's work. It is like a bitter curse launched on the universal human lot." There is hardly a character in life, hardly a passion or a vice, a toil or pursuit, which is not here brought face to face with its fate: the king is at his feast—Death pours the wine; the poor mother is cooking her humble meal at the hearth—Death steals her child; the bridal pair walk on absorbed, while Death beats their wedding march with glee; the counsellor disregards the poor—Death is his next petitioner. Throughout the series is the same dramatic insight, the same unadorned reality, the same humanity. It lets light upon Holbein's own heart, too. The pope in the exercise of his utmost worldly power crowns the emperor, but behind is Death, a devil lurks in the shadow, and over the heads of the cardinals are other devils; the monk, abbot, and prioress—how they resist, and are struck with terror! The days are the days of Reformation: is there doubt at what Holbein reckoned these men and their trade? The days are the days of peasant wars, of the German Bible, and books in the vulgar tongue—the days in which democracy and the people began to be: how is it that, as Holbein saw life, it was only the humble to whom Death is not full of scorn and jesting, that they alone stand dignified in his presence? Beneath this sympathy with the reformers and the people, need we look further, as Ruskin does, to discov-



THE PLOUGHMAN.

er the skepticism lurking in Holbein's heart? Inexorable melancholy and dismaying fatality, they are truly the burden of his work!

There remains something to be said of the designer of these prints, and of their style. Until our century they were undoubtedly ascribed to Holbein, and his claim is still generally admitted. His title has been questioned on the ground of a passage in the preface to the first Lyons edition, where the writer "regrets the death of him who has here imagined for us such elegant designs, as much in advance of all hitherto issued as the paintings of Apelles or Zeuxis surpass those of the moderns." Some explain this as a *jeu d'esprit* in bad taste, but suiting the character of the work, and others refer it to the engraver—a harmless explanation, because it is granted that Holbein did not engrave his own works, or even draw the designs on the blocks.* The characteristics of the engraving are easily seen. The style has more affinity with the Italian than the German type; few lines are employed, and there is little cross-hatching. Every line has its work to do, has its meaning, which it expresses perfectly, easily, and economically, without waste of labor or ineffectual effort. It is, in a word, the method of great art. In sureness of stroke and accuracy of proportion it is unsurpassed. You may magnify twelve times, and even the fingers will show no disproportion in whole or in part. It is true there is no anatomical accuracy; no single skeleton is correctly drawn in its parts; but the shape of death, guessed at as a thing hidden, is so expressed that in the earliest days of this work men said that in it "death seemed to live, and the living to be truly dead." It is this dramatic realism, broad sympathy, and governed energy that the work possesses as a product of the imagination, and this fineness, right-



"NATHAN REBUKING DAVID."

ness, economy, and vigor of line that it possesses as a product of artistic skill, which make it the greatest work of the art in the older manner, if not the greatest in any manner. Its qualities are repeated in the Bible figures, as may be seen by the illustration of Nathan rebuking David, and charging him with his crime. All majesty, it has been said, surrounds the king; the prophet kneels before him; but the supremacy of the moral law over all is only the more clear.

After Holbein's death decline set in. The popular romances in connection with which the art was first practiced in Lyons fell before the assault of Rabelais and Cervantes, and the art was discredited in the literature it served. In Germany the opposite parties in the violent religious disputes in that country used it in caricature, and so brought it into disrepute there also. The decline of the art was, however, gradual, and there were several talented en-

* What are supposed to be the original designs, forty-six in number, are in the cabinet of the Czar of Russia. They show the excellence of the drawing better than the engraved work, and are remarkable for details which the engravers have omitted. They are made with the pen, and touched with bistre. The first edition was printed on one side of the paper only, and appeared at Basel. The better-known Lyons edition appeared in 1538, at the Trechsels', who obtained the blocks from Basel. The early editions contained only forty-one cuts, but that of Frellon in 1547 contained fifty-five, including some beautiful cuts of children. The popularity of the work was such that thirteen editions were printed before 1563, and since that time between forty and fifty editions, copies of the originals, have appeared in wood, and as many on copper-plate.

gravers whose works are still sought for and prized. They worked for the most part in small designs, and they are therefore called Little Masters. It is said that more books illustrated with small wood-cuts were published at Lyons between the years 1545 and 1580 than in any other city of Europe, and of the engravers there Little Bernard was the chief; but the term Little Masters is now commonly restricted to a group of seven men who practiced the art in the city of Nuremberg and its neighborhood, and who in recent years have attracted interest and received praise perhaps beyond their merit. They made small designs as a rule, but in other respects they continued the artistic traditions which had descended from Dürer and his associates; none of them is free from stiffness, and all show strong local characteristics in taste and style. The more gifted of them are interesting because of the ardor with which they threw themselves into the reform movement, and the persecution which free thought and communistic notions brought upon them. Their works exhibit the spirit and results of the German renaissance, the gradual secularization of art, and the beginning of the treatment of *genre* subjects. They flourished during the middle of the sixteenth century, and after their death the art in Germany fell into insignificance. In Italy, after 1530, the old simple style, of which the "Dream of Poliphilo" is the great example, gave way to Northern influence; cross-hatching was freely introduced, and there was more naturalness in foliage and texture, and greater variety of tint; the Venetians appear to have excelled all others, and they



From the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, Venice, 1499.

POLIPHILO MEETS POLIA.

rivalled the work of Lyons. In 1543, at Basel, the anatomical treatise of Vesalius was published, in which wood-engraving for the first time was used to illustrate scientific subjects in a purely useful way—a service which has now become one of its principal employments. In Paris the art continued to be confined to the ornamentation of books, but of the later designers there Jean Cousin perhaps alone deserves to be mentioned by name. In the Netherlands the art lived longer than in Lyons, and in England, during the seventeenth century, the work is better than on the Continent; but in that century wood-engraving practically went out of existence as a fine art, and copper-plate engraving, which it had attempted to imitate ineffectually, took its place. Its revival, toward the close of the eighteenth century, was due to England, where its vast and manifold modern development began in the workshop of Thomas Bewick.

Thomas Bewick, the founder of the modern art, was born near Newcastle, in 1753, to a country life and scanty schooling. At fourteen he was bound apprentice to the Newcastle engraver Ralph Beilby; nine years later he went in search of his fortune to London, where he lived nearly a year, and returned in the summer of 1777 to his old master, with whom he entered into partnership. Some preliminary training in book illustration was needful to reveal his powers to himself. He received a premium from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, and after further minor work, began in 1785 to engrave the first block for his *British Quadrupeds*, which with his *British Birds*, although his other cuts are numbered by thousands, is the principal monument of his genius. When he took the graver in his hand he found the art virtually extinct; at most it endeavored to manufacture large coarse prints. He created it anew, and when it left his hands it was a different art from that of the older time. The most important innovation was in his method of obtaining color, and this has given a name to his school. Instead of employing cross-hatching, he used the white line, as it is called, which is perhaps best explained in his own words. "I never could discover," he says, "any additional beauty or color that the cross-strokes gave to the impression beyond the effect produced by plain parallel lines. This is very apparent when to a certainty the plain surface of the wood will print as black as ink and balls can make it, without any further labor at all, and it may easily be seen that the thinnest strokes cut upon the plain surface will throw some light on the subject or design; and if these strokes again are made still wider or of equal thickness to the black lines, the color these produce will be a gray; and the more the white strokes are thickened, the nearer will they in their varied shadings approach to white; and if quite taken away, then a perfect white is obtained." The difference is practically that by the old method the untouched block was considered as if it would print white, and grays and blacks were obtained by increasing the number of the cross-strokes, as in a pen-and-ink sketch, while by the new method the untouched block was considered as if it would print black, as is the case, and the color was lessened by increasing the number of the white lines. The last process is as easy for the engraver as the first is difficult, and Bewick may have been led to it because he engraved his own designs, and was obliged to consider the labor necessary in the mechanical work. Besides this innovation, which indeed was revolutionary, he substituted box for pear wood, and engraved across the grain instead of with it, or "the plank way of the wood," as he called it; he first introduced the device of lowering the surface of the block in places where less color was desired, so that less pressure would come upon those parts in printing, and he used the dabber instead of the inking roller. By such means he was truly, as Ruskin says, "a reformer,"—Mr. Ruskin adds, "as stout as Holbein, or Botticelli, or Luther, or Savonarola," which is also true within limits. But if in relation to his art and in answer to the tests required of him his reforming spirit proved itself vigorous, independent, persistent in its convictions, and faithful in its practice, his natural endowment in other ways was so far inferior to those of the great reformers named as to place him in a different order of men. He had not a spark, so far as I can discover, of the philosophic spirit of Holbein, and but a faint glimmer of dramatic insight. He missed, too, the romanticism, the depth of sympathy, of Dürer. It is not necessary to magnify his genius, valuable as it was. He was an observer of nature, and he copied natural facts with straightforward veracity; he de-

lineated animal life with marvellous spirit; he knew the value of the texture of a bird's feathers as no one before ever realized it; he was open also to the influence which nature exerts over the mind emotionally, and he rendered the sentiment of the landscape as few engravers have been able to do; his hearty spirit responded to country sights, and he portrayed the humorous with zest and pleasure, indelicately sometimes, but you will go far to find that side of the country so faithfully recorded. With this veracity, sensitiveness, heartiness, there is also an unbending virtue—a little like preaching sometimes, with its gallows in the background, but sturdy and homely, not rising into any eloquent homily, but with indignant reproof for the boys drowning a cat or a man beating his overdriven horse. As an artist he knows, like Holbein, the method of great art; his economy of labor, his simplicity, justness, and fineness of stroke, belong to the master. He has been praised much and deservedly, for he developed his talents in very unfavorable conditions; but no words would be sweeter to him than what Charlotte Brontë wrote, sincerely out of her own life, I doubt not. Did he not himself say he was led to his task by "the hope of administering to the pleasure and amusement of youth"? In the opening pages of *Jane Eyre* the novelist records the pleasure of the child in looking over Bewick's book, and the reader will easily recognize the cuts referred to.

"I returned to my book, Bewick's *History of British Birds*, the letterpress whereof I cared little for, generally speaking, and yet there were certain introductory pages that, child as I was, I could not pass quite as a blank. They were those which treat of the haunts of sea-fowl; of 'the solitary rocks and promontories' by them only inhabited; of the coast of Norway, studded with isles from its southern extremity, the Lindesnaes, or Naze, to the North Cape,

> 'Where the Northern Ocean in vast whirls
> Boils round the naked melancholy isles
> Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
> Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.'

Nor would I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland, Siberia, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland..... Of these death-white realms I formed an idea of my own, shadowy, like all the half-comprehended notions that float dim through children's brains, but strangely impressive. The words in these introductory pages connected themselves with the succeeding vignettes, and gave significance to the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow and spray; to the broken boat stranded on a desolate coast; to the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking. I can not tell what sentiment haunted the quiet, solitary church-yard, with its inscribed head-stone, its gate, its two trees, its low horizon, girdled by a broken wall, and its newly risen crescent attesting the hour of eventide. The two ships becalmed in a torpid sea I believed to be marine phantoms. The fiend pinning down the thief's pack behind him I passed over quickly; it was an object of terror. So was the black horned thing seated aloof on a rock, surveying a distant crowd surrounding a gallows. Each picture told a story, mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting..... With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy—happy at least in my way."

Before Bewick's death, which occurred in 1828, another English genius, greater as an artist than as an engraver, William Blake, attempted wood-engraving, and produced in 1820 a series of illustrations for Ambrose Phillips's imitation of Virgil's First Eclogue, which is remarkable for vigorous and original expression, as may be seen in the accompanying cut, which represents a landscape swept by violent winds. Contemporary engravers said the series was inartistic and worthless, and an uneducated eye can easily discover faults in it; it derives value from the imaginative genius displayed in it, and not from the engraver's skill—from what it contains rather than from the manner of its execution. Blake never made a new trial of the art.



In the modern art since the days of Bewick there have been no works of extraordinary genius such as those with which our attention has been mainly occupied.

In the older time the engraver was subordinate to the designer, who drew in order to convey ideas, and the history of the art at that period is concerned mainly with the designer and his ideas; in the modern revival various causes, but principally the invention of white line, worked a considerable change; the engraver came into greater prominence, and his work became to a considerable degree original, since he either engraved his own designs, or reproduced those of others, not by following them servilely line for line (I am speaking only of the best engravers), but by interpreting their spirit and meaning by means of such lines as he thought most fitting for that purpose. The history of wood-engraving as a fine art since the beginning of this century is therefore mainly concerned with the different modes of work employed by engravers rather than with the genius of designers, and with their names rather than with the names of artists. This is what is meant when it is said that the true art of engraving is not a hundred years old, for it is only within that time that the value of a print has been due to the engraver's capacity for thought and his artistic skill in the arrangement of lines, as well as to the designer's genius. Not to depreciate the mechanical skill, the firmness, justness, and delicacy of touch requisite in the older method of following carefully and precisely the lines already drawn on the block, this was nevertheless only mechanical skill; but the newer method of reproducing artists' works by means of lines first conceived and arranged by the engraver himself implies, besides skill of hand, qualities of mind—perception and origination and the judgment that results from cultivated taste. This is the real step in advance which wood-engraving has taken, and the opportunity which it offers its craftsmen for the exhibition of high qualities; this is the real meaning of white line, the engraver's and not the designer's instrument, and is the essential truth there is in styling Bewick the father of the art. The greater number of engravers, however, have preferred to follow old traditions, and have left to the few the working out of the new problem.

Bewick, who began by engraving in wood, was never trammelled by traditions; he worked out his own method in his own way by the light of his own genius. Robert Branston, the next distinguished engraver to practice the art, had served his apprenticeship in engraving on copper-plate, and had mastered the art of incising and arranging lines proper to that material; he came to wood-engraving, consequently, with all the traditions of copper-plate engraving firmly fixed in his mind and hand, and the revived art began with him where it had left off at the time of its extinction, in imitation of the methods of engraving on copper; it is true that he sometimes introduced white line where he thought it would be effective, but he relied on black line for the most part, and so founded a school opposed to the practice of Bewick, which had been continued by Clennell and Charlton Nesbitt. The wrong step thus taken led to the next: engravers on copper began to draw designs on the block for wood-engravers to cut out. John Thurston, the most distinguished of these, drew thus for John Thompson, who, however, did not follow the lines with the servility of engravers of the sixteenth century, but modified the design as he engraved it, changing the direction and character of the lines, and introducing white line occasionally. This imitation of the manner of copper-plate became common; delicacy, refinement, and softness were sought for rather than the qualities which wood-engraving is best fitted to attain, and in the work of William Harvey and his like wood-engraving lost its distinctive virtues. Meanwhile the great illustrated magazines and papers, to which wood-engraving owes so much of its encouragement, sprang up, and with them the necessity for rapid work. In Germany and in France, where in the beginning of the century a prize for wood-engraving had waited some years for an applicant, the art began to flourish. The publisher Didot deserves much of the credit of the French revival, for he had early employed the German Gubitz, who was the best workman in Berlin, and under his encouragement John Thompson had gone to Paris, and there founded the school which began the actual French practice of the art.

Mr. Linton made an attempt to break down the prevalent imitation of the manner of copper-plate, and to introduce the practice of rendering artists' drawings and sketches by lines made and arranged by the engraver himself; but the current was too strongly set in another direction, and the engraver was relegated to his old position of mechanic, whose business it was

to clear out lines already drawn for him. But the designers Leech, Gilbert, Tenniel, and the Dalziels, the last engravers themselves, were far inferior in drawing power even to the lesser masters of the sixteenth century. Plentiful illustrations of this work are easily accessible in the art journals and pictorial papers of the last fifty years—work which in the mass is not valuable either for the art shown in the design or the skill of the engraver, but which derived its interest and popularity from qualities which have little connection with fine art. To this sweeping criticism there are, of course, honorable exceptions.

In our own country the progress that has been made and the success which has really been attained are due mainly to the illustrated magazines, so popular in our communities, and to individual talent. The best of our engravers—at least until recent years—is Mr. Marsh, whose marvellous rendering of insect life can never be forgotten by any who have been fortunate enough to see the artist proofs. His work is in the manner of copper, and is one of the few instances in which wood-engraving has equalled copper-plate in the fineness, delicacy, softness, and gradation of line and tint. Other engravers have made a considerable advance in skillful and artistic line arrangement, and in technical skill in the manual portion of their task. If they are not misled by a desire for sensationalism, there is reason to anticipate a fruitful and valuable practice of the art among us. Wood-engraving must continue to deserve its place among the fine arts either by virtue of the excellence of design in sketches which are to be reproduced line for line upon the block, or by virtue of the engravers' skillful rendering of sketches, whether originally in line or not, by lines of his own creation; by either method valuable results may be worked out, but it is by the latter that the art will enter upon a new career, and for this reason those who wish to see a true art of engraving, distinct from the art of designing for engraving, must look for it to the increased skill of the engraver in line arrangement.

In our own time, however, engraving in wood is practiced as a useful rather than as a fine art, and its attainment of its own peculiar artistic results is not so noticeable as the suppleness with which it bends itself to the more or less successful imitation of the peculiar results of other arts—mezzotint engraving, charcoal drawing, photography, or whatever it may be. Its utility as a means of instruction by its representation of the objects with which science deals, and the mechanical contrivances and processes which science employs, and its utility as a means of information by representing distant lands, customs, and events, and, too, as a means of influence in caricature, and frequently of simple popular amusement, are incalculable. In the course of its history it has reflected the spirit of most of the great social changes which transformed mediæval into modern civilization—the hard Middle Age religion, in representing the saints of which it began; the introduction of realism into art, and its gradual secularization; the marvel of the Italian renaissance, and the peculiar character of the French and German renaissance as well; the beginning of popular literature; the Reformation; and the succeeding skepticism. So its practice in our age reflects the peculiar character of the time, shows that there has been a gain in the popular hold upon the material comforts of life and upon intelligence, and a loss in the community's appreciation of purely artistic results.

In the beginning of this paper I said that there were now signs of the beginning of a public taste among us, and as a contribution toward the materials for its information, I sketched, rightly or wrongly, a conception of the nature and scope of the art, to which something more may now properly be added. The sphere of the art is line arrangement, and that only; it employs lines to represent form, and also texture, which is only a finer form; it indicates positive hues, and, within narrower limits, the play of light and shadow upon form and hue; in the older manner it aims chiefly at force, spirit, and strong contrasts, and in the newer style at fineness, delicacy, and nice gradations of harmonious tints, which modern mechanical inventions have enabled it to attempt with success. If the design which is to be reproduced is in line fit for engraving in wood, the engraver may simply copy the original. If the design is in line not easily engraved, or in color or washed tints, the engraver does not seek to reproduce it, if he understands his art, by intricate and difficult line-work, or by blotches and ploughed-up and confused lines, for in this way he never accomplish-

es anything further than to suggest the original process and represent its results poorly; but, on the contrary, he interprets the original, so far as its artistic qualities, its form, color, force, spirit, manner, can be given, by means of defined firm lines of his own creation. The success he obtains depends upon the meaning his lines contain. Each line must serve a purpose, must define an outline, or mark the moulding of a muscle, or deepen the intensity of a shadow, or perform some similar work, and for these ends he uses white line or black line as he pleases. Other things being equal, the engraver who conveys most meaning in the fewest lines, like Holbein or Bewick, is the greatest master. In good engraving, therefore, the essential question is whether the artist's idea has been expressed adequately in the fewest, simplest, and most beautiful lines.

Editor's Note.—We can not refrain from a single comment upon the concluding remarks of our contributor. While it seems to us that he is correct in the assertion that when the engraver attempts nothing beyond a faithful rendering of the designer's work, then the art of wood-engraving, considered as an independent art, *i. e.*, existing for its own sake alone, ceases; still, it seems to us equally clear that, in another sense, *i. e.*, as an art subsidiary and supplementary to another art (that of the painter or designer whose work it is content to faithfully interpret), it not only continues to exist, but is capable, in the exercise of this interpretative function, of the highest development. In this sense it may be called a useful art, but it would be unfair to deny to the engraver the title of artist because he simply interprets. Are not Rubinstein and Liszt ranked as artists when they interpret the masterpieces of the great composers? Something more than mechanical skill enters into the best interpretation. The wood-engraver serves a higher artistic use in the faithful interpretation of a worthy design than he would in attempting an inferior creation. Would musical art be improved if every singer and every instrumentalist insisted upon composing his own music? There are a few engravers who excel as draughtsmen, just as there are a few musical interpreters who excel as composers. The significant fact in connection with the recent development of wood-engraving is that the improved public taste in art demands that the very tone and texture of an artist's work shall be reproduced so that the proof shall be as like the work as is possible. The engravers have met this demand, and, instead of wood-cuts that are the creations of the engraver (while professing to render the art of the draughtsman), we have in our best engravings exquisite reproductions of the best art of our time. The people could have this result in no other way. Let the engravers who can create their own pictures do so, as did Bewick, and make the wood-engraving that they do their own independent art. Such work would enjoy a high and special appreciation which can never attach to engravings which are in part the creation of the graver and in part the interpretation of a separate designer.

MAID OF ATHENS.

THE day is a remarkably warm one in the month of April—warm even for Athens; and Aunt Sophonisba, Katharine, and I walk slowly down through the dust and glare of the streets, seeking shade wherever we can find it, and stopping every now and then to look into some of the little Greek shops on our way to the Acropolis.

"Aren't we almost there?" asks Aunt Sophonisba, suddenly halting, while a well-known stubborn look steals over her fat face. "Because if we are not, I'm just going straight back to the hotel to finish my nap. It's too warm for sight-seeing." And she turns her sleepy eyes longingly in the direction of the hotel, lost to sight in the distance.

"But we are almost there now, auntie," replies Katharine, soothingly. "And you certainly don't want to be in Athens and not see the famous Parthenon. It is one of the most wonderful ruins in the world, and besides, old ruins are æsthetic."

"But I hate ruins," whines Aunt Sophonisba, the stubborn expression deepening on her face. "You know I do; they always have some contagious disease hidden in them. And as for being æsthetic, I am æsthetic enough." As she utters this last remark, the stubborn expression on her face dies away, and folding her fat hands, incased in white cotton gloves several sizes too large for her, she smiles complacently.

I look at her as she stands there simmering in the hot sunshine like a huge seal, and the idea of her being æsthetic strikes me so comically that I burst out laughing.

"I do wish, Pauline," says Katharine, a trifle irritably, turning toward me as she speaks her handsome, intellectual head, "that you would break yourself of that inane habit of laughing at nothing. It seems to grow upon you. I don't really believe you ever have an elevating thought in your head."

"When I go up-hill I have," I answer, demurely.

Katharine Dinscombe and I, Pauline Dinscombe, are first cousins and orphans, and live on the Hudson with a distant relative of ours, a maiden aunt, Miss Sophonisba Rosnor. At present we are travelling in Greece. Katharine is five years my senior, and has a guardian—two ad-

vantages she has over me which I can never make up my mind to bear with perfect equanimity.

Aunt Sophonisba says that Mr. Lindley Stanthon, Katharine's guardian, is very much in love with her. I have never seen them much together, so I can not vouch for the correctness of Aunt Sophonisba's statement, though I should think he would be in love with her; for she is a tall, handsome, dignified girl, besides being exceedingly clever. And in story-books guardians always fall in love with their wards. She expects him to join us here in Athens. I wonder how soon he will be here? I am just on the point of asking her, when Aunt Sophonisba says, decidedly:

"Now I'm not going another step; it's too warm." But Katharine is equally decided.

"Come, take my arm," says she, "and we will soon be up the hill."

"Do," urge I, with a nod of encouragement; "and I will push you from behind—"

"Stop! Pauline, stop!" gasps Aunt Sophonisba, waving her umbrella wildly in the air, as she feels herself slowly but surely going up the Acropolis. For once Katharine and I act like "two souls with but a single thought," and that thought to see our relative landed on the top of the hill. So, in spite of all Aunt Sophonisba's remonstrances, we toil nobly on, Katharine pulling and I pushing, until we reach the heights of the immortal Acropolis. We feel it is not a very dignified mode of entrance to this sanctuaried city on a hill, where everything speaks of a classical past, but it is our only way. When we at last arrive at the top we pause to take breath, and then, passing through a rude wooden gate that admits visitors to the summit, we come on a scene of ruin and desolation, or, as some one has poetically called it, a scene of "æsthetic chaos."

"Why, it's all in ruins!" says Aunt Sophonisba, in an aggrieved voice, looking mournfully about her. "I thought it was going to be something grand."

"And so it is," exclaims Katharine, enthusiastically. "Here, in this very spot where we now stand, probably, Ægeus, the father of Theseus, once stood looking for his son's return; and yonder is the sea in which he drowned himself, named after him the Ægean. And over there," pointing with her guide-book to a rise of ground, "is Pentelicus, the mountain that yielded the marble of which the Parthenon is built."

"But there isn't much left of it now, Kathie," ventures my relative, somewhat timidly, overawed by her niece's enthusiasm, and glancing at the lofty ruins of the world-famous temple with a certain mistrust. "I'm pretty sure I've seen better ruins—"

"But think of all the magnificent associations connected with it!" interrupts Katharine, in another outburst of enthusiasm. "No other existing monument can furnish such a multitude of reflections as this one. Just remember how long it has stood; the sun which shines upon it *to-day* is the same sun that shone upon it two thousand years ago! And see, over there," suddenly seizing hold of Aunt Sophonisba's arm, and pointing to some distant road—"over there must be the 'Via Sacra' where streamed the Panathenaic procession on their way to and from the great Eleusinian mysteries—"

"Oh, Kathie dear, you make my head swim," groans poor Aunt Sophonisba, sitting down on a prostrate column, and wiping her forehead with the long fingers of her cotton gloves in a bewildered sort of way. "It's so warm to have so much said to one all at once," she adds, apologetically. "Let's sit down and take it all in." Whether the *it* refers to the heat, or the view, or the substance of Katharine's remarks, I don't know, though we both sit down at her request.

It is a strangely impressive scene—ruins, ruins everywhere. All around, purpling and crimsoning mountains, and in the distance the gleam of the sea. Everything is quiet. The rush of life has suddenly culminated in a profound hush, and I find myself in unconscious harmony with the tranquil scene. The sun is slowly sinking in the west, and the rich glow of the evening touches the marble ruins with the magical coloring of light and shade. For the first time I realize I am in Athens—on the Acropolis, "that peerless gem of Greece." I close my eyes, and over my senses steals softly a drowsiness. I think I would have fallen asleep but for a sudden energetic tap from Katharine.

"Come," exclaims that indefatigable young woman, hooking the end of her parasol in my belt, and trying to pull me

to my feet; "Aunt Sophonisba and I are going up on top of the Parthenon to see the sun set. We can have a much better view of it from up there. Come."

"I don't want to come," I answer, pettishly, unhooking her parasol and giving it a push. "The view down here is plenty good enough for me. I am happy where I am," and I lean comfortably back against a broken column and indulge in a series of gentle yawns.

"You are the laziest girl I ever saw, Pauline," says my cousin, turning away from me in disgust. "You had better have staid at home."

I watch them as they carefully pick their way among the crumbled ruins, until they disappear behind one of the pillars of the temple. Then I try to resume the thread of thought I had had before Katharine broke in upon it with the end of her parasol. But it is of no use; the happy dreamy thoughts will not return. I listlessly take up the guide-book which Katharine has left behind her, and carelessly turn over the pages. In doing so I come across something that arrests my attention, and I read: "To the north of the Parthenon is situated the Erechtheium, which was built in commemoration of the contest between Neptune and Minerva for the protectorate of the city. Three holes are shown in the rock beneath the pavement as the marks of Neptune's trident when he caused the salt spring to flow by striking the rock."

A bright idea suddenly occurs to me that I will explore the Erechtheium while Aunt Sophonisba and Katharine are on top of the Parthenon. It is only a very few steps from the Parthenon, and I will return before they come down from watching the sun set, and I will let them see I am not so lazy as they think I am.

"There is a small door at the end of the colonnade," I read, as I walk slowly toward the temple of Erechtheus, "which leads to the sacred precincts of the goddess, and was anciently constituted a secret entrance to the Acropolis." This is quite interesting. I read on: "Visitors *not allowed* to enter." This is still more interesting. I close the book, and determine to find that small secret door. I have a strong love for the mysterious, and here, perhaps, I stand on the shadowy threshold of a mystery. I wonder why visitors are not allowed to enter, and I resolve to find out.

Following the directions in the guide-book, I, after much searching, discover a small door. I say *door*, though there really is no door, only a small aperture in the rock, which has been partially walled up, but is large enough to allow any one of moderate size to squeeze through. Here I pause for a moment, and glance back to see if Katharine and Aunt Sophonisba are still where I left them. Yes, there they stand, like two feminine Casabiancas. How noble and grand the Parthenon looks in the soft Grecian evening light! I can not help a feeling of strangeness and awe at the surrounding desolation as I wend my way into the ruins of the Erechtheium. "*Visitors not allowed to enter!*" keeps sounding in my ears as I thrust my head in through the forbidden opening. "Why not?" replies the voice of curiosity, as the rest of my body follows my head.

I find I have stepped into a long, narrow, dark passage. A few rays from the setting sun, which have straggled in through the crevices in the ruined wall, enable me to see that the passage ends in a flight of ruined marble steps which zigzag downward. To these steps I carefully pick my way. Though I can not see the bottom, I can look down into a large vaulted place, running up into a circular dome, in the centre of which is a fountain. I hear the murmur of its waters as I stand there. I am evidently on the precincts of the "Agraulos Grotto" that I have read so much about, and this flight of steps is the one that the priestesses of Athens descended by to the shrine of the heroic maiden Agraulos below. It looks cool and inviting down there, a delightful place for a warm afternoon, and without more ado I begin my descent. The ruined steps of marble, amongst which mosses and ferns and green ivy are tangled, are winding and steep, and somehow my feet keep slipping away from me in spite of all I can do to prevent them. Suddenly they slip away altogether, and I find myself, much to my astonishment, lying in a heap beside the moss-grown fountain that I had looked down into from above.

I am conscious of having lain in this position for some time, for a moonbeam is shining on my face as I open my eyes. When I attempt to move, I feel an excruciating pain in one of my ankles, which makes me relinquish any idea of immediate escape.

It is very dark down here, with the ex-

ception of the solitary moonbeam, but by degrees I can discern several objects. The one which attracts my attention the most is the fountain, which trickles feebly down into a marble basin all covered with moss, and shaggy with water-weeds. Where are Aunt Sophonisba and Katharine? I try to get up, but the pain in my ankle causes me to sit down again. An unpleasant idea occurs to me that I have sprained my ankle, and will have to remain here all night.

All the historical, poetical, and romantic associations connected with the place, which had so charmed me a little while before, now become hateful to me. Instead of feeling I am near the shrine of the patriotic maiden Agraulos, who by her death had saved her city, I feel as though I were sitting in my own sepulchre, and "slimy things did crawl with legs" all about me. Ugh! it was too horrible. In sudden desperation I tear off the shoe and stocking on my sprained foot, and bathe it in the fountain. Something cold strikes against it, and I give a scream. But it's only my hat, which has fallen off, and is floating on the water. I mechanically pick it up and put it on, while the water silently drips from the brim, and forms in little pools in my lap.

A sudden sound of footsteps overhead among the loose stones breaks the silence.

"Katharine! Aunt Sophonisba!" I scream, "I'm down here!"

"Down here!" echoes on all sides of the grotto. Is it possible Aunt Sophonisba could have returned to the hotel, thinking I had gone on ahead? I groan at the thought.

Again I hear footsteps above. With hands clasped around my knees, and tears of pain running down my cheeks, I sit and listen. I hear some one whistling, and looking up through a small opening in the vault, I behold a man's head peering curiously down.

"Is any one down there?" calls he from above. I don't know whether to answer him or not. I am just meditating on the subject when he moves so I can distinguish his features, and I recognize him as Mr. Lindley Stanthon, my cousin's guardian. I haven't seen him for four years, but he hasn't changed one bit. I have, of course; but I don't stop to remember that, as I answer him with a loud,

"Yes, I'm down here."

"Are you hurt?" is his next question, as he tries to obtain a better view of me by ramming his cane through the small crevice in the vault to make a larger place for observation.

"Of course I am," I return, indignantly, "or else I wouldn't be down here." There is complete silence for a minute, and then I hear him trying to descend the ruined stairway. "Take care," I scream, "or you will fall!" And hurriedly drawing my foot out of the fountain, I scramble up the best way I can. I have hardly time to do so when he stands before me. We are both of us standing in the ray of moonlight, which shows our faces clear as at noonday. I know I look dreadfully. My hat, which is drenching wet, is hanging on the back of my head, while streams of water are trickling down my face and back, and my foot is destitute of any covering save a red silk handkerchief which I have hastily tied around it. Although I know him, he does not appear to know me. There is not the slightest recognition in his glance, only a look of surprise.

For once in my life I have nothing to say, and if ever a young woman looked awkward and silly, I am she. We stand and gaze at each other, and to make the situation still more awkward, I try to balance myself on one foot, so as to hide the other under my dress, and come very near tumbling head-foremost into the fountain. I think I see a smile of amusement pass over his somewhat grave face, but it is instantly repressed, and he speaks:

"I did not know that any of the goddesses or water-sprites ever revisited their old haunts, but I see I have been mistaken;" and he looks at me as though he expects me to say something, but I don't. I remain silently gazing into the fountain. I have a sort of feeling that he wants to laugh at me, for I know only too well what a figure I cut.

"How did you get down here?" he asks, as if determined on making me speak.

"Fell," I answer, shortly.

"A direct way of getting down, certainly," he observes, quietly, "but not such a good way for getting up again. I see you have hurt your foot; may I not offer you my assistance? Pretend I am Æsculapius," he adds, as he sees I am about to refuse.

"Thank you, I don't need any assistance," I say, glancing down at my limp petticoats and bare foot. "You go on ahead, and I'll follow."

He walks on; and I, very moist about

the dress and tangled about the head, and sore generally, follow as best I can.

It is a much longer and more painful journey climbing up the slippery moss-grown steps than it was coming down. When we reach the top, and gain the open air, I pause to take breath. My foot pains me considerably.

"You are tired," he says, kindly, as we emerge from the ruins. "You had better sit down and rest."

I do so, for I feel faint.

The sky is full of light, which seems to have a delicate purple and crimson lustre, very different from the cold white moonshine of our skies. It gleams over the front of the opposite ruined temple, showing all its architectural ornaments as plainly as if it were day.

Mr. Stanthon stands and gazes at the temple, and I sit and gaze at him. It is the first good opportunity I have had to look at him. He is not what one would call a handsome man, yet there is something very distinguished in his appearance—something that suggests travel and mental culture, and wide and varied knowledge of life. It is a strong face, proud and firm—a face that, once seen, would not be easily forgotten. I think of Katharine as I look at him, and for some unaccountable reason a sigh escapes me. He hears me sigh, and turns.

"Does your foot pain you very much?" he asks. Then adds, before I have time to answer: "If you can walk as far as the foot of the hill by the carriage road, I will call some sort of a vehicle to take you back to the hotel, as I fear you won't be able to walk that distance."

"I fear I won't," I return, gloomily, looking disconsolately down at my aching foot.

We walk on slowly. Somehow I seem to have lost my tongue. It is he who again breaks the silence:

"Do you recognize me?"

"Oh, yes," I reply, nodding. "I knew you at first, for I have seen you hanging around Katharine's neck so often—"

"Around Katharine's neck so often!" he repeats, with a bewildered stare.

"Why, yes, in that locket you gave her as a parting present four years ago. Don't you remember?"

We at length reach the old ruined Theatre of Bacchus, which stands at the foot of the Acropolis, facing the road, and I sit down on one of the seats in the amphitheatre, and wait for him to go and call a carriage. He seems to have some difficulty in getting one, for though many pass by, they are filled with people. Finally an empty one stops, and we get in.

"Hôtel de la Grande-Bretagne," orders Mr. Stanthon. The driver looks at us, nods, grins, touches his hat, and whips up his horses.

"By-the-way," I exclaim, suddenly, as we drive along, "how did you happen to recognize me? Did Katharine send you to look for me?"

"No," he answers, quietly. "She did not send me. I haven't yet seen her."

"Haven't yet seen her!" I repeat, with a stare of amazement. "Then what made you think of looking down into that grotto for me?"

Mr. Stanthon does not reply immediately. Then he says, slowly: "To tell the truth, when I climbed the Acropolis I had no idea you were in that grotto. I arrived at the hotel earlier than I expected this evening, and learning from the hotel clerk that the three American ladies for whom I inquired had gone to the Acropolis to see the sun set, I very naturally followed. I arrived too late to see your aunt and Katharine—they must have returned by a different road—and as the evening was so lovely, I concluded to smoke a meditative cigar before going back to the hotel. As I was doing so I heard a scream, and hastening to the spot from whence came the sound, I beheld a maiden—"

"That will do," I interrupt him, drawing myself up stiffly. "I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble. I took it for granted my aunt or cousin had sent you; but I suppose they must have thought I had gone back to the hotel, as I often do when I get tired of waiting for them."

"A most unwise thing for a young lady to do in a strange city," he says, with a look of stern reproof. "If you were a ward of mine, I should feel tempted to lock you up in your room, and keep you there until you promised to behave better."

"You wouldn't dare!" return I, defiantly. He does not appear to hear me, but is intently gazing over my head at the distant hills.

"Where is the hotel?" I exclaim at length, after a long interval of silence. "It takes the longest time to get there I ever knew."

"We certainly do seem to have come a great way," admits Mr. Stanthon. And he proceeds to inform the driver of the fact that we have driven beyond our destination. But that functionary does not appear to understand him, for he nods his head and cracks his whip and urges the horses on faster. We were going at rather a good speed before.

"He doesn't seem to understand you," I venture to observe, after Mr. Stanthon has tried to explain to him in four different languages that we have gone beyond the hotel, and all with equal unsuccess, as the only result is a nodding of the driver's head and a continuous cracking of the whip.

"You haven't tried Greek on him," I suggest, after a short pause, during which we whirl past dark trees, houses, haystacks, vineyards, and objects of every kind.

"For a very good reason," he answers, with a touch of impatience in his voice: "I don't speak it."

I don't mean to laugh, but somehow the comicality of our situation overcomes me, and I do. The idea of two people being whisked off against their wills, not knowing where they are going, or how to speak the language and stop the driver, is too funny, and I am convulsed with laughter. I turn to Mr. Stanthon for sympathy, but he evidently does not enjoy the joke, as he is staring somewhat anxiously toward the sea, of which we have now a glimpse in the distance. As I look at his resolute face and bent brows I stop laughing.

"Where do you think we will end up finally?" I ask in alarm, as I notice the anxious expression on his face.

"If this vehicle is not a fac-simile of the 'wonderful one-hoss shay,'" he answers, somewhat gloomily, "I think we will end up at Phalerum."

"Phalerum!" I gasp; "and where is that?"

"Phalerum is on Phalerum Bay, about four miles from Athens. It is the great promenade of Athens. In fact," he goes on to explain, "to go to Phalerum, stroll up and down the beach, and then go into the open-air theatre and listen to the Greek or Italian music for an hour or so, is almost the only summer amusement the Athenians have. I recollect now the hotel clerk told me this was the opening night at the open-air theatre."

At any other time I would enjoy this immensely, but now— I gaze down in distress at my bare foot and limp skirts, and picture to myself what a charming *entrée* we will make on the Phalerum beach, and I am conscious of smiling a ghastly smile as the picture arises only too vividly before me. Mr. Stanthon seems to divine my thoughts, for he tells me when we reach Phalerum I may sit still in the carriage, while he gets out and finds some one who can speak Greek to the driver, and direct him to take us immediately back to the hotel.

We are now almost there, for as we rattle along I can see, a short distance ahead of us, a great throng of people. The hum of voices blended with the sound of music strikes my ear, lights gleam from a long building, evidently the open-air theatre, and in another moment we arrive at a stand-still.

Mr. Stanthon leaps down from the carriage, and telling me not to be frightened, disappears in the crowd.

I gaze about me. What a strange scene! A long stretch of white sand covered with a gay multitude of people, some strolling up and down, laughing and talking, others sitting at little tables, drinking their thick black coffee and listening to the music. The night is breathlessly lovely. Hardly a flutter of breeze breaks the cloudless tranquillity above, while the soothing ripple of the Ægean on the shore, and the deep purple mountains in the distance, the gleam of the stars, the sound of music, and the merry laughter of the gayly dressed Athenians, make an impression on me always to be remembered.

I forget I have a sprained ankle, forget I am tired, forget everything disagreeable, and seem only in perfect harmony with the scene before me.

It is with a deep sigh of regret that I see Mr. Stanthon approaching. He is accompanied by a gentleman in the Greek uniform, and they are speaking in French and laughing heartily. Mr. Stanthon is evidently telling him about our drive, for I hear him say, "Plus je lui donnai d'explications, plus vite il faisait courir ses chevaux." The Greek gentleman then tells our driver, in his own vernacular, where he is to go, and reprimands him for having driven so fast, much to the surprise of that individual, who seems to think he has done a most commendable action in the rapid way in which he has brought us hither. Mr. Stanthon then

thanks the Greek gentleman, and gets into the carriage, and off we go.

We ride on for a long, long time in silence. The night, as I before said, is breathlessly lovely, and as we drive along under the stars, the fragrance of oleanders breathing everywhere, I begin to grow very sleepy. My eyelids are fast closing, when Mr. Stanthon says, authoritatively, "You must not go to sleep in the evening air; that is the way to catch the fever."

"I don't care if it is," I return, sleepily. And then, still more sleepily, "I didn't know one could catch a fever in Athens."

"Yes; the fever here is very similar to the Roman fever, and there is no surer way of catching it than by going to sleep out here in the night air. So come, wake up."

"I'm not asleep," drawl I, in that semi-conscious and somewhat argumentative voice peculiar to drowsy people.

"Pauline," I hear him murmur, anxiously—"Pauline, child, don't go to sleep. See, we have almost reached the hotel now."

"I'm not *Pauline*," I say, partly waking up; "I am *Miss Dinscombe*, and I—" I don't finish my sentence, for I am seized with a violent chill.

"Good heavens!" he exclaims, gazing down at me with an expression of alarm in his deep eyes. And then, in the voice of a man who puts a strong restraint upon himself, he says, "I fear you are cold, Miss Dinscombe."

"On the contrary," I answer, somewhat hysterically, "I am very warm, or at least I will be if I keep on shaking so."

The hotel is at last reached. And the first object that meets my gaze is poor, much-worried Aunt Sophonisba standing in a dejected attitude on the piazza, holding an enormous telescope in her hand upside down. This she drops when she espies me, and embraces me without saying a word. I think she embraces Mr. Stanthon too, for I remember I burst out laughing at something. I don't see Katharine, but I see a great many people standing in the hall as we enter, and they all turn and gaze at me curiously as I limp along between my aunt and Mr. Stanthon. I also see a great many lights; and every light seems to change into three or four. I hear Mr. Stanthon whisper something to Aunt Sophonisba, and then, without saying a word to me, he lifts me up in his strong arms and carries me upstairs. I don't remember anything more, for I lose consciousness.

Though I do remember one thing, and that is awaking suddenly in the night, when the moonlight is shining in broad and clear through the window, and seeing Katharine sitting beside me.

"I didn't take him from you, Katharine—indeed I didn't," I say, earnestly. "It was the horses—we couldn't stop them—they went so fast—so fast!" and then I relapse into my former state of unconsciousness.

When I return to consciousness, the fresh breath of morning comes wafting through the open window, and I see the gorgeous hues of crimson and violet and gold rise majestically over the mountain-tops and gleam on the white walls. One ray lights on a figure lying asleep in an arm-chair near the foot of my bed. It is Aunt Sophonisba. Poor soul! what is she doing there? Beside her, on a small table, stands a candle, burned down to its socket, and on her lap lies *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, which she always makes a point of reading whenever I cause her any unusual anxiety. I wonder what I have been doing now. I have a vague recollection of something having happened to me, and when I move I feel as if I had been bruised all over. I try to sit up in bed and think, but to my surprise I find I fall back exhausted on the pillows, with a strange sense of blended weakness and clearness in my head. Then, as I lie there, very gradually and very gently I recall the events of what seems to me the preceding night.

I wish Aunt Sophonisba would wake up. I long for some one to speak to. I am glancing hopelessly about the room, when my eyes happen to fall on a mirror, and I see reflected therein two figures in the adjoining room, which is our private parlor—Katharine and her guardian: they are standing with their backs to me, and they appear in earnest conversation.

"Well, he has explained it all to her about last night," I think to myself, "and now they are engaged." Somehow I don't feel quite as happy about it as I ought to. I heave an immense sigh. Katharine hears me, and turning away from Mr. Stanthon, comes toward me. I look scrutinizingly at her, and I know she is engaged by the happy, contented expression on her face.

"Did you speak, dear?" she inquires, gently, laying her cool soft hand on my forehead.

"I want to get up," I exclaim, impatiently, "and when I try to move, everything moves too, and makes me dizzy. What's the matter? How long have I been ill?"

"Poor child," she says, pityingly, "you have been very ill with the malarial fever for six weeks. Six weeks!" she adds, after a moment's pause; "it has seemed like six *months* to all of us, we have felt so anxious about you."

"*All* of us!" I repeat, a trifle bitterly. "That means you and Aunt Sophonisba. I have no other friends that I know of."

"Oh yes, you have," she says, quickly, while a bright flush steals over her face; "you have more than you think you have;" and she suddenly stoops down and kisses me.

"Katharine," I say, impulsively, wondering at her sudden demonstration, "are you engaged?" The flush deepens on her face, and a soft dreamy look comes into her eyes as she answers, "Yes." The soft dreamy look only lasts for an instant, and then she is her own quiet, practical self again.

"You mustn't ask any more questions now, Pauline; I will tell you all about it when you get well. I am going to darken the room, and I want you to try and go to sleep;" and she moves over toward the window. "You wouldn't say you had no friends," she remarks, as she slants up the shutters, "if you could see all the flowers that have been sent to you—some by strangers in the hotel interested in your 'romantic fever,' as they call it, and others by Mr. Stanthon. He seems to know all your favorites—oleanders, orange blossoms, roses—"

"Mr. Stanthon?" I interrupt.

"Yes. He seems to feel that it is all his fault you caught cold that night and took the fever. And oh, Pauline," she goes on, earnestly, "he has been so kind and thoughtful to us during your illness! I don't know what we would have done without him."

"Very likely not," I answer, quietly, closing my eyes. It is no doubt very interesting to Katharine to praise up her lover, but it is not so interesting to me, and I turn away my head wearily. She sees I am tired, and after giving me a spoonful of medicine and shaking up my pillows, she leaves the room, and I fall asleep.

It is our last evening in Athens. On the morrow we leave for Brindisi, then northward into Switzerland, where the bracing air of the Alps, the doctor says, will soon restore me to my former robust health.

It is a lovely June night, and I am standing in one of the windows of our salon taking a farewell view of Athens by moonlight. The curtain is drawn back, and I can see the moon glancing silvery and luminous on the distant outline of the mountains, on the light-colored buildings, and on the palace garden below, whence strains of dreamy music arise, mingled with the sweet perfume of oleanders.

Mr. Stanthon is sitting outside of the window on the balcony, smoking a peaceful cigar, whistling softly to himself, and waiting, no doubt, for Katharine, who is at present in the adjoining room helping Aunt Sophonisba with her packing. They are the queerest *lovers*, Mr. Lindley Stanthon and Katharine, I ever saw. They don't act a bit as if they were in love with each other, for when together she appears distrait and he bored. Yet she must love him, for she is continually talking about him to me, and telling me of his thoughtful kindness, of his goodness, and deep warmth of heart, of his pleasant ways and bright words and ready sympathy. Well, I don't wonder at her loving him. It must be nice to love and be loved by some one who is good and noble, and I know Mr. Stanthon is both, as during my convalescence I have had plenty of opportunities for judging. Somehow the thought of Katharine's happiness and my own loneliness unnerves me, and slow, painful tears fill my eyes, and I move away from the window. As I do so I happen to see a reflection of myself in one of the mirrors, and it almost startles me, it is so pale and sad; so unlike what I used to be a couple of months ago.

"Oh, Kathie, look!" says a plaintive voice from the adjoining room. "I sat down on your bandbox by mistake. I didn't see it was there, and I am afraid I sat down pretty solid on it." I hear an impatient little exclamation from Katharine, and I can easily imagine the interesting tableau. Poor Aunt Sophonisba! After Katharine is married, she and I will

have to be "all in all" to each other. I don't know which I pity the more. I wonder, as the years roll on, if I shall become like her. I dare say. Involuntarily a sigh escapes me, and I sink wearily into a chair: I seem to have fallen on sad thoughts this lovely evening. In fact, I fear I am becoming somewhat sentimental—a state of mind for which I have a most hearty contempt. I will go and see how my relatives are progressing in their packing, and how much damage is done to the contents of the bandbox. I have just arisen from my chair, when a dark shadow crosses the moonlight that fills the room, and a voice behind me sings,

> "Maid of Athens, ere we part,
> Give, oh, give me back my heart!"

I turn around, and there in the window, the moonlight shining on his dark, handsome head and tall, well-knit figure, stands Mr. Stanthon.

"Where are you going?" demands he, stepping lightly in through the window, and looking scrutinizingly at me. "This is our last night here, and I want to talk to you."

"I am going to see where Katharine is," I murmur, moving slowly toward the half-open door which separates me from my aunt and cousin.

As I turn to go, he puts out his hand and lays it on my arm. "I want to know," he says, sternly, "why you are always avoiding me in this way? Have you not yet forgiven me for dragging you down to Phalerum that night?"

"Oh yes, long ago," I reply, listlessly. "It was not your fault I had the fever; it was the result of my own imprudence. Aunt Sophonisba said so."

"And do you call it forgiveness," he goes on, "to always avoid me in the way you have done lately, morning, noon, and night? I don't believe Katharine would even treat an *enemy* that way, much less a *friend;* and I am your friend, child." And he looks at me with a queer expression in his eyes I have never seen there before.

"For Katharine's sake only," I think, somewhat bitterly, while a sort of jealous, undefinable pain creeps over me.

"I am going to leave you to-morrow," he says, after a pause, during which he scans my face with an intentness that I can almost feel. We are again both of us standing in the moonlight, that shows our faces clear as at noonday. "I had intended accompanying you as far as Brindisi, but I have received letters to-day which frustrate my plans; and so I will bid you good-by to-night, as I leave Athens in the morning before you are up."

I am very much surprised at hearing this, for I have become so used to seeing him that somehow I have never thought of his going away. And for an instant the tops of the trees in the palace garden seem wrapped in a mist. But only for an instant, and then I ask, with apparent unconcern, "And are you glad or sorry to go?"

Of course he will say he is sorry, as he leaves Katharine behind. But he does not speak directly, and I am on the point of repeating my question, when he answers, very low:

"If you had asked me that question a few months ago, I should have said it makes no difference to me where I am or where I go: life is always the same to me—always solitary. But within the last two months there has dawned upon me the possibility of its being different—a far-off possibility, but bright and beautiful beyond my dreams."

He stops. I look at him questioningly. His eyes are deep and tender. I suppose he is thinking of Katharine, and so, to help him on, I say, as cheerfully as possible, though my heart feels as heavy as lead, "But you have known her longer than two months: you must have known you loved her before now."

"Yes," he answers, looking at me with the same queer expression in his eyes I had noticed there a few minutes ago—"yes, I think I must have loved her ever since I first saw her perched on the bough of a cherry-tree, pelting cherries at her aunt Sophonisba, who lay peacefully sleeping in a hammock under the tree."

"But Katharine never climbed a tree in her life," I stammer, turning rather red, as certain wild gymnastic performances of mine rush over me with bewildering force.

"I didn't mean Katharine," he answers, slowly, while a smile lightens up his grave face. "I meant you."

I raise my eyes to his in astonishment. He is standing close beside me, and gazing into my face with a passion of eagerness that startles me. A moment's silence—the deep, breathless silence of strong feeling and intense surprise. A strange,

speechless tumult of joy seems to go through my heart at the words "I meant you." Another moment and I hear his voice, pleading, eager, tender, full of love. Is it possible he loves *me?* And Katharine—where is Katharine? The thought recalls me to myself, and I start back in dismay at his disloyalty and mine to Katharine. For a full minute I gaze at him in speechless horror, and then I sink down on the sofa, and tears begin to trickle down my cheeks.

"My poor little Undine," he says, tenderly, sitting down beside me, "have I frightened you?"

I only shudder, and a low quivering sob escapes me.

"Is it possible," he begins, taking away my hands from my tear-stained face, while a quick triumphant gladness overspreads his own—"is it possible my little Undine could care for me?"

"No!" I fairly scream, while a burning, shameful blush covers my cheeks and dries up my tears at the lie I am telling, for I know only too well that I do care for him—"no; I hate you. How dare you make love to me, when you are engaged to my cousin—a lovely, noble girl, who never did anybody any harm?" Here I become rather incoherent, as I feel my argumentative powers veering toward the well-known nursery rhyme of "Ding, dong, bell," and myself veering toward, or rather being drawn into, Mr. Stanthon's outstretched arms, while he murmurs fond, foolish love words over my drooped head—the substance of which is that he is not engaged to Katharine, and never was; but that Katharine is engaged, and it was in regard to her engagement that they had been corresponding so faithfully during the past year. In fact, the gentleman to whom she is engaged is a navy officer, and his ship is now anchored off Piræus.

"But why didn't you tell me all this before?" I ask, after a short blissful silence that has succeeded his explanation.

"Because I thought Katharine had told you long ago. She said she had."

"Yes," I exclaim, interrupting him, "she told me she was engaged, but she did not mention the gentleman's name, and I thought all the time it was to you. You know in story-books the guardians always fall in love with their wards, and Katharine is so handsome and clever and dignified—much more so than I am—You are sure you don't love her?" and I gaze somewhat anxiously up into his grave eyes.

"Quite sure," he answers, smoothing my hair back from my face, and looking down on me with an air of pride and amusement.

"But she is so much more clever," I repeat, persistently, "and more dignified—"

"But she is not the soft, adorable, bewitching little creature that you are," he interrupts, folding his arms about me. "Tell me, sweetheart, do you love me?"

"Aunt Sophonisba may come in," I say, nervously. "I think she is all through with her packing."

"Never mind Aunt Sophonisba," he says, looking into my face with a passion of tenderness; "you haven't told me whether you love me."

For reply I laugh a happy little laugh, and nestle closer to him, while a deep, still sweetness of intense peace and contentment steals over me; and there, as we stand together in the window, the night still, not a murmur stirring among the trees, not a cloud sweeping across the pale pure stars gleaming beyond in the blue Grecian heavens, I will draw the curtain. My only hope is that the peace and happiness which surround us now will follow us through life.

EXEAT.

To the hope that he has taught,
To the beauty he has wrought,
To the comfort he has been;
To the dream that poets tell,
To the land where Gabriel
Can not lose Evangeline;—
Hush! let him go. E. S. P.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the grave of one who wore
The laurel in his life; on whom the world
Had rained sweet homage, and for him unfurled
Its roll of song and praise, and ever bore
Breath of perpetual incense him before.
They, even they, that once in scorn had curled
The lip, came afterward unto his door,
Where Fame, he sought not, knocking evermore,
Had entered. Even to his grave what sounds!
Strains like to anthems, chanted not to words,
But echoing to the vaulted arch that bounds
The blue empyrean—Spring's sweetest birds!
They found the grave of song, and haunt the spot,
For could our poet sleep where song was not? A. T. L.

A TROPIC SUNSET.

VANISHED the vision! Shadows of darkness
Compass the heavens, swift as disaster
Follows the onset of a grand army
Valiant of heroes.

Who shall describe it? There, o'er the ocean,
Just where the headland creeps from the mountain,
Thirsty with summer, down to the water,
Daylight departed.

From walls of blackness there at the northward,
Where the horizon blends with the desert
Of the eternal wild surging billows,
Flashed the red lightning.

East, where the shadows o'er fair Santa Rita
Gather and hover, ghostly white vapors,
Creeping all softly up from the valleys,
Lay down to slumber.

All o'er the heavens spread a wide glory,
Greater than Jacob saw in his vision,
Grander by far than ever imagined
Milton or Dante.

The shore seemed enchanted, the sea turned to amber,
With pontoons of crystal thrown from the castles
Proudly erected there on the mountains
Of the true Gold Coast.

Vessels seemed sailing up from the sunset,
Laden with treasure, sailing all fairly,
While o'er their courses waved without number
Banners of crimson.

Islands of beauty, seemingly real,
Filled all the west with a peace so enchanting,
The heart, being human, longed without measure
Its joys to inherit;

Eagerly longed that the shades of life's evening,
Folding their wings over all that can perish,
Might gather the loved on a shore so celestial
In the hereafter.

God knows forever the thoughts of His creatures;
Knows their true value. Therefore before Him
It were but vain that a pretense were offered
For true devotion.

Will He then listen, will He believe us,
When we, all thankful, reading His Gospel,
Lay on His altar all that He gave us?
Love is immortal.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE funeral ceremonies of Emerson were touching and eloquent, but nothing that was said or done on that occasion was nearly so impressive as was the face of the man himself as he lay in his coffin. Its austere but gentle influence was felt by all who saw it, and needed no help of spoken phrases and arguments to support its lofty assurance of spiritual immortality. There was a Roman grandeur, a serene power, in its lines and contours, that seemed to be the realization of the pure life and profound utterances of Emerson himself. The traces of weariness and uncertainty which age had begun to leave upon this countenance had now faded away, leaving only what those who had loved and studied him could recognize as the earthly symbol of his highest counsel and aspirations. That Emerson had been silently relinquishing his hold upon mortal life for some years before he finally abandoned it was not unknown to his friends. His potent spirit, which during more than a generation had aroused and illuminated the world of thought, had latterly withdrawn itself in some measure from the sphere of external activities, as if it had apprehended the imminence of a wider and freer state of vision and achievement, and wisely wished to be weaned betimes from the habitudes and preoccupations of straitened mortality. There would be inaccuracy in saying without qualification that Mr. Emerson's memory failed him. The bent of his mind was at all times so strongly toward the ideal and symbolic, as distinguished from the concrete and technical, that it is probable he never gave the latter more than perfunctory consideration, and it was not therefore surprising that he should, as it were, announce his spiritual retirement from the world by ceasing to retain in his recollection the arbitrary names of material objects. The integrity and quality of his mental structure was at no time impaired or altered, but the soul was weary of its instrument, and betrayed an increasing reluctance to use it. Nevertheless those who had opportunity to engage Mr. Emerson in conversation that interested him must have noticed that the instrument soon began to respond almost as of old to the mind's impulse; the faculties, warmed into renewed vitality, showed once more their native fineness of organization, though in a subdued and attenuated key. The most observable deficiency was, indeed, the lack of ability to maintain a consistent line of thought or argument. A topic would vanish from him almost as soon as he had ceased to speak upon it. But logical coherency, as commonly understood, has never been a marked characteristic of Mr. Emerson's writings. His essays are full of insights and expressions which are like unset gems—valuable in themselves rather than as parts of an organic design. Had he been a theorist, or in any degree an *a priori* moralist, his reputation might not have been less eminent than it was, and his traceable influence upon the philosophy of his time might have been more marked. But all that is essentially Emersonian would not have existed. For it was essential in him to seek truth for its own sake, and to accept impartially all the truth he could see, instead of making such a selection thereof as would best serve to render plausible this or that pet theory of his concerning the organization of the universe. Truth has many sides, and all students of Emerson are familiar with the numerous apparent contradictions in his writings. But it resulted from his method that Truth feared not to seek him out and make him her spokesman, as if confident that he would fearlessly and impartially give her oracles utterance; and there are to be found in his works a greater number and variety of sentences which we feel, by our instant electric acknowledgment of them, to be true, than in an equal bulk of any other writings of our time. And it is a consequence of this that Emerson, though he has many readers and lovers, has never and can never have any disciples. He enlightens, encourages, and strengthens the mind, but guides it to no definite issue or conclusion. Some of his passages have in them the germ of an entire philosophy; but they are the parts of none. It would probably be found, therefore, that he has more readers among the young than among the old. The former have as yet identified themselves with no fixed scheme of life and conduct, but are wandering afield, seeking whatever recommends itself to them as sympathetic, elevating, and beautiful. As maturity comes on, however, they gradually become committed to one or another form of doctrine, and then Emerson is found to contain much that is irreconcilable with or hostile to their prepossessions. Only a mind like

his, or greater than his, could hold with him to the end; and possibly the one might be as difficult to find as the other.

It might be said both that the time is past, and that it is not yet come, to assign Emerson his place among the thinkers of the day and of the world: at all events, no such attempt will be made here. But it can never be inopportune to remark that his bent and genius were profoundly and typically American: as far as his thoughts and opinions had any color, it was that of his native soil. He believed in our great experiment; he was not disheartened by our mistakes and sins; he had faith that the goodness and wisdom of humanity would in the long-run prove to be more than equal to the goodness and wisdom of any possible man; and that men would at last govern themselves more nobly and successfully than any individual monarch could govern them. He speaks, indeed, of heroes; but he was not a hero-worshipper like Carlyle. A hero to him was not so much a powerful and dominating personality as a relatively impersonal instrument of God for the accomplishment of some great end. The endowments and efficacy of a certain portion of humanity were economized and concentrated in him; and the more of humanity he thus represented the more was he a hero. It would follow from this, therefore, that humanity was the greatest hero of all; and Emerson probably believed, in this sense, if not otherwise, that God has made Himself present in human nature. In the American republic he saw the most promising field for the unhampered development of this Divine inspiration within us. But he was American not only by the determination but by the constitution of his mind. His catholic and unflinching acceptance of whatever truth might come to him was essentially in accordance with the American idea, though doubtless not, unfortunately, with the invariable American practice. As our land is open to the population of the world to come and inhabit it, so was his mind open to all the vigorous and progressive ideas of the metaphysical world, be they of what hue or parentage they might. It would be rash to predict how soon, if ever, America will attain the lofty standard of this typical embodiment of her ideal characteristics; but it is encouraging to remember that there is nothing in her political construction to render its ultimate attainment inconceivable.

It is hardly necessary to remark that Mr. Emerson did not confine his Americanism to the region of thought merely. He carried it with his native thoroughness and simplicity into the daily conduct and circumstances of his life. His personal humility was as great as his personal dignity. He entertained all men with the same quiet geniality of deportment; and his attitude toward even the most ignorant or juvenile of his fellow-creatures was uniformly that of one who seeks edification rather than to edify. He knew how to ask the right and searching question, and how to extract from the clumsy or incomplete answer the core of significance that made it valuable. Thus he increased the self-respect of those with whom he conversed, while never for a moment stimulating their selfish vanity, making them feel their worth as men without exaggerating their importance as individuals. Yet few men can have had more noticeable peculiarities of face, figure, and demeanor than Emerson. Who that had once seen him could forget his appearance? Who ever spoke in his melodious measured tones? or whose smile so well expressed the self-command that does not deal in laughter? Yet he was distinct with a distinctiveness that arose not from unlikeness to his fellows, but precisely from the concentration in him of their more significant and controlling traits. There was something of the eagle in his aspect, and a physical awkwardness that somehow expressed the highest degree of ingrained culture and refinement. His ordinary gait in walking was that of a man whose attention is so earnestly fixed upon something on the horizon that his body is conveyed forward rather by attraction than volition. It was progression in its simplest form, steady and uniform, but without the least embellishment of grace or elegance; and yet there was in it something indicative of the nature of the man, that made mere grace and elegance seem semi-civilized. In his lectures he stood before his audience in the unstudied pose of a New England farmer. He had no gestures; sufficient for him were the modulations of the voice, and the occasional lifting of the head and brightening of the visage. Nevertheless, few speakers comprehended the art and even the artifices of oratory better than he. Every word that passed his lips was so uttered and presented as to acquire its fullest force

and meaning; and no one else could have delivered his lectures so effectively and captivatingly as he. The hand that he gave you in greeting was large and firm; it held yours for a few moments in a warm and steady clasp. There was no vigorous and impulsive hand-shaking, but the light of composed cordiality that emanated from his features made the more demonstrative forms of greeting seem vulgar and inexpressive. It is unnecessary to extend these details; they amount to saying that intercourse with Emerson tended to make you realize the practical superiority of the spiritual over the physical part of man. The lesson is no unimportant one, especially in these days when we are gagged and crippled with symbols the meaning of which we have forgotten, and which we consequently misapply and misinterpret.

It is impossible not to be refreshed and gratified by Emerson's prose; but perhaps his poetry more completely carries the reader with it, as being a higher and purer production of genius. The best passages of it are indeed as unmitigated poetry as was ever written; they are poetry down to the last syllable; they are verses which, as he himself expresses it, seem to be found, not made. Their meaning is as intimately connected with their form as sound is with speech. The mystic obscurity of some of the poems, however, and the unfamiliar subjects treated by others, have discouraged or repelled many from the study of any of them. In reading poetry the mood and the point of view of the poet must be caught; otherwise all is in vain. Emerson's point of view is so far from being conventional or obvious, and is, besides, so lofty and abstract, that the careless and hasty glance of the general reader can not be expected to apprehend it. Yet such lines as those which compose the poem called "Forerunners" (to select an instance) can not be paralleled by any contemporary poet; they even recall, in elevation of motive and sustained beauty of symbolic expression, Shakspeare's matchless sonnet which begins, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds," etc. Every word tells, and there is a grand space and breathing-room around every word. The movement of the verse is pliant and varied; the choice of words is felicitous and naïve, and there are kindlings of imagination worthy of the greatest masters. The poem, though brief, is the statement of an entire phase of spiritual life. Yet there is no undue appearance of condensation; the color and beauty are as vivid as the meaning; but the former are the inevitable garment of the latter, and only enhance its integrity.*

Nevertheless the time does not seem to have yet come for Emerson's eminence among modern poets to be recognized, and the public appear to be a little shy of him. It is curious to note the difference between the impression produced by his death and that of Longfellow—so far, that is to say, as may be inferred from the testimony of the newspapers. There need be no dispute as to which was the greater and more original mind of the two, but where Emerson has one appreciator, Longfellow has a hundred. All New England, one might say, took to writing Longfellow's biography in the papers, and filled every spare corner with rhymed apostrophes and conjurations. Emerson's great spirit passed almost in silence. But it is a silence that does him no wrong. The

* FORERUNNERS.

Long I followed happy guides;
I could never reach their sides.
Their step is forth, and, ere the day
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good-will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet;
Flowers they strew—I catch the scent;
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace;
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes,
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.
I met many travellers
Who the road had surely kept;
They saw not my fine revellers—
These had crossed them while they slept.
Some had heard their fair report,
In the country or the court.
Fleetest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they returned,
At the house where these sojourned.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
Though they are not overtaken;
In sleep their jubilant troop is near—
I tuneful voices overhear;
It may be in wood or waste—
At unawares 'tis come and past.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward, and long after,
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And carry in my heart, for days,
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

From *Selected Poems*, HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, AND CO.'s edition of Emerson's Works. Boston, 1881.

honor that is due to him is not of the kind that lies at the tip of every sentimentalist's tongue.

The measure of his loss is the manifest impossibility of ever finding his successor. Who shall take the place of Emerson? His body was followed to the grave by the population of the town in which he had so long lived; and it seemed as if they had assembled to witness the interment, not of the philosopher and poet, but of Concord itself. It is hard to think of the little town without him. After Concord fight, it is Emerson that has made Concord's reputation, or rather its reputation has been he. More victorious even than the embattled farmers of a century ago, he has drawn invaders instead of repelling them. So winning were his triumphs that more than one of his most eminent contemporaries pitched their tents likewise on the banks of the lingering Musketaquid, unable to deny themselves the invigorating indulgence of his encounter. He was always accessible and always kind, but he is beyond the reach of the boldest traveller now. No one can ever take his place; but the memory of him, and the purity and vitality of the thoughts and of the example with which he has enriched the world, will abide longer than many lifetimes, and will renew again and again, before an ever-widening audience, the summons to virtue and the faith in immortality which were the burden and glory of his song.

SAILOR SONGS.

THE sailor is not as yet totally extinct, and it may be safely prophesied that he never will be. To say, as is often said, that there are no longer any sailors, is to assert a broad general principle, which, like other general principles, is partly true and partly false. There exists what we might call a domesticated breed of sailors, such as the quartermasters who steer our steam-ships, and the occasional veterans who are found among the crews of our men-of-war. The typical "Jack" of the pre-propeller age—the "packetarian," and the able seaman of the clipper-ship fleet—has, however, utterly vanished. He was essentially a wild man, the sort of being whom the lawyers would class as *feræ naturæ*. Civilization in its most condensed expression, the steam-engine, has driven him from the ocean, and with the exception of rare specimens preserved in such marine museums as the "Sailor's Snug Harbor," and like places, he has been fairly exterminated. He has passed into the dusky domain of the archæologist, and his real habits and customs will soon be forgotten. Let us, then, in the interest of archæological science, make an effort to preserve the memory of his songs before the last man who heard them, and can give testimony in regard to them, is gone.

The present race of marine brakemen who form the crews of steam vessels can not sing. There is but one solitary song that is ever heard on board a steam-ship, and that one belongs to the least artistic class of sailor songs. The "shanty-man"—the chorister of the old packet ship—has left no successors. In the place of a rousing "pulling song," we now hear the rattle of the steam-winch; and the modern windlass worked by steam, or the modern steam-pump, gives us the clatter of cog-wheels and the hiss of steam in place of the wild choruses of other days. Singing and steam are irreconcilable. The hoarse steam-whistle is the nearest approach to music that can exist in the hot, greasy atmosphere of the steam-engine.

The old sailor songs had a peculiar individuality. They were barbaric in their wild melody. The only songs that in any way resemble them in character are "Dixie," and two or three other so-called negro songs by the same writer. This man, known in the minstrel profession as "Old Emmett," caught the true spirit of the African melodies—the lawless, half-mournful, half-exulting songs of the Kroomen. These and the sailor songs could never have been the songs of civilized men. They breathe the wild freedom of the jungle, and are as elusive as the furrow left by a ship on the trackless ocean.

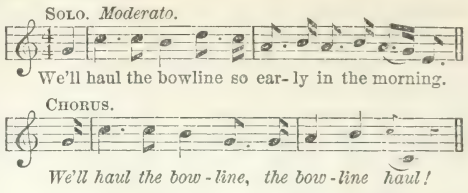
Undoubtedly many sailor songs have a negro origin. They are the reminiscences of melodies sung by negroes stowing cotton in the holds of ships in Southern ports. The "shanty-men," those bards of the forecastle, have preserved to some extent the meaningless words of negro choruses, and have modified the melodies so as to fit them for salt-water purposes. Certain other songs were unmistakably the work of English sailors of an uncertain but very remote period. Of these the once famous "Cheerly, men," is a typical specimen. They were, however, frowned upon on board American ships because of

their English origin, and no American crew would ever ape the customs prevailing under the flag of an effete monarchy by singing "Cheerly, men."

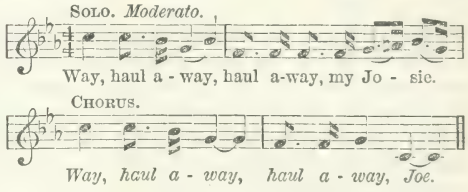
Sailor songs may be divided into two classes—pulling songs and windlass songs. The former were used merely to aid the men, when pulling on a rope, to pull at the same precise instant. The latter were intended to beguile the men, while getting up the anchor or working the pumps, into temporary forgetfulness of their prosaic labor. As might be expected, the latter are much the more elaborate and pretentious. The one class, however, passes into the other by subtle gradations. There are pulling songs which approach so closely the structure of windlass songs that they were sometimes made to do duty at the windlass or the pump by shanty-men whose artistic consciences were somewhat dull.

All sailor songs consist of one or more lines sung by the shanty-man alone, and one or two lines sung by the men in chorus. Windlass songs always have two choruses, while pulling songs should have but one. The choruses are invariable. They are the fixed and determinating quantities of each song, while the lines sung by the shanty-man were left in a measure to his discretion. It is true that custom wedded certain lines to certain songs, but the shanty-man was always at liberty to improvise at his own pleasure. He was also permitted to slightly vary the melody of his part, and the accomplished shanty-man was master of certain tricks of vocalization which can not be reproduced in print, but which contributed vastly to the effectiveness of his singing. Those who have heard Irma Marié in *Barbe Bleu* may remember that in some of her songs, notably in the first act, she had a trick of slurring from a note in her proper register to another in her head voice. This was one of the favorite mannerisms of the shanty-man.

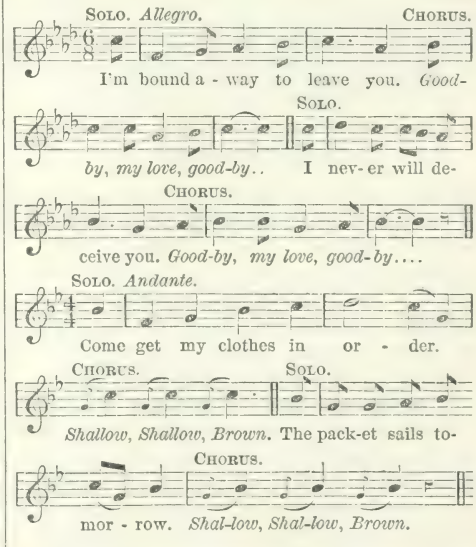
Let us suppose ourselves on board a Liverpool packet thirty years ago. The maintopsail has just been reefed, and the men are vainly trying to hoist the heavy yard, which refuses to move. Presently some one says, "Oh, give us the 'Bowline,'" whereupon the shanty-man's sharp clear voice is heard, the men join in the chorus, and as they sing the last syllable they haul on the halyards, and the stubborn yard yields. Verse follows verse until the yard is up, and the virtue of the pulling song has been vindicated. This is the "Bowline," one of the purest of generic pulling songs:



Another pulling song of almost equal popularity in old days was the following one:

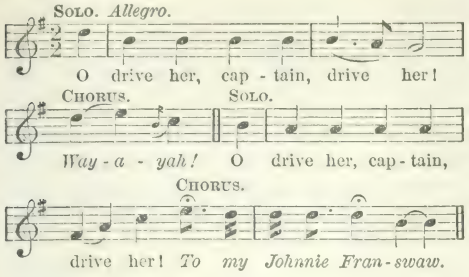


These have, as is seen, but a single chorus. Their purely nautical origin is manifest, and they are undoubtedly very old. Closely resembling them, but nevertheless advancing a step in the direction of windlass songs, were those pulling songs which consisted of four lines instead of two, the words of both the choruses being the same, but the melody of each being different. Of these the two following were often heard:



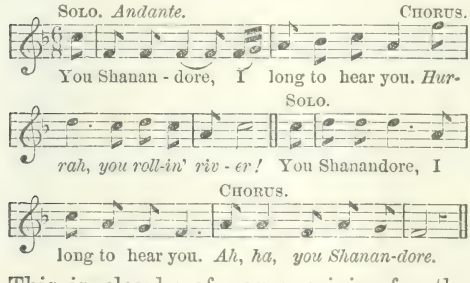
Finally, there were pulling songs with a double chorus, each chorus differing both in words and melody from the other. These were in structure precisely the same as the windlass songs, but it was very "bad form" to use them except for pulling pur-

poses. It is one of these that is the sole surviving song which steam-ship crews ever use. They would have shown better taste had they chosen for preservation the ballad of Jean François, whoever he may have been.

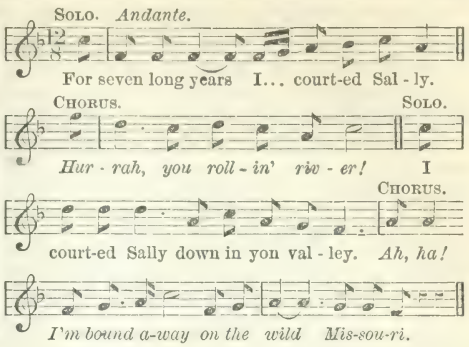


It was in the windlass songs that the accomplished shanty-man displayed his fullest powers and his daintiest graces. When he began a song, he usually began by singing the first chorus as an announcement of what he expected of the men, who, being thus duly warned, joined in the second chorus. He was always careful to rest his voice while the others were singing, and it was considered the proper thing for him to begin his lines so closely after each chorus as to make his first note a prolongation of the last note of the preceding chorus. His lines were expected to rhyme, but he was prudently economical of them, generally using only one line, repeated twice, for each verse.

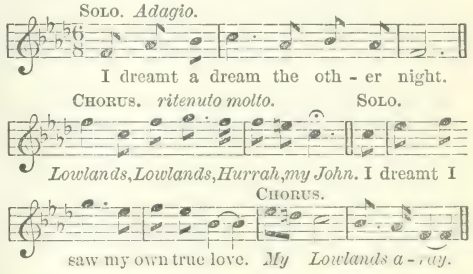
One of the best known of the windlass songs was the "Shanandore":



This is clearly of negro origin, for the "Shanandore" is evidently the river Shenandoah. In course of time some shanty-man of limited geographical knowledge, not comprehending that the "Shanandore" was a river, but conceiving that the first chorus required explanation, changed the second chorus. Thus the modified song soon lost all trace of the Shenandoah River, and assumed the following form, in which it was known to the last generation of sailors:

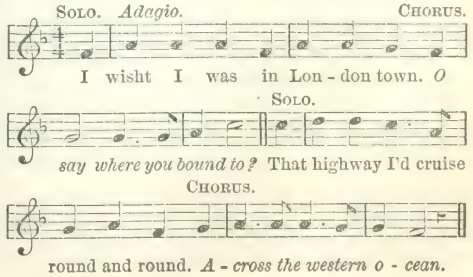


Perhaps the wildest, most mournful, of all sailor songs is "Lowlands." The chorus is even more than usually meaningless, but the song is the sighing of the wind and the throbbing of the restless ocean translated into melody.

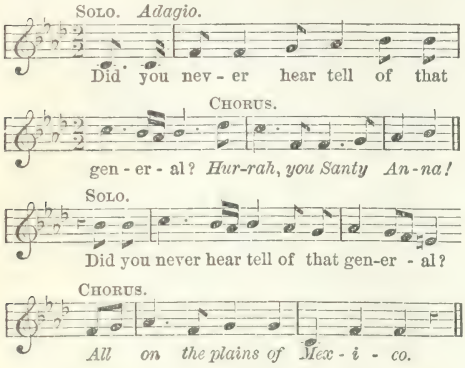


Much care was evidently given to "Lowlands" by the shanty-men. It has often been improved. In its original form the first chorus was shorter and less striking, and the words of the second chorus were, "My dollar and a half a day." It is to be regretted that no true idea can be given on paper of the wonderful shading which shanty-men of real genius sometimes gave to this song by their subtle and delicate variations of time and expression.

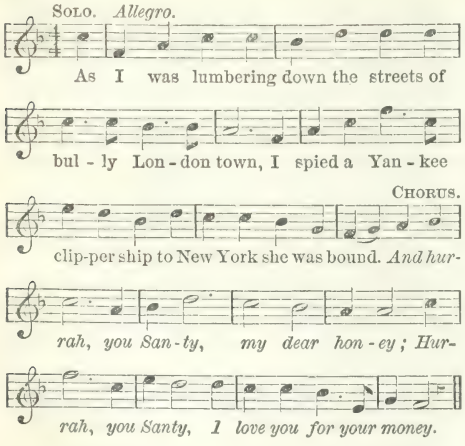
Of the same general character as "Lowlands," though inferior to it, is the song that was usually known as "Across the Western Ocean." There were, however, several variations of the second chorus, none of which could be called improvements.



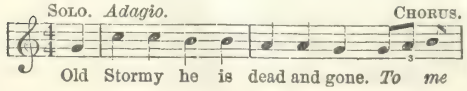
It may be assumed that the predominance of Santa Anna's name in sailor songs is due to the Southern negroes, who still sing songs of which the name of the Mexican general is the burden. We may therefore class the "Plains of Mexico" with those sailor songs which are of African descent.

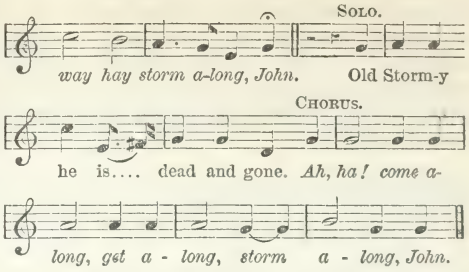


Another Santa Anna song is more unmistakably negro from the fact that the expression "my honey," so common among the negroes of the South, occurs in it. It is a cheerful song, in spite of the painfully mercenary spirit expressed in the second chorus:

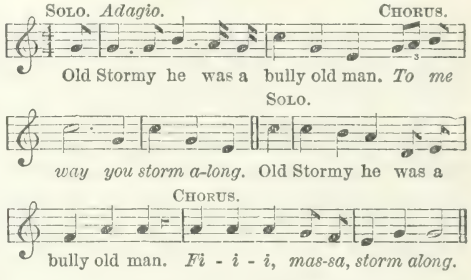


"Old Stormy" is a mythical character often mentioned in sailor songs. Who Stormy was, and why he received that evident nickname, even the most profound and learned shanty-men always confessed themselves unable to explain. The oldest of these songs is rather the best of them:

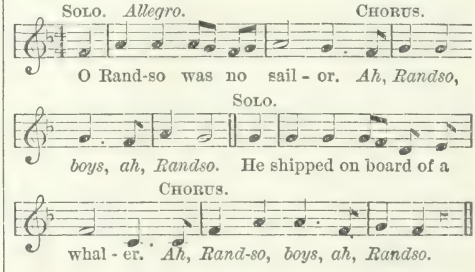




Here is another "Stormy" song that contains a hint of negro origin in the word "massa," and suggests that perhaps the legend of "Stormy" is an African rather than a nautical myth:

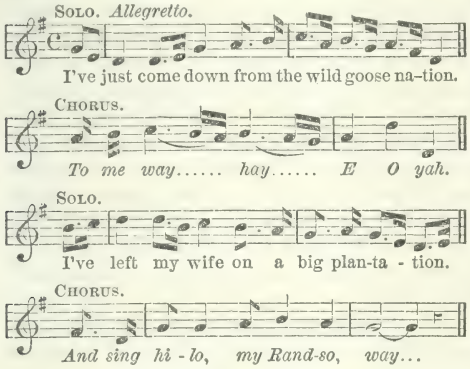


Quite as popular as Stormy was another mysterious person—Randso. Of this person it is alleged in an unusually coherent narrative song that "he was no sailor"; that, nevertheless, "he shipped on board of a whaler," and as "he could not do his duty," he was brought to the gangway, where "they gave him nine-and-thirty." Obviously Randso was not a model for sailors.

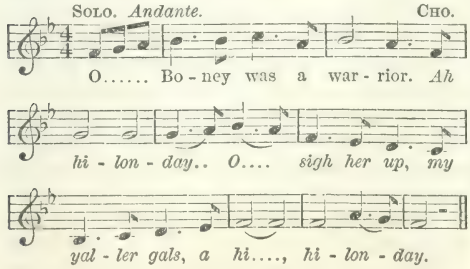


In the following song not only is the mysterious Randso mentioned, but a word of fathomless meaning and of very frequent recurrence in sailor songs is introduced. Perhaps Max Müller could attach some meaning to "hilo," but in that case he would do more than any sailor ever did. It will not do to suggest that it is really two words—"high" and "low." It occurs in too many other songs as an active verb to leave us any room to doubt

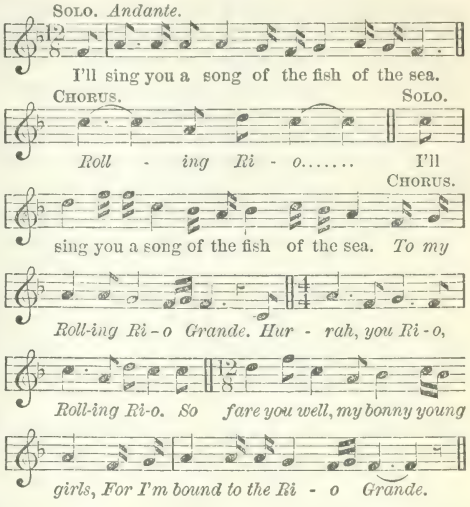
that to "hilo" was to be, to do, or to suffer something. It can not be gathered from the insufficient data at our command whether or not the act of "hiloing" was commendable in a sailor, but from the frequency with which the fair sex was exhorted in song to "hilo," it is evident that it was held to be a peculiarly graceful act when executed by a young girl. The syllable "yah" which appears in the first chorus of this song is not necessarily the negro "yah." The best nautical pronunciation gave it a long sound, something like "yaw," whereas the negro, who is popularly believed to remark "yah! yah!" whenever he is amused, really says "yoh! yoh!"



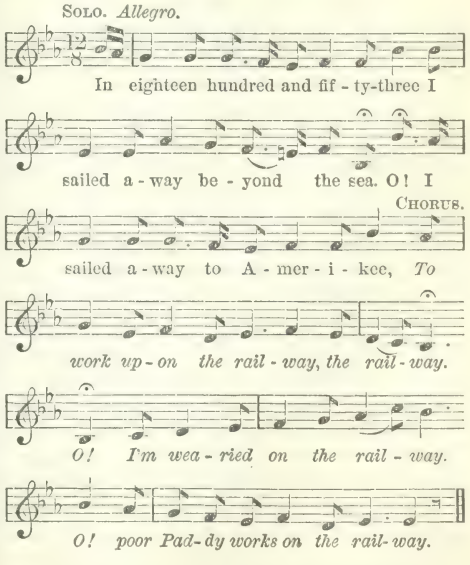
In another song, which is chiefly concerned with the celebration of the great deeds of the first Napoleon, we find the expression "hi-lon-day." It has been held by learned nautical commentators that this word should be written "Allan Dale." It is a good theory, and the only fault to be found with it is the fact that there is not a particle of evidence in support of it. This song departs from the usual pattern of windlass songs in having but one chorus; but that chorus is so elaborate that it fully satisfied the artistic desires of marine vocalists.



The most pretentious, though not always the most meritorious, of windlass songs were those in which the second chorus was greatly extended, and made in some instances longer than all the rest of the song. Of these there is one in which the chorus rises and swells with the crescendo of the heaving Atlantic swell.

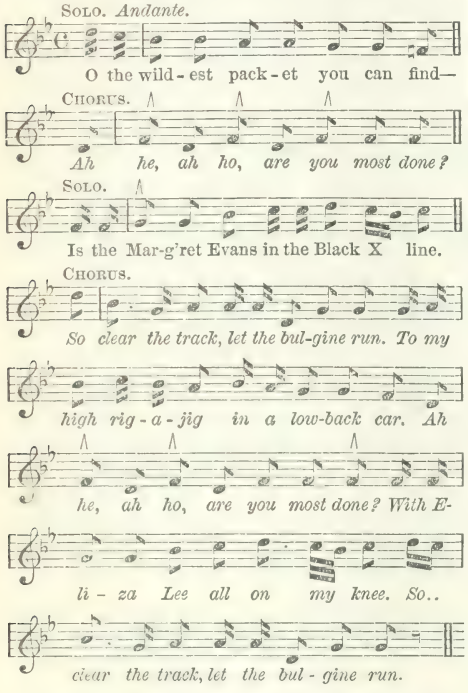


But one sailor song has ever been tamed and made to do land service. The song of the "Railway" was caught by some negro minstrel, and with sundry improvements made to do duty as a comic song on the minstrel stage. It is still occasionally sung by street boys, who fancy that it is an Irish national air.



It may be imagined that the specimens of sailor songs already given illustrate the highest possible achievements of man

in the direction of vocal idiocy. This would be a mistake. There are songs which in elaborate unintelligibility and inanity of chorus are so appalling that it would be unkind to lay them before the sane reader. The following song is bad enough in this respect, but there are others which are infinitely worse. It has, moreover, the redeeming trait of true melody, and was once, perhaps, the most universally popular of its class.



It is not the purpose of this article to give the entire repertoire of the shanty-man. If he was an artist of any real cultivation, he had at least seventy-five songs at his tongue's end. Those which have been given will afford a fair idea of the best of the sailor songs which will bear translation from the windlass to the columns of a magazine. It must be admitted that, in spite of the simplicity and purity of character ascribed to the sailor by novelists, not a few of the songs which he sang were highly objectionable on the score of morality. They were, however, no worse in this respect than the songs which one occasionally hears in the smoking-car of an excursion train, and were decidedly better than certain opéra-bouffe songs which some ladies seem to enjoy when the song-writer's indecency is picturesquely illustrated by a clever French-woman. But both the good and the bad songs ceased when the sailor disappeared, and to revive them on the deck of an iron steam-ship would be as impossible as to bring back the Roman trireme.

LULU'S DOLL DID IT.

A True Story.

I.—WHAT LULU TOLD.

"MY doll did it," said Lulu to the others.

As it happened, Meg and I came into the play-room at that moment, and I stopped to ask what her doll did.

"My doll saved three hundred people's lives, and I believe Lieutenant Grattan said perhaps she saved the country from war. She was not this doll. This is Gertrude. She was Patty—that's Gertrude's grandmother. When her head was broke—we were at Fort Darling then—she had honorable burial. Wendell and Tom fired a salute over her grave. Sometimes I think Gertrude looks like her," said Lulu, holding Gertrude in the right point of view. "She certainly has her grandmother's eyes."

All the others laughed at this, it was so exactly in the way in which visitors to their mothers talked about them.

"But what did she do, Lulu?" persisted Meg.

"I tell you she saved the lives of a whole camp of Indians. You see, the whole command was in camp at a place they called the Sweet-water Gulch—a real nice place it was, too. And the General was very anxious, papa said, and I know mamma was anxious too. Well, one day an orderly came running over to our tents, by the brook, you know, to ask if Miss Lulu had a doll. I was out fishing with Wendell, or I should have sent Abigail. But mamma did not know, and she seized Patty, and sent her.

"She did not come back for three days, and then she came with a beautiful bunch of grapes, and some birds, from the General to me, and with his compliments to Miss Lulu—and the doll had been a peace-maker, and had saved all these people's lives.

"Yes; only wait, and I will tell you all about it.

"We were ordered—that is, not mamma and Wendell and Patty and I, but the command was ordered—to suppress an

Apache rising. The Apache were horrid, you know. They had never made peace since anybody could remember. Well, the General—he is a real good general anyway, if he did break Patty's leg—he hates to kill the Indians. So he took us to Sweet-water Gulch, and he just waited and waited till his time came. Then he heard of these thirty lodges—that's three hundred people—all by themselves. But he never touched them. Then he heard of three lodges just a little way off, and he pounced on them, and did not kill one man. He brought them all in prisoners.

"They were horrid. I saw them the next day. They sat on the ground with their blankets round their heads. You see, they thought we should roast them and kill them. They would not speak to one of the interpreters. No; two whole days they would not say one word.

"Then the General himself and his aide, Mr. Grattan—he's real nice—went to the prison-camp themselves. And the General took one Indian girl in his arms, and Mr. Grattan took another, and they carried them to the head-quarters tent. How they did kick and scream! Wendell and I were going fishing, and as we rode out of camp we could hear those children screaming, as far, Meg, as to your father's house. The General offered them sugar—and they had candy brought for them—but they just screamed and screamed for hours. They screamed till they were so tired that first one and then the other fell asleep. The General's wife had one, and I believe Mrs. Myers had the other. But they could not do anything with them. They would just kick and scream. Then, when they were asleep, the General sent for a doll, and mamma sent him my Patty.

"By-and-by the Indian child waked up—and the General had her on his sofa, with his Arab rug on her—and he sat where she could not see him; but he placed Patty where she could see her.

"And I suppose she forgot where she was, and she began playing with Patty. And then she called the other girl, and there was a white cotton stuffed rabbit for her. And the two little things began playing in the tent on the ground, and then the General gave them candy and sugar again. And this time they took it. And before long Mr. Grattan and the General and the two children were all four playing together, and were all great friends.

"By-and-by, down at the Indians' place—I mean where the prisoners were—they told the children's mother to come up to the head-quarters tent. And she came, and lo and behold! her two little girls were playing with the General and Mr. Grattan. Mr. Grattan was cutting out paper horses for them.

"Well, that began it all. The General came to be very friendly with these thirty prisoners. Then he trusted them to go to the others with a message. And they went, and they made it all up—I mean they made up the quarrel—and so there was not any war. And we were ordered off to Fort Darling. And there Patty had her bad fall, and broke her head. And she had a military funeral, as I told you. She had it because the General was so fond of her. And I always say Patty did it, and I say so now."

II.—WHAT THE LIEUTENANT TOLD.

I was interested in what Lulu told, in her energetic way, and when I was in New York the next week, I asked at General Hancock's head-quarters when Lieutenant Grattan would come East. To my surprise and pleasure, I found he was at the Hoffman House. He had arrived that day, summoned to an inquiry about some blankets.

I called at once to see him. After we had talked about some old friends of his and mine, I asked him if he remembered Lulu and her doll Patty. He smiled with pleasure, and said that he remembered Patty very well.

"If you know the General," said Mr. Grattan, very earnestly, "you know he hates to take a drop of Indian blood if he can help it; and though he has done such wonders in keeping the peace out there—and I suppose there is not such another campaigner in the world—he is taking care of the poor creatures all the time.

"He had had a wonderful success in Oregon. Well, I will tell you of that some other day. All of a sudden, by telegraph, we were all ordered down into the Gila country—you know where—the strip we bought from Mexico—ordered to suppress the Apaches. Everybody said this time we should have to massacre them all. I know I thought so. For the Apaches had always been at war. They did not know what a treaty was: they never had

made one, that was certain. It was certain, therefore, that they never broke one.

"The General never tarries, and we were soon in the valley of the Colorado. Before long, sure enough, we had stories of the red rascals everywhere. But either they did not know we were there, or they did not care. We were not there a week before a gang of them separated from the rest, and encamped within forty miles of us. The General knew to a man who they were and where. And every man in the command wanted him to pounce on them. Instead of which, he bade me, and old Andrew, a famous scout, and some fifteen dragoons, to go and hang round, without exposing ourselves, and bring him three or four prisoners—women and children, if we could.

"Oh dear, how old Andrew hated it all! 'Ef there's anything I hate,' said he, 'it's nigger-ketching; 'n I'd as lief ketch a nigger as a red man. I hate it all. But ef the General said so, et mus' be done.'

"And done it was. We snapped up three or four families the second night, clapped them all on fast horses, and were at head-quarters before noon. And never an Apache in the big party knew it. They were all so secure that these people were left half a mile below them in the cañon.

"Then it was that the General and I tried baby-tending, much as little Lulu told you. Heavens! how that child kicked and screamed! And the General's screamed worse. But he had his wife, and I, alas! had none. But I did have a sergeant's wife, a real motherly woman, and she did her best. But both brats cried themselves to sleep. It was then that the General sent for the doll. And Miss Lulu sent her Patty, if that was the name. And certainly Patty won all the blessings of the peace-makers. I shall always say 'the doll did it.'"

III.—HOW VERMILION TOLD IT.

What Vermilion told me belongs in the story, but it was more than a year after when I first saw Vermilion.

Vermilion's real name was Chie. In the Apache language Chie means "vermilion."

I had gone to Arizona to look after some mining property—or rather some Spanish land grants—which had been left to my nieces, the two Hermance girls, by the death of Mr. Stephen Cochran. Colonel McDavitt, who knows all about mines, had agreed to go with me, and so we had come to Prescott together. I had informed myself as well as I could about the titles to the girls' lands, and as to the geography, where they were, or at least where they ought to be; and we were about to start, with one or two young men who had joined us for the adventure, when, of a sudden, Colonel McDavitt was recalled to Bangor. There came a telegram to say that his oldest boy had a violent attack of diphtheria, and it was thought he would not live.

This changed all my plans. The Colonel and his nephew went to the East. A young chemist or assayer whom I had relied on did not care to go so far among savages alone, and I found that I was to be the whole of the party—poor I, who had no experience in wildernesses or in campaigning.

So I went to Governor Fremont, and I told him my story.

It proved that things were not so bad as I feared. The Governor gave me an introduction to the United States officer who commanded our force in Arizona, and said he would know who was going toward the Chiquito country, if anybody was, and whether there were any chance of escort.

And so it proved that Colonel McDavitt's recall helped me to a very pleasant experience. It was that which introduced me to Vermilion.

For the Colonel said at once, when I told my sad tale, that it was all right, that he had only the day before given Vermilion a furlough that he might spend two or three weeks with his friends, and he sent an orderly for Vermilion, to see if he could not go my way.

In a very few minutes Vermilion appeared himself. From the first I was pleased with him, nor had I ever to change my opinion. He was fully six feet high, well-proportioned, with large dark eyes, hair straight and perfectly black, and long, so as to cover the collar of his jacket.

To my surprise, there was no paint upon Vermilion. He wore the blue flannel fatigue jacket of the American army, with stripes of gilt braid, not usual on a fatigue jacket, which showed he was a sergeant.

I found that he was a regularly enlisted man in a corps of guides or scouts. He had really had rank as a sergeant in one or two expeditions, and so the officers hu-

mored him by letting him wear the symbols of the rank.

"Yes," he said, in wretched English, "Vermilion go two, three, four days to the east, into the hills."

And, not to tell you of the difficulties in our agreement, it was settled that we should ride together, first to his own tribe, or sub-tribe, which he was going to visit, and then he would be my guide to the region for which I had the Spanish titles. Nothing could seem fairer than the bargain.

But the next morning, when I met him by agreement at the camp, half an hour before sunrise, I found he would not start, although everything seemed ready.

"Store shut," he said—"store shut; all store shut last night. Store open—store open—all store open by-and-by."

I remonstrated vainly; offered sugar, tobacco, and even whiskey from the government stores, which I thought would honor my demands. Nothing would do but we must wait and wait till nearly eight o'clock, and then ride back into Prescott, from which I had just come, for him to go to a particular store in McDowell Street.

I was at Vermilion's mercy; so I had to go. And then I had to sit on my horse in McDowell Street, holding Vermilion's horse, for a long half-hour, while he made his purchases. It was nine o'clock before we started, when we might have left Prescott out of sight before six. Nor could I make him tell why we stopped there, till we came to his home.

This was on the evening of our fourth day, and very hard riding it was, too. We came to a range of hills which seemed to me very cheerless, when Vermilion dismounted, and made what he told me was a "peace smoke." Then he bade me wait and watch the smoke while he rode forward alone. In a little while he came back with another Indian, who had a child on the saddle behind him. The man was Vermilion's brother; his name, I suppose, was Yellow Ochre, and for aught I know the boy was Ultramarine. I was introduced with great form, and we then rode seven miles more through very deep cañons, till we came to the most perfectly defended place for a village. There were clefts in the rock to enter by, and others to retreat by, but a space within—yes, as big as Boston Common—of green grass, with a pretty stream running through it, and high stone walls all around, one or two hundred feet high.

We were received with all the honors. There was shouting, and singing, and every sign of joy. I was presented to big chiefs and little chiefs, and in Spanish and in English and in Apache we made protestations of eternal love to each other. Not till these ceremonies were over would Vermilion take me to one side, where, as it proved, his own wife and his own children waited for him. It was a simple home enough. One side was made of sandstone rock twenty feet high, and the other side by a large scrub oak, the branches of which touched the rock. One or two large boughs had been cut from other oaks to thicken the shade. The ground had been scooped out to make a place for some grass which was thrown in for a bed.

Vermilion's wife was glad to see him, I am sure. She told me so afterward. But she made no signs of joy. She did bring forward with genuine motherly pride their daughter, a little girl of six years old. The child was exquisitely dressed in deerskin perfectly white, with very bright embroidery, and with a certain elegance of savage finery which surprised me.

Vermilion lifted the child off the ground, and made no pretense of concealing his pleasure that she was so tall and well. Then he went back to his horse, unrolled the pack behind the saddle, and produced that mysterious parcel which had so excited my wonder ever since we left McDowell Street on Tuesday morning. The child's mother was eager by this time, took the knife he offered, and cut the cords of the parcel. An India-rubber cover came off first, then, to their amusement and amazement, sheets and sheets of wrapping paper, and at last, in all the glory of silk and satin and ribbon and spangle, a doll with wax head and staring blue eyes!

The little girl screamed with delight, and her screams were taken up by all the family.

Indeed, it was not three minutes before the house and we were the centre of a crowd of Indians, clamoring with curiosity, and eager to see the wonder of which the fame was spreading all through the encampment.

That doll, as Lulu afterward made me certain, must have been the twin of Patty. While I was sitting groaning in the

saddle, holding the two uneasy horses in McDowell Street, Vermilion had been looking through the whole stock of the Prescott dealer, till he could match Patty's accomplishments in every particular.

On the morning after our arrival the excitement the doll had created had subsided a little, and I made Vermilion tell me the whole story. I had found before this that he spoke Spanish sufficiently well, and with little difficulty I could make out the whole.

He said that before the General came down to Sweet-water Gulch, the camp of which Lulu had told me, all his own subtribe of Apaches "had been to the bad place."

By this phrase he meant that they had been on a raid—had been plundering stock, sheep, and horses.

"The General is a great fighter. He knows the white man's fighting. He knows the Indian's fighting. Cochise does not know better.

"The General took Vermilion asleep—and Ponce, and Yellow Tail—and her and her and her—twenty-seven in all. Not one scalp; not one gun fired. Asleep. Took them all.

"Vermilion and Ponce and Yellow Tail sang their death-songs and waited to die. Vermilion had scalped seven white men, fourteen white women and girls. It was now Vermilion's turn. Why should he not die?

"The General did not say die. The General caught the 'Blue Swan' there, and Grattan caught the 'Little Star' there, and they carried them away. Vermilion said the white men will scalp the children first, and then they will come for Vermilion."

He stopped for five minutes—not looking at me, but looking at the ground. Then he looked up with a sunny smile, such as I had seen on his face only once before.

"When the General sent to scalp Vermilion, Vermilion found the Blue Swan playing with such another as you saw last night."

The Blue Swan was playing with Patty, Lulu's doll.

And Vermilion was fairly garrulous when he told the rest: how the General sent him and Ponce and Yellow Tail on their parole to the rest of the band; how, one by one, they persuaded the others to come in; how all that band, after much suspicion, agreed on some sort of treaty with the General; how, one by one, the General engaged all of them who were good for anything as scouts or guides. It was clear enough that they liked better to have Uncle Sam's uniform on their backs, and to be fed with his rations, than to starve on occasional "finds" of acorns, seeds, or even the chance of rabbits or quail. His wife had come up by this time, and the little girl, with Patty's twin sister in her arms. The woman said, with very pathetic earnestness, "Shi tekeh shieslinjune."

I knew nothing of the words, but Vermilion said they meant, "I the flag of peace love"; and this seemed to me so pretty that I shook hands with her, smiled, kissed the child, and then, to their wonder, made her say again, "Shi tekeh shieslinjune," and wrote down the words.

The little girl then shyly held up the doll to me, and I kissed it; and Vermilion said, with the greatest seriousness, "It was the little wax woman who did it all."

IN HARBOR.

I THINK it is over, over—
I think it is over at last:
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter, have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over—
The winds and the waters surcease:
How few were the days of the Rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release.
From the ravage of Life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in this Harbor at last?—
For the lights with their welcoming quiver,
That throb through the sanctified river
Which girdles the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last?

I know it is over, over—
I know it is over at last:
Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover;
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last!

CHAPTER VII.

"WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS YOUNG."

MASTER WILLIE was up and abroad early the next morning—too early, indeed, for anything but a stroll through the wide, empty, silent thoroughfares of Cork. It was a lovely morning; the sunlight shining clear on the tall fronts of the houses, and on the deserted streets; a light breeze from the south bringing with it suggestions of the sea; the silence only broken by the occasional soft tolling of a distant bell. Was it the silence of this Sunday morning that made the place seem so strange?—for surely he had not been long enough in London to have forgotten these familiar streets. Or was the keen interest and even affection with which he regarded so well-known a thoroughfare as the South Mall, for example, due to far other causes? Suppose that as he walked along he did not see this actual sunlight around him at all; suppose that instead he was imagining these pavements swimming wet on a dark and miserable week-day night; the cars rattling by and splashing mud; and two figures, closely holding together, arm in arm, under one umbrella? And suppose now that he sees one of these two look suddenly up to her companion with a quick, earnest gaze—a look of revelation, confession, complete surrender of love—a look that pledged her life away? For even the South Mall, in its canopy of darkness and rain, may inclose the rose-red, shining jewel of a love-secret.

So he walked hither and thither to pass the time away, half dreaming of these recent days that already seemed to be growing distant, until he found himself in the broad and winding thoroughfare of St. Patrick's Street, where more passers-by were now becoming visible. Was this, then, the part of the Beautiful City that he had tried to persuade Kitty was like Venice? He looked at the place with a new interest (comparing it with the Fulham Road), and perhaps also, as he thought of Kitty, with a trifle of compunction. But at all events it was picturesque enough—these masses of tall, narrow, variously built houses in all sorts of architecture; their slate fronts, their red-brick fronts, their plaster fronts, their stone fronts, their bow windows, flat windows, and French windows all shining in the sun, and their uneven sky-line sharp against the blue; and if he did make that bold comparison to Kitty, no doubt he pointed out to her that they were standing on an island; that there was actually water running below the street; the street itself leading down there to the canal-like Lee, with its busy quays and boats and bridges. He looked at his watch—it was half past nine: would Kitty chance to have put on that pretty soft gray silk dress he was so fond of, with its touch of deep crimson here and there? Poor Kitty: she did not know he was down here by St. Patrick's Bridge, looking at the boats.

He crossed the river and began to ascend leisurely enough the steep and rugged little thoroughfare leading to Audley Place. Every step had an interest for him; he recognized every feature of it—the red road, the white walls hot in the sun, the soft green of the foliage, here and there the golden tresses of a laburnum hanging over from a garden. And Kitty had to toil up this steep ascent on the dark nights going home—sometimes getting wet, too, for want of a covered car. That was because the Prince had not found his bag of diamonds yet. Never mind; the world had not come to an end merely because Mr. Gifford did not like the review of *Daphne's Shadow;* and Kitty might have even something better than a covered car, all in due time.

At length he reached the little terrace on the top of the hill that is known as Audley Place; and he passed along to the end, so that Kitty should not see him prematurely; and leaned his arms on the red stone wall that inclosed a meadow, in the long grass of which rooks were loudly cawing. How well he knew the spacious picture that now lay before him!—of Cork, and its surroundings, and the outlying country. The bulk of the city, it is true, lay down there in the hollow to the left; a dishevelled heap of purple slate roofs softened over by a pale blue smoke, with masses of dark green foliage farther up the valley, and a glimmer here and there of the Lee. But then from the deep of this ravine the hill opposite him sloped gradually upward, the slate roofs becoming less and less dense, until in mid-air rose erect and tall and square the dark red tower of St. Anne's, which holds the

Shandon bells; at the foot of it the little church-yard, with its gray stones, and the green and gold of grass and buttercups together. Then, still getting higher, the houses grow fewer; the sunlight catching here and there on a white gable among the gardens; the town loses itself in the country; there are lush meadows dotted with sheep; there are tall hedges powdered with hawthorn blossom; there is a farm-house half hidden among the elms. And then, finally, the long, softly undulating sky-line, brilliant in the sunny green of the spring-time, meets the tender aerial blue of the morning sky, and we reach the limits of what is visible from the red stone wall, or even from Kitty Romayne's window behind us.

Master Willie's heart was very full; for there was not a wide thoroughfare in that dusky city—no, nor a little by-path in the suburbs, nor a winding road leading through the fair green country beyond—that he and Kitty had not made themselves familiar with in their long perambulations. And Shandon tower over there—how could he forget the pretty speech she made him when he had casually said it was odd of the builders to have made this one side of it next them red and the other three sides gray? "I am going to be like Shandon steeple, Willie; and the rose-red side of my love will always be turned to you; and other people may think me gray if they like." Perhaps it was a trifle incoherent; but Kitty was not a literary person; and at all events he knew what she meant.

The slow hands of Shandon clock were now invisibly drawing toward half past ten; and so he thought he would go round the corner and await her there, where their meeting could be observed by no one. He paced up and down by this tall gray cheerless stone wall; and he wished the villain rooks would not make such a cawing. But nevertheless the silence was sufficient to let him hear the swinging of a gate. Then he listened, his heart like to choke him. Then—he could not tell how it happened—the world became just filled with a wild delight; for here was the identical soft gray dress, and the pretty little figure, and Kitty herself, who was passing him without looking up. But what was this? Was she crying? Was she trying to hide her face from any stranger?

"Kitty!—Kitty, what is the matter?"

She turned instantly—the wet eyes startled, her face grown suddenly pale; and then, after one second of wild bewilderment and joy, she threw herself sobbing and crying into his arms.

"Oh, it is you after all, Willie! I thought you were coming to-day; I thought of it all the morning; and then to come out and find no one—"

"But how could you think I was coming, my darling?" he cried.

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know," she said, almost wildly; "something in a letter, I think. See, I put on the dress you liked, I made so sure—but, but—oh, you have come to me after all, Willie;" and with that she kissed him, and kissed both his hands, and kissed the sleeve of his coat half a dozen times, holding his arm tight the while. "Oh, don't go away again, Willie! Don't leave me again. I can not live without you—it is not living at all. You won't go away again, Willie, will you? We will live on nothing rather."

The light that was shining in her eyes as she regarded him!

"And they haven't altered your looks a bit, Willie—not one bit. My bonny boy! Promise me you'll never, never, never go away again, Willie!"

"Well, you audacious creature!" he said, putting straight the pretty little gray hat with its crimson feather. "Whose fiery ambition was it sent me away?"

"Oh, but I've found out my fault; and haven't I cried enough about it too? I don't want any more ambition; I want you, Willie; and I'd work for you if I were to work my fingers off."

But at this moment a smart young corporal, having emerged from the gate of the barracks, came along the road whistling "Garryowen" and twirling his small cane. So Kitty had to dry her eyes and look presentable; and she slipped her hand into her lover's arm, and they proceeded on their way—well known to both of them.

"That is a most praiseworthy sentiment, Kitty," he said, in answer to her proposal. "I suppose you would sing in the streets; and I could enjoy myself in an ale-house with a long pipe—isn't that how it generally ends? But now that I've begun, I'm going on; and some day or other Kitty won't have to get wet through in going home from a concert at night—"

"Oh, Willie, that is too cruel! Did I

ever complain? What a stupid I was to mention it even—"

"Never mind. You see, I've got a very fair start, Kitty—four pounds a week for a half-mechanical kind of work that will leave me many chances of getting ahead in other directions. And what have you to say now, Miss Romayne, about the person you suspected so much? I think you ought to be grateful to him. I don't know any one else who would have so gone out of his way to befriend a stranger."

"That's like you," said Miss Romayne, promptly. "You're too simple. My dearest, you think everybody's like yourself. Don't I see through your fine friend? Everything you have told me in your letters confirms it. I can see it. The fact is, he never thought about that magazine until he saw you at Inisheen; and then he thought he could make some use of such an unusual combination of knowledge of all kinds of out-of-door sports along with literary genius—"

"Hillo, Kitty; we're on the line of high phrases."

"Oh," she said, coolly, "if you don't know what you are, I do. It was you who gave him the idea of the magazine—I will wager anything—"

"A kiss?"

"Yes—and pay you now if you like."

By this time they had got to the end of Fairy Lane—which may be a Fairy Lane enough in certain circumstances, though as a matter of fact it has a gaunt stone wall on one side and a row of commonplace little cottages on the other—and were making their way round by the back of the barracks, by rugged little roads and crumbling walls and stunted hedges, to the open country.

"I say," continued Miss Romayne, "that he got the idea of that magazine from you. Gratitude, indeed! Where else could he have found any one fit for such a place? Where else could he have got any one who knows all about hounds, and horses, and salmon, and things like that, and who has the education, and ability, and humor of a delightful writer to make it all—all—all just delightful?"

"But wait a minute, Kitty," said he. "Are you so sure about all those nice things? I know I can shoot snipe—"

"And you once brought down a wild-duck," said Kitty, demurely. "Crippled her entirely—she couldn't fly away a wee bit ever after."

"But I want you to be just to Hilton Clarke—but for the post he has given me do you think I'd be here this morning?—and I want to assure you, Kitty, that everybody doesn't regard my literary masterpieces as you do. I told you about the review I had written. Of course I should have been awfully glad to get an article into the *Liberal Review*—even if it had been only three times a year. I never dreamed of such a thing being possible—"

"Yes, but it is possible. You told me—"

"I called on Mr. Gifford on Friday. Oh, he wouldn't have it at all."

But Kitty was not the one to be daunted.

"The more fool he!" she said, with decision. Nay, she stamped her little foot, and said: "And if he were here, I would tell him so! Why, these old fossils are all running in grooves—"

"But fossils don't run in grooves, Kitty."

"And they can't recognize fresh talent," she continued, not heeding him in her wrath. "How could they be expected to recognize yours? You haven't been brought up in libraries and inky dens all your life. You have been brought up face to face with the real things of the world—with the sea, and the sky, and the dark nights, and the winter, and all about Inisheen that you have told me. That's living; that's not talking about living, or earning your bread by writing about what other people have said about living. What would Mr. Gifford have done when the ship came ashore at Kenvane Head? Do you think he could have scrambled down the cliffs to help the fishermen—"

"But his business is to write, Kitty—"

"It is not; it is to write about other people's writing," she said, promptly. "Why, I'd like to have seen him write that description of that very thing—the struggles of the fishermen, and then the captain's wife refusing to be saved because her child was drowned. Would there have been any need to cry if *he* had written it? Would they have got up a subscription if *he* had written it? No, I think not. And I should like to see him try to throw a salmon line thirty-eight yards! And do you think he could have

climbed up the face of the Priest's Rock with a gun in his hand?"

"But these things are not necessary to the editing of a paper, Kitty," said he, laughing. "And it's very kind of you to try and find excuses; but I am afraid the truth was that I wrote a bad review, and Mr. Gifford properly said no. Well, I was very down-hearted about it—"

"You!" she exclaimed, with a smile of skepticism. "No, you can't make me believe that. The thing isn't in existence that is likely to turn your hair gray."

"Unless it's you yourself, Kitty;—what do you say to that? But I was—entirely down in my boots; for I'd rather see an article of mine printed in the *Liberal Review* than be made Lord-Lieutenant and live at the Castle. And then I walked along a bit; and then I thought that the hawthorn must be out about the woods and hedges here; and that you would be having your Sunday morning walk all alone; and then I said to myself, 'I'm going to see Kitty, whatever happens!'"

"And if it was Mr. Gifford that led you to say that, Willie, I'll forgive him; though I still think him a stupid person who doesn't know his own interests. Oh, I made so sure you would be at the gate this morning! You told me last week always to look out for the unexpected, or something like that; and what do I care to expect about or think about except you? I haven't had on this dress since you left; I thought I would keep it till you came back. Miss Patience said this morning, 'Catherine, why are you taking out that gray dress again?' and I said, 'Well, I can't have all my things saturated with camphor; I must take them out and air them sometimes.' And then when I came out and saw no one, I—I thought it was too bad. I don't know whether I was angry with you, or with myself, or London and the tall yellow man—"

"Now, now, Kitty, none of that! How can you be spiteful on such a morning? See, here is a bit of hawthorn; let me pin it on for you. I thought the hawthorn would be out. The hedges over there look as if there was snow on them."

By this time their arm-in-arm loiterings and meanderings had brought them within view of a spacious tract of country that lay fair in the warm and clear sunlight. The landscape, it is true, was somewhat marred by certain tall chimneys that rose in the valley below, with mountains of refuse hard by, and a coal-black railway line twisting through; but there was no need for them to look that way unless they liked. Here on these sunny uplands were still meadows all bestarred with daisies, and hedges white with the fresh-scented May, and over there were softly foliaged woods all in the tender green of the spring-time. Then the fair mansion on that distant hill—looking so white among the trees: had its stately repose any attraction for youthful eyes and thoughts? Was there any dream of resting in some such place, away above the din of the world, after the fight and stress were over? Or rather, were not such ambitions quite unthought of? Was it not enough for them to have this still, beautiful morning, the sunlight on the warm meadows, the skies blue above them; to have life, love, and youth; a pressure of the hand, a glance of kindly eyes, perhaps a swiftly snatched kiss where the hedges were tall? For indeed the place was so still and silent on this fair morning that they were suddenly startled by a peculiar silken whistling noise in the air, and looking up, they found that an equally startled rook had just flown over their heads, and was already half-way across the meadow behind.

She stooped and picked a germander speedwell from the bank, kissed it, and gave it to him.

"It is just the color of your eyes, Willie," she said. "They keep reminding me of you when I am out walking; and oh! it is so lonely walking now! I have to go over all the things you ever said to me; it is my only company. I say to myself, 'Here we quarrelled'; and again, 'Here we made it up'; and 'There's the stile he helped me over, and caught me when I jumped down'; and 'Here's where the anemones used to grow, that he used to put in my hair.' Then on I go again; thinking of all the nice love-names you used to call me; and not a human being to say a civil word to one—nothing but the cows staring at you, and the flowers all occupied with their own business of drinking in the sunlight. And of course every one else you meet is sure to have a companion—"

"Never mind, Kitty," said he. "You'll have plenty of society in Dublin; you will

have half the young officers from the barracks wanting to get introduced to you."

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "Indeed! I'd ask them if they had learned their drill yet; and if there wasn't one part of it called 'Right-about-face.' But it is very nice of you not to object to my going to Dublin, Willie. You see, it will be a six weeks' engagement, and for me a six weeks' holiday as well; and no silk dresses, or gloves, or music, or bouquets to buy. And they say the picture of Killarney is quite lovely; and just imagine how effective it will be—the lights in the theatre all down; then the moonlight begins to show on Muckross Abbey, perhaps, or perhaps it's Innisfallen, and all the water begins to be silver, and then the orchestra plays a very slow accompaniment; and then—I am going to begin very softly—you hear 'By Killarney's lakes and fells' sung somewhere in the distance. You must imagine it to be a voice in the air; and won't I do my best with it when it is my boy's native country that it is all about! Ah me! there won't be anybody then to sing my praises in the *Cork Chronicle.* It will no longer be reserved for an English singer to reveal to the Irish people the pathos of anything at all. No; the only one she ever cared to sing for will be far away, not thinking of her, but having fine dinners in his splendid rooms in London."

He burst out laughing.

"My splendid room in the Fulham Road, Kitty, is furnished with one table and two chairs, and is otherwise about as bare as a billiard ball. You don't get much splendor for six shillings a week."

"Ah," she said, shyly, "if you had only staid in Ireland, you might have had lodgings cheaper than that."

"Where?" he asked.

"You might," said she, very prettily, and with her eyes cast down—"you might have 'lived in my heart, and paid no rent.'"

However, not once during this long, delicious ramble along lanes, and by farmhouses, and through woods, did Miss Romayne recur to that first eager heart-cry of hers that he should give up his ambitious projects in London, and come back to Ireland. For although she could make love very prettily, in a shy, tender, and bewitching fashion, she was nevertheless a sensible young woman, and she perceived that whether she liked Mr. Hilton Clarke or not, he was affording her lover a very fair start in London literary life. No, she would not ask him to sacrifice those prospects merely to gratify sentiment; but seeing that he was here, and seeing that merely to touch the sleeve of his coat, to know that he was beside her, was the greatest delight in the world to her, her first thought was how he and she could be most together.

"When do you go back, Willie?"

"To-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" she cried, and her face fell. "Must you?"

"My darling, I must, without a doubt."

"But this is dreadful, Willie. Am I only to see you for three hours—and—and the three hours nearly over—"

Her eyes began to fill, and her lips to tremble.

"What do you mean, Kitty? The whole day is before us—"

"There's dinner at two," she said, with her eyes turned aside from him, "and there's church in the afternoon; and then Miss Patience will expect me to stay in all the evening; and how can I see you? Three hours—and it may be years again."

"Oh, but that won't do at all, Kitty," said he, cheerfully. "I haven't come all this way to spend a day with you, and have half of it cut off. Not a bit. I am going to call on Miss Patience. I am going to apologize for any and every offense that she can think of—for I'm sure I don't know what I've done. She may draw up a list as long as my arm—or as long as her face, which is longer—and I'll write at the foot of it: '*Peccavi peccatum grande, et mihi conscius multorum delictorum, sed gratiâ Patientiæ*'—that's through the favor of Miss Patience, Kitty—I've been acquitted."

Kitty's face rose again.

"And I think it could be managed, Willie, if you wouldn't mind being a little considerate. I have found out what made most of the mischief. You printed a letter of hers in the *Cork Chronicle.*"

"I know I did; I thought she would be pleased."

"But she sent it anonymously."

"I only appended her initials. I recognized the handwriting, and it was a sensible enough letter. I thought she would be pleased."

"But you don't understand, Willie; I must tell you about poor old Patience, though it is absurd. You see, she takes a

great interest in public affairs, and thinks she is in a good position for being an impartial adviser—not influenced by interested motives, you understand, Willie—and so she writes letters to the newspaper editors throughout the country, and to the cabinet ministers, and advises them. She writes and approves of what they've said, or she suggests things they should do, and of course sometimes they do do that, and then poor old Patience is very delightful to live with, for she'll let you do anything on these days. But then she believes that if her name was known, all her influence in public affairs would fade away, for the public men would think she was wanting something from them, and so she writes anonymously. Then you must needs go and discover her secret, and put her initials to the letter."

"There was no harm in the letter, Kitty. It only said that on some particular question—I forget what—we were the only paper in the country that spoke the truth, and every editor likes to print letters like that."

"Then the very next day, I believe, you must needs go and say something about editors being plagued with correspondence, and that she took to herself—"

"I wasn't even thinking of her, Kitty; though anything more diabolical than a woman who spends her life in torturing editors and cabinet ministers with continual writing to them—"

"Whish—sh—sh! Many a pleasant evening you owe to Miss Patience, young man. So now I'm going in to dinner. No, you mustn't think of it; I will manage it; men always bungle these things; and if you go and get your dinner, and be back about here at three, I will send you a message somehow as to how the weather looks. Oh, where are you staying, Willie?"

"At the Imperial."

"Sure, can't ye say the Impayrial?" remonstrated Miss Romayne. "Very well, then, I will try to send a line to you there."

"Is it much use?" he asked. "I am coming to spend the afternoon with you, Kitty, whatever kind of weather there is."

"Go away now, you headstrong boy! You may have command over Don Fierna and his pixies in that dreadful glen, but you don't know how to manage a woman's temper. Good-by, Willie—oh, dear me, how I shall hate the sermon!"

"Good-by, Kitty. Tell Miss Patience that I know quite well whose advice it was that induced the American government to give up Mason and Slidell."

He went down to the Imperial, and got something to eat. He was not much distressed about what was going to happen; he would see Kitty that afternoon, and that evening too, despite all the female diplomatists in Ireland or out of it. But in about half an hour any little anxiety was dispelled by the following note, hastily scribbled in pencil, which was brought him by a shock-headed boy.

"My Dearest,—I have mollyfied [*sic*] Miss Patience. She has said you might come to supper at eight. If you are about the front of St. Anne's when afternoon church comes out, I will go for a little walk with you; but let me leave Miss Patience first; she would not like an explanation in the street. Shall you be in the church? I will look out for you. Do, do be civil to her to-night.

"Your much obliged,

"Catherine the Incomprehensible."

So they had another long and delightful walk in the sunny afternoon, though this time they remained nearer the city, visiting various spots that were hallowed by their own wonderful experiences, and on one occasion standing mute to hear the distant chiming of Shandon bells. Kitty was most interested in listening to the smallest details about his life in London; but nothing that he could urge could overcome her dislike—or jealousy, or whatever it was—of Hilton Clarke. This was the more unreasonable that she had never spoken a word to him, and had only seen him once or twice in front of the inn at Inisheen. Even about his appearance, which to ordinary eyes seemed handsome and distinguished, nothing would please her. He looked finical. He looked supercilious. He stared impertinently. Wasn't his high-priest his tailor? And so forth.

"But you shouldn't say that," Master Willie remonstrated. "He never said anything against you. No; he was quite complimentary. He called you an epichoriambic trimeter acatalectic."

"I'll take that with a little water, please; it's rather strong," she said, saucily.

"I wish you'd give over your concert-room slang," said he.

"Oh, slang!" she said. "Slang! and what was that you said, then? Wasn't that slang, or worse?"

"It's the description of a verse in Horace —a verse that is just as musical and graceful as you yourself, Kitty, when you like to behave yourself, which isn't often. And if you had any gratitude in your miserable little soul—"

"Oh, thank you," she said, snatching her hand away from his arm. "Mr. Impertinence, that's the way to your hotel. I'm going home."

But Kitty's wrath was usually evanescent; you had but to take her hand and she surrendered; and so it was that they were very soon climbing the steep little hill together, with much cheerfulness, in the gathering dusk, the while Kitty was lecturing her companion on the wisdom of consideration, and the advantages of politeness, and also hinting that, if he could but introduce the names of one or two distinguished political persons into his talk that evening, no harm would be done. And as it turned out, Miss Patience, who was a thin, tall lady, with a somewhat dark face and severe gray eyes that made her look like a hawk, proved exceedingly placable. She avoided all reference to the quarrel. She hoped he was succeeding in London. Then she lit two candles and put them on the table of the little parlor, and drew down the window-blind, and rang the bell for supper.

Master Willie returned her kind treatment of him with liberal interest. For when the little maid-servant had come in to lay the cloth, and when she had placed thereon the cold beef, and salad, and cheese, and bottled stout, and when Miss Romayne had, in honor of her guest, lit two more candles and put them on the chimney-piece, then they all sat down to the modest banquet, and Fitzgerald proceeded to inform Miss Patience as to what was being thought in London concerning some topics of Imperial interest. And he listened with profound attention to her views on these wide subjects; although, it is true, she spoke with much caution, and even mystery, as though she were afraid of revealing secrets. She was anxious, above all, to know whether the public approved the line the *Times* was taking with regard to the government; and also what sort of person the editor of the *Times* was. Master Willie replied that he had met one or two highly distinguished literary people in London, but not the editor of the *Times*, who was no doubt, on account of his position and duties, one not easily approachable.

"There again Sir Rowland Hill comes in!" exclaimed Miss Patience, triumphantly.

Fitzgerald looked puzzled.

"Think of how we are indebted to him," she continued, forgetting for the moment her mysterious manner, "for the diffusion of information, and for breaking down conventional barriers! Nowadays nobody has to bribe lacqueys to get to the great man's chamber. The penny-post has done away with that. *That* is the messenger who can not be denied. The humblest in the land can reach even to the throne."

Gracious heavens, thought Master Willie, has the woman been writing to the Queen? But all the same he agreed with her; the penny-post was a noble institution; and if she referred to the editor of the *Times*, no doubt he was approachable that way. But Miss Patience, fixing her severe eyes on him, instantly disclaimed any such allusion. No; she declared she was merely thinking of the system, and of its wonderful advantages of communication between humble people and the great. Then she grew mysterious again; and began to put dark questions to him about the probable effect of a certain royal marriage then being talked of, and whether it was not high time that the voice of the people should be heard.

But the evening was not entirely given up to politics; for Miss Patience, with the kindest consideration, and under the protest of going to search for some papers in her own room, disappeared, and remained absent; and Kitty went to the little cottage piano; and her companion was not a great way off. Miss Romayne, if not a highly finished musician, was at least a sympathetic player; and well she knew the airs which would awaken the tenderest associations in her lover's heart. They were those that he had listened to when he and she were idling away the glad hours along country lanes, or as they came home through Inisheen in the evening, thinking of all the things that life had in store for them together.

"And so the Irish people," she said, letting her fingers touch the keys very gently, "were not aware of the pathos of 'The Bells of Shandon' until I revealed it to them?"

"I wasn't," said he, "and as I was the sub-editor of the *Cork Chronicle*, hadn't I the right to speak in the name of the Irish people?"

"I wonder who first began to make words for these old tunes? I suppose the tunes were in existence ages ago. Oh, that wasn't much of a discovery, Master Willie; because everybody sees how the air can be made pathetic if you take pains with it; but what I am certain of is that another bell song, 'The Bells of Aberdovey,' was originally not a sentimental thing at all, but a splendid battle march of the old Britons. If this wasn't Sunday evening, and if I wasn't afraid of frightening the neighbors, I could let you hear something with the 'The Bells of Aberdovey.' Now there is a task for you: write a war song for that splendid march—a war song with a tramp in it and thunder!"

"Play 'Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,' Kitty," said he, gently. "You remember you sung it in the boat coming back to Inisheen?"

"Do I remember? Am I ever likely to forget that fearful night," said she, "when I signed my soul away to witches in the moonlight?"

But she played the air, nevertheless, very exquisitely and softly. And she played many more, wandering from one to the other, while he listened in silence and dreamed over again the mornings, and the clear days, and the silent twilights they had spent so happily together. And well she knew—for she also had a tender memory—that however familiar these airs might be to others, there was no commonplaceness about them for him. She played one and then another, but it seemed as if they were all speaking of the sea, and of Inisheen, and of glad days gone by. These two were together so close now, the world shut out and forgotten. Why should there be any cruel gray dawn, and a wide gray sea, and then a disappearance into the frightful loneliness of London?

But the parting had to come, nevertheless, out there by the little gate, under the stars. Kitty was crying a little bit. What was the use of his coming over for one day, only to have all the old sorrow to go through again? And then he chid her gently. Had it not been a long, happy, idyllic day—something to look back upon, perhaps, for years? Was it not enough that even now, under the clear shining stars, he could hold her warm little hands for yet one other minute, and listen to the smooth and tender voice that he knew? Perhaps Kitty would rather not have him come back, then?

"Oh yes, oh yes," the faltering voice said, and she drew him closer to her. "Never mind about the excuse, Willie. To-morrow—Wednesday—next week—any day, any hour, come back to me! That's all I want! And it isn't so much; and other people seem to have everything they want; and they are not nearly as grateful as I should be. Ah, must you really go?"

But the last word took a long while in saying; and even after she had given him the last kiss and the last blessing, and when she had watched him disappear away into the darkness of the night, she still stood by the little gate there, trying in vain to dry her eyes before going into the house again, and wondering why fate should be so cruel to some, while others were so happy.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN LONDON AGAIN.

At length the fateful day arrived for the issuing to the British public of the first number of the new magazine, and Fitzgerald was glad to be able to draw a long breath of relief. During these past two or three weeks his labors had been indeed hard. He had been constituted a sort of intermediary between the managerial and the editorial departments, everybody wanting to hold him responsible for everything.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," the distressed manager would say, bringing him the proof of an article written by the editor, "do look here, if you please. 'The vile decoctions being continually invented and supplied to the public in the shape of effervescing drinks.'"

"Well?" said Fitzgerald, on that particular occasion. "Why not? Where's the harm?"

"We've fifteen different firms," cried the manager, almost in despair, "advertising their effervescing drinks and mineral waters."

"They must imagine sporting people to be a thirsty race," said Fitzgerald, laughing. "Very well, I'll get Mr. Clarke to take the phrase out, if it's likely to hurt anybody."

Then again Mr. Scobell would call in some morning, perhaps with a proof of the same article in his hand.

"Look here, Fitzgerald—look here, my dear f'lah. This won't do at all. You'll shock the public: I tell you you'll shock the public. Look at this: 'That numerous and important section of the British wealthier classes who have long ago given up the fear of God, but who are kept in pretty fair social order by the fear of gout.' It won't do, Fitzgerald; I tell you it won't do. You must ask Clarke to cut that out. I told him I wouldn't have any d——d atheistical Radical stuff in a paper I was responsible for. I'm not going into society as the proprietor of a d——d Radical and atheistical journal."

But this was a far more serious matter; for if Hilton Clarke were to know that Mr. Scobell had been furnished with proofs of the articles, or had expressed any opinion about them, there would be the very mischief to pay. So Master Willie had to assure the capitalist that the most perverse ingenuity could not discover a trace of atheism or Radicalism in any one of the contributions that had been written for the *Household Magazine;* that Hilton Clarke would be perfectly astonished to hear of any such charge being brought against him; but at the same time, if there was a chance of any stupid person being offended by this chance remark of Hilton Clarke's, no doubt he, Clarke, would at once remove it.

Then he would go up to the Albany, and make some casual suggestions in as pleasant a way as he could.

"Well, you see, Fitzgerald," Hilton Clarke said, promptly, in answer to these timid proposals, "I'm not going to edit the magazine in the interests of the advertising department. They'll want us to puff pianos next, and write reviews of window-curtains. And what idiot could be offended by a little joke like that? We can't write down to the microcephalous. Where are you going now?"

"I am going to have some luncheon, I think."

"Ah," said his chief, regarding him, "I suppose you can afford to do that now. But it is not wise. Nothing so certainly destroys the figure in time. I don't know how many years it is now since I gave it up: nothing between eleven and eight is my rule. Oh, by-the-way, can you help me? Have you sufficient ingenuity to suggest the kind of present one might buy for a lady—well, how am I to explain it? Something that will not be merely for vulgar use—such as she would have to buy in any case; and yet, on the other hand, something pretty that would not attract too much attention as a gift."

"I don't quite understand," said Fitzgerald.

"It is difficult to define," said the other, absently. "I have been puzzling over it myself. I daren't give her a piece of jewelry, for that would provoke questions. And of course I wouldn't give her a piece of furniture, or costume, or anything she would buy in the ordinary course with her husband's money. That's the difficulty, and I can't hit on the *juste milieu.* It must be ornamental enough for a gift, and yet something she might have bought for herself—"

"What about a cigar case?" said Master Willie, at a venture.

The other laughed.

"Very well hit. You're not far from the mark. But I think a cigar case would not precisely have the effect of staving off awkward questions. Well, if you are going to lunch, ta-ta. Be prudent, and you'll be thankful at forty that you've still got a waist."

Now Hilton Clarke had a vein of light facetiousness in his nature, and but little satire; moreover, he was good-natured in a selfish and indolent sort of way. But he never nearer reached a sharp satirical stroke than when he advised this poor lad, who was on the verge of starvation, not to destroy his figure by over eating and drinking. The fact was that, despite the most rigid economies, Fitzgerald's worldly wealth was reduced to a sum of a few shillings, and that was slowly diminishing. The Irish trip had cost nearer three than two pounds. His father had written asking for two pounds more to make up the money to meet the bill, and he had got it. Then on the remainder Fitzgerald had continued to exist, if not to live, during these past three weeks and more. He gave up his only luxury—that single glass of ale with his dinner. The amount of walking he did was incredible; for he had much hurrying to and fro, and he would not take an omnibus. The luncheon that Hilton Clarke had warned him against generally consisted of a biscuit, with sometimes an apple. And he

had given up going in to see his artist friend John Ross, because he could not ask him in return to a banquet of tinned meat, bread, and beer.

His salary having begun four weeks before, the *Household Magazine* now owed him a sum of £16; and if that money had been in the hands of Mr. Silas Earp, or owing to him by the proprietor, Mr. Scobell, he would not have had the slightest hesitation in making application for it. But somehow or other—he could not himself strictly analyze the feeling—it was impossible for him to go and ask for the money from Hilton Clarke, in whose hands he understood it was. He was certain that if Clarke knew he was in want of it, he would have it at once. No doubt it was owing to mere carelessness that he had not had it already. And to go and confess his need of it: would not that be almost like bringing a charge of want of consideration against one who had greatly befriended him? There may have been a little pride mixed up in this feeling, an indisposition to confess that, having scarcely a penny left in the world, he could not write home to his own people for supplies. But the chief notion he had was undoubtedly that such an appeal would cause Hilton Clarke to be vexed about his own thoughtlessness; and Fitzgerald was a trifle sensitive himself, and did not like the thought of giving that pain to any one else. And so he contentedly trudged all over London (the printing-offices were in the City Road) instead of taking omnibuses, and he lived on next to nothing, and gave up—but this was hard—his nightly chat with Ross, rather than make an application that would cause Hilton Clarke to accuse himself of inconsiderateness. This conduct may have been Quixotic; the only sure thing about it was that it could not go on forever. That small stock of jealously guarded shillings grew fatally smaller and smaller.

On the afternoon of the day on which the *Household Magazine* was finally issued, Hilton Clarke, Fitzgerald, Silas Earp, and Mr. Scobell left London by one of the afternoon boats for Greenwich, to dine there at the invitation of the last-named. It was not merely the prospect of having for once a substantial dinner that put Master Willie in good spirits. They were all in good spirits. So far as could be judged, the new venture promised to be successful. The quantity of advertisements that had been secured was remarkable. The "trade" had subscribed liberally for the first number; in fact, the last thing that had to be done before they went down to Charing Cross was to send word to the City Road to print a further five hundred copies. The poster, scarlet letters on a white ground, was effective; it was conspicuous on the hoardings they passed, and, needless to say, they looked out for it. Mr. Scobell talked as if the whole scheme had been his own, and pooh-poohed his manager's cautious reminders to the effect that the advertisers were always willing to patronize a first number, and that the sale could not be even approximately gauged until they began to get back the "returns." The capitalist would not hear of any such qualifications. He was assured of success. The richer section of the public could not fail to see what an invaluable manual this would make. Even with a moderate sale, the margin of profit at a shilling would be large. And so he paid for all their tickets to Greenwich.

Fitzgerald had not been down the Thames before, and to him it was a wonderful and a beautiful sight, the summer afternoon shining warm on the masses of shipping, on the gray tower, on the surging stream. And then when they reached Greenwich and the hotel there, and when he went out on to the balcony of the little private room, there was something that was more than beautiful in the sunset streaming along the wide reach of the river. There was a touch of the pathetic in it. That very wideness suggested the nearness of the sea. And was not the sea the great bond of association with those who were far away? He thought of Inisheen, and that seemed sad; for now there would be no *Fairy Frigate*—that was the fanciful name that Kitty had given to the boat he and she used to go out to row in—there would be no *Fairy Frigate* gliding over the golden waters, with the blades of the oars shining in the sunlight as they dipped and rose again. Can not you take her a message, then, you wide rushing waters, and you, great ships, floating down with the dying day? Alas! the distance is too great; she is so far away she can not hear; and there is one whose heart is so full of the thought of her, and so burdened with the sadness of being remote from her, that he has not much of a mind for the festivities to which he is

summoned within. A hand is laid on his shoulder.

"Twenty pounds that I can tell you what you are thinking of!" says Hilton Clarke.

Master Willie starts up from his reverie.

"She looks like a Norwegian," he says, "the bark there with the green hull."

And yet, after all, when they had sat down to the very elaborate feast prepared within, and when their host was descanting on the merits of one or two of the wines he had ordered, the humor of the situation, so far as he, that is, Fitzgerald, was concerned, could not escape him. It seemed to him that all the dinners he had not had for the past month were now being offered him, when he could make no use of them. It looked ridiculous that one who had been living on next to nothing should find himself able—nay, constrained—to send away dish after dish only tasted, when tasted at all.

"To-morrow," he said to himself, "when I shall be feeling myself very hollow about two o'clock, I shall be saying, 'What a fool I was, then, not to have had some more of that turbot!' This wine, now. Twelve shillings a bottle, I suppose. Six glasses to the bottle, probably; two shillings a glass. I drink it; and I have drank what would have kept me in beer for a week. There is something wrong about the constitution of the human organism. When you can get plenty to eat and drink, you ought to be able to lay in a store against future need. What is the use of all this to me, if I am to be hungry again to-morrow?"

"Well, now, gentlemen," said he of the red face and bristly yellow-white whiskers, as he held up a glass of wine between him and the light, and then put it on the table again, "I did not ask you to come to Greenwich to talk business; but I think we are entitled to congratulate ourselves all around—I do, really. I say it's a deuced good-looking periodical we've turned out. I call it a respectable-looking, a gentlemanly sort of looking magazine. I'm not ashamed of it. I'm not ashamed to have it lying in my drawing-room, and when any one comes in I'm not ashamed if they take it up. What I say is, give a good thing, and charge a good price. I think twelve shillings is too much for this champagne, as I tell ye; but I consider it's as good a glass of wine as any I've got in my own cellar, and so I don't grumble. I'm for having good things. Give people good things, and they'll pay. A shilling a week is a good lot; but it looks respectable to have a thing like that lying about; it looks as if you wanted a country house or a steam-yacht, and were looking out. My wife had it lying in her drawing-room yesterday when Lady Ipswich called; and Lady Ipswich said she'd order it from her bookseller at once. Now that's what I like; I want to have it talked about in sassiety. And I hope, Clarke, your friend Gifford will give us a flaming article about it. I'd have asked him to come down today, but I thought we'd better be private. I suppose you'll drop him a line?"

"Mr. Gifford," said Hilton Clarke, with a slight emphasis on the "Mr.," "is peculiar. It would be better to leave him to discover the extraordinary merits of the shilling's worth for himself. Oh, talking of discoveries, Fitzgerald," he added, turning to his neighbor, "did you read the review of *Daphne's Shadow*?"

Fitzgerald, with a sudden flush, admitted that he had; but Hilton Clarke, not perceiving his embarrassment, or whatever it might have been, laughed lightly.

"That was the *Liberal Review* all over. The most portentous discoveries! The well-known this and the well-known that under thin disguises; a wonderful study of contemporary life and society in England—"

"Then have you read the book? Do you think it is trumpery?" said Fitzgerald, eagerly; he was so anxious to justify himself to himself.

"The book!" said Hilton Clarke, with a sort of good-natured scorn. "To call such a thing a book! Twopence-halfpenny worth of persiflage; the rest of the coppers in cheek; then throw in a few allusions to current politics; and the British public will take your mere names as types of English character. What Gifford will do about our magazine it is impossible to say. He may think it trivial; he may regard it as the servant of Mammon, and he is not too well affected toward the rich. But one can't say. He may make a discovery about it; about the possibility of converting fox-hunters to the study of higher things—who knows? And then when he gets into a tempest of conviction, he rides the whirlwind. He'd hang you in a minute to prove to you the impolicy of capital punishment."

Well, human nature is but human na-

ture, after all; and it is possible that Fitzgerald, after that rejection of his anxiously written article, may not have been so quick as he would otherwise have been to resent these scornful taunts that Hilton Clarke occasionally directed against the *Liberal Review* and its editor. But none of these affected Master Willie's secret consciousness that, if the two ways of regarding human life were offered him as alternatives, he would rather have that of the *Liberal Review* than that of the *Weekly Gazette*. The most desperate thing in the world seemed to him to be hopelessness. Your conviction might be wrong, but at least it gave you something to look forward for. And at twenty-three one is busier with the future than the past.

The evening went on pleasantly enough, and coffee and cigars did not tend to diminish that halo of success which already seemed to surround the new magazine. Indeed, so satisfied was Mr. Scobell with the gentlemanly appearance of the periodical, and with his own relations to the enterprise, that he broadly hinted his intention of sharing any great increase of prosperity with these coadjutors of his.

"I am not a money-grubber," said he, leaning back in his chair to watch the smoke ascend. "I don't worship the golden calf. I like to have plenty of money; and I have plenty of money—"

"I wish some more of us could say as much," said Hilton Clarke; but the remark was an unfair one, for Mr. Scobell was not really boasting of his wealth.

"I was going to say," continued the capitalist, glancing at Clarke somewhat reproachfully, "that I have plenty of money because I am not an extravagant man. I think when a man has a thorough well-managed establishment in town, a good cook and a good cellar, a couple of hacks for the Park, a barouche for his wife, and then, don't you know, a snug little place in the country, where he can keep a good glass of wine for his friends, and give them a day through the turnips, or a mount if they are hunting men, don't you know, I say he should be content, and not want to win the Derby, or have the biggest deer forest in Scotland. I haven't gone into literature to make money, not I. What I say is, if it is a big success, let them share it who made it—"

"Then Fitzgerald should have three-fourths," said Hilton Clarke, with a laugh, "for he has done three-fourths of the work."

"I don't say I wouldn't take a fair return for my money," said Mr. Scobell, grandly. "I don't say that. But when I go into literature, it isn't to make money. I want to have my name connected with a thorough good thing. I don't want to go into my club and hear men say, 'That's Scobell; he's the proprietor of a d——d low Radical print.' I say we should stick up for our own country. I don't see any better. If there's a country where you'll find better fighting men, and handsomer women—ay, and horses too—well, I don't know where it is. I think we are very well off. You can get the best of everything in London, if you'll only pay a fair price for it. Look at Covent Garden, now; what is there you can't get there? And then you get a lot of low trades-unionists and Radicals trying to stir up discontent, and setting class against class, and trying to put a lot of stuff into the heads of the farm laborers. What I say is, let well alone. I don't see any other country better governed. I don't see any other country better off. If Church and State have brought us where we are, then I'm for Church and State; I want none o' their Liberty, Equality, and Stupidity. I say we're precious well off."

"You are, my dear Scobell, but I am not," observed Hilton Clarke, pleasantly. "However, you need have no fear of the *Household Magazine* adventuring on these troubled waters. We will assume that everything is for the best in this favored island; and in the mean time we had better think of getting to the railway station."

Here Mr. Earp, who was a large, heavy, bilious-looking man, and who had scarcely spoken all the evening, looked at his watch.

"There is one thing I would like to mention," he said, slowly. "Very soon people will be leaving town."

"Doubtless," said Hilton Clarke, whom he now particularly addressed.

"And you may be drawing attention to it in an article—perhaps more than once," the melancholy-looking man continued.

"Well, that is possible."

"Well, Mr. Clarke," said the other, hesitatingly, "if it is all the same to you, I would rather not have any such article. It is, if I may say so, imprudent. All the daily papers do it. They have articles about London being empty; about the

dead season; about everybody being abroad. And then, you see, how can you ask the advertisers to keep on paying money, when you're telling them at the same time that everybody is away?"

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Mr. Clarke, as he rose from the table. "It is the advertisers you are thinking of?" And then he laughed, and put his hand on Fitzgerald's shoulder as they left the room together. "There, Fitzgerald, don't forget these hints. Rules for the editing of a newspaper, they might be called. 'Uphold Church and State; and in August don't remind advertisers that people have left town.'"

"We might have them printed and hung up in the office for the guidance of contributors," said his companion.

They returned to town apparently very well pleased with each other and with the prospects of the new periodical. But just before reaching Charing Cross something occurred which was calculated to give Fitzgerald a still more favorable recollection of that evening.

"I suppose you'll take a hansom, Fitzgerald?" Hilton Clarke asked of him, casually.

"No; I'll walk," was the reply.

"Walk? To Fulham?"

"To the Fulham Road, at least."

It is impossible to say whether or no this answer may have suggested to Hilton Clarke some suspicion about Fitzgerald's circumstances, but at all events he said, a minute after, and apparently without premeditation:

"Oh, I quite forgot, Fitzgerald, that you've drawn nothing from the treasury during these past weeks. That was my forgetfulness; for I am responsible to you. Why didn't you remind me—"

"It was of no consequence," said Fitzgerald, hastily; but how glad he was that Hilton Clarke had not had to be reminded!

"Well, then, shall I give you something on account? Oh, don't be bashful, man! This is a business evening. I should not have been so remiss."

"It is of no consequence at all," said Fitzgerald again: it was quite enough for him that his friend had remembered. He had had enough eating and drinking for a time. He would willingly go back to dry biscuits and apples.

"When I was your age I knew what it was to be hard up," continued Hilton Clarke, "and sometimes I know it now when paymasters are neglectful. So I'm not going to incur that charge, whilst I remember. But I find I've only a sovereign or two. Scobell, lend me ten pounds, like a good fellow; Earp can score it up against me at the office."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Scobell, though he seemed a little surprised on hearing that Fitzgerald had up to that moment received no salary.

The two bank-notes were handed to Clarke, who in turn passed them on, and Fitzgerald, so far from having any hesitation about accepting them, was altogether delighted. He had looked forward with the utmost shrinking to the obvious necessity, sooner or later, of having to recall Hilton Clarke to a sense of his carelessness. It was now clear to him that Mr. Clarke would so have regarded an application from him—as a reminder that he had been culpably neglectful. And now to find this deplorable thing removed was an inexpressible relief; and the first thought he had was that he would invest a portion of this sum in paying for a ride on an omnibus, get home quickly, and see if John Ross were still awake and at work, that he might, as he surely would, rejoice in the good fortune of his nearest neighbor.

When Fitzgerald reached the little courtyard in the Fulham Road, there was no doubt possible about Ross's being at home, whether he was at work or no, for loud and martial strains were resounding through the big empty studio. It was with the utmost difficulty that Fitzgerald could make himself heard. Then the bawling suddenly ceased, and the door was opened.

"Come in, man, come in. What's the need o' ceremony? What for did ye wait to knock?"

"I heard the end of 'Scots wha hae' by waiting," said Master Willie, getting a chair for himself.

"Ay," said his host, fetching him a canister of tobacco. "I'm thinking King Edward, poor man, thought he was never going to hear the end o' they Scotch folk while he was alive. I dare say whenever he found himself with nothing to do—wi' half an hour to spare, like—he would say to his friends, 'Come and let us sit down and curse Scotland.' Well, now, what have ye been about? What has come over ye?"

"I have been very busy; but the magazine I was telling you about has come out

at last; and to-night I have just got back from a dinner at Greenwich which was meant to celebrate the occasion."

"But ye're sober!" exclaimed the other.

"Why not?"

"What's the use o' going all that way for a dinner, if ye come home sober? Ay," said he, regarding him critically, "but if they've sent ye back sober, they've put an extra bit o' color in your cheeks. It's no often one sees color like that in London. It's no a London complexion at a'; it reminds one more o' a corn field in summer, and a strapping young fellow lying by the side of a stook, wi' his face half turned away frae the sun. Man, I'd like to have a try at your head. You go on smoking, and let me hear all your story since I saw ye last. I'd just like to have a try."

He threw aside his pipe, and quickly stuck on his easel a sheet of light brown board, and took up his palette and colors. And then he began to walk up and down a bit, ultimately putting colors on the palette, and studying Fitzgerald's head from different points of view.

"Man," he said, "ye've more character about ye than I thought. Ye'll have a fine head when ye grow up."

Fitzgerald thought he had done growing, as he was three-and-twenty, and five foot ten. But by this time he was familiar with Ross's way of working, and with the jerky observations with which he usually accompanied that, and so he did not interrupt. After a while Ross suddenly went to a portfolio that stood near the wall, and after having rudely tumbled about a number of sheets, he brought back a large and dusty photograph—of Giorgione's armed warrior in the Uffizi.

"That's what your head 'll be in middle age."

"That! I don't see the least likeness," said Fitzgerald.

"But I do. It's my business. Of course you'll no be dark like that, but that's your nose and forehead. Ay, and the mouth too. But the complexion makes a great difference; and the hair—have ye been burning yourself in the sun a' the day? Where got ye that straight nose in Ireland?"

"I suppose there are as many there as elsewhere," said Fitzgerald, trying to steal a look at the board on the easel, but failing.

"I dinna believe ye," said Ross, who was now working very eagerly, with snatches of contemplative whistling coming in at intervals. "I've watched the shearers that come over from Belfast. There's no one in twenty that escapes from the general type—the turned-up nose and long upper lip. Ay, and so the wonderful new magazine's out. We'll, tell us all about it, man; ye need no be feared about altering your expression; it's only the tan o' the sunlight I'm trying at, though whether I can do anything—but there's no two curls o' your hair the same color, man! What do ye mean by that? There's an inconsistency about ye that's aggravating. Well, about the magazine?"

So Fitzgerald told him all that had happened; and dwelt on his great good fortune in having been able to make so early a start in London, thanks to one or two kind friends; and said how every body was pleased at the prospects of this venture.

"Ay, ay," said the broad-shouldered, red-bearded little man, as he stepped back a yard or two from the easel, and regarded his handiwork, "and that may partly account for the color, as well as the warm day and the trip to Greenwich. The flush of success, eh? And I warrant there's a young lass somewhere that's just as pleased as yoursel'."

Then he suddenly bawled out in a prodigious and raucous voice, looking intently at his work the while:

> "And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
> For auld lang syne!"

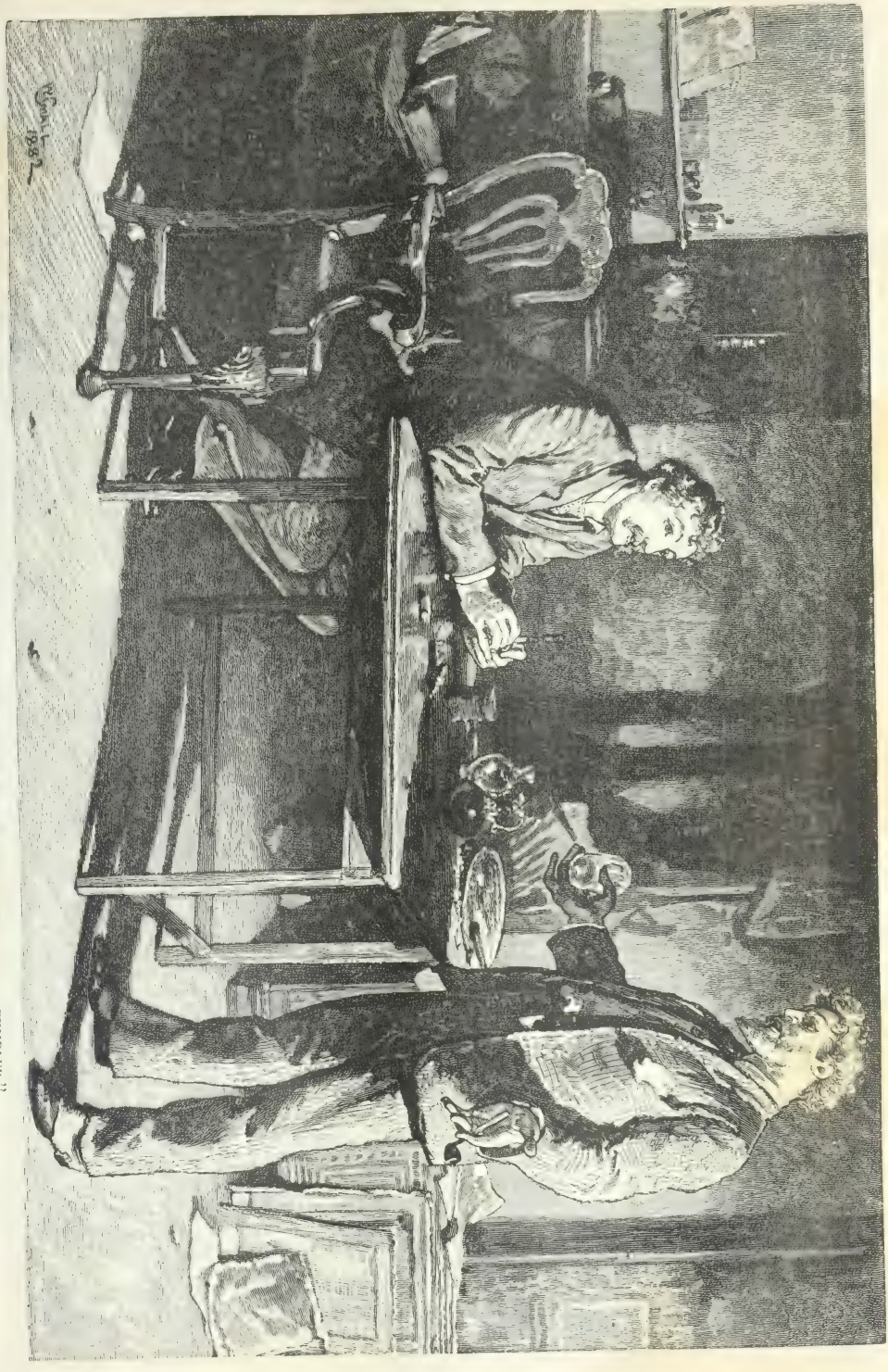
However, this vocal outburst was not the result of self-satisfaction.

"What put it into my head," he continued, in a series of inconsecutive growls, as he stepped back, and then stepped forward, and then bit the end of his brush, "to try such a blaze of flesh-color? It's the most infernal thing in the world. I'm a landscape painter; at least I say I am; I think I'll take to house fronts and door steps. The portrait painting I can do is a wee dabbie o' red and white under an auld wife's cap if she's coming along the road about twa miles off.

"'And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught'"—

But there was no joy left in the jovial song; nothing but perplexity and irritation.

"Don't bother about it to-night," said Master Willie. "Let's have a quiet smoke and a chat."



"'BUT DO I COMPLAIN?' SAID THE OTHER, FETCHING OVER SOME FRESH-WATER AND A TUMBLER."

The next thing he saw was Ross suddenly advance and with one stroke drive his fist right through the frail board, sending the easel and everything flying and sprawling across the room. Then, that action having apparently assuaged his passion, he quietly took the palette from the thumb of his left hand and laid it down.

"I am a failure," he said, drawing along a chair to the bare wooden table. "Nothing I try will do. Ye are one o' the lucky ones; only ye dinna ken the contentment there is in a glass o' good Scotch whiskey. I do. But d'ye think I'm to be cast down because I canna pent? No while I can light a pipe!"

"But it's nonsense your talking like that!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, who had been privileged to look over these canvases, and who, little as he knew about painting, had been greatly struck with the strangely vivid effects he saw here and there, along with, as he imagined, an absolute want of definite construction or technical skill. Amid all this confused chaos of impressions—which he was not surprised the dealers had for the most part regarded as quite hopeless—he had seen bits that were to him a sort of revelation. Moreover, he had gone out once or twice into the country with John Ross; he had listened to his talk; had watched the things he had pointed out; and it seemed to him that the world had grown a great deal more interesting since this red-haired Scotchman had taught him how to look at it.

"It is nonsense your talking like that," repeated Fitzgerald. "And very soon the world will find out, and will tell you, whether you can paint or not."

"But do I complain?" said the other, fetching over some fresh-water and a tumbler. "Do I howl? Have you seen me lie down on the floor and squeal? Bless the laddie, I've my wits left. And I'm thinking that, now this machine o' yours is fairly on the rails, ye'd better have a day's holiday the morn; and I'll take ye and show ye as fine a bit o' wilderness within five miles o' this very place as ye'd want to find in Canada. Will ye go?"

"Won't I?" said Master Willie, who had discovered that a walk in the country with this keen-eyed, talkative, dogmatic person was in itself a sort of liberal education. But then again he added: "No, not to-morrow. We will put it off for a few days, till I see how this thing is really going."

"You are as cautious as a Scotchman," said his friend, with a laugh. "Well, here's to the magazine, and to you, and to all good fellows; and may the black deil be aye a long way away from us!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

FROM the Philharmonic concerts of the last generation in the old Apollo Rooms upon Broadway below Canal Street, and from the Italian opera, and opera singers, of which Mr. Richard Grant White, the master critic of that day, is giving us charming reminiscences, to the Music Festival of 1882 in the Seventh Regiment Armory, is a step of progress which is amazing and incredible. The Philharmonic audience was a pleasant little assembly, which listened doubtfully to the music of Beethoven pleasantly played by a moderate orchestra. The Festival audience was a vast multitude bursting into a tumult of delight over the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and Wagner, played incomparably by a vast orchestra of three hundred exquisitely trained musicians, and the mighty Handelian choruses rolled sublimely forth from a host of three thousand voices.

It was not the first music festival in the country. There had been festivals in Cincinnati and Chicago, and a monster performance in Boston, and the admirable Damrosch Festival in New York. But the legitimate grandeur of the Festival of this year, the symmetrical precision and perfection of the orchestra, over whose wonderful richness of effect the spirits of the great masters might well have hovered, satisfied and approving; the vast chorus gathered from different cities, which, suddenly brought together, blended under the magic baton of the conductor in a majestic and inspiring volume of sound; and the solo singers, greatest of the world in their various kinds, from the grand dignity of Materna to the exquisite delicacy and grace of vocalization of Gerster, and from the broad, manly, fresh vigor of Candidus to the sweet and fervid charm of Campanini—all these combined to make the first week of May memorable, and to indicate the high-water mark in the musical annals of the country.

We have mentioned the various musical elements of this great success, but we have not mentioned the supreme organizing and directing force. Many things were important to the result, but one thing was indispensable. That

was the conductor. It was a misfortune that Miss Cary was unwell, and could not appear until the last day. It would have been a serious blow had Madame Materna been prevented by any reason from appearing, or had she failed to justify the high anticipation that awaited her coming. But it would have been fatal had any mishap befallen Theodore Thomas. In the sense that Napoleon was Austerlitz, Thomas was the Festival. Without Napoleon, there had been no Austerlitz; without Thomas, no Festival. For him, indeed, it was a peculiar triumph. To those who have known his long, unwearied, most efficient, and most unselfish devotion to the development and education of the best musical taste in this country, it was a profound satisfaction to feel the immense musical success of this Festival. The long selection of music to be performed was of sustained excellence. There was no attempt to catch a cheap applause, or to tickle the ears of a multitude. The purpose was not superficial entertainment, but the enjoyment that comes from the highest art.

As those who were directly interested in the preparations saw the leader massing his vocal and instrumental lines to scale the rugged and perpendicular heights of the most inaccessible Beethoven and Handelian chorals, or to thread the weird and bewildering labyrinths of the Wagnerian orchestration, they could not but feel that at least the director was no doubting Thomas, and his courageous confidence inspired the enterprise. Indeed, that is the secret of Mr. Thomas's success. He believes in his cause, and therefore he conquers. He believes that the public will accept and enjoy the best music, and he makes them enjoy it. When it was asked of a certain concert whether it was not beyond the public taste, the answer was, "This is the only way to lift the public taste." Like the old warrior who hurled his javelin far into the ranks of the enemy, and fought his way forward to recover it, Thomas flings his baton higher and higher toward the pure and awful peaks, and we all gladly press after, up, up, into a more inspiring air and a broader and grander horizon.

But even Napoleon must be able to depend upon his associates. Every provision for the movement of the army and for its actual operations must be promptly and definitely made, or there is no victory. The preliminary arrangements for the conduct of so great an enterprise are necessarily immense. They involve an appalling detail, and demand for their effectiveness a careful attention to minute points and a power of organization which are not readily to be comprehended. To every one who saw the spectacle of the vast hall on the opening evening—the admirable and beautiful disposition of the orchestra and chorus; the felicitous distribution of the space upon the floor; the convenient entrances and exits; the heavy hangings to deaden any reverberation; the precision and promptness with which the audience was seated; the clear aisles; the universal order—it was obvious that those who had had charge of the hall were singularly fitted for the happy discharge of their duty. And when, on the Handel night, the stupendous chorus was massed to the roof in the vast space before and above the audience, and the spectator knew that half of the singers came from other cities, and had been brought every one to his place in the hall by the supervising care of other volunteers like those of the Hall Committee—a care which would provide for every one until all were safely returned to their homes—it was again evident that the work which had been done silently and invisibly to accomplish results apparently so easily achieved must have been enormous.

So it was at every point. The admirable and instructive Book of the Festival; the pretty programmes, designed in different but excellent taste for every concert, were all signs of that care and tact and ability with which everything was done. And it was all the work of volunteers; of young men who, for the love of music, and with perfect confidence in the masterly leadership of Thomas in such an enterprise, and in the support of the great city, freely and gladly gave their time and the untiring labor of many weeks to the promotion of the triumph which was achieved. Their labors were as unselfish as they were efficient. The Music Festival is a signal illustration of a kind of public spirit the existence of which in New York has been often denied. It is but just that the Easy Chair, which knows the modest and effective service of this group of gentlemen, should bear public testimony to the extraordinary ability which they displayed, and to a harmony of co-operation which was unbroken even by a word.

Besides the musical director the most interesting single figure of the Festival was Madame Materna. Her name was known to a certain musical class in this country, the especial admirers of Wagner, but it had little significance beyond that circle. Wagner, indeed, was satisfied with her rendering of his music, and as that fact implied a voice and a manner of the truly "grand style," there was eager expectation among musical persons. It is the highest praise of the singer that the anticipation was fulfilled. On the first evening of the Festival Madame Materna appeared. The audience saw a dark-haired woman of commanding presence and dignified self-possession, and they heard a full, rich, sympathetic voice of great power. When she had ended the aria from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, it was universally felt that she was the greatest of living singers of the grand manner. The audience rose with enthusiastic acclamation, waving hats and handkerchiefs. Seven times she was recalled, and, plainly proud and gratified, she bowed her acknowledgments and shook heartily the hand of Mr. Thomas, and finally yielding to the imperative demand, she repeated the con-

clusion of the *scena* amid the same vociferous delight. The charm of Materna—beyond her personal attraction, which is very great, a sincere and captivating manner united to an impressive beauty—lies in the broad phrasing of her ample voice, her deep dramatic feeling, her profound sympathy with the music, and that distinctive quality of the great artist, which Jenny Lind also had, a complete subordination of herself to the music, so that her voice becomes only the chief of the instruments, enriched and deepened by human intelligence and the fervor of human passion. Madame Materna's success was great and unequivocal. It was a beautiful contrast which was offered by Madame Gerster, whose *fioritura* was never more airily exquisite, and whose delicate and true tone was poured out with a daring and trilling brilliancy which on the Italian afternoon enchanted the vast throng. Nor must a word of praise of Mr. Candidus be spared. A manly, sweet, fresh, and robust tenor, his style was so broad and fine, and his delivery so masterly, that Signor Campanini's laurels were fairly imperiled, and the red and white roses of the rival royal houses were confessed to be of an equal beauty.

As the week's performances ended toward Saturday midnight amid a tumult of delight from the thousands that crowded the vast hall, and after five minutes of a continuous roar of demand from the audience that would not depart until he appeared, Mr. Thomas came forward to receive such a greeting as we have never seen surpassed upon any occasion. Amid the tornado of excited applause, the retiring auditor of a philosophic and contemplative turn undoubtedly asked himself what was the real permanent result of so great a musical triumph. The result, however, was evident. It is shown that a "festival" need not be merely a series of "big," or "monster," or "mammoth" concerts, but that larger numbers both of instruments and singers may greatly increase the true effect of the music. Indeed, the grandest choral effects require vast space and a mighty volume of sound, which are possible only under the conditions of a festival, and most of the finest contemporary instrumental music contemplates an immense orchestra. Nor is an adequate voice and a noble manner lost in a festival, however large the space.

Moreover, the popular interest awakened by such an enterprise, and the education that attends the admirable rendering of admirable music, are in themselves incentives to such festivals, and vindications of their usefulness. Experience will show how the cost can be reduced so that they may become true popular concerts. One such success, indeed, points the way to further progress, and the experience of 1881 and of 1882 in New York has demonstrated that such undertakings, when worthy of support, will be amply sustained; and it is to be hoped that some permanent result of them may appear in the form of a fitting building for the noblest performances of orchestra, chorus, and opera, as well as for purposes of musical education.

"THE beauty of Israel has fallen in its high place," said the voice of Emerson's friend and neighbor, Judge Hoar, trembling and almost hushed in emotion; and everybody who heard felt the singular felicity of the words. The plain little country church was crowded, and a vast throng stood outside in the peaceful April sunshine. Before the pulpit—the eyes forever closed, the voice forever silent—lay the man whose aspect of sweet and majestic serenity Death had not touched, and which recalled his own words: "Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house." It was the man who was beloved of his neighbors and honored by the world, whose modest counsel in grave affairs guided the village, and whose thought led the thought of Christendom. "He belonged to all men, but he is peculiarly ours," said Judge Hoar, truly, speaking for the quiet historic town of which Emerson's grandfather had been the minister, and in which he lived during the larger part of his life, and to which his memory will lend an imperishable charm.

Concord when he first knew it was already famous. A hundred years ago, at the bridge over the placid river, the Middlesex farmers, hastening as minute-men from all the neighboring country, had obeyed the first military command to fire upon the King's regulars, and the red-coated regulars, turning, had begun, amid the blazing patriot volley of twenty miles, their long retreat to Yorktown and over the sea. At the point where the highway by which the soldiers marched enters the village, under the hill along whose ridge the hurrying countrymen pressed to cut off the soldiers' retreat, lived for more than forty years the scholar who belongs to Concord as Shakespeare belongs to Stratford.

"Nature," said Emerson in his first book, written in the Old Manse at Concord, which Hawthorne afterward inhabited, and which he has so beautifully commemorated—"Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man; only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathize with Jesus. And in common life whoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him—the persons, the opinions, and the day, and nature became ancillary

to a man." So is Emerson associated with the tranquil landscape of the old Middlesex town —the gentle hills, the long sweep of meadow-land, the winding river, the woodland, and the pastures under the ample sky. The broad horizon and rural repose were the fitting home of the lofty and beneficent genius whose life and word perpetually illustrated the supreme worth and beauty of truth, purity, and morality. Whoever saw him there or elsewhere, saw the "sweet and virtuous soul" which George Herbert likened to seasoned timber that never gives.

The sincerity and serenity of Emerson's character were unsurpassed. The freshness and glow of his interest in life were perennial. With a sober tenderness of regret he said to a friend who congratulated him upon his seventieth birthday, "Yet it is a little sad to me, for I count to-day the end of youth." In no other sense than the lapse of years, however, was it true. That auroral freshness of soul which is the distinctive charm of youth lingered when even memory somewhat failed. "How long it is since I have seen you!" he said at Longfellow's funeral to a friend whom he had accosted just before. But he said it with all that heartiness of sympathy and expectation which, in the golden prime of his life, when he was in many ways the most striking and original figure in his country, made him greet every comer as if he expected to hear from him a wiser word than had yet been spoken. A youth, fascinated by this simple graciousness of manner, declared that Emerson greeted the most ordinary persons like a King of Spain receiving an ambassador from the Great Mogul. The expectancy of his manner implied that every man had some message to deliver, and he bent himself to hear.

But his shrewdness of perception was exquisite. He did not take dross because he hoped for gold. His reproof was as sure and incisive as the stroke of a delicate Damascus blade. When a young man, hearing Emerson say that everybody ought to read Plato, followed his advice, and read, he thought, with the audacity of youth, that he detected faults in Plato, and wrote an essay to set them forth. He asked Emerson to read it, and when he returned it to the youth, Emerson said, pleasantly, "My boy, when you strike at the king, you must kill him." One day he sat at dinner with a distinguished company of statesmen. He was by far the most famous man at the table; but he modestly followed the conversation, turning from each guest who spoke, to the next, with the old sweet gravity of earnest expectation. When all the notable company had gone, a guest who remained said to him: "I saw you talking with the English Minister. He is a brilliant man, and I hope that you found him agreeable." "A very pleasant gentleman," replied Emerson; "but he does not represent the England that I know."

Despite this sharp apprehension, however, Emerson was sometimes unable to find any charm in writings which have apparently taken a permanent place in literature. He could see nothing interesting or valuable in Shelley. "When I read Shelley," he once said, "I am like a man who thinks that he sees gold at the bottom of a stream. He reaches for it, but his hands come up cold, with a little common sand in them." The waywardness and disorder of Shelley's life may have troubled him. But this would not have affected his intellectual judgment. His acute intellect was supremely independent and absolutely courageous. "He must embrace solitude as a bride," he said of the scholar: "he must have his glees and his glooms alone." When as a young man he quietly closed his pulpit door, and declined to preach any more, because he no longer felt any value in certain religious rites, there was no protest, nor ostentation, nor newspaper "sensation." It was simply the closing of a book that he had read, and the amazement and censure and grief of others could not possibly persuade him to do, or to say, or to affect, the thing that was not true. Emerson's moral and intellectual integrity was transparently simple, but it was sublime. It was not expressed in stormy self-assertion nor cynical contempt. It spoke in tranquil and beautiful affirmation, perfectly courteous, but absolutely sincere.

But no man more charitably and diligently sought to understand others, and to be just to what was obscure and foreign to him. He listened patiently to music. But it did not charm him. He was punctual in the duties of a citizen. But he had no proper political tastes. Yet for the true politics, the application of the moral law to the control of public affairs, no man was more perceptive or uncompromising. He was always on the right side of great public questions. His hospitable sympathy entertained every good cause, and in all our antislavery literature there is no nobler or more permanent work than his address upon the anniversary of West India emancipation in 1844. The only cloud that ever arose upon his regard for Carlyle was his displeasure with Carlyle's contemptuous and cynical sneers at our civil war. He was deeply impatient of doubtful and half-hearted Americans during the war. "They call themselves gentlemen, I believe," he said of certain persons, and in a tone which showed that his lofty and patriotic honor instinctively and utterly repudiated the pinchbeck claims of educated feebleness to bear "the grand old name of gentleman."

Those who recall Emerson when he was a clergyman in Boston remember a singular spiritual beauty in the man, and an indescribable charm of manner in his public speech. But apparently he impressed his earlier associates with the purity and refinement of his mind and life, his lofty intellectual tastes and sympathy, and his literary accomplishment, rather than by the peculiar force of a genius which was to give the most powerful spiritual im-

pulse of the generation to American thought. This is the more singular because there was always something breezy and heroic in his tone, which might have led to the suspicion of the fact that he was from the first a fond reader of Plutarch, from whose *Lives* he draws so many illustrations. As in a mountain walk the traveller is suddenly aware of wafts of perfumed air, now of the wild grape blossom, now of the azalea or sweet-brier, so the strain of Emerson suggests his sympathy with Plutarch and Montaigne, the Oriental poets and the Platonists.

But no one could describe accurately his "system" of philosophy, nor fit him into a "school" of poetry. He was content to call himself a scholar, and no name was more significant and precious to him. He shunned notoriety, but he had the instinctive desire of every artist and of all genius for an audience. When a friend asked him of a young man whose literary talent had seemed to him to promise great achievement, Emerson said: "He does nothing; and I doubted his genius when I saw that he did not seek a hearing." When his own first slight volume, *Nature*, was published, they were but a few, a very few, who perceived in it the ripe and beautiful work of a master in literature and thought. The richness and originality and picturesque simplicity of this book, its subtle perception, its tone of jubilant power, and the soft glimmering light of lofty imagination which irradiates every page, do not lose by familiarity, and are as charming, although of course not so surprising, as when they first took captive the readers of nearly fifty years ago. With the eagerness of classification which characterizes many active minds, Emerson was immediately labelled a Berkeleyan, an idealist, and a mystic. But he eluded the precise classification as noiselessly and surely as a cloud changes its form. Astonishment, satire, indignation, contradiction, spent themselves in vain. Like a rose-tree in June, which blossoms sweetly whether the air be chilly or sunny, his thought quietly flowered into exquisite expression. You might like it or leave it. But the rose would be still a rose.

There was a fashion of calling Emerson obscure. But there is no style in literature of more poetic precision than his. It is full of surprises of beauty and aptness. His central doctrine of the identity of men, the grandeur of every man's opportunity, and the essential poetry of the circumstances of common life, was a living faith. "The great man," he said, "makes the great thing." "In the sighing of these woods; in the quiet of these gray fields; in the cool breeze that sings out of these Northern mountains; in the workmen, the boys, the maidens you meet; in the hopes of the morning, the ennui of noon, and sauntering of the afternoon; in the disquieting comparisons; in the regrets at want of vigor; in the great idea and puny execution—behold Charles the Fifth's day; another, yet the same; behold Chatham's, Hampden's, Bayard's, Alfred's, Scipio's, Pericles's day—day of all that are born of women. The difference of circumstance is merely costume. I am tasting the self-same life—its sweetness, its greatness, its pain—which I so admire in other men." The temptation to complete the splendid passage is almost irresistible. But in every page you are drawn on as in a stately symphony of winning music.

This passage is from the Dartmouth College address, and it has all the flowing cadence of a discourse written to be spoken. Yet Emerson had little of the orator's temperament save the desire of an audience, and an earnestness which was pure and not passionate. But no orator in the country has exercised a deeper or more permanent influence. His discourses were but essays, but their thought was so noble, their form so symmetrical, their tone so lofty, and they were spoken with such alluring rhythm, that they threw over young minds a spell which no other eloquence could command. Emerson himself was very susceptible to the power of fine oratory. No man ever praised more warmly the charm of Everett in his earlier day. When Webster delivered his eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson in Faneuil Hall, Emerson was teaching in Cambridge, and Richard H. Dana, Jun., was one of his pupils. The day before Webster spoke, the teacher announced that there would be no school upon the morrow, and he earnestly exhorted his pupils not to lose the memorable opportunity of hearing the great orator. Dana was of an age to prefer fishing to oratory, and strolled off with his line to the river, where he passed the day. When school was resumed, Mr. Emerson with sympathetic interest asked him if he had heard Webster. The fisher, half ashamed, reluctantly owned his absence. Emerson looked at him with regret and almost pain, and said to him, gravely: "My boy, I am very sorry; you have lost what you can never recover, and what you will regret to the last day of your life."

But those who heard his own Divinity School address, or the Cambridge or Dartmouth oration, or the Emancipation address, would not exchange that recollection even to have heard the Olympian orator in Faneuil Hall. "Tell me," said a Senator famous for his oratory, to a friend in Washington, "what do you call eloquence? Repeat to me an eloquent passage." The friend quoted from Emerson the unequalled passage from the Dartmouth College address in which the scholar appeals to the young men to be true to the ideals of their youth—a passage which no generous youth can read to-day without deep emotion and a thrill of high resolve. The Senator listened with an air of perplexed incredulity. "Do you call that eloquent? Now see what I call eloquence," and he declaimed a glowing piece of rhetoric with ardent feeling. It was a passage from Charles Sprague's Fourth-of-July oration in Boston sixty years ago. But effective as it was, his friend reminded the Senator that if the test of elo-

quence be glow of feeling and splendor and sincerity of expression, with an inner power of appeal which searches the heart and moulds the life, no really greater results in this country could be traced to any speech than to that of Emerson, who read the greater part of his essays as addresses, and who sometimes reached a lyrical strain which not the magnificent Burke nor any other great orator surpasses.

—To talk of Emerson, even if the talker were not of the circle of his intimate friends, is to raise the flood-gate of happy and inspiring recollections. It is one of the tenderest of the thoughts that hover around his memory, as the low winds sigh through the pine-trees over his grave, that, as with Longfellow, there are no excuses to be made for grotesque eccentricities of genius, nor for a life at any point unworthy of so great a soul. He said of his friend Thoreau, who is buried near him, that he was like the Alpine climber who gathers the edelweiss, the flower that blooms at the very edge of the glacier. He too lived at those pure heights, and taught us how to tread them undazzled and undismayed. Happy teacher, whose long and lovely life illustrated the dignity and excellence of the truth, old as the morning and as ever fresh, that fidelity to the divine law written upon the conscience is the only safe law of life for every man. Noble and beneficent preacher, who, in a sense that the pensive Goldsmith did not intend,

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

THE portrait of Mr. Emerson which is the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine is an engraving by W. B. Closson from the drawing by Samuel Rowse, made several years ago for Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge. An exquisite steel engraving was made from the drawing by S. A. Schoff, and is for sale by John A. Lowell and Co., Boston. Of the great merits of the engraving the Easy Chair has spoken at length. It is undoubtedly the portrait of Mr. Emerson which, taken in his prime, and beautifully engraved, is the most satisfactory to those who knew him best.

A "REGULAR reader" writes from Alabama that it is rather hard upon him to send an uncut Magazine every month, and compel him to spend a half-hour cutting every sheet. But how if we send a cut Magazine to his neighbor, who binds it according to his taste, and who would severely call us to account should we leave him no margin to his page? There is also a large multitude who do not bind the Magazine, but who see that the broader margin adds greatly to the effect of the engravings. There are very different tastes and desires among our readers, as our Alabama friend will see. But we hope to be able to gratify them all.

Indeed, what is the true motto of a popular magazine, if not "We aim to please?" And how successfully not only the long line of volumes and the constantly increasing host of readers attest in general, but in particular we have a late very pleasant testimony. In a late number of the *Woman's Journal*, Mr. Higginson gives a surprising and interesting account of a brave woman in New Hampshire, who suddenly lost all her income excepting an available annual amount of forty dollars. She was threatened with blindness, and had a paralyzed arm. But she carefully surveyed and calculated, and finally assigned seventeen dollars of the forty for food, thirteen for fuel, and ten for reading. The details of the experiment are exceedingly interesting, and she succeeded. But we confess that it was with peculiar pride that we encountered the following passage in the story of this heroic and intelligent woman:

"The home-made shoes shut off the shoe bill at the store, and gave me *Harper's Magazine*, with pages more irradiated through the economy and contrivance by which I had possessed myself of them than by the learning and genius of the writers, I might almost say. At least the having worked through difficulties to obtain the Magazine imparted the keenest zest and enjoyment to the reading. I had fought with poverty for a prize, beat down the grim monster, and come off victorious; and as I turned the freighted, sparkling pages, my heart sang a song of triumph. I would put on my half-mittens, wrap my double gray blanket all around me, put a freestone to my feet, and go to my reading, wondering and doubting if in any sumptuous parlor of wealth or magnificence a lady in diamonds and velvets sat down to her magazine with the zest and pleasure I did. Of course not: every day brought new books and periodicals to her hand, to be skimmed over and lightly tossed aside. My one or two were read and re-read and thought upon; and the current number was not passed when its successor came."

If our Alabama friend subscribes at this office, and will indicate his preference, a cut copy of the Magazine will be sent to him. If he subscribes at his bookseller's, a word to him will secure the same result. But those who preserve the Magazine generally prefer the uncut form.

Editor's Literary Record.

ORDINARILY Mr. Froude is not what one would call a genial writer; in fact, he is such only on rare occasions. But in all his literary efforts, even when they are most purely speculative, or most largely pervaded with his chronic tendency to doubt, he is in such dead earnest, is so provocative of thought, so keen in his analysis, so acute in his intellectual perceptions, so dogmatic and peremptory in his assertions and deductions, and his style is so studded with sparkling antithesis and ingenious though oftentimes bewildering paradox, that his sourest critic would scarcely venture to call him dull or commonplace. But if

Mr. Froude is genial on rare occasions only, numberless passages in his *History of England*, and in his biographical sketch of Cæsar, and elsewhere, show that on such occasions he can be felicitously so, proving that if he has failed hitherto to reach the popular ear and heart, it is not from any defect of his literary style or mental equipment, but rather from the difficult and abstract nature of the questions which have engrossed his attention. It is needless, however, to reason from his past performances, since his latest work, *The Life of Carlyle*,[1] settles the matter beyond a peradventure. There may have been more engaging subjects for a biography than Carlyle; there certainly have been biographers who have had more attractive materials to work with than were within reach of Mr. Froude; but among renowned modern Englishmen and men of letters there has been no figure more richly endowed than the figure of Carlyle with the elements of rugged and picturesque grandeur, and there is no living biographer who has used the material at his disposal with more consummate skill, tact, discretion, and tenderness than Mr. Froude, or who has produced a more genial and life-like portrait. As its title-page indicates, Mr. Froude's biography is confined to the early period of Carlyle's life in Scotland, from his birth in 1795 till, to use Carlyle's own expressive phrase, he *bolted* from Craigenputtock, soured but not hopeless, in 1834, at the age of thirty-nine, to enter upon his memorable and life-long London career, after having done much good literary work, prominent among which were his translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, and various other translations from the German, his *Life of Schiller*, sundry articles for reviews and encyclopædias, and *Sartor Resartus*. In the preparation of his biography Mr. Froude has freely availed of the letters of Carlyle himself, of Mrs. Carlyle (both before and after their marriage), of Carlyle's early friends (conspicuous among whom stands Edward Irving), and of his parents and brothers; and he has also drawn largely from the autobiographical material not dimly shadowed in *Sartor Resartus*, and lavishly scattered over Carlyle's unpublished journal and note-books and his recently published *Reminiscences*, the whole supplemented by information derived personally from Carlyle during his later years. The work abounds in fine pictures of the healthy rustic life of the class in which Carlyle was born and reared, and of the strong family affection, strengthened by poverty, and nurtured by acts of self-denial and mutual help, which bound the Carlyles together as if with clamps of steel; and it is not merely a narrative of the incidents of Carlyle's every-day life, education, courtship, marriage, and literary aspirations, or of his struggles to find the career for which he was best suited, but is also and pre-eminently an account of the inner workings of his mind, in which the current of his moral, religious, and intellectual character is traced with the most minute and affectionate precision. Largely as it is drawn from Carlyle's own *Reminiscences*, Mr. Froude's biography presents the man in softer lines than he appeared in that strange medley of coarseness and truculence, egotism and selfishness, magnanimity and tenderness, strength and weakness; and this without any deliberate falsification of fact, but with a better appreciation of Carlyle's real character than he himself was capable of, since most of the faults and extravagances of the *Reminiscences* are chargeable to the pangs Carlyle suffered from his life-long foe dyspepsia. These wrung from his naturally dogged and irritable temperament distempered and bitter views and estimates of men and things, which he set down with the unveracious, because exaggerated, veracity that was characteristic of him whenever he experienced the grinding tortures inflicted on his "bad, bad stomach" by chronic indigestion. In a prefatory note Mr. Froude announces that at no distant day the publication will follow of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, which he assures us are a better history of the London life of herself and her husband than he or any other could write, and that afterward, if he lives to do it, he will add a brief account of Carlyle's last years, when they were in constant intercourse with each other.

[1] *Thomas Carlyle.* A History of the First Forty Years of his Life. 1795–1835. By James Anthony Froude. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two Volumes in One. 12mo, pp. 252 and 298. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. "Franklin Square Library." Two Volumes. 4to, pp. 72 and 78. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Heretofore the memoirs and biographies of Copley, sometimes not inaptly styled "the American Vandyck," have been mostly occupied with the details of the artistic side of his life. They have made us acquainted with his career and tastes and methods as an artist, and with the technical and other incidents that attended the production of the portraits and of the historical and figurative paintings to which he owes his reputation; but aside from their anecdotal recital of certain idiosyncrasies and peculiarities, partly natural to his temperament and partly growing out of his professional environments, they dwell very lightly upon, and certainly do not satisfactorily introduce us to him in, his every-day life, or reveal the natural and unstudied movements of his mind and affections as they were exhibited in his family. While it is undoubtedly true that our interest in the man is due to his eminence in his art, and that, therefore, prominence should be given to his artistic career and productions, yet this eminence naturally makes us the more solicitous to learn what manner of man he was in the ordinary round of social and domestic life. Without passing unobservantly over his artistic career, but, on the contrary, often pausing to give us interesting glimpses of the incidents and events that most

powerfully influenced it, and touching lightly but intelligently upon his professional methods and the characteristics of his works, a memoir prepared by his granddaughter, Mrs. Martha Babcock Amory, entitled *The Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley, R.A.*,[2] just now posthumously published, introduces us very fully, and with charming grace and delicacy, to the inner and family life of the artist. Mrs. Amory's narrative graphically depicts the period of struggle and preparation in Copley's early years, and follows him closely through his novitiate of travel and study in Italy, through the active and laborious years that witnessed and assured his popularity and renown, and through the closing evening of his life, darkened by pecuniary disappointments and embarrassments. The materials of the memoir are derived in great part from Mrs. Amory's own vivid recollections, and from the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Copley, his sisters, his daughters, and his son (afterward the eminent Lord Lyndhurst), in illustration of the domestic and familiar life of the artist, and of the motives, hopes, and ambitions that checkered it, and gave tone to his character. The volume is a delightful memorial, marked throughout by refined good taste and fine discernment. Very appropriately, Mrs. Amory has coupled with her affectionate memoir of her gifted grandfather a sketch of his distinguished son, in which she exhibits the Lord Chancellor's filial tenderness and disinterested fraternal love to great advantage, most effectively disposing of the false and harsh judgment, denying his capacity for or practice of those virtues, that was passed upon him by Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Chancellors*. The life of Lord Lyndhurst was so intimately interwoven with that of his father, and when the father broke down and died, leaving his affairs in a condition of great embarrassment, he so lovingly and dutifully put himself in his place, and assumed and discharged all his obligations, that the recital of the life of the one would seem incomplete without an account of the life of the other. Mrs. Amory has therefore wisely associated the two lives in her piously affectionate and unaffected memorial.

It must not be surmised of the celebrated *Richard Bentley*,[3] an admirable sketch of whose life, literary labors, and place in literature has been prepared for the "English Men of Letters Series" by Professor Jebb, of the University of Glasgow, that because he was merely a great classical scholar, his life was therefore a colorless one. Naturally of a resolute and combative temperament, from his entrance upon the stage to the close of his busy career his life was a succession of battles, none the less bitter and exasperating because they were waged over purely literary and intellectual issues; and in all of them he bore himself so courageously and aggressively against great odds, and with such transcendent ability, as to win the applause of all men of genuine learning in England and on the Continent who were his contemporaries, and to secure the admiration of scholars at this remote day. But it is not upon the vigor or the success of his rapidly recurring conflicts that Bentley's true reputation rests, though these were often the inciting causes of his most important investigations and discoveries. The pioneer, and in a sense the founder, of the modern science of textual criticism, one of the earliest and ablest restorers of classical learning in Europe, a critical and grammatical commentator to whose profound learning and great sagacity all subsequent critics and commentators are deeply indebted, the discoverer of the principles upon which the sciences of historical and comparative philology have been reared, it is no exaggeration to say that Bentley's ideas have influenced those who have since become the leaders of thought in the provinces of linguistic knowledge and of classical antiquities as perhaps no other individual has influenced them. Without the aid of the four branches of scholarship —study of manuscripts, study of inscriptions, comparative philology, and archæology— which within the last fifty years have become scientific, but in Bentley's day were practically non-existent—Bentley, a century and a half ago, by the force of his own unassisted genius, discovered the principles upon which they are based, and applied them, as Dr. Jebb plainly shows, "with an insight which the most recent researches, aided by new resources, recognize as extraordinary." Apart from its lively interest as a personal memoir, Dr. Jebb's monograph has a special claim upon the attention of advanced classical students for its scholarly account of Bentley's works and of his critical and literary methods, and its able reflections on the nature of his place in that development of scholarship which extends from the fifteenth century to our own day.

Mr. Alfred Barbou's *Life and Times of Victor Hugo*[4] is an interesting souvenir of the greatest and most venerated of living Frenchmen, introducing us, as it does, familiarly to the inner circle of his domestic and social life, and depicting him with captivating minuteness in his varied character as poet, philoso-

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[2] *The Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley, R.A.* With Notices of his Works, and Reminiscences of his Son, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. By his Granddaughter, Martha Babcock Amory. 8vo, pp. 478. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[3] *Bentley.* "English Men of Letters Series." By R. C. Jebb, M.A., LL.D., etc. 12mo, pp. 221. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Victor Hugo and his Time.* By Alfred Barbou. Illustrated with 120 Drawings by MM. Émile Bayard, Clerget, Fichel, Jules Garnier, Gervex, Giacomelli, Ch. Gosselin, Laurens, Lix, Olivier Merson, Morin, Scott, Vogel,, etc., and a great number of Drawings by Victor Hugo, engraved by Méaulle. Translated from the French by Ellen E. Frewer. Royal 8vo, pp. 275. New York: Harper and Brothers.

pher, dramatist, novelist, orator, statesman, critic, and exile. The life of Victor Hugo has been as full of romance as the life of any of the creations of his imagination. Its vicissitudes have been as great, if not as dramatic or as tragic; and although they may not always have been borne with the equanimity that is inseparable from the highest dignity, they never cast him into the depths of despair. Contrariwise, after he had first given utterance to passionate outcries of wrath that echoed with almost sublime reverberations throughout the world, his wrongs invariably stimulated him to renewed and grander manifestations of his genius. Mr. Barbou follows the steps of the poet closely, in the spirit of the collector of anecdotal ana rather than in that of the biographer, and is specially full in his account of the incidents that attended the preparation, publication, and reception of Hugo's masterpieces. It is true this is not the highest form of biographical art, but what his memoir lacks in quality is measurably compensated for by the abundance, the minuteness, and the felicitous discursiveness of its heterogeneous details. The value of the volume as a souvenir of the poet is enhanced by a number of his own drawings, by fac-similes of several of his letters, and by numerous drawings by eminent French artists, illustrative of passages or characters in his works, and of places associated with the events of his life and times.

The Origin of Nations,[5] by Canon Rawlinson, is an important contribution to apologetics. In no sense merely excusatory of defects or deficiencies in the evidences for the credibility of the earlier books of the Bible, it is a powerful assertion of their truthfulness and accuracy, directed more especially to a refutation of the attacks that have been made upon them on historical grounds. To this, under the head of "Early Civilizations," the author has devoted the first part of his volume, and in the nine elaborate essays composing it he examines the two principal lines of argument that have been employed by some able scholars to establish, first, the historical certainty of a settled monarchy having existed in Egypt from at least 5000 B.C., which, if it were fact, would be incompatible with the truth of the chronological numbers of the Pentateuch; and second, the very early existence of civilization in various parts of the world, from a period when, on the assumption of the hypothesis that man was originally an absolute savage, about a hundred thousand years must have elapsed from the first beginnings of man to his development into his present civilized condition. Canon Rawlinson traverses these arguments, and discredits the evidence upon which they are based. He addresses himself to show that the hypothesis that the primitive condition of man was one of pure savagery is a bare assumption; and also that the condition of man's civilization at any period is no evidence of its antiquity, since it has sometimes retrograded, and what is credited as primitive is often of comparatively recent date. He further shows that the evidence on which scholars rest the antiquity of civilization, and consequently of man's beginnings, is conflicting, and based on insufficient, misleading, or false premises, as, for instance, where the lives of Egyptian monarchs, and the periods of its monarchy which were undoubtedly contemporaneous, have not only been extended beyond all probable or possible limits, but have been made to follow each other continuously, thus giving a duration to dynasties and reigns which has no foundation in fact or probability; and that, as a matter of fact, civilization, instead of having existed in Egypt as early as B.C. 5000 or 7000, can nowhere be traced to a date anterior to B.C. 2500. In establishing these points the author recites and reviews the results arrived at by the most eminent scholars, with reference severally to the antiquity of civilization in Egypt, Phœnicia, Babylon, Assyria, Media, Persia, and India, and shows the general, and in most cases remarkable, agreement (except in a single instance) of the accepted results of modern chronology, in the conclusion that the past history of civilized man is limited to a date less than 4400 years before the Christian era, and their admirable harmony with the Biblical numbers given in the Septuagint. The second part of the treatise is directed to the accordance of the ethnology of Genesis with the latest results of modern ethnographical science. After a careful and learned survey of the ground, and a critical examination of all the points involved, Canon Rawlinson unhesitatingly asserts that in no respect is there any contradiction between the teaching of modern ethnographical science and the venerable record contained in the Book of Genesis; but that, on the contrary, the record, rightly interpreted, completely harmonizes with the science, and not only so, but even anticipates many of the most curious and remarkable of the discoveries which ethnology has made in comparatively recent times. The thorough harmony which exists between ethnological science and this unique record, he conceives to be a strong argument for the truth of both.

It can not be urged against General Badeau's *Military History of General Grant*,[6] as it is often and justly urged against biographical writings, that its author is not fully in sympathy with the subject of his memoir, or that his attitude is that of a judge and critic rather than

[5] *The Origin of Nations.* In Two Parts: On Early Civilizations, On Ethnic Affinities, etc. By George Rawlinson, M.A. 16mo, pp. 283. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[6] *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant.* From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By Adam Badeau, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. A., late Military Secretary to the General-in-Chief. In Three Volumes, 8vo, pp. 683, 591, and 733. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

of a cordial and appreciative admirer. General Badeau's admiration of General Grant is hearty and unqualified, extending alike to the military and personal character of the great soldier; and while it is only just to say that he never indulges in extravagant panegyric, or lapses into fulsome adulation, yet the effects of both are often produced by his utter silence as to those defects in character and conduct which are common to human kind. So absolute is his silence in this respect that, if we accept his record, the character of General Grant presents the anomaly of a man who never made a mistake, whose prescience was never at fault, whose judgment was infallible, and who was without those small defects, shortcomings, and errors of temperament, judgment, and conduct, from which the most illustrious characters in every age have not been wholly exempt. This studied silence is the more striking from the fact that General Badeau is a keen critic of the defects and short-comings of the great soldiers (always excepting Sherman and Sheridan) who commanded under Grant; is swift to point out, sometimes with unnecessary minuteness and acerbity, such of their deficiencies as in his judgment were attributable to temperament or idiosyncrasy, to defective natural traits and professional endowments, or to other less excusable causes; and is outspoken in his criticism and condemnation of their alleged blunders, mistakes, or incapacities. As, however, the work is not strictly a biography, but is a record of the military history of General Grant during the war of the rebellion, and of his military plans, methods, and operations, first in a subordinate department, and afterward when, as General-in-chief, he inspired and controlled the movements of all the armies, and concentrated them upon a single object with inflexible tenacity of purpose, the reticence and indiscreet criticisms to which allusion has been made do not seriously affect the intrinsic value of the memoir. No adventitious aids were needed to place the military genius and sterling soldierly virtues of General Grant in their true light, or to assist us to recognize the simplicity, the modesty, the self-control, the fertility of resources, the manly consideration for others, the deference to the civil authority, the temperate exercise of the great powers that were intrusted to him, the equanimity that neither disappointments, nor reverses, nor victories could disturb, the unconquerable will, the buoyant energy, and the solid judgment that characterized General Grant during the whole of his military career. Sufficient for all this, and sufficient also for an adequate conception of the vast machinery that was employed and the vast issues that were at stake, and for an intelligent comprehension of the scope, details, and consequences of the battles and campaigns in which General Grant participated, and of the great movements and combinations that he directed, are the clear, full, unvarnished, and generally impartial accounts which General Badeau gives of each in his valuable memoir. Frequent and inviting as is the opportunity, General Badeau is seldom tempted to embellish his narrative with dramatic or picturesque episodes. His accounts of the battles, campaigns, and extended operations of the war are in the vein of the soldier rather than the poet, and they are remarkable for their strict adherence to the facts of each, recounted without flourish or digression, and with technical brevity and precision, though not in set technical phrase. Thus his narrative may lack those rich bursts of eloquence and brilliant flashes of description and portraiture with which modern historians are wont to diversify their pages, but it has the substantial merit of flowing with a full, steady, and even current, without any interruption of its continuity or diminution of its interest. Each volume is accompanied by excellent maps of the various fields of General Grant's operations, and a large body of notes, and an appendix containing original documents and official records and statistics substantiating the positions taken in the text.

If our public men in Congress and elsewhere could be persuaded to relinquish the "dirty work" of politics, and would devote the time usually absorbed by it to a careful study of Professor Macleod's treatise on *The Elements of Economics*,[7] the country might be saved from many disgraceful transactions, and from much of the hasty and defective legislation that perennially results from their dense ignorance of the simplest canons of political economy. As its title intimates, Mr. Macleod's treatise is elementary, but it must not be concluded that therefore it is a mere horn-book or primer, graduated to the comprehension of those who are babes and sucklings in the difficult science of which it treats. It is intended rather for those who have had some previous instruction in the rudimentary principles of political economy, some training in the concentration of their attention upon abstract questions, some practice in the habit of close and orderly reasoning, and some acquaintance with mathematical formulas—not more of either, however, than is within reach of most men of fair intelligence and average educational opportunities. Professor Macleod treats the subject from the stand-point of the advanced school of European economists known as the "Third School of Economists," who adopt, with trifling exceptions, the system of the ancient Greek writers as perfected by Condillac, in preference to the theories of Quesnay and the French Physiocrates, and of Adam Smith, Mill, Say, Ricardo, and others, who led the reaction against the Physiocrates, and formed the second school of modern economists. A clear

[7] *The Elements of Economics.* By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Lecturer on Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 415. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

idea of the differences between the several schools may be derived from the following summary of their general characteristics, as defined by Professor Macleod: (1.) The ancient writers unanimously held that the sole cause and principle of wealth is *exchangeability*, or the capability of being bought and sold; and that there are three distinct orders of exchangeable quantities, namely, material things, labor, and rights—the latter including debts, knowledge, art, science, shares of stock, credit, etc. (2.) The Physiocrates, or first school of modern economists, restricted the term wealth to the *material products* of the earth which are brought into commerce and exchanged, and expressly excluded labor and rights. They originated the expression "production, distribution, and consumption of wealth," which meant the commerce or the exchange of the material products of the earth only, and thus they only recognized one kind of exchange, that of products for products. (3.) The second school of modern economists (Smith, Mill, etc.) adopted the expression "production, distribution, and consumption of wealth," or some variation of it, as the definition of political economy, but they expressly include labor as a vendible commodity, and admit one class of rights, such as bank-notes and bills of exchange. They treat only of the exchange of products against products, products against services, and services against services. (4.) The third school of economists, to which the author belongs, adopt the alternative and equivalent expression, "science of commerce or exchanges," and define wealth as anything whatever that is exchangeable, or can be bought and sold; they include all the three orders of exchangeable quantities, as did the ancient writers, and introduce the whole mass of incorporeal property—showing that there are six different kinds of exchange, namely, of a material thing for a material thing, of a material thing for labor or service, of a material thing for a right, of labor for labor, of labor for a right, and of one right for another right, which six kinds of exchange comprehend all commerce in its widest extent and in all its varieties, and bring the subject of credit and banking within the domain of the science. Professor Macleod's treatise is divided into two books, the first of which is a history of economics, comprising an outline of the rise of inductive science in modern times, a collation from ancient writers of the meaning they attached to the word wealth, an account of the rise of economical ideas in modern times, and sketches severally of the first school of modern economists—the Physiocrates—of the reaction against the Physiocrates, and the rise successively of the second and third schools of economists, with statements of the principles of each, and an exposition of the errors and inconsistencies of the first and second schools. The second book is devoted to a statement of the fundamental conceptions of pure economics, and of the general law governing the relations of economic quantities, as entertained by the author and his school, and to an elaborate scientific discussion of the laws which govern the relations of exchangeable quantities, including expositions, seriatim, of the principles and mechanism of exchanges, or commerce in all its varieties; of the theory of value, its origin, source, or cause; of the theory of the coinage, and of the theory and value of credit—how created, exchanged, sold, and extinguished—and the practical application of its actual mechanism in commerce.

NOTICE has been necessarily deferred until now of several volumes of great practical usefulness in the various departments of science, which have been added from time to time to the excellent "International Scientific Series." In a treatise on *Illusions*,[8] Mr. James Sully takes a wide survey of the field of error, embracing in the view not only the well-known illusions of sense that are usually dealt with in works on physiological optics, etc., but also those other psychical errors familiarly known as illusions, dreams, hallucinations, and the like, which resemble the former in the modes of their origin and their structure. Mr. Sully describes and classifies all acknowledged errors, and explains them by illustrations drawn from their psychical and physical conditions. His classification embraces: (1) Illusions of Perception, including *passive* illusions, or those which are determined either by the organism or by the environments, *active* illusions, or those which are due to voluntary or involuntary perceptions, and *dreams;* (2) Illusions of Introspection, or those errors which are caused by mistaking the quality or degree of a feeling, or the structure of a complex mass of feeling, or by confusing what is actually present in the mind with some inferences based on this; (3) Illusions of Memory; and (4) Illusions of Belief. Each of these classes is defined and carefully described, its several states or conditions are exhaustively analyzed, and its mode of operation illustrated by examples.—*Suicide*[9] is the subject of a curious and profoundly interesting inquiry prosecuted by Dr. Morselli, of the Royal University of Turin, the results of which he is now giving to the public as the fruit of his long-continued investigations. His treatise resolves itself into two principal heads or divisions, the analytical and the synthetic. Under the former he considers the various influences which act on suicide, namely, the *cosmico-natural* influences, such as climate, telluric conditions, the months and seasons, meteorological and lunar changes, etc.; *ethnological* influences, or those arising from race, stocks, nationality, and customs; *social* influences, due to civilization, re-

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[8] *Illusions.* A Physiological Study. By JAMES SULLY. 12mo, pp. 372. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[9] *Suicide.* An Essay on Comparative Moral Statistics. By HENRY MORSELLI, M.D. 12mo, pp. 388. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

ligious forms and creeds, culture and education, density of population, urban and rural life, and general economic, political, and psychological conditions; *individual biological* influences, proceeding from sex, age, civil status, professional and other pursuits, and social environments; and *individual psychological* influences, or the motives for suicide, the physical and moral causes of suicide, the influences which modify motives, and the places where and the methods by which suicide is committed. The synthetical division is devoted to a consideration of the nature and therapeutics of suicide, in which, after having drawn an inference from facts presented of the true nature of the suicidal epidemic of our age, the author adds some interesting observations on the prophylactics of what he denominates "this fatal disease of civilized peoples."—Professor Young, of Princeton College, has condensed in a handy volume, in language as unprofessional as is consistent with precision, the sum of the present state of ascertained knowledge relative to *The Sun*.[10] The volume is as readable as a romance, and will deeply interest that large class who are not engaged in scientific pursuits, but have sufficient intelligence and education to comprehend scientific subjects when presented in an untechnical manner. Keeping the line between the certain and the conjectural clear and distinct, Professor Young indicates as far as possible the degree of confidence that may be placed in the various data and conclusions that have been announced by astronomers. The subjects discussed will give a fair idea of the scope of the volume. These comprise essays on the sun's relation to life and activity upon the earth; on the distance and dimensions of the sun, with an account of the methods and apparatus for studying the surface of the sun, a description of the spectroscope, and a sketch of the discovery of the solar spectrum and its results; on the chromosphere and the prominences, and the phenomena of the corona; and on the sun's light and heat, concluding with a summary of facts and a discussion of the constitution of the sun.—Scarcely less interesting than the brilliant volume just noticed is a popular exposition of the present condition of our knowledge of volcanoes, by Professor Judd, of the Royal School of Mines, London. The title of the volume is *Volcanoes: What they Are and What they Teach*,[11] and the plan of exposition pursued by Professor Judd has been to confine himself to the examination of such selected examples of volcanoes as could be shown to be really typical of all the various classes which exist on the earth, and from the study of these to deduce those general laws which govern volcanic action. This has not prevented him, however, from giving accounts of those investigations in recent times which have thrown so much fresh light upon the whole problem, concerning the character of lavas as revealed by microscopic examination, the nature and movements of the liquids inclosed in the igneous rocks, the relations of minerals found in some volcanic products to those found in meteorites, the nature and origin of the remarkable iron masses found in Greenland, and the indications which have been discovered of analogies between the composition and dynamics of our earth and those of other members of the family of worlds to which it belongs.—Besides these are two other volumes of this useful series, *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*,[12] by J. B. Stallo, and *The General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves*,[13] by Dr. I. Rosenthal, which we must be content to announce by their titles, although their merits invite extended notice.

[10] *The Sun.* By C. A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D. With Numerous Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 321. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[11] *Volcanoes: What they Are and What they Teach.* By Professor John W. Judd, F.R.S. With 96 Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 381. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

The novels that have accumulated on the editor's table during the month manifest no sensible improvement in quality over their recent predecessors. None of them are so distinctive as works of imaginative art as to make a minute analysis desirable, and we shall content ourselves with saying in general terms that they are clever, entertaining, and free from impurities of thought and solecisms of style. Among the more meritorious of the number are the following: *For Cash Only*,[14] by James Payn; *Doctor L'Estrange*,[15] by Annette Lyster; *Sweetbriar*,[16] by Agnes Giberne; *Onesimus*,[17] by the author of *Paul of Tarsus; The Fisher Maiden*,[18] by Björnstjerne Björnson; *Count Silvius*,[19] by Georg Horn; *At Ye Grene Griffin*,[20] by Emily S. Holt; *Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices, and Other Stories*,[21] by Anthony Trollope; *Under the Shield*,[22] by M. E. Winchester; *Dorothea*,[23] by an anonymous writer.

[12] *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics.* By J. B. Stallo. 12mo, pp. 318. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[13] *General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.* By Dr. I. Rosenthal. 12mo, pp. 324. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[14] *For Cash Only.* A Novel. By James Payn. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 82. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Doctor L'Estrange.* A Novel. By Annette Lyster. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 83. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Sweetbriar; or, Doings at Priorsthorpe Magna.* By Agnes Giberne. 12mo, pp. 525. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[17] *Onesimus.* Memoirs of a Disciple of St. Paul. By the Author of Philochristus. 16mo, pp. 308. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[18] *The Fisher Maiden.* By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. 16mo, pp. 274. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[19] *Count Silvius.* A Romance. By Georg Horn. Translated by M. J. Safford. 16mo, pp. 463. New York: George W. Harlan.

[20] *At Ye Grene Griffin; or, Mrs. Treadwell's Cook.* A Tale of the Fifteenth Century. By Emily Sarah Holt. 16mo, pp. 186. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[21] *Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices, and Other Stories.* By Anthony Trollope. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 31. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *Under the Shield.* A Tale. By M. E. Winchester. 12mo, pp. 585. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[23] *Dorothea.* "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 314. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Drake's *The Heart of the White Mountains,*[24] the sumptuous holiday edition of which was noticed in this Record for November last, was originally designed for a very different purpose than to serve as a conventional guide-book, it combined with other engaging material so many of the best features of that convenient class of publications as to suggest to the author and publishers its adaptation to the needs of tourists by its publication in a cheaper form, with the addition of such details of practical information as would be useful and acceptable to travellers. In conformity with this idea, the work is now re-issued in comparatively inexpensive though still elegant form, and in seasonable time for consultation and use by those who are projecting plans for the summer. It has been enriched with several new maps and a general appendix, the latter giving the geography of the White Mountains, the routes by which they may be most conveniently reached from all parts of the country, directions for the choice of locations, hints for the guidance of travellers relating to outfit, excursions, etc., an itinerary for a walking tour, and a copious reference index, by means of all which it has been converted into a useful working manual.

[24] *The Heart of the White Mountains:* their Legend and Scenery. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. With Illustrations by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Tourist's Edition. 8vo, pp. 340. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of May.—The present Congress has been a very busy one. During the five months of the session up to May 11, 6359 bills were introduced in the House, 381 of them passed, and 101 became laws. In the Senate 1915 bills were introduced, 297 of which passed, and of these 64 became laws.

The following were the most important measures passed during the month: Mississippi Improvement Bill, Senate, April 25; Tariff Commission Bill, House, May 6, Senate, May 9; bill creating an Executive Department of Agriculture, House, May 10; bill providing for an intermediate appellate court, Senate, May 12; bill providing that any person being originally a citizen of the United States, who has been naturalized as a subject of Great Britain, may publicly declare his renunciation of such naturalization, and resume his character and privileges as a citizen of the United States, by signing an instrument to that effect, House, May 18; Five per Cent. Land Bill, Senate, May 19; Bank Charter Extension Bill, House, May 19.

Diplomatic appointments were made as follows: Alphonso Taft, Minister to Russia; Nicholas Fish, Minister to Belgium; John M. Francis, Chargé d'Affaires to Belgium; Adam Badeau, Consul-General, Havana.

The Lynch-Chalmers contested election case was decided in favor of Mr. Lynch by the House April 29.

President Arthur signed the anti-Chinese (ten years) bill May 8.

On May 4 President Arthur remitted that part of General Fitz-John Porter's sentence which made him ineligible to hold office under the government.

State Conventions met and nominated as follows: Oregon Republican, Portland, April 21, F. B. Moody for Governor; Tennessee Republican, Nashville, April 27, Alvin Hawkins for Governor (renominated); Pennsylvania Republican, Harrisburg, General James A. Beaver for Governor, and W. T. Davies for Lieutenant-Governor; Pennsylvania Greenbackers, Harrisburg, May 18, Thomas A. Armstrong for Governor, and T. V. Powderly for Lieutenant-Governor.

The Apache Indians in Arizona took to the war-path, and massacred many of the white settlers. The military finally quelled the outbreak, and restored peace.

Earl Cowper resigned, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, April 28, and Earl Spencer was appointed in his place. On May 2 Mr. W. E. Forster resigned as Chief Secretary, and was succeeded by Lord Frederick C. Cavendish. Four days afterward Lord Cavendish, with Thomas Henry Burke, Under-Secretary, was assassinated in Phœnix Park, Dublin.—On May 19 a bill for the repression of crime in Ireland passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a vote of 385 to 45.

The marriage of Prince Leopold to Princess Helena of Waldeck took place at St. George's Chapel, in Windsor, April 27.

The French captured the city of Ha-Noi, in Southeastern Asia, May 2, after two hours' bombardment.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies, April 23, approved the Franco-Spanish commercial treaty.

Political massacres were recommenced in Mandalay. King Theebaw put to death an inferior wife, two half-sisters, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and fifty of their relatives.

The Ecclesiastical Bill passed the Upper House of the Prussian Diet May 2.

The Russian Senate, May 8, declared the decree banishing Jewish apothecaries illegal.

DISASTERS.

May 2.—Seven men killed by an explosion in a colliery near Leeds, England.

May 5.—Dispatch from Engineer Melville, at the Lena delta, March 24, announcing the discovery of the dead bodies of Lieutenant De Long, of the *Jeannette*, and ten of his party.

May 11.—Fire-damp explosion, Bochum, Westphalia. Fifty-six men killed.

May 15.—Fifty Turkish soldiers drowned in the Bosporus.—Twelve persons drowned by the capsizing of a sail-boat in Lake Calumet, Illinois.

May 16.—Reports that 120 persons were killed and wounded in a recent cyclone at McAllister, Indian Territory.

OBITUARY.

April 20.—At Down House, near Orpington, Kent, England, Charles Robert Darwin, aged seventy-three years.

April 21.—At Saratoga, New York, General William L. Burt, of Boston, aged fifty-two years.

April 27.—At Concord, Massachusetts, Ralph Waldo Emerson, aged seventy-nine years.

May 3.—At Knoxville, Tennessee, ex-Postmaster-General Horace Maynard, in his sixty-eighth year.

May 4.—In New York city, Dr. James R. Wood, in his sixty-sixth year.

May 5.—On Georgetown Heights, D. C., Rear-Admiral John Rodgers, aged seventy years.

May 14.—At Eureka Springs, Arkansas, ex-Governor C. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin, aged sixty-four years.—At Detroit, Michigan, General John Gross Barnard, U.S.A., aged sixty-seven years.

May 16.—Announcement of the death of General Kaufmann, Governor of Turkestan, aged sixty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

A GOOD thing is related of a mathematical professor in a neighboring college, illustrating his habit, like that of the estimable Mr. Gradgrind, of relying entirely upon fact. He had been invited by a city friend to visit him at his residence in —— Square, and had promised to do so. Meeting him some time after, his friend inquired of the professor why he did not come to see him. "I did come," said the mathematician, "but there was some mistake. You told me that you lived in a square, and I found myself in a parallelogram, so I went away again."

In Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, recently published in the "Franklin Square Library," is this anecdote of Edward Irving in his school-master days, long before he had any idea of the future fame in store for him. Irving had the reputation of being a very hard master. He thrashed the boys frequently and unmercifully. This story is told in illustration:

"A carpenter, a bit of a character, whose shop was directly opposite Irving's school, hearing a fearful howling one day, rushed across, axe in hand, to the door, and to Irving's query what he did there, replied, "*I thocht ye were killin' the lad, and cam over tae see if ye were needin' help.*"

Carlyle, on the contrary, never lifted his hand to a scholar.

UNCLE REMUS'S QUEER VISION.

It was not every night that the little boy who formed Uncle Remus's unanimously appreciative audience could prevail upon the old man to tell him such animal stories as were current among the negroes on the plantations during the days of slavery. There was one season, for instance, when Uncle Remus was troubled with the toothache, and he not only refused to tell any stories, but he was cross and impatient besides. He had periods of toothache and impatience, and periods of toothache and remorse. One morning he said to the little boy:

"You nee'nter min' me, honey, w'en you year me rippin' en snortin' roun' yer, kaze a man wid dese yer kinder gallopin's en gwines on in his mouf 'bleedg ter tromple on somebody feelin's. Seem like ef I had dish yer ole toof some'rs whar I could draw back en fetch it a joe-darter, en den take 'n stomp it in de groun', en mash it 'twix' a couple er rocks, I mout sorter git venger'd on it; but, bless yo' soul, honey, hit's one er dem ar kinder creeturs w'at you can't strak back. Stidder dat, you got ter set down en nuss it up, en stan' by it, same ez ef you done bin tuck wid a likin' un it. But I'm gwine up ter-day," continued Uncle Remus, with a sigh, "en hunt fer de man w'at kin kyo de toofache wid col' iun, en I speck ef you'll drap in on me atter supper maybe you won't fin' me so up-en-ready fer ter 'spute 'long wid you. Dish yer jaw bin er huttin' me owdashus, mon."

"When papa has the toothache," said the little boy, sympathetically, "he goes and has it pulled out."

"Dat's so, honey," responded Uncle Remus, with a groan; "but Mars' John young, en mo' dan dat, he got mo' strenk in his neck dan w'at I is."

The old man put on his coat, seized his huge walking-cane, and went off, and the little boy saw him no more until night, when, as was his custom, he made an informal call at the cabin. The door was open, a fire was blazing upon the spacious hearth, and the old man was in such good-humor that the child fully expected to hear something further about the curious adventures of Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox. All the indications pointed in that direction; but just as Uncle Remus seemed to be ready to accommodate the youngster, Aunt Tempy, a large, fat, motherly-looking negro woman, walked in the door. Aunt Tempy was the milker, and her position gave her almost

as much authority on the place as that supposed to be vested in Uncle Remus. She wore a flaming red and yellow head-kerchief, and she had a habit of shutting her eyes and holding her head on one side when she talked, which by some curious process gave unusual emphasis to what she said. Aunt Tempy and Uncle Remus were in the habit of treating each other with the respectful indifference of rivals who are secretly jealous of each other's influence and authority, but who have too much tact to quarrel. The visit of Aunt Tempy was a concession calculated to disturb Uncle Remus's plan of defense, but her dogmatic manner was an assurance that no concession was intended. She scorned to knock at the open door, but stalked in and seated herself upon a wooden bench without waiting for an invitation, and with a marked air of proprietorship. When she spoke, her voice was elevated to a pitch not at all calculated to conciliate.

"I year talk er yo' troubles, Brer Remus, un I say ter myse'f, s'I, I'll up 'n take some er dish yer truck ter dat ol' sufferin' sinner, un I holler out ter Sol, s'I, 'You Sol!' s'I, 'come yer dis instance,' s'I, 'un git me down dat bag er sage, un dat red-oak bark,' s'I, 'un I'll take 'n mix up a poultice what 'll mighty nigh kiver yo' unk Remus jaw,' s'I, 'kaze I'm a 'oman dispose ter live neighbors,' s'I; un Sol he lipt out, he did, un fotch um, un dar dey is."

Aunt Tempy held in her hand what appeared to be a steaming bag of mush, which she deposited on the floor as she spoke, and then sat and looked at Uncle Remus with that resigned air which, the world over, is one of the most disheartening accompaniments of human sympathy. But there was a touch of delightful humor—delightful by comparison—in the utter and arrant deceit which Uncle Remus summoned to his aid—deceit which found queer expression in tone and word and feature.

"Goodness knows, I much 'blige, Sis Tempy," he exclaimed, with effusiveness. "Mighty few 'omans dese days 'ud er tuck de trouble fer ter rack 'roun' en fix up plarsters fer po' ol' sick nigger like me, en wid der head full er yuther bizness at dat. I'm 'blige ter you, Sis Tempy, goodness knows I is."

"Well, I des tell yo' how I is, Brer Remus," said Aunt Tempy, closing her eyes and folding her fat hands across her capacious stomach—"I des tell yo' how I is: w'en I year talk er folks wid pains, I des nat'ally follers um wid my min', kaze w'en yo' come ter call um by name, dey ain't skacely no pains gwine w'at I ain't had um some'rs fust un last. Un ef you'll des sen' up ter Miss Sally, un make 'er drap some lodlum 'roun' on de aidges er dish yer poultice, I lay it 'll kyo yo' jaw. Leas'ways, hit allers kyo'd mine. Dat's de kinder 'oman I is, Brer Remus. Yo' ain't ketch me lookin' one way un hollerin' de udder—dat yo' ain't."

"I ain't 'sputin' dat, Sis Tempy," replied Uncle Remus, "en I ain't 'sputin' but what dat ar plarster would er rebuke dish yer jaw er mine, en dough yo' come too late, it look so nice I'm a great min' ter slap it on de side er my head en go ter bed wid it anyhow, spite er all dat mout be said er done. But my toof done bin kyo'd."

"Tooby sho! Well, I ain't year de beat er dat! How yo' bin kyo' yo' toof, Brer Remus?"

"I des tuck 'n brace up, en sail myse'f 'roun' ter de man w'at handle de tongs, en dat de las' w'at dat toof bodder me."

"Des lissen at dat!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, with increased unction. "Is yo' git er tuck out, Brer Remus? Manys un manys de time w'at my jaw fa'rly rankle in my head, un yit I ain't had de nervesness fer ter git no toof drug out."

"Well, den, Sis Tempy," said Uncle Remus, solemnly, "I hope de Lord 'll stan' 'twix' you en dish yer pullin' bizness."

"Ah, yi!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, in a tone that might be called the exultation of curiosity.

"I put on my coat dis mawnin', en I tuck up my cane"—here Uncle Remus paused, and looked at the little boy with the well-feigned expression of one endeavoring to recall a half-forgotten event. "Is I say dis mawnin', honey? Kaze it look like ter me w'ich it mout er bin las' year, or de year 'fo' dat. W'en a man," continued Uncle Remus, reflectively, "done git de sperience w'at I got, en mo' speshually w'en he git it all up in a bunch, den it look like it 'bleedg ter bulge some'rs."

"Umph! Troof, too," Aunt Tempy assented, with enthusiasm.

"But dat ain't needer hyer ner dar," Uncle Remus went on. "I went atter de man, en I fin' 'im, en I tell 'im 'bout de jaw. He mighty nice-lookin' man, dat he wuz, en he tuck 'n sot me down in a cheer, he did, en den he grope 'roun' in my mouf wid a leetle iun stick twel he feel me flinch, en den he stop en say, 'Dar she is!' En sho nuff, dar she wuz."

"He fin' de right toof!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, with unconcealed admiration.

"Yesser," said Uncle Remus; "he drap on it terreckly; en w'en he done drap on it, he tuck 'n clamp my head back in de cheer, he did, en den he draw long breff, en 'low he wuz ready fer bizness. De cheer w'at he sot me down in," continued the old man, using his cane to draw a war map of the situation in the ashes on the hearth, "wuz 'bout like 'twer' yer, en frontin' un it wuz a winder, en cross de street fum de winder wuz a big two-story house, settin' dar des ez natchal ez you please; en w'en de sun shine on dat house, it look w'ite ez snow. De man he stan' yer ter de right er de cheer, en w'iles he was projickin' longer, I keep my eyeball sot on de house. Bimeby de man look like he git good en ready, en den he tuck dem tongs er his'n en feel 'roun' twel he clamp down on de toof; and den he tuck 'n brace hisself en r'ar back. Bless yo' soul! w'en he r'ar back, de big two-story house tuck 'n fly up in de a'r, en fall back on de groun'—*kerblip!*"

Aunt Tempy opened her eyes wide, and the little boy looked at Uncle Remus in amazement. The old man's attention appeared to be concentrated on the war map he had outlined in the ashes.

"And where was the tooth, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked.

"Right dar whar 'twer' fust planted, honey," the old man replied, in a tone of humble resignation. "De man tongs tuck 'n slip off."

Aunt Tempy put her hand up to her jaw and groaned, and the child shuddered. Presently Uncle Remus continued: "So den, atter dey slip off, de man he draw n'er long breff en clamp um on 'gin, en w'en he r'ar back, up go de two-story house, en den down she come—*kerblum!* Yit de toof ain't move. Den de man ketch a fresh holt wid his nippers, en dis time he look like he tuck a bran'-new twis' on de clamps. He ketch on wid bofe han's, he did, en sorter settle hisse'f on de flo', en den he r'ar back—en I be bless ef de big house ain't fly out er sight in de elements. Nex' news I know'd, de man wuz dabblin' 'bout in a bowl er water, a-washin' un his han's, en fixin' up like he gwine call on some gal er nudder. Den I up 'n ax 'im wharbouts is I, en he up 'n 'spon' dat I'm right dar, en I 'low I much 'blige fer dat much, anyhow, en I mos' sholy wuz."

There was a little pause as Uncle Remus slowly stirred the ashes with his cane. Presently he resumed: "I'll take dat plarster er yone, Sis Tempy, en I'll slap 'er on fer ter sorter fetch out de so'ness; but lemme tell you dis: w'en you want one er dese yer ranklin' toof gouge out 'n yo' jaw-bone, you des take 'n go some'rs whar dey ain't no slippance."

"I bleeve you, Brer Remus," exclaimed Aunt Tempy, with unction, as she rose to go.

"Atter de fracas," said Uncle Remus, glancing furtively at the little boy to make sure he was not asleep, "I tuck 'n went out en crope 'roun' fer ter see de place whar de great big house done wo' out de groun'; but de house wuz dar, all safe en soun', en mo' dan dat, dey want no sign uv a scuffle."

"You's a sight, Brer Remus, ef dey ever bin one on top er de dirt," exclaimed Aunt Tempy from the door. "I 'clar ter goodness ef you ain't. So long!"

"I wish you mighty well, Sis Tempy," was Uncle Remus's solemn response. J. C. H.

FROM DANBURY.

A LABORER in the vineyard of reform recently came across one of his efforts, in a rather dilapidated condition. The reformer was grieved at the evidences of relapse which conspicuously showed themselves in the uncertain gait and inflamed countenance of the specimen.

"Jenks, you have been drinking again," observed the reformer, in a tone of reproach.

"I know it," confessed Jenks, despondently.

"Didn't you tell me you would swear off forever on the 1st of January?"

"Yes, I did, and I meant to do it, sure."

"Then why didn't you do it?" continued the questioner.

"Well, you see, boss," explained Mr. Jenks, "I—I was out of town that day."

A man should make the best use of his opportunities. One of them is shutting the door.

A Newark barber advertises birds. It is an inexplicable fancy which impels barbers to keep birds in stock. However, we should be grateful that they do not include parrots in the list.

In reading much of the rural obituary poetry published, there is a degree of satisfaction in knowing that the subjects are dead.

Somebody says the two best things are sweetness and light, but insists on sixteen ounces to every pound of sugar he buys.

Before starting a garden, there are several things to consider. One of these is, where to borrow a spade.

We see by a Connecticut paper that an old gentleman aged eighty-five years built a barn, with the assistance of only one person, his hired man. The old gentleman is a farmer, and for that reason has a "hired man." Nothing is said of the old gentleman's sons taking a hand in the building operation, because they didn't. Perhaps he has no sons, or, which is more likely, having them, they had fled the farm, and were established in the city. It is a matter for wonder to New England farmers and New England papers why the sons of farmers should fly to the city, and that able-bodied men should prefer any other work to that of agriculture. But is it really remarkable? Look again at the item from the Connecticut paper.

A man eighty-five years old builds a barn. Everybody wonders at the preservation of his physical qualities. He builds the barn himself. There is an incidental mention of the help of a hired man. He is casually referred to; that is all. But how would *you* like to help, single-handed, an eighty-five-year-old man to build a barn? Have you the faintest idea that he actually lifted at any one time fifty pounds of any one of the three-hundred-pound timbers in that barn? But that is the way in farm-work. The hired man was the mule that drew the load, the eighty-five-year-old farmer was the duffer who held the lines. The hired man did nine-tenths of the work; the eighty-five-year-old farmer did all the blowing. And the unsophisticated philosopher of the age deplores the degeneracy of the times that sends the young men to the city while they have before them such pleasing examples of endurance and longevity in the fields of agriculture as is presented in the case of

the eighty-five-year-old farmer "who built a barn himself," having "only the help of one hired man."

There having been some dispute over the question, Were President Lincoln's parents married? a Kentucky man comes to the front with the declaration that he himself was present at the ceremony. He further says that a man named Grundy was there too. It is quite evident Mr. Grundy's wife wasn't; hence the insinuation. J. M. B.

FROM NORRISTOWN.

At a recent sale of "Washington relics," a punch-bowl belonging to the Father of his Country, and bearing his initials, was sold for over three hundred dollars. An auction sale of Washington articles at which at least one punch-bowl was not sold would be almost as great a curiosity as a fifty-year-old Yankee who could truthfully say that he never wore a pair of nankeen trousers when in the adolescence period. A celebrated lightning calculator estimates that the number of punch-bowls owned by George Washington would fill the *Mayflower*, of Pilgrim Fathers fame, from stem to stern; but when it is remembered that this historic vessel brought enough household goods to this country, in one voyage, to stock all the second-hand furniture and bric-à-brac establishments in the Union, the conclusion is irresistible that the calculator aforesaid is an experienced and able artist in Ananiasism. It must be admitted, however, that the number of Washington punch-bowls, bearing his initials, sold during the past half-century, could not be crowded into the old homestead at Mount Vernon without bulging out its sides, and creating the impression that G. W. was not a member of a total abstinence society. This remarkable plenitude of punch-bowls is capable of but one solution. It is a well-known fact that each town and village in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware contains one or more "Washington head-quarters," occupied by the General during the Revolutionary war, and the hypothesis is that each of these ancient structures was furnished with a punch-bowl. The theory is certainly plausible.

Mrs. Fitz-Nickel aspired to be as fashionable as any of her high-toned neighbors, and she was telling a lady visitor the other morning that she had just engaged a very efficient, experienced, and high-priced French cook. While her friend was congratulating her upon her new acquisition, the French cook inserted her frowzy auburn head in the doorway, and asked, "Shure, missus, an' shall I pale the praties, or bile 'em wid their jackets on?"

A dictionary is being compiled in England which will make a volume four and a half times the size of Webster's Dictionary. It is supposed that the compiler, while splitting kindlings in the back yard after dusk, caught his axe in a clothes-line overhead, and immediately became convinced that there are occasions when several thousand new words would fill a long-felt want.

The man who was heard to wish for five million dollars was considered very extravagant in his desires; but when he explained that he was ambitious to have a full-length portrait of himself painted by Meissonier, his wish seemed modest enough.

A favorite theme of artists is "A woman reading the Bible." And it may have been noticed that the woman is never dressed in the height of fashion—doesn't wear brocade satin with shirred puffs, Swiss bodice of lace, jabot of crêpe de Chine, bouffant back with bead trimming, and darned lace and things. On the contrary, her attire is severely plain. The inference is that the woman who devotes so much time and thought to the fashions never gets time to read the Bible. J. H. W.



TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

Oh, he was a Bowery boot-black bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the boot-black smiled a lordly smile;
"No free bites here!" he cried.
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save *one* who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low.
That boot-black smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—
"There *ain't goin' to be no core!*"

M. D. B.



Vpon · Miſtreſſe · Svſanna · Southwell · her · Cheeks.

Rare are thy Cheeks Svſanna which do ſhew
Ripe Cherries ſmiling while that others blow

· Vpon · her · Eies ·

Cleere are her eies
Like pvreſt ſkies
Diſcouering from thence
A babie there
That tvrns each ſphere
Like an intelligence

Vpon · her · Feet ·

Her pretty feet
Like ſnailes did creep
A little ovt, and then
As if they playd at bo-peep
Did ſoon draw in agen

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SOME WESTERN RESORTS.

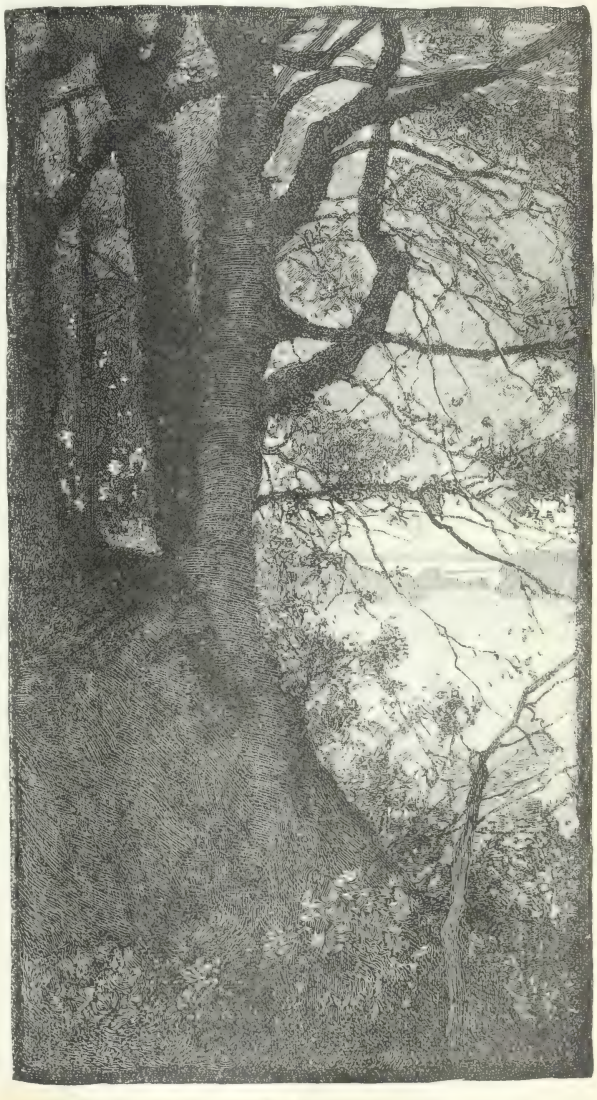
IT is a significant indication of the physical greatness of the Western country that it has been possible for a wide and delightful region, embracing portions of three of the largest States, to remain not only long unknown, but, after developing considerable facilities for pleasure, to enjoy an extensive patronage without national repute.

Indeed, the outside world is not only unaware how many thousands flock in steadily increasing numbers to the Northwestern lakes and forests, and what princely villas have been laid out in its principal haunts of summer pleasure, but the very names of these places are either unfamiliar, or suggest a rough and half-developed region.

Of the numberless resorts of the Northwest, of which it will only be possible to mention a few of the most prominent, there is probably not one that does not lie among beautiful surroundings, and in this respect one is strongly reminded here of the sunny valleys and noble forests of Germany.

Of them all, however, Waukesha may alone be called a national resort, and this through the efficacy of its waters in an order of nearly hopeless maladies.

In regard to these Western regions it need scarcely be said that they are only here



ABOUT NASHOTAH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

and there enveloped with the golden atmosphere of romantic history.

In frequented and interesting portions, too, civilization has for the most part disturbed the rare silence of the primeval wilderness with the roar of machinery and traffic; and yet there are innumerable spots where nature is invulnerable, where the hand of man has only added a grace to open, sunny regions, and some secluded nooks where the aroma of the past will linger untouched forever.

It is the purpose of this paper to lay before the reader an account of some of the most accessible and completely developed of these interesting places.

Milwaukee, with six or seven thousand miles of railways radiating in all directions throughout the "Great Northwest," is its natural and fitting gateway.

Built from the water's edge, it is not unlike a Mediterranean city in location, and the similarity is in some respects more evident when we look out over its exquisite bay, stretching its long arms into the misty distance through blue waters, with white sands beaten by a noiseless surf of creamy foam; and many a traveller from the heated South, tarrying from week to week in this fair forest city, has watched the splendor of its inland sea from the gray of early morning till its waters reflect the glory of the departing day, and white-winged craft float in golden lights, the hush of evening on their faintly blushing sails, and has wondered how the smoke and turmoil of a city dared invade so fair a spot.

Yet, with all its beauty, the summer finds its streets deserted, and evening trains are filled with merry throngs hurrying from the heat of business to the pleasant country-side, with its quaint country noises, and its breezes fragrant with the odor of waving clover fields and the sweet breath of patient herds. And it so happened one idle summer's day that, with an indefinite vacation, we took part in the general exodus, which seemed to gather numbers from all the outer world, and the days became weeks, and the weeks months, among scenes in which there was enough of luxury for ease, enough novelty for surprise, and where we felt at every step the broad free life and buoyant vigor of the youthful West.

Hemmed in by a circling line of low blue hills, it would be difficult to find a more delightful region than the district of lakes in their broad upland basin which attracts this yearly pilgrimage, and which may be reached by a ride of only twenty miles.

Nashotah, an Episcopal mission founded in Territorial days, and now a theological seminary of repute, was long the centre about which all the region turned, and its limestone spires and gables, rising from the dense foliage of their little height, overlook four silver lakes, linked through the distant landscape, their forty modest sisters shyly hidden in the surrounding forest.

It was here that the venerable Bishop Kemper lived and died, and here the late Dr. De Koven occupied a professor's chair, and long years ago the seminary numbered among its students members of a cultivated and aristocratic colony of Swedes, who endeavored to establish a Swedish Eden among scenes which reminded them of their native land—an attempt which failed, like many another ideal venture. The gentle supremacy, however, of this beautiful and retired seat has at length been rudely broken, and it is now only an interesting locality in a vast region of resort, with an ivy-covered chapel and winding walks that remind one of pleasant nooks in England.

It is a little unusual for so large a tract of country to be so attractive in every part, but, singularly favored by nature, it has been settled by a class of people attracted as much by its beauty as its fertile soil, and evidences of intelligent thrift, and even a degree of elegance, are noticeable in neighborhoods as yet only occupied by a farming population.

Contrary to usual farmer instinct, the fields are everywhere beautified by groups of oaks and elms, or other forest trees, and the extent of the country is such that its natural loveliness is nowhere marred by the undue prominence of hotels, while its country homes are everywhere scattered in the most beautiful retirement and seclusion.

It would perhaps be difficult to characterize the charm of this attractive region unless it be considered a "natural park"; and ascending Government Hill, which rises from the surrounding country with the fine effect of loftier mountains, a fair and peaceful landscape lies before us, its groves and fields flecked with shifting patches of light and shade, and interspersed with a confusion of bright blue



A SUMMER VILLA, OCONOMOWOC.

lakes flashing in the sun, and we learn with surprise that this is one of a series of similar elevations stretching at intervals of thirty or forty miles across the State, and from whose summits the Indians are said to have telegraphed with mysterious characters of fire, flashed through the gloom of moonless nights, hundreds of miles to the Mississippi.

In all there are said to be forty-four little tarns, from one to six miles in length, and with variety of shape, scattered within a radius of ten miles from Nashotah. Bark Lake, the source of all the others, is a body of water with no visible inlet, and remarkable because it sharply defines the water-shed between the great lakes and the Mississippi. It lies one hundred and fifty feet above a stream but thirty rods away, which flows through the great lakes to the Atlantic, while its own waters flow "in many a winding bout" from lake to lake through the lower groups until they finally reach the Mississippi, to be mingled with the waters of the Gulf.

The most important of the many places of resort with which the lake country is plentifully supplied is Oconomowoc. The entrance by rail is by no means prepossessing, but a stroll through the main street of this diminutive city dispels every uncomfortable foreboding. Arched



BLACK HAMBURGS IN JUNE, OCONOMOWOC.

with spreading trees, and stretching between the lakes, it is lined with summer cottages on either hand, between which are caught passing glimpses of the water. Beyond Draper Hall, where the two lakes meet, we emerge to a full view of Lac la Belle, winding several miles through the landscape, its wooded shores dotted here and there with pretty villas, whose towers and gables are partly hidden by the surrounding trees, and with every prospect unfolding a picture of luxury, with closely shaven lawns, and delightful balconies, and pavilions overhanging the water, and a score or more of private yachts floating idly on its undulating surface, it is an ideal place of rest and pleasure.

In itself, however, it is probably no more interesting than many another similar place in Wisconsin and elsewhere, but through its close proximity to Milwaukee and Chicago, its easy access from the South, the number of lakes which surround it, and the large and constantly increasing number of resident guests who have adorned the surrounding country with magnificent seats, it bids fair to become one of the most extensive and beau-

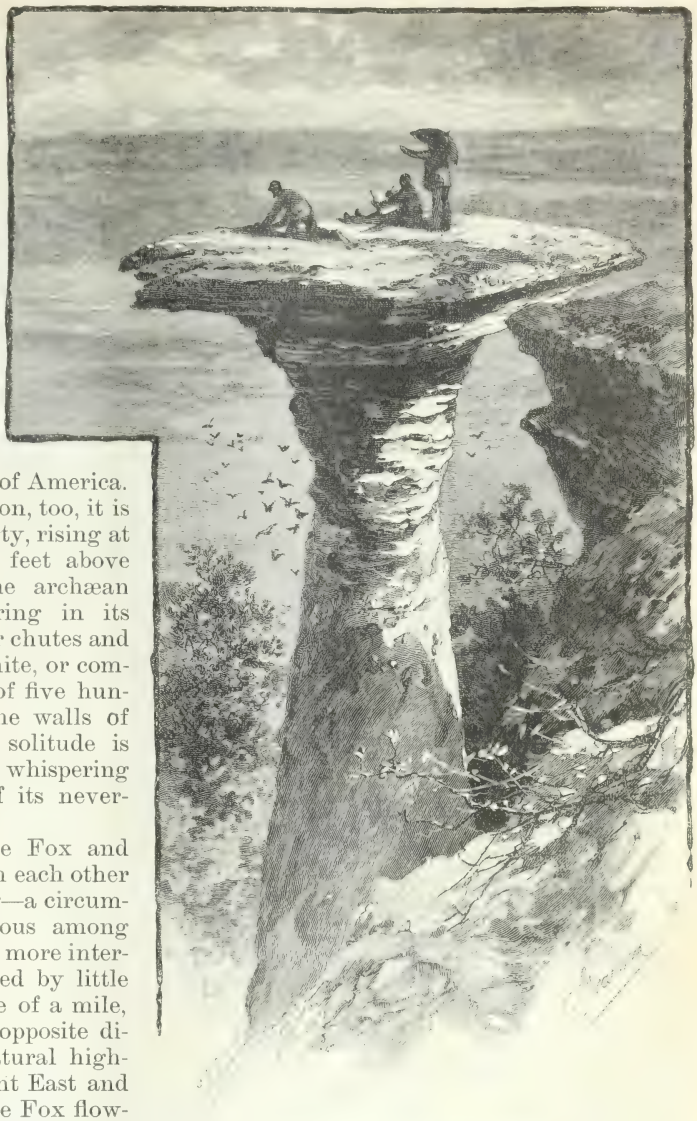
tiful not only of Western but of American resorts.

From Oconomowoc to Kilbourn City, on the Wisconsin River, is a "run" of three hours' duration.

The geological reports give the Wisconsin a length of five hundred miles. It is therefore ninety miles longer than the Connecticut, nearly two hundred miles longer than the Hudson, and well entitled to rank among the great rivers of America.

In its northern portion, too, it is remarkable for its beauty, rising at a point nine hundred feet above Lake Michigan on the archæan water-shed, and pouring in its downward passage over chutes and falls of gneiss and granite, or compressed from a width of five hundred yards between the walls of narrow gorges whose solitude is only broken by the whispering pines and the rush of its never-ceasing floods.

At Portage City the Fox and the Wisconsin approach each other closely without uniting—a circumstance almost anomalous among Western rivers, and the more interesting because, separated by little more than the distance of a mile, they flow abruptly in opposite directions, forming a natural highway between the distant East and South, the waters of the Fox flowing to the St. Lawrence, and the Wisconsin to the Mississippi and the Gulf.



STAND ROCK, IN THE DELLS.

The early explorations of the West, as all the world knows, were made with remarkable intelligence by the Jesuit fathers, who were quick to see the value of the path which nature had provided, and in 1639 the noble and adventurous Nicolet ascended the Fox to the portage, and there "embarked on a river flowing west," by following which for three days longer he avers he might have reached the sea, that being his interpretation of Michau-sippi, or great water.

In early Wisconsin history, too, both as Territory and State, these rivers were recognized locally and by the government as a feature of peculiar value in the transportation of troops to protect the settlers in the Indian wars, and still later as a commercial highway, until, after a labor of over thirty years, and the expenditure of millions of dollars, steamers at length pass freely from Green Bay to Portage City, and the future will undoubtedly witness regular transportation to the Mississippi.

The history of events on the Wisconsin River has not yet been written, if we ex-



THE OLD DELLS TAVERN.

cept unreliable compilations; but it is intimately connected with the famous wars of Black Hawk, and it requires the imagination to fancy that brilliant chief, robbed of the heritage of his fathers, and driven from his fertile gardens, fleeing through the shadowy forests along its banks, standing boldly now and then at bay, like a defiant stag, and at length making a perilous leap across a gorge which now spans fifty feet, and is thus associated with a deed so authentic as to outshine all the legends of the Hartz.

The natural features along this noble stream appear to-day very nearly as they did two hundred years ago, for while much prosperity attended the settlements along its banks, the construction of railways drew the inhabitants away: flourishing towns were abandoned, and decayed, and long reaches of river once more became the haunts of wolves and deer, and for years the wilderness was only disturbed by the crack of the hunter's rifle, or the songs of the lumbermen as they slowly floated in the dusk of evening down its silent waters.

A part of the Wisconsin, known as the Dells, has recently attracted considerable attention, and is well worthy of minute description. Just before we reach the Kilbourn station, a quick succession of dissolving views is caught through waving boughs, a winding river deep down



STEAMBOAT ROCK, IN THE DELLS.

between massive walls of rock, its silvery surface set with rocky islands capped with green, and the whole crowned by a glorious confusion of receding hills and slopes. This is known as the lower Dells, separated from the upper river by the dam and the village of Kilbourn, perched on a bed of rock.

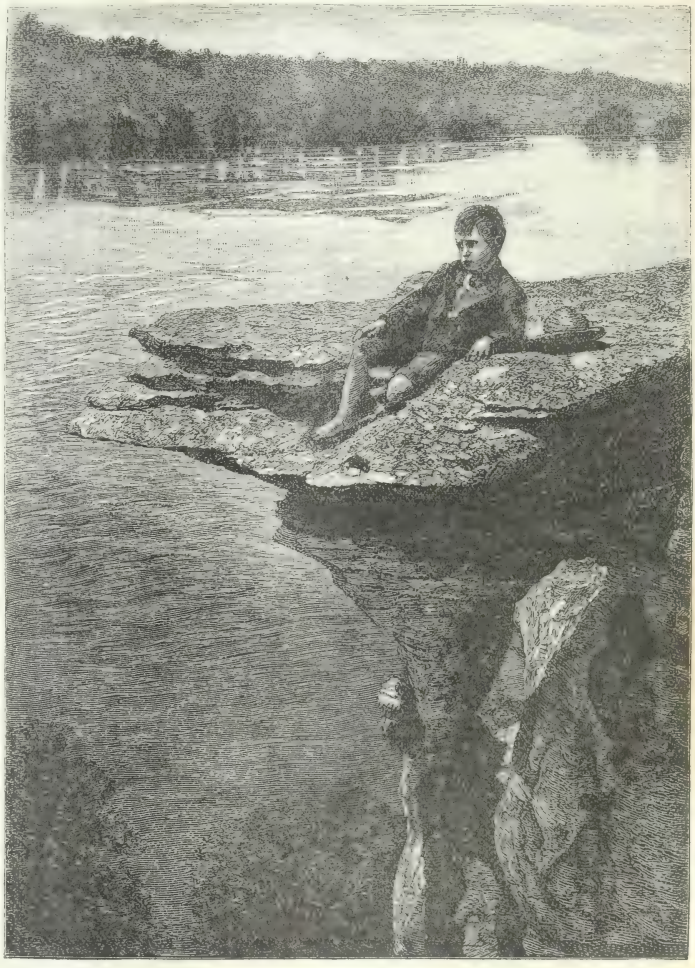
The upper and lower Dells form together an irregular gorge some ten miles in length, walled in with sandstone rock from thirty to one hundred feet in height, upon which nature's resource of various design has well-nigh been exhausted.

Two steamers leave their docks twice daily for a trip up the river, and are provided with skillful guides, and a fleet of boats for the downward passage and other explorations; and moving slowly against a swift and steady current, we soon reach what are called the Jaws of the Dells, two stately rocks rising seventy-five feet above the water.

Within this royal portal the river swells to a greater width, its broad expanse so smooth that the sky and floating rifts of fleecy clouds are reflected in its surface with such perfection that we seem afloat between hemispheres of light, clasped by a double zone of dark brown rock and sand, and set in broken bands of green.

Beneath an overhanging wood a little further on we pass a weather-beaten building known as the Old Dells Tavern. Mooring their rafts to the rocks above, the river men of former days filled this place with the echoes of boisterous revelry, and we fancy them busy with their booms and lumber, or sauntering in groups upon the sand, or lounging before the tavern door in their rough Western attire, lending the scene a picturesque and lively air of animation.

The tavern has been long deserted, and its deeds of darkness have passed into uncertain story; but the rafts still float down the rapid river, the raftsman's voice still rings across the water, and the coming of a fleet fragrant with the piny odors of the far-off woods, its long-armed helms slowly moving back and forth, is a characteristic and refreshing scene.



BRACKET ROCK, AT THE MOUTH OF WITCHES' GULCH.

From here the entire upward trip is an unfolding panorama of beauty. Following a labyrinth of bends and curves, we



ENTRANCE TO PHANTOM CHAMBER.

glide at length beneath the sterns of nature's curious "Navy-yard," its ancient hulls locked in the solemn silence of some strange enchantment, like petrified men-of-war; or, entering a former channel of the river, we explore the chambers of some hollow island, lighted by an opening in its upper surface, like the Pantheon at Rome, and with the whole mystery of the ancient river-bed unfolded to the eye, wander for hours through enchanted scenes, now in deserted caverns, now in a leafy wilderness of vines and trees, or emerging to some solitary shaft, hurled at a remote period from the cliffs above, to be washed for ages by the rushing waters, and standing at length an appropriate monument of a beautiful and strange desertion.

In some portions of the river the cliffs rise sheer from the water's edge, crowned with towering pines whose roots stretch down the wall in ghastly shapes, and in others they are formed in far overshelving layers, or are worn in long circling bands around which the waters sweep in majestic silence.

Again, at the narrows, the scene of Black Hawk's famous leap, they are set in broken masses, and the water pours in a mighty volume of a hundred feet in depth past the ever-resisting rock with the speed of a flying arrow.

Emerging at length beyond a rocky island, set like a castellated fortress in a bend of the river, we float into the broader channel. The cliffs still tower grandly above us, are still fissured and broken, and support the hills on their giant shoulders; but a few rods further on, the left line of rock recedes, and the river flows in idyllic loveliness through sunny meadows, its broad expanse set with a multitude of leafy islands.

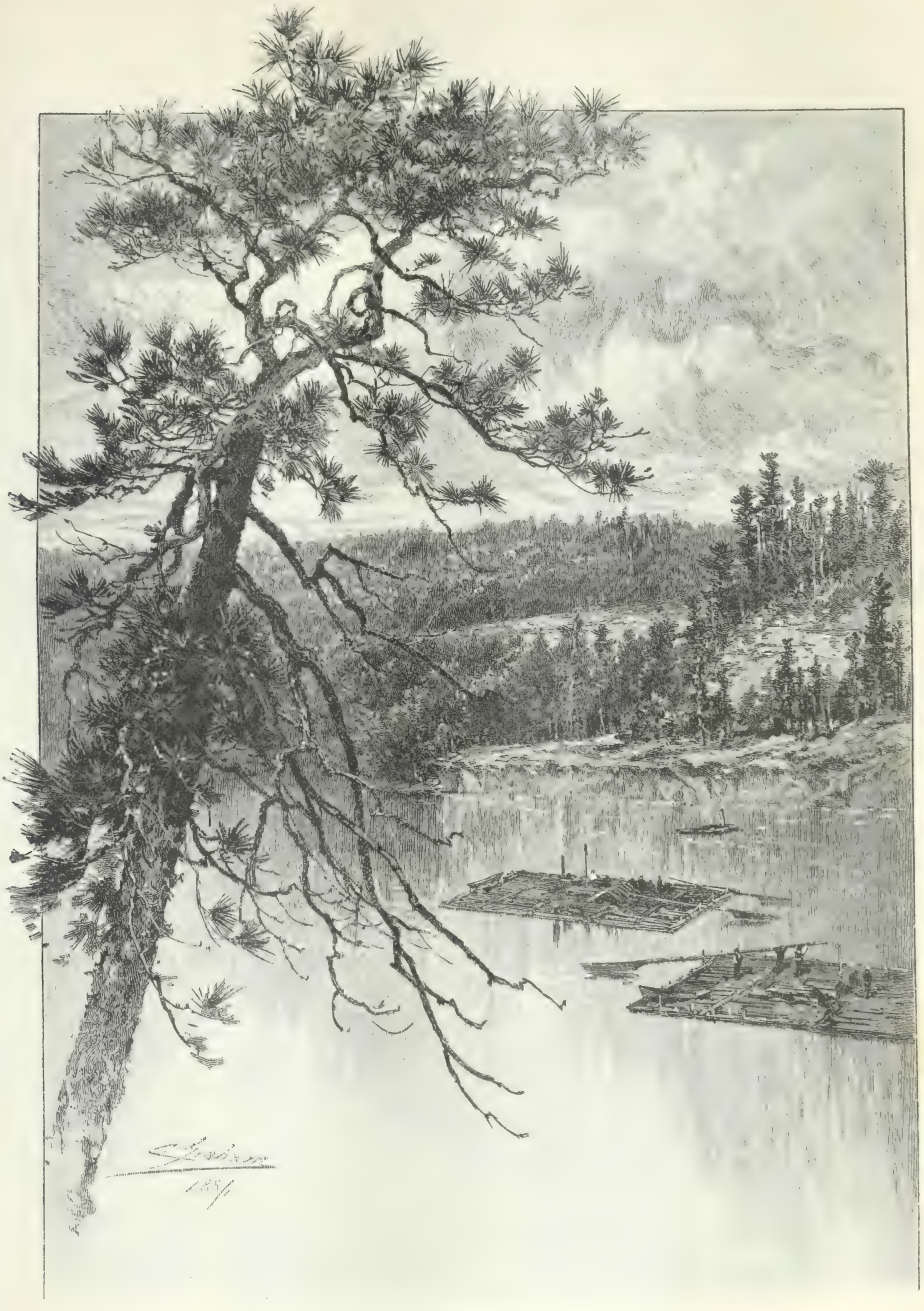
Here we reach the head of the Dells, and there is a general bustle of passengers and guides, a quick search for easy shoals and upward currents, and the boats push out with bending oars, or sweep with careful guidance down the river.

From here parties diverge in all directions, some to Luncheon Hall, an opening in the upper face of a bold promontory, with a noble prospect up and down the valley, and others to "Stand Rock," a rough-hewn pillar rising one hundred feet from the valley, and crowned with a moss-grown tablet, which may be easily reached by a somewhat perilous leap from the main cliff.

The most convenient excursions, however, are to the six or seven ravines tributary to the river, which are reached directly from the steamer. The two most important are Witches' Gulch and Cold-water Cañon.

The Gulch appears to have been originally a long, low cave, the roof from eight to twenty feet in height, and for the most part rent open, the rift reaching fifty or sixty feet to the upper surface, and "varying from a dim seam .... to a chasm several yards in width." The walls of the cave proper form a tolerably perfect arch, but the sides of the break are deeply shelved and fluted, the perpendicular folds and waves swelling here and there to enormous semi-domes and hollow globes, a notable instance of which is found in Devil's Jug, in Cold-water Cañon, seventy-five feet in height, looking very much as a jug would look from the inside, and evidently formed by the action of some tremendous whirlpool.

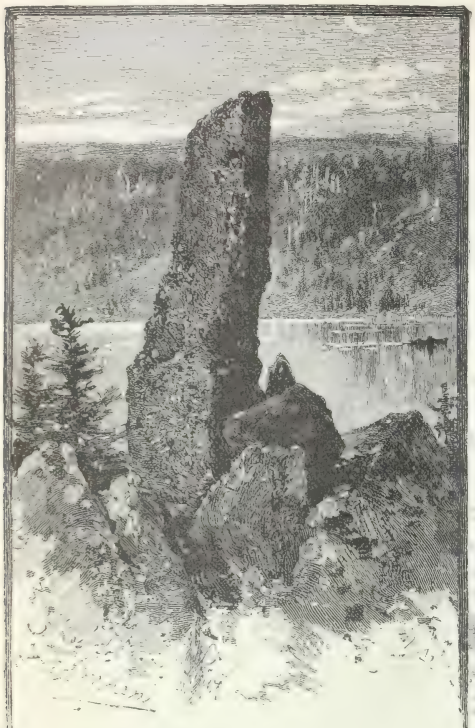
In passing, our guide, who related with zeal many a treasured compliment for "the Dells" from the lips of former tourists who "had seen Watkins Glen and



RAFTS IN THE DELLS.

all the other famous places," made no reference in his sincere simplicity to the strange contrast in name between the Jug and its location; but a cynical fellow-traveller observed that if "the temperance people" had captured the veritable jug, they had somehow left it enigmatically empty.

The Gulch cuts the wall of the river as a broad wooded ravine, its precipitous sides



BLACK MONUMENT, DEVIL'S LAKE.

the mellow sunlight and the perpetual spray of the falls below.

From here we ascend in like manner to a yet higher level, and winding through tortuous passages, emerge at length to the upper glen and the warm summer air.

The water, calm and untroubled in

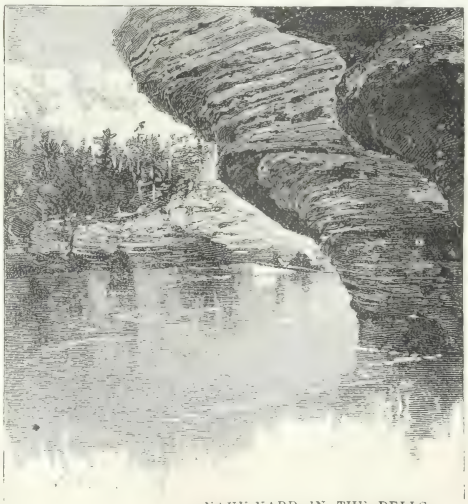


THE BOWLDER, DEVIL'S LAKE.

buried nearly to the top in sloping banks of earth; and threading our way along a winding stream, we soon reach a place where the sides suddenly close, and we enter a cave-like passage upon a plank walk, which at this point occupies the entire floor.

The passage soon swells into Phantom Chamber, a large shadowy cavern, with an icy spring bubbling from the rock, and resounding with the plash of a noisy water-fall, tumbling twelve or fifteen feet into a clear pool.

A rude slippery stair leads us over the fall through a narrow opening into Fairy Grotto, a passage between ponderous walls of rock clad in a soft vesture of velvet moss, fresh with



NAVY-YARD IN THE DELLS.

the depths of round basins, and radiant and joyous in its small cataracts, suggests strange reflections on the untold ages of erosion that have produced these fantastic sculptures. They are wild caprices of nature, here and there of rare grace and beauty, but for the most part weird and grotesque of effect and full of uncanny gloom and uncouth shapes.

One sunny afternoon, on board the *Dell Queen*, after a season of comparative oblivion to all human interests, a little

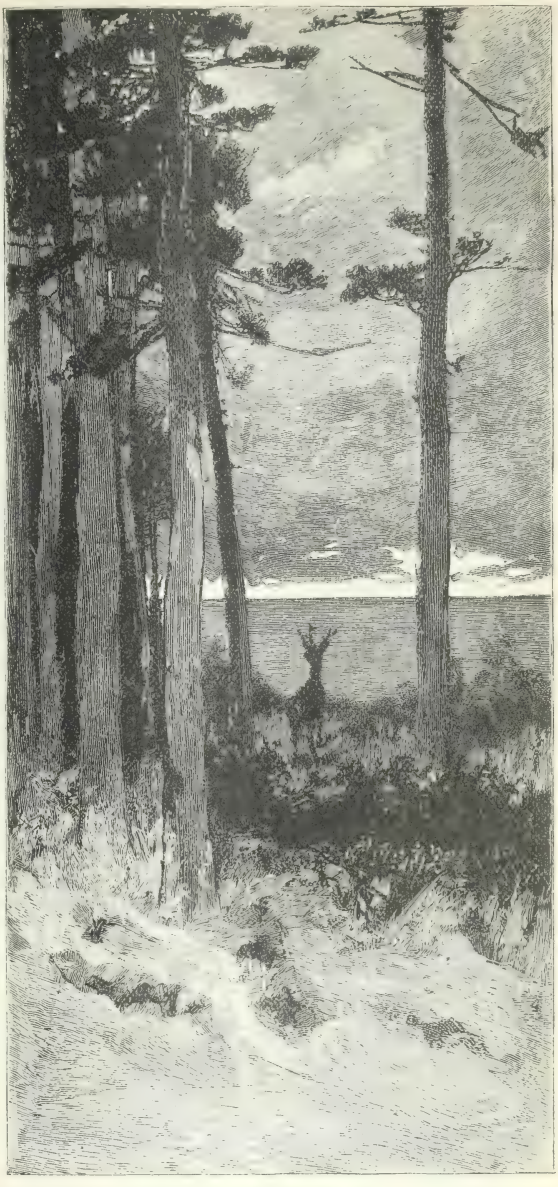
trio of congenial spirits was formed, drawn together by a common purpose.

Until now we had been lost in contemplation, studying every crag, watching every raft, sometimes even joining the river men in their wild descent of the falls below, and everywhere imbibing to the full the bounty of nature all about us. Now, however, we fell into a reflective mood, and with the following result. We unanimously decided that the West was indeed different from what any of us had expected, and would bear indefinite exploration.

Hitherto we had been scarcely conscious of each other's presence; now we were in the full flow of communicative spirits.

The geologist related to ready ears the marvels of Adams and Juneau counties, where, ages ago, when the waters which covered the earth receded, and the rivers gained a certain outline, this same Wisconsin wore its way through the plastic sand, leaving the vast and strangely fissured rocks of Mauston, which rise from the surrounding level six or seven hundred feet, like the Königstein of Saxon Switzerland, marking the river-bed of a former time, in testimony of scenes in the grand emergence, almost beyond imagination.

The hunter, however, impatient for the chase, urged that there was still nearer an even greater wonder, and it was finally decided to go to Devil's Lake, then return to Milwaukee for supplies, and then—off for the northern coast.



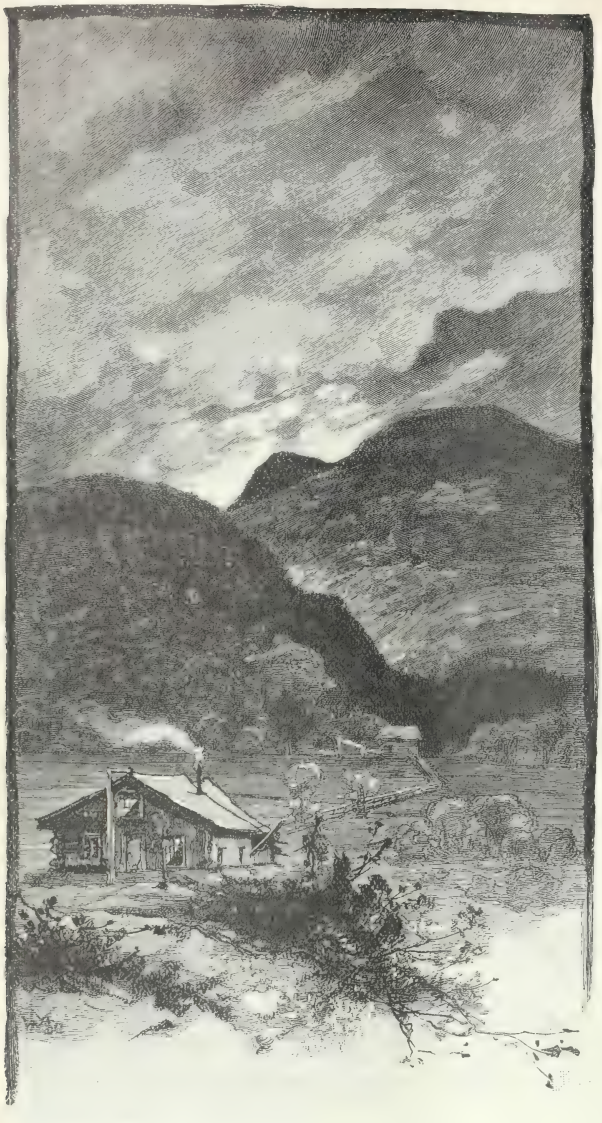
A STARTLED DEER.

Go to Devil's Lake! Easy enough in the saying, or for those who go by the Northwestern Railway from Chicago in luxurious parlor-cars to the beautiful city of Baraboo, of which Devil's Lake is but a suburb; but those who go from the Dells think a branch should be built from there.

In our case, the arduous undertaking was accomplished by implicitly following "the main travelled road" as best we might, where every mile brought us to a dozen forks distressingly alike, the ruts in all completely buried by the shifting sand.

By dint of much inquiry, however, and a persistent whip, we finally emerged, after the fifteenth mile of sandy waste, upon a spot in such striking contrast with the surrounding scenery that a first view of it creates the liveliest surprise.

Without visible outlet or inlet a lake is imprisoned in what is locally considered the crater of an extinct volcano, but



THE PENOKEE GAP.

which is more likely the path of some glacier, or a gorge worn out by the action of a great river, in a time of which we have no human record.

Climbing the gloomy bluffs which rise seven hundred feet from its margin, we found them a mass of loosened rocks piled in grotesque confusion, as if hurled aloft in the grim sport of some Titanic race, and towering in gloomy grandeur above this mysterious lake, beautiful in its strange captivity.

Upon the mind of the savage, ignorant of the processes of nature, the effect must have been peculiarly impressive, and a tolerably authentic account of the awe in which the place was held by the Indians verifies this belief.

The ponderous blocks of Devil's Doorway could only have been placed upon their piers of smaller stones by some superhuman agency, and cleft rock, perched on a dizzy height, and supported by a single prop of nicely fitted blocks, was the unquestioned work of some unearthly Manitou. Add to this, the lake without overflow or source, unprecedented in savage observation, and the effect was overwhelming, and the swarthy hunter, pursuing his game over smiling prairies, came with awe before these strange deep waters in the stern and desolate temple of some unknown deity. The wounded stag, dashing into its cooling waves, escaped pursuit; the very fish roamed in shoals unsought, and so strong was this superstitious dread that the dying warrior perished in agony rather than profane its waters with human lips.

The geologist was well repaid his pains; the hunter forgot that the lake visit was agreed to in deference to his ardor, and the scribe has to record that, without a note, the quaint office of the single hotel, with its curiosities in cases along the wall, its desk and chairs of rustic wood-work, the sandy beach, the glorious sweep of rock and water, and the beautiful vineyards of Devil's Lake, are fixed in vivid recollection as pictures of a spot far too little known.

O for the intellectual grasp of the writer of a tourists' guide! He knows exactly where you want to go, and exactly how to get there; he knows at just what hour you



A LUMBERMAN'S BRIDGE.

arrive and what hour you depart, and he knows how to lead you with sincere enthusiasm to the most delightful places.

Had we followed the tourists' guide, we should have gone from Kilbourn on to Sparta, but happily without need of the lithia and soda of the "most perfect chalybeate in the world" (a water, by-the-way, of unquestioned merit), we resolved unalterably at Devil's Lake to continue in the footsteps of the hunter, with no other guide than the convenience of the moment, and the sketches which our artist had prepared the preceding summer.

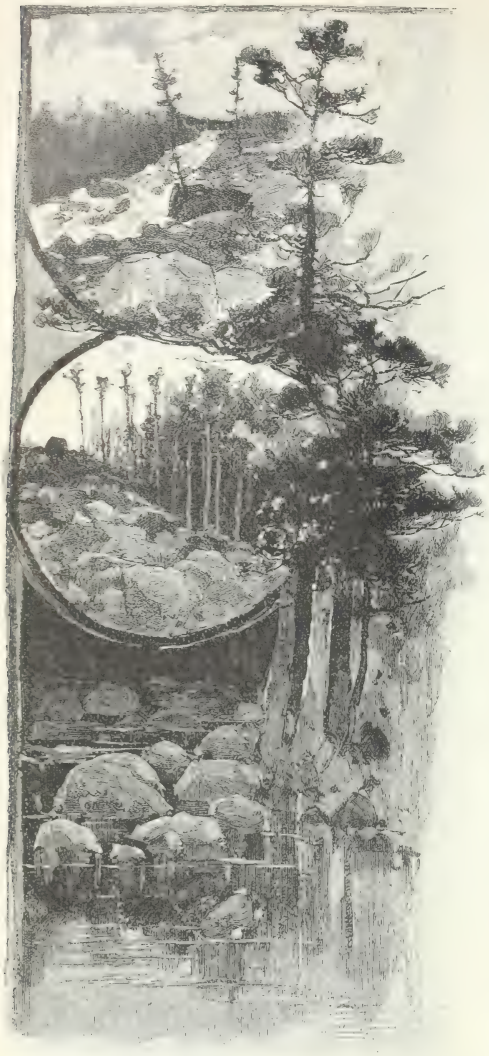
A ride of one hundred miles from Milwaukee on the Wisconsin Central brought us to Neenah.

By an examination of the map it will be seen that Lake Winnebago, stretching inland nearly forty miles, appears to be an extension of Green Bay, with which it is connected by the Fox, a deep and mighty river which flows with arrow-like rapidity past Doty's Island, moving the extensive mills and factories of Neenah and Menasha.

A hundred years ago this was the happy hunting ground of the Sacs and Foxes, the waters even then being rich above other lakes in fish and game, and neighboring tribes came in hosts to the great council tree opposite the island, planting their wigwams along the shore, with their curling smoke by day and flickering fires along the beach at night, with shadowy figures flitting to and fro; and in the old "loggery," which still fronts the river on the island side, the once pretentious mansion of Governor Doty — the first Territorial magnate of Wisconsin — many a treaty has been signed, and many a stately brave in paint and feathers has been re-



A VIEW ON BAD RIVER.



ON THE WAY TO ASHLAND.

ceived with courtly dignity, and "all this where now is the roar of machinery, the flash of a thousand lights, and all the sights and sounds of a busy city," the Indian village being a curious prophecy of the commerce of six thriving towns nestled close together on waters which penetrate so strangely the interior of the State.

The stronghold and principal village of the Sacs and Foxes was situated on the banks of "Lake Little Buttes des Morts." as the Fox is called below Doty's Island, and, fortified by mighty breastworks, these savage tribes fell upon the traders going up and down the river, demanding heavy tribute. This, however, at length became a matter of such serious importance that in 1746 a certain Captain Morand sallied forth with a fleet of Durham boats, covered with cloth to conceal their cargoes, and when, having sent a detachment to make a rear attack, he neared the Indian village, the savage throngs were met with armed men, who arose like the hosts of Roderick Dhu, and pouring forth volley after volley from both front and rear, more than a thousand warriors fell, and the "mounds of Little Buttes des Morts are commemorative of the disasters which ended the supremacy of the Foxes."

A more silent and certain conquest has driven the red men to the forests of the North, and with the exception of a reservation eighteen miles away, they are no longer seen along these noble waters; and though the lake still swarms with enormous sturgeon and bass of the rarest sort, they are only caught by the disciples of Izaak Walton, who come with reel and rod hundreds of miles to this delightful spot.

Beyond Stevens Point, a little further on, the road extends one hundred and fifty miles through a vast forest of pine, so dense that we seem passing through a deep cut or channel, throughout whose length the shriek of the locomotive reverberates in long lingering echoes, and which is interrupted only now and then by some lumber mill, with its boom of brown logs rolling and glistening in the waters of a brimming river, or a stumpy frontier village, or a picturesque lumberman's bridge leading from the camp to the shadowy woods.

It is, however, not until we enter the Penokee Gap, near immense deposits of magnetic iron, to which a short branch is in process of construction, that we fairly reach the heart of the "Superior Country."

Crossing Bad River seventeen times in a run of nine miles, the train sweeps past rapid and fall, swiftly and ever more swiftly, from curve to curve, down to Ashland-on-the-Lake.

Above the forty-fifth degree of latitude Wisconsin is comparatively unsettled, and with its vast net-work of lakes and streams remains essentially as it was when Father Marquette made his famous canoe voyage from Mackinaw to the Mississippi; and the hunter's eyes glistened with anticipation, coming so abruptly from civilization to a

dense and mighty wilderness, where fish and game are still all unabashed of man, and deer may be called within pistol range along many a sequestered lake by the fatal charm of blazing lights.

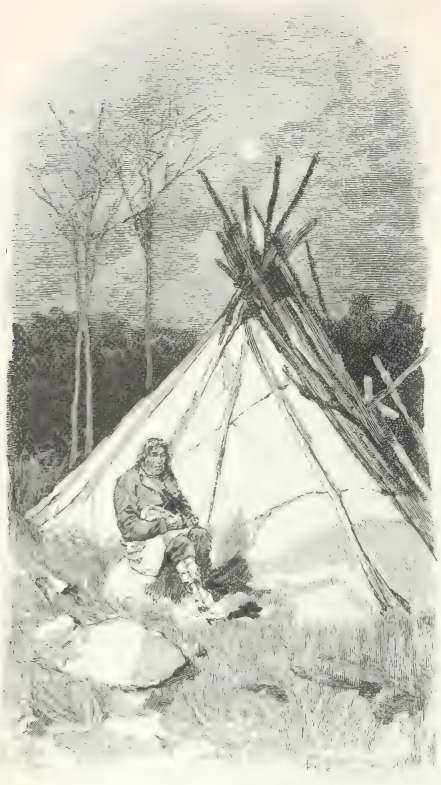
The northern border of this undeveloped region, known as the "Superior Country," and of which Northwestern Michigan forms a part, has long been partially civilized in consequence of the mines.

One day early in October the scribe and the geologist were seated on the broad piazza of the Chequamegon at Ashland, examining some specimens of red granite which the latter, who had lain over a day, had brought from newly discovered quarries at Montello, in Marquette County, Wisconsin, and which is elsewhere rarely found in purity, except in the quarries of Finland, from which were brought the famous monoliths of St. Petersburg. The previous day we had visited the Indian mission at Odanah, and the lumber camps, with their hosts of choppers in picturesque attire, with exquisite shades of green and scarlet, contrasting brightly among the sombre shadows of the piny woods. That morning the weather had been thick, and we listened long to the sullen monotone of the hidden surf.

The bay was swept by slowly moving showers, dimming the outlines of its hilly shores, while here and there a sloop drifting with the wind, and barges with slowly moving wheels, and a long line of rafts in tow, gradually emerged to view, wet with showers of flying mist. But presently an opening rift touched headland and point with a flood of golden light. The ghastly fog swept its trailing skirts before the freshening breeze. The clouds slowly rolled away and massed along the hills, and the October sun flashed his glittering shafts over the impetuous waters of the bay, and through the filmy veil of light which softened the outlines of the distant bluffs, into the deep recesses of the woods, rich in their livery of crimson, emerald, and chrome, while far in the distance, twenty miles away, lay the lovely



INDIAN MAIDEN, MARQUETTE.



CHIPPEWA MEDICINE-MAN, NEAR MARQUETTE.

group of four-and-twenty islands which lock the entrance to the harbor.

Here, indeed, by the grace of modern skill, we were at length in the very heart of the primeval wilderness, and that but a few hours from Milwaukee and Chicago.

On the sandy beach lay a score of Indian canoes, behind us the dense and almost impenetrable forests, with shaded streams full of bass and trout, while nearly every evening some Indian hunter moved slowly through the village streets, his pack-horse laden with a heavy buck or roe, followed by a pack of weary hounds.

Sometimes early in the morning we heard a sudden cry: a deer was in the bay. Fiercely pressed by dogs, it at last sought refuge in the water, and standing a moment on the beach with lifted antlers, knelt softly in the waves in cunning silence, and then swam swiftly and boldly down the bay in a long silver line, far beyond the reach of our unaided vision.

For days we lingered among these strange surroundings, visiting Bayfield, with its many fountains, and its quaint Franciscan friars, and Madeline Island, the largest of the Apostle group, with a mission chapel at La Pointe, containing an old picture on hand-made canvas, and a rare missal, together with rich and curious vestments of the olden time when Marquette so heroically labored among the Indians of the North.

We might also have gone to Beaver Bay and the Palisades, or to the Porcupine Mountains, which rise abruptly from the lake, or Black River, nearer by, which is said to break over shelves of slate in beautiful cascades, falling two or three hundred feet in half a mile, and gradually widening toward the base, until, looking up from a point within the river-mouth, "there seem to be acres of water" pouring down the long irregular descent, and rushing in a deep and foaming torrent to the lake.

We might have made an excursion to the deep shafts of Silver Island, and the extinct volcano of Thunder Cape, but the hunter had shot a dozen deer, and was well content, and the geologist wished to reach the mines.

Accordingly, bidding new-made friends farewell, we bought tickets for Marquette, and left one early morning on the steamer.

The evening found us among the copper hills of Houghton, on the portage across Keweenaw Point. The following morning we landed in Marquette, a veritable oasis of refinement and luxury in this Northern wilderness.

We were not made aware of anything remarkable in its history, but it is sufficiently remarkable for its hospitality and wealth, its nearness to the Pictured Rocks, and as the port of the mines of Northern Michigan, with a fleet of four hundred thousand tons.

It will, moreover, when better accommodations are provided, become one of the first resorts of a coast with features which the Atlantic sea-board can scarcely equal in its whole extent, the charm of history and tradition being alone excepted. Marquette is also remarkable for its immediate surroundings, and reminds one more strongly of certain European towns than any other American city.

We were at first at a loss to account for this impression, which, though due to various features, is mainly caused by the fact that the city is a port without a river, the usual docks of other cities being quite

unknown, and a fleet of fifty ships often lying at anchor in the harbor, as they do at Genoa or Naples.

Then, too, the town lies along a curving beach, below rocky hills, straggling up the steep bluff from the water's edge, and all along the shore, beneath the splendid homes of the upper streets, lies a picturesque world of industry, with quaint old limekilns built in stories that would make an artist's fortune in a picture, and fisher huts surrounded by reels of nets drying in the sun below a rocky headland among the busy scenes of some lucky haul, the boats, with rich brown sails that would grace the Adriatic, being drawn up on the sandy beach, or riding the lessened swell of the inner basin; while the light-house at the left, on a rocky point, dashed with never-ceasing spray, and the long blue line of coast across the tossing waters of the outer bay, add freshness to the picture.

Beautiful, however, as it was, the season was rapidly advancing, and we hurried from winds that already blew bitterly from the north.

The engine climbed sturdily the steep ascent to Negaunee. We were, perhaps, a thousand feet above Trinity spire, in a strange world of rock red with iron, and green with greasy chlorite, without which iron is never found. Everything gave the impression of firmness and solidity, and we felt that we were upon the bare planet.

The country was lean and barren, and beyond Negaunee there were reaches of woods scarred and blackened by fire, and lines of charcoal furnaces along the track, while interminable trains of red or glittering ore moved in all directions.

At the Menominee Range the hunter and the scribe fell in with a certain "Limber Jim," who, with two dogs and a bear, lived in a forest hut, and with whom we paddled merrily in a birch canoe down a long avenue of stately pines on the beautiful Menominee to the great falls of Quinnesec, while the geologist explored the recently opened mines, celebrated already for the low percentage of phosphorus in the ore, and a development and yield phenomenal in the history of mining.

The inroads upon the "Superior Country" have become so extensive that the prophecy of a fine civilization along the southern shore of Lake Superior will be rapidly fulfilled.

Those who would see the wilderness as it is, must see it soon.



WAY-SIDE GEMS.



RUINS OF THE PUEBLO PINTADO.

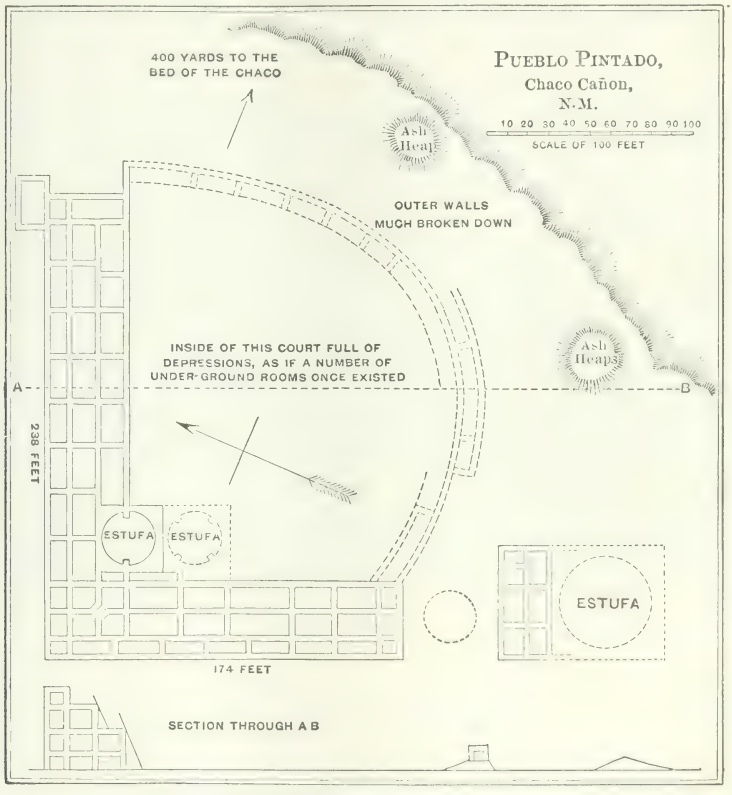
THE FIRST AMERICANS.

IT happened to the writer more than once, during the late civil war, to sail up some great Southern river that was to all appearance unfurrowed by the keel of man. If it was not the entrance to a newly discovered continent, it might as well have been. No light-house threw its hospitable gleam across the dangerous bar, no floating buoys marked the intricacies of the channel; the lights had been extinguished, the buoys removed, and the whole coast seemed to have gone back hundreds of years in time, reverting to its primeval and unexplored condition. There was commonly no sound except the light plash of waves, or the ominous roll of heavy surf. Once only, I remember, when at anchor in a dense fog off St. Simon's Island, in Georgia, I heard a low continuous noise from the unseen distance, more wild and desolate than anything else in my memory can parallel. It came from within the vast girdle of mist, and seemed as if it might be the cry of lost souls out of some Inferno of Dante; yet it was but the sound of innumerable sea-fowl at the entrance of the outer bay. Amid such experiences I was for the first time enabled to picture to myself the American Continent as its first European visitor saw it.

Lonely as the land may have seemed, those early voyagers always came upon the traces, ere long, of human occupants. Who were those men and women, what was their origin, what their mode of life? Every one who explores the mounds of the Ohio Valley, or gazes on the ruins of Yucatan, or looks into the wondrous narratives of the Spanish conquerors, must ask himself this question. Until within a few years there has seemed no answer to it. Facts have come in faster and faster, and every new fact has made the puzzle seem more hopeless, so long as no one could offer the solution. These various prehistoric races, so widely sundered, threw no light upon each other; they only deepened each other's darkness. Indians, Aztecs, Mayas, Mound-builders, seemed to have no common origin, no visible analogy of life or habits. The most skillful student was hardly in advance of the least skillful as to any real comprehension of the facts; nor could this possibly be otherwise, so long as the clew to the labyrinth was not found. It is only some thirty years since it may be said to have been discovered; only some eight or ten years since it has been resolutely and successfully used. Let us see what results it has already yielded.

When in 1852 Lieutenant J. H. Simpson, of the United States army, gave to the world the first detailed description of the vast ruined pueblos of New Mexico, and of the other pueblos still occupied, he did not know that he was providing the means for rewriting all the picturesque tales of the early conquerors. All their legends of cisatlantic emperors and empires were to be read anew in the light of that one discovery. These romances had been told in good faith, or something as near it as the narrator knew,

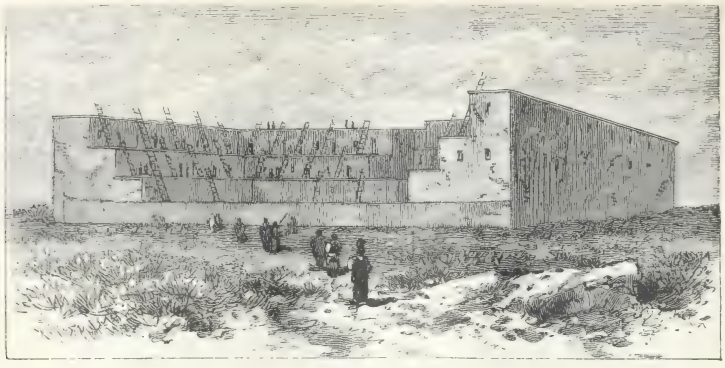
and the tales had passed from one to another, each building on what his predecessor had laid down. The accounts were accepted with little critical revision by modern writers; they filled the attractive pages of Prescott; even Hubert Bancroft did not greatly modify them; but the unshrinking light of a new theory was to transform them all. And with them were to be linked also Stephens's dreams of vast cities, once occupied by an immense population, and now remaining only as unexplored ruins amid the forests of Central America. The facts he saw were cumulation of facts in regard to the early American races then began to be classified and simplified; and with whatever difference of opinion as to details, the general opinion of scholars now inclines to the view which, when Morgan first urged it, was called startling and incredible. That view is still a theory, as Darwin's "origin of species" is still a theory; but Morgan's speculations, like Darwin's, have begun a new era for the science to which they relate. He thinks that there never was a prehistoric American civilization, properly so called, but only an advanced and wonderfully skillful barbarism, or semi-civilization at the utmost. The aboriginal races, except perhaps the Eskimo, were essentially one in their social structure, he holds, however varying in development. There never was an Aztec or Maya empire, but only a league of free tribes, appointing their own chiefs, and accepting the same general modes of organization, based on consanguinity, that have prevailed among all the more advanced families of North



PLAN OF THE PUEBLO PINTADO.

firmed, but his impressions must be tested by a wholly new interpretation. And, after all, these various wonders were only to be exchanged for new marvels, as interesting as the old ones, and far more intelligible and coherent.

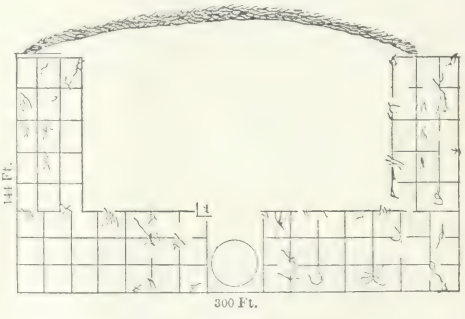
From the publication of Lewis H. Morgan's remarkable essay, entitled "Montezuma's Dinner," in the *North American Review* for April, 1876, the new interpretation took a definite form. The vast ac-



RESTORATION OF THE PUEBLO HUNGO PAVIE.

American Indians. Montezuma was not an emperor, and had no palace, but he lived in the great communal dwelling of his tribe, where he was recognized and served as head. The forests of Yucatan held no vast cities—cities whose palaces remain, while the humble dwellings of the poor have perished—but only pueblo towns, in whose vast communal structures the rich and the poor alike dwelt. There are questions enough left unsolved in American archæology, no doubt, but the solution of this part of the problem has now been proposed in intelligible terms, at least; and it has been rapidly followed up by the accurate researches of Morgan and Putnam and Bandelier.

I have said that all this new view of the problem dates from our knowledge of the Pueblo or Village Indians of New Mexico. What is a pueblo? It is an Indian town, of organization and aspect so peculiar that it can best be explained by minute descriptions. Let us begin with the older examples, now in ruins. Mr. Bandelier has lately examined for the American Archæological Institute a ruined building at Pecos, in New Mexico, which he claims to be the largest aboriginal structure of stone within the limits of the United States. It has a circuit of 1480 feet, is five stories high, and once included by calculation 500 separate rooms. This is simply a ruined pueblo. This composite dwelling once sheltered the inhabitants of a whole Indian town. Pueblo Bonito, on the Rio Chacos, described by Lieutenant Simpson, and more lately by Dr. W. H. Jackson, is 1716 feet in circuit; it included 641 rooms, and could have housed, it is estimated, 3000 Indians. A stone pueblo on the Animas River, lately visited and described by Mr. L. H. Morgan, had more than 400 rooms—and such instances could easily be multiplied. As a rule, each of these buildings constituted a village—a single vast house built on three sides of a court. The stories rose in successive terraces, each narrower than the one beneath, and each approachable only by ladders, there being no sign of any internal means of ascent from story to story. The outer walls were built usually of thin slabs of gray sandstone, laid with the greatest precision and accuracy, often with no signs of mortar, the intervals being filled with stones of the minutest thinness. so that the whole ruin appears in the distance, according to Simpson, "like a magnificent piece of mosaic-work." These pueblos were practically impregnable to all but civilized warfare, and they differ only in material, not



PLAN OF HUNGO PAVIE.

in the essentials of their structure, from the adobe pueblos occupied by the Village Indians of to-day.

The first impression made by the adobe pueblos now inhabited is quite different from that produced by these great stone structures, yet the internal arrangement is

almost precisely the same. As you cross, for instance, the green meadows of the Rio Grande, you see rising abruptly before you, like a colossal ant-hill, a great drab mound, with broken lines that suggest roofs at the top. As you draw nearer, you see before you solid walls or banks of the same drab hue, perforated here and there by small openings. These walls are in tiers—tiers of terraces—each spreading out flat at the top, and a few feet wide, with a higher one behind it, and another behind that, until in some cases they are five stories high. Strips of what seems lattice-work stand on these terraces, slanted, tilted, propped irregularly here and there; they also are of a drab color, "as roofs; the strips of lattice-work are ladders, these being the only means of going from one terrace to another; the little oval mounds are ovens; and the bits of thatch are arbors on the roofs. In the pueblo of San Juan—as recently portrayed by Mrs. Helen Jackson, of whose graphic description the above is but an abstract—there are four or five of these large terraced buildings, with a small open plaza or court between. When this lady visited the scene, upon a festal day, this plaza was filled with Indians and Mexicans, and the terraces were all covered with them, dressed for the most part in blankets of the gayest colors, relieved against the drab adobe walls or against a brilliant blue sky. This group



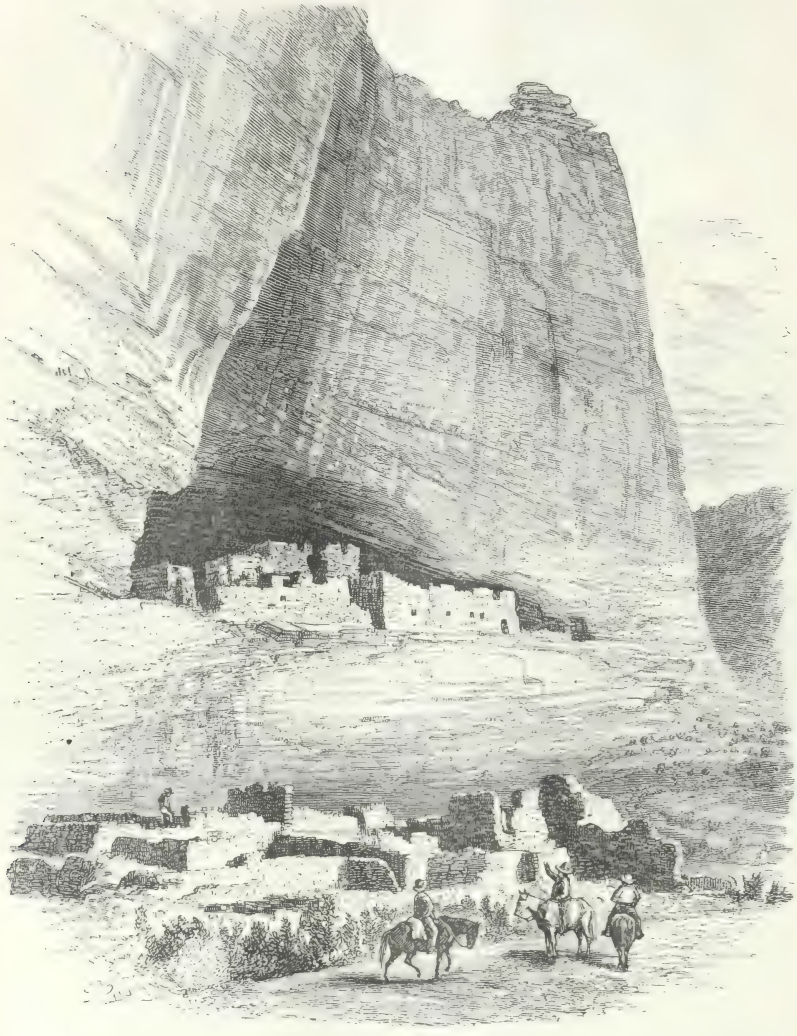
THE NORTH PUEBLO OF TAOS.

if walls, roofs, ladders, all had been run, wet mud, into a fretted mould, baked, and turned out like some freaky confectioner's device made of opaque, light brown cough candy." At intervals upon these terraces, or on the ground near the base of the walls, there stand low oval mounds of the same baked drab mud, shaped like the half of an egg-shell, with an aperture left in the small end. Then there are on the roof, lifted a few feet above them, little thatches of brush, ragged and unfinished, like the first rough platform of twigs and mud which the robin constructs for her nest. Closer inspection shows that the tiers and terraces are the stories and roofs of the houses; the holes are doors and windows opening into rooms under the terraced of strange structures, thus tenanted and thus adorned, is an inhabited pueblo.

Sometimes, as at Taos, the separate dwellings or cells of the building are so crowded together as to resemble, in the words of Bandelier, "an extraordinarily large honey-comb." The same is the case with that of Zuñi, both these pueblos being now inhabited, and the latter, which is the larger, giving shelter to fifteen hundred Indians. Others again, like that of Acoma, are so protected by their situation that this close aggregation of cells is not necessary, and the little tenements are simply placed side by side like houses in a block, the whole being perched on a cliff three hundred and fifty feet high, accessible only by a single row of steps cut in the

rock. Sometimes the whole structure is in a cleft of a rock, yet even there it is essentially a pueblo, with the same terraces and the same ladders, so far as there is room. Sometimes we find the main pueblo, ruined or inhabited, beneath the cliff, and the citadel of refuge in a position almost inaccessible among the rocks above. Many of these masses of building are now occupied, more are in ruins; each shelters, or may have sheltered, hundreds of inhabitants, and the existing Village Indians probably represent for us not merely the race, but the mode of living of those who built every one of these great structures. If we wish to know what was the America which Cortez invaded, we are now compelled to regard it in the light of these recent investigations.

No trace now remains of the so-called



RUINED PUEBLO AND CITADEL.

city of Mexico, as Cortez saw it; but we know, in a vague way, how it compared with the pueblos that still exist. The clew to a comparison is as follows. There prevailed in the sixteenth century a legend that seven bishops had once sailed west from Portugal, and founded seven cities in America. Cabeza de Vaca, after his wanderings in the interior of America in 1536, brought back an account of large

and semi-civilized communities dwelling in palaces; and it was thought that these might be identified with the cities founded by the bishops. They were seen again by Fray Marco de Niza in 1539, and by Coronado in 1540, and were by them mentioned as "the seven cities of Cibola." Coronado fully describes the "great houses of stone," "with ladders instead of stairs," thus identifying them unmistakably with the still existing pueblos. Whether they were the seven pueblos of the Zuñis, or those of the Moquis in Arizona, is as yet unsettled; but it is pretty certain that they were identical with the one or the other; and as Fray Marco declared them to be in his day "more considerable than Mexico," we have something like a standard of comparison. The great communal houses, which could shelter a whole Spanish army within their walls, could seem nothing less than palaces to those wholly unused to the social organization which they represented. The explorers reasoned, just as archæologists reasoned for three centuries longer, that structures so vast could only have been erected by despotism. They saw an empire where there was no empire; they supposed themselves in presence of a feudalism like their own; all their descriptions were cast in the mould of this feudalism, and the mould remained unbroken until the civilized world, within thirty years, rediscovered the pueblos.

So long as the Pueblo Indians were unknown to us, there appeared an impassable gap between the roving Indians of the North and the more advanced race which Cortez conquered. Yet writers had long since pointed out the seeming extravagance of the Spanish descriptions, the exaggeration of their statistics. In the celebrated Spanish narrative of Montezuma's banquet, Bernal Diaz, writing thirty years after the event, describes four women as bringing water to their chief—an occurrence not at all improbable. In the account by Herrera, written still later, the four have increased to twenty. According to Diaz, Montezuma had 200 of his nobility on guard in the palace; Cortez expands them to 600, and Herrera to 3000. Zuazo, describing the pueblo or town of Mexico in 1521, attributed to it 60,000 inhabitants, and the "anonymous conqueror" who was with Cortez wrote the same. This estimate Morgan believes to have been twice too large; but Gomora and Peter Martyr transformed the inhabitants into houses—the estimate which Prescott follows—while Torquemada, cited by Clavigero, goes still farther, and writes 120,000 houses. Supposing that, as seems probable, the Mexican houses were of the

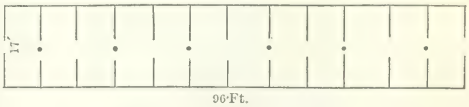


HODENOSOTE, OR LONG HOUSE OF THE IROQUOIS.

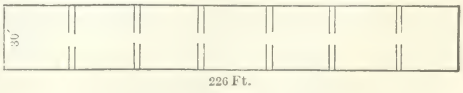
communal type, holding fifty or a hundred persons each, we have an original population of perhaps 30,000 swollen to 6,000,000. These facts illustrate the extravagances of statement to which the study of the New Mexican pueblos has put an end. This study has led us to abate much of the exaggeration with which the ancient Mexican society has been treated, and on the other hand to do justice to the more advanced among the tribes of Northern Indians. This exaggeration once removed, the two types appear less insuperably separated than was formerly supposed.

Let us compare the habits of the Pueblo Indians with those of more northern tribes. Lewis and Clarke thus describe a village of the Chopunish, or Nez Percés, on the Columbia River:

"The village of Tunnachemootoolt is in fact only a single house 150 feet long, built after the Chopunish fashion with sticks, straw, and dried grass. It contains twenty-four fires, about double that number of families, and might perhaps muster one hundred fighting men."



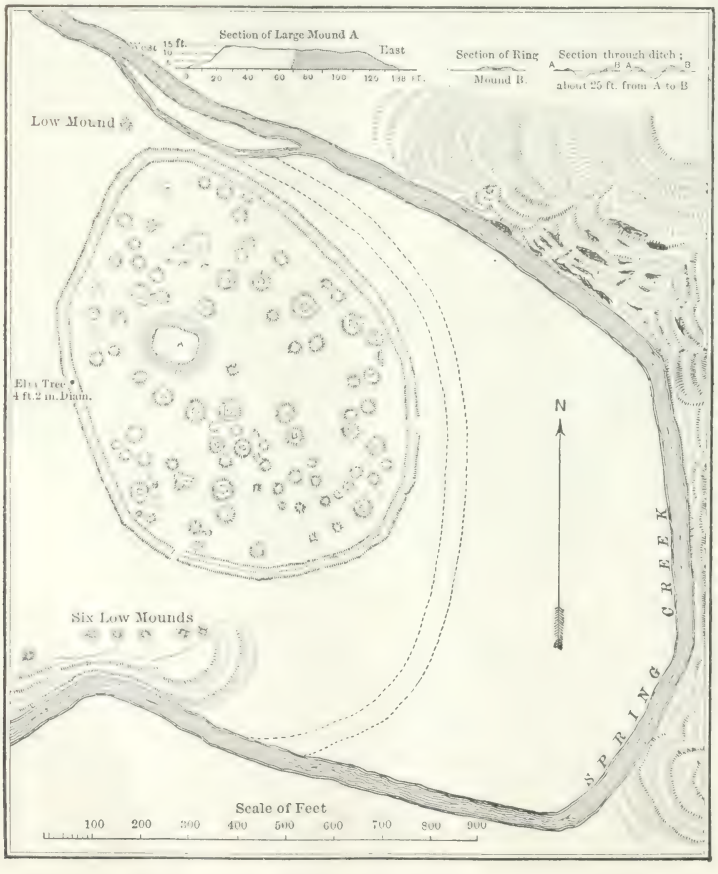
PLAN OF IROQUOIS HOUSE.



PLAN OF NECHECOLEE HOUSE.

This represents a communal household of nearly five hundred people, and another great house of the same race (Nechecolees), was still larger, being 226 feet in length. The houses of the Iroquois were 100 feet long. The Creeks, the Mandans, the Sacs, the Mohaves, and other tribes lived in a similar communal way, several related families in each house, living and eating in common. All these built their houses of perishable materials; some arranged them for defense, others did not, but all the structures bear a certain analogy to each other, and even, when carefully considered, to the pueblos of New Mexico.

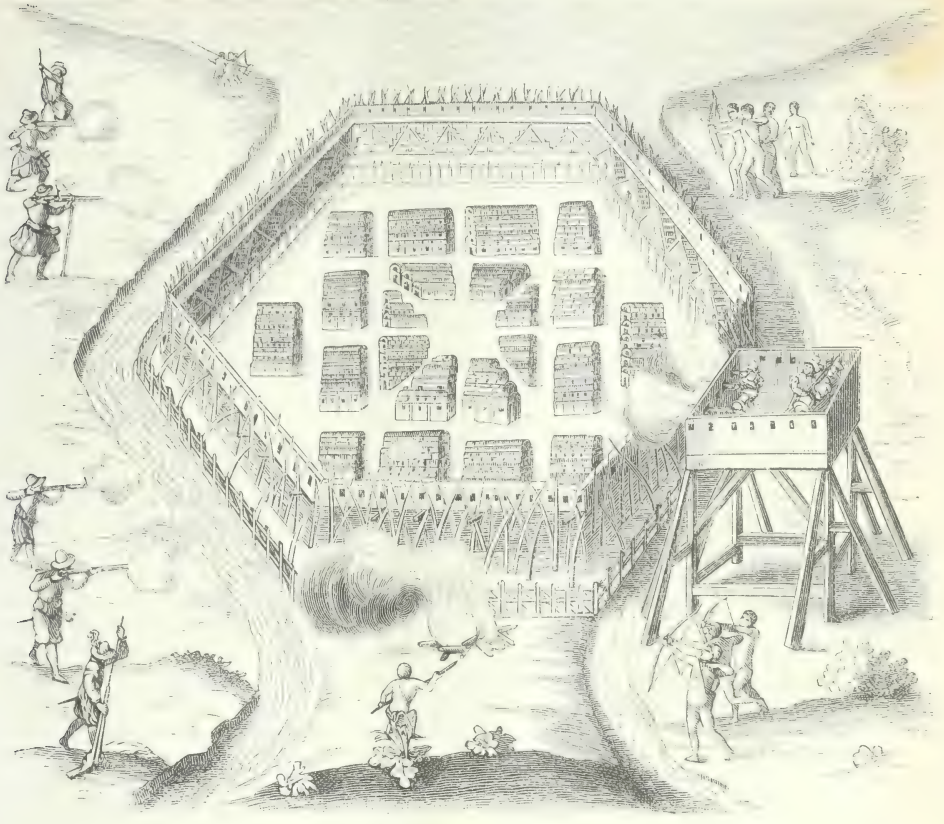
Compare, for instance, a ground-plan of one of the Chopunish houses among the Nechecolees with that of an Iroquois house and with a New Mexican pueblo, and one is struck with the resemblance. All these houses seem obviously adapted to a communal life, and traces of this practice, varying in different places, come constantly before us. The Pueblo Indians hold their lands in common. The traveller Stephens saw near the ruins of Uxmal the food of a hundred laboring-men prepared at one hut, and each family sending for its own portion—"a procession of women and children, each carrying a smoking bowl of hot broth, all coming down the same path, and dispersing among the huts." But this description might easily be paralleled among Northern tribes. I will not dwell on the complex laws of descent and relationship, which are so elaborately described by Morgan in his *Ancient Society*, and which appear to have prevailed among all the aboriginal tribes. The essential result of all these various observations is this, that whatever degree of barbarism or semi-civilization was attained by any of the early American races, it was everywhere based on similar ways of living; it never resembled feudalism,



FORTIFIED VILLAGE OF MOUND-BUILDERS, GROUND-PLAN.

but came much nearer to communism; it was the condition of a people substantially free, whose labor was voluntary, and whose chiefs were of their own choosing. After the most laborious investi-

laid it down as an axiom: "Such buildings as these can only be raised under peculiar social conditions. The ruler must be a despotic sovereign, and the mass of the people slaves, whose subsistence and



FORTIFIED ONONDAGA VILLAGE.

gation ever made into the subject, Bandelier—in the twelfth report of the Peabody Institute—comes to the conclusion that "the social organization and mode of government of the ancient Mexicans was a military democracy, originally based upon communism in living." And if this was true even in the seemingly powerful and highly organized races of Mexico, it was certainly true of every North American tribe.

If we accept this conclusion—and the present tendency of archæologists is to accept it—the greater part of what has been written about prehistoric American civilization proves to have been too hastily said. Tylor, for instance, after visiting the pyramid of Cholula, twenty-five years ago,

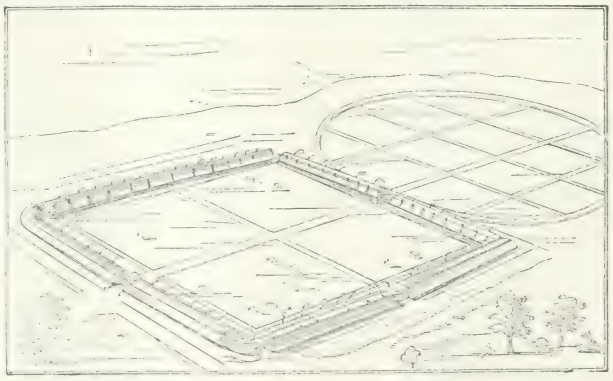
whose lives are sacrificed without scruple to execute the fancies of the monarch, who is not so much the governor as the unrestricted owner of the country and the people." He did not sufficiently consider that this is the first and easiest way to explain all great structures representing vast labor. An American writer thinks it necessary to explain even the works of the Mound-builders in a similar way. Mr. Foster thinks it clear that "the condition of society among the Mound-builders was not that of freemen, or, in other words, that the state possessed absolute power over the lives and fortunes of its subjects." But the theory of despotism is no more needed to explain a mound or a pueblo than to justify the existence of the



FORTIFIED MANDAN VILLAGE.

"Long Houses" of the Iroquois. Even the less civilized types of the aboriginal American race had the power to unite in erecting their communal dwellings; and surely the higher the grade the greater the power.

The Mound-builders were formerly regarded as a race so remote from the present Indian tribes that there could be nothing in common between them, yet all recent inquiries tend to diminish this distance. Many Indian tribes have built burial mounds for their dead. Squier, after the publication of his great work on the mounds of the Mississippi Valley, made an exploration of those of Western New York, and found, contrary to all his preconceived opinions, that these last must have been made by the Iroquois. Some of the most elaborate series of works, as those at Marietta and Circleville, Ohio, have yielded from their deepest recesses articles of European manufacture, showing an origin not farther back than the historic period. Spanish swords and blue glass beads have been found in the mounds of Georgia and Florida. But we need not go so far as this to observe the analogies of structure. If we look at Professor Putnam's ground-plan of a fortified village of the Mound-builders on Spring Creek, in Tennessee, and compare it with a similar plan of a Mandan village as given by Prince Maximilian of Neuwied in 1843, we find their arrangement to be essentially the same. Each is on a promontory protected by the bend of a stream; each is surrounded by an embankment which was once, in all probability, surmounted by a palisade. Within this embankment were the houses, distributed more irregularly in Putnam's plan, more formally and conventionally in that of the Prince of Neuwied; in other respects the two villages are almost duplicates. To see how they may have looked when occupied, we may compare them with a representation of a village of the Onondagas, attacked by Champlain in 1615. This wood-cut is reproduced from one in the *Documentary History of New York*. It is clear that the Mound-builders had much in common with those well-known tribes of Indians the Mandans and Onondagas, in their way of disposing and protecting their houses; and another comparison has lately been made which links their works on the other side with the New Mexican pueblos. Mr. Morgan has caused to be prepared a conjectural restoration of the High Bank mounds in Ross County, Ohio, on the theory that in that instance the houses of the inhabitants were "Long Houses" in structure, and were built for defensive purposes on top of the embankment. This makes the villages into pueblos, and Mr. Morgan therefore baptizes the settlement anew with the name of "High Bank Pueblo." A mere glance at his restoration will show how much there was in common between the various types of what he calls the aboriginal American race.



MORGAN'S HIGH BANK PUEBLO.

It remains to be considered whether the very highest forms of this race—the Az-

tecs and the Mayas—were properly to be called civilized. It is a matter of definitions; it depends upon what we regard as constituting civilization. Here was a people whose development showed strange contradictions. The ancient Mexicans were skilled in horticulture, yet had no beasts of burden and no milk, although the ox and buffalo were within easy reach. They were a trading people, and used money, but had apparently no system of weighing. They used stone tools so sharp that Cortez found barbers shaving with razors of obsidian in the public squares; they worked in gold and copper, yet they had not learned to make iron tools from the masses of that metal which lay, almost pure, in the form of aerolites, in their midst. They could observe eclipses and make a calendar, yet it is still doubtful whether they had what is properly to be called an alphabet. It is certain that they had a method of picture-writing, not apparently removed in kind from the sort of pictorial mnemonics practiced by many tribes of Indians at the present day: and all definite efforts to extract more than this from it have thus far failed. Brasseur de Bourbourg believed that he had found in 1863, in the library of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, a manuscript key to the phonetic alphabet of the Mayas. It was attached to an unpublished description of Yucatan (*Relacion de las Cosas de Yucatan*), written by Diego de Landa, one of the early Spanish bishops of that country. Amid the general excitement of "Americanists," Brasseur de Bourbourg tried his skill upon one of the few Maya manuscripts, but with little success; and Dr. Valentini, with labored analysis, has lately given his reasons for thinking the whole so-called alphabet a Spanish fabrication. The whole question of the alphabet remains, therefore, still unproved, while Tylor, the highest living authority on anthropology, considers it essential to the claim of civilization that a nation should have a written language. Tried by this highest standard, therefore, we can not yet say that either the Aztecs or the Mayas were civilized.

To sum up the modern theory, the key to the whole aboriginal American society is given in the pueblos of New Mexico, representing the communal household.



DIEGO DE LANDA'S MAYA ALPHABET.

This household is still to be seen at its lowest point in the lodges of the roving Indians of the North, and it produced when carried to its highest point all the art and architecture of Uxmal, and all the so-called civilization which the Spanish conquerors admired, exaggerated, and overthrew. The mysterious mounds of the Ohio Valley were erected only that they might give to their builders the advantages possessed without labor by those who dwelt upon the high table-lands of New Mexico. The great ruined edifices in the valley of the Chacos are the same in kind with the



SCULPTURED HEAD OF YUCATAN.

such peculiar value to the works of Darwin; he was not always willing to distinguish between what was firm ground and what was only tentative. In order to make his theory appear consistent he had to ignore many difficulties, and settle many points in an off-hand manner, and there is something almost exasperating in the positiveness with which he sometimes assumes as proved that which is only probable. Grant all his analogies of the *gens* and the communal dwelling, the fact still is that in studying the Central American remains we are dealing with a race who had got beyond mere household architecture, and risen to the sphere of art, so that their attempts in this respect must enter into our estimate. In studying them from this point of view, we encounter new difficulties which Mr. Morgan wholly ignores. The tales of the Spanish conquerors are scarcely harder to accept than the assumption that all the delicate beauty and all the artistic skill of the Yucatan edifices were lavished upon communal houses, built only to be densely packed with Indians "in the Middle Status of Barbarism," as Morgan calls ruined "palaces" of Yucatan. All these —lodges, palaces, and pueblos alike—are but the communal dwellings of one great aboriginal race, of uncertain origin and history, varying greatly in grade of development, but one in institutions, in society, and in blood. This is the modern theory, a theory which has given a new impulse to all investigation and all thought upon this subject, but one which the lamented death of its originator leaves only half developed, after all, so that it must be mentioned as a theory still.

What is now its strength, at this moment, and what its weakness? Its strength is that of a strong, simple, intelligible working hypothesis—not so much the best that has been offered as the first. What is its weakness? This only, that, like many a promising theory in the natural sciences, it may prove to be only too simple, after all, and not quite adequate to account for the facts.

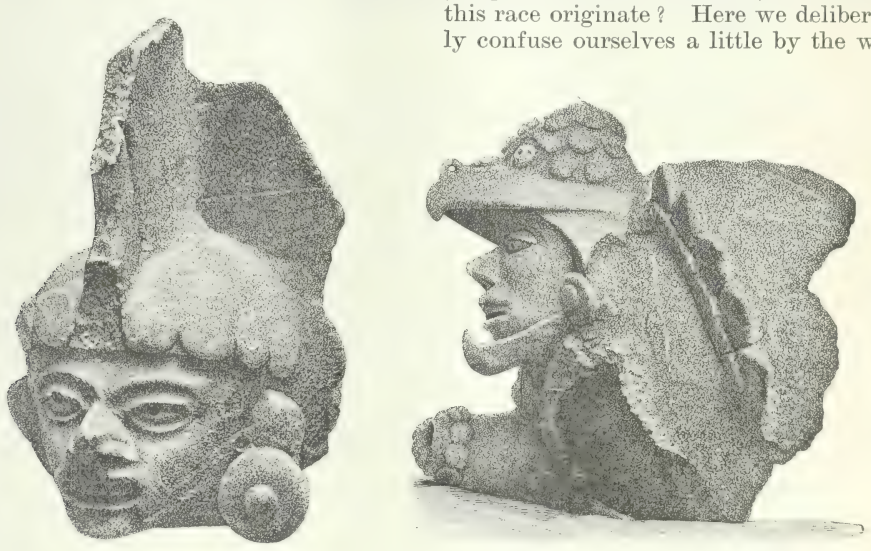
Mr. Morgan, with all his great merits, had not always the moderation which gives



FEMALE FACE FROM TOPILA.

them. That a statue like that of Chaac-Mol, recently discovered by Dr. Le Plongeon at Chichen-Itza, should have been produced by a race not differing in descent or essential habits from the Northern Iroquois, seems simply incredible.

Consider the difference. In Central America we find the remains of a race which had begun to busy itself with the very highest department of art, the delineation of the human figure; and which had attained to grace and vigor, almost



INCENSE-BURNERS FROM YUCATAN.

to beauty, in this direction. The stately stone heads of Yucatan; the arch and spirited features depicted on the Maya incense-burners; the fine face carved in sandstone, brought from Topila, and now in possession of the New York Historical Society—these place those who produced them in a sphere of development utterly beyond that of those Northern Indians whose utmost achievement consists in some graceful vase like that found in Burlington, Vermont, and now preserved by the Vermont University.

It is safer to leave the question where it is left by another deceased American archæologist scarcely less eminent than Mr. Morgan, and not less courageous, but far more gentle and more guarded, the late Samuel Foster Haven, of Worcester, Massachusetts, the accomplished librarian of the American Antiquarian Society: "Mr. Morgan has grasped some of the problems of aboriginal character and habits with a firm and vigorous hand, but is far from being entitled to claim that he has discovered the entire secret of prehistoric life on this continent."

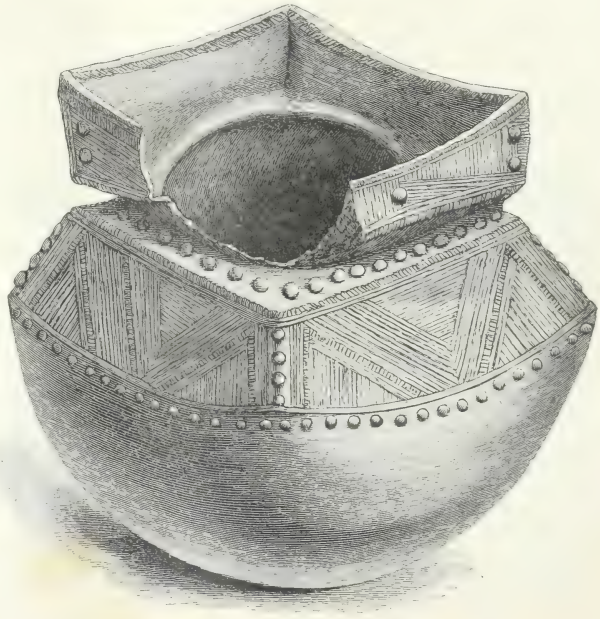
But now suppose the modern theory to be accepted in its fullness. Let us agree, for the moment, with Morgan, that there was in America, when discovered, but one race of Indians besides the Eskimo—the Red Race. Still there lies behind us the problem, in whose solution science has hardly yet gained even a foot-hold, Whence did this race originate? Here we deliberately confuse ourselves a little by the word "discovery." When we speak of the discovery of America we always mean the arrival of Europeans, forgetting that there was probably a time when Europe itself was first discovered by Asiatics, and that for those Asiatics it was almost as easy to discover America. All that is necessary, even at this day, to bring a Japanese junk to the Pacific coast of North America is that it should be blown out to sea and then lose its rudder; the first mishap has often happened, the second casualty has almost always followed, and the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, the Kuro Siwo, or "black stream," or "Japan current," has done the rest. Mr. Charles W. Brooks, of San Francisco, has a record of no less than a hundred such instances, and there is no reason why similar events should not have been occurring for centuries. Nor is it, indeed, needful to go so far as this for a means of communication. Behring



COLOSSAL STATUE OF CHAAC-MOL.

Strait is but little wider than the English Channel, and it is as easy to make the passage from Asia to America as from France to England; and indeed easier for half the year, when Behring Strait is frozen. Besides all this, both geology and botany indicate that the separation between the two continents did not always exist. Dr. Asa Gray, our highest botanical authority, long since pointed out the extraordinary identity between the Japanese flora and that of the Northern United States, as indicating a period when the two continents were one. It is an argument difficult to resist, for surely flowers do not cross the ocean in junks, or traverse the frozen straits upon the ice. The colonization of America from Asia was thus practicable, at any rate, and that far more easily than any approach from the European side. The simple races on each side of Behring Strait, which now communicate with each other freely, must have done the same from very early times. They needed no consent of sovereigns to do it; they were not obliged to wait humbly in the antechamber of some king, suing for permission to discover for him another world. This we must recognize at the outset; but when it is granted, we are still upon the threshold. Concede that America is but an outlying Asia, it does not follow that America was peopled from Asia; the course of population may first have gone the other way. Or it may be that the human race had upon each continent an autochthonous or indigenous place, according as we prefer a hard Greek word or a hard Latin word to express the simple fact that a race comes into existence on a certain soil, instead of migrating thither. Migrations, too, in plenty may in this case have come afterward, and modified the type, giving to it that Asiatic or Mongoloid cast which is now acknowledged by almost all ethnologists.

How long may this process of migration and mingling have gone on upon the American continent? Who can tell? Sir John Lubbock, a high authority, says "not more than three thousand years"; but it is not so easy to fix a limit. To be sure, some evidences of antiquity that are well established in Europe are as yet wanting in America, or at least imperfectly proved. In the French bone-caves there have been found unquestionable representations of the mammoth scratched on pieces of its own ivory, and exhibiting the shaggy hair and curved tusks that distinguish it from all other elephants. There is as yet no such direct and unequivocal evidence in America of the existence of



INDIAN VASE FOUND IN VERMONT.

man during the interglacial period. The alleged evidence as given in the books up to the present time fails to satisfy the more cautious archæologists. The so-called "elephants' trunks" used in ornamentation on the Central American buildings offer only a vague and remote resemblance to the supposed originals. The "elephant pipe" dug up in Iowa, and now preserved by the Davenport Academy of Sciences, does not quite command confidence as to its genuineness. The "Elephant Mound," described and figured in the Smithsonian Report for 1872, has a merely suggestive resemblance, like most of the mounds, to the objects whose name it bears. Lapham long since pointed out that the names of "Lizard Mound," "Serpent Mound," and the like, are usually based on very remote similarities, and Squier tells us of one mound which has been likened successively to a bird, a bow and arrow, and a man.

Other sources of evidences are scarcely more satisfactory. There is no doubt that mammoth bones have been found mingled with arrow-heads in some places, and with matting or pottery in others; but unhappily some doubt rests as yet on all these discoveries. It is in no case quite sure that the deposits had remained undisturbed as found, or that they had not been washed together by floods of water. Up to the present time the strongest argument in favor of the very early existence of man upon this continent is not to be found in such comparatively simple lines of evidence, but in the investigations of Dr. Abbott among primeval implements in New Jersey, or those of Professor J. D. Whitney among human remains in California. Their inquiries may yet conclusively establish the fact that the aboriginal American man was contemporary with the mammoth; in the mean time it is only probable, not quite proved.

Must we not admit that in our efforts to explain the origin of the first American man, it is necessary to end, after all, with an interrogation mark?

SOME CITY DAYS.

Dear are the days, though far apart,
When summer's genial sorceries flow
Full on the city's turbid heart
From where kine feed and daisies blow;

When breezes loved by brooks and glades
Float peaceful over greed's raw strife,
And give the untuneful clash of trades
Melodious hints of ampler life!

Such days with soft compassion seem
The infrequent captive trees to greet,
That dewless from dull pavements gleam
In torrid square or sultry street.

They make the pent grass vaguely sigh
For distant meadows, rich in balm,
That sweep to where the untrammelled sky
Leans low and clasps them with its calm.

They rouse to delicate surprise
Those rare scant shrubs the court-yard sees,
And bid some faded flower surmise
A murmur as though of phantom bees....

But other messages they send,
While gladdening thus the town's turmoil,
To piteous lives that yearly bend
Below the tyranny of toil.

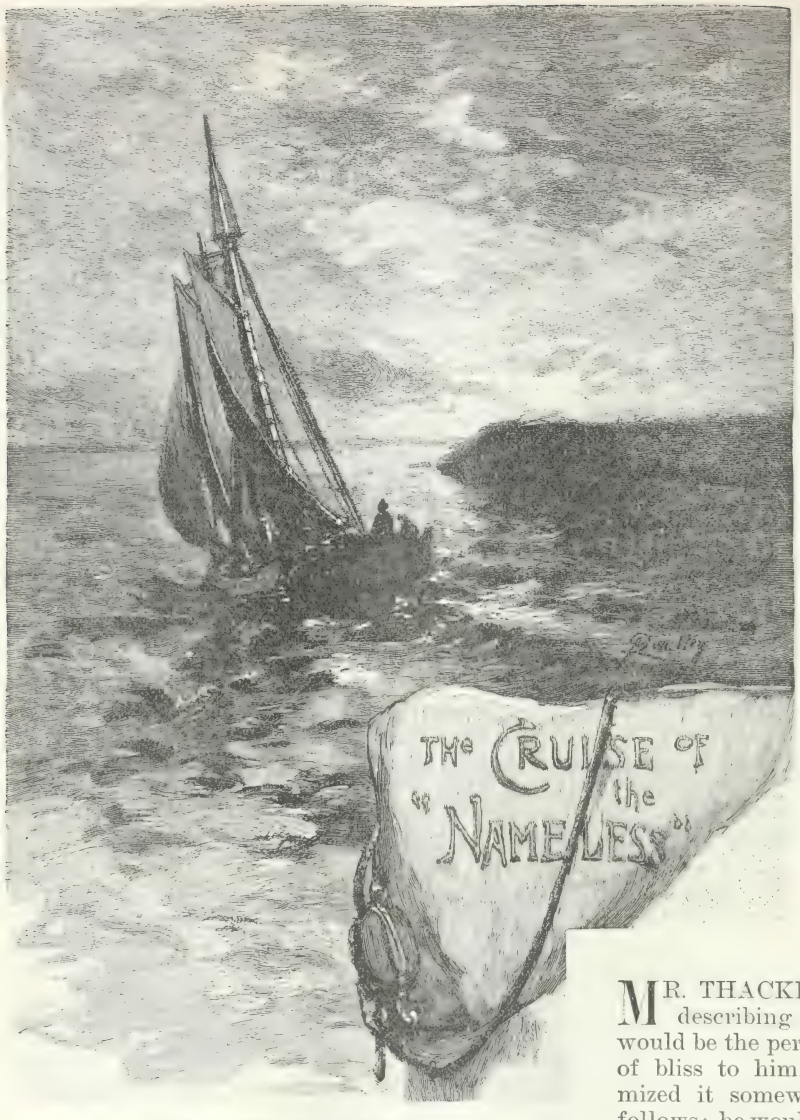
Sad women, gaunt with need's worst throes,
Will feel the buoyant air's cool thrill,
And flutter like the sickly rose
That pines upon their window-sill.

Rude grimy men that drudge for bread
With spade and trowel, axe and hod,
Will pause in transient dreams to tread
The old leafy lanes their boyhood trod.

Pale ragged children, reared in woe,
Will faintly view, by instinct's law,
That narrow heaven, the best they know,
Dome a green earth they never saw....

And yet with each fresh breeze that rolls
Through lairs that vice and frailty seek,
To still more melancholy souls
These dear unusual days may speak.

Ah, would that Nature's holier sway
At such kind hours new strength could win,
And full upon their impious way
Curb the wild reeling feet of sin!



OUT ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

MR. THACKERAY, describing what would be the perfection of bliss to him, epitomized it somewhat as follows: he would want Alexandre Dumas to keep on forever writing romances for him like *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, so that he might pass his time in reading them.

It is quite positive that the present trip and a preceding one owed their origin to Honoré Balzac. There was once a man who had never read *Le Père Goriot*. Being a singularly willful person, he had made up his mind to read that book—at sea. It is true that on the land he never had a moment's leisure, for the major portions of his days and almost all his nights were spent in reading and writing. Years ago he had bought a copy of the delectable romance. As it would lie on his working-table, buried beneath a glacier of Congressional reports and a moraine of manuscripts, he would catch an occasional glimpse of its lemon-hued cover. Then would come to him whiff of salt breeze, rhythm of sea, and he would forget the many vexed riddles the world expected his one poor brain to solve. In imagination he would be lolling on the decks of a yacht in a faded blue shirt, his feet in canvas slippers, a disreputable hat on his

head. Above him would unbosom the swelling white sail, and as he turned over a leaf of the French *King Lear*, on one side of him would have to be Martha's Vineyard, and away off in the blue haze Nantucket. It was his idiosyncrasy that Balzac must be read afloat, just as possibly Macaulay associated Richardson and Clarissa Harlowe with his sojourn in an Indian cantonment.

With Balzac, then, as a motive power, a first trip was made, but the novelist was neglected. There is some slight evidence that the book was lost overboard when the party came near drowning. There had been a prior experience, and of an unfortunate character.

Our first yacht had been hired from an eloquent but specious agent. "Safe?" had that mendacious man exclaimed. "Stanch? Land you in Liverpool. Weatherly? Stiffest gale known off Hatteras for years. Big ships foundered. Never took in a wine-glass of salt-water. Fast? Extra vault constructed in a leading safe-deposit company for her cups. Roomy? You could stow away an ox-team and wagon in her cabin. Only eight in the party? Likely to be lonesome in her saloon. Sound? Just off the dry-dock. Able captain? Knows every grain of sand along the coast."

Of course we did not believe a word that agent said, though we chartered at once that strictly unseaworthy X No. 9 craft, the *Squint*. Contemplated from a dock, she really did fill the rôle of a painted ship on a painted ocean, and smelled it too, when you were on board. But when we sailed she turned out to be the crankiest, the most comfortless, the forlornest, and most dangerous of twenty-five tonners.



DISMAL JONAS, OF THE "SQUINT."

She had a fixed tendency toward becoming a patent washing-machine, and for making unlimited suds.

The *Squint's* captain was a decent yet a sad man. At first we thought he had unnecessarily gloomy ideas of marine life. We tried to rally him, endeavoring to dispel chronic despondency. He was a mine of forebodings, a treasury of disasters, a floating library of distressing narratives. Tales of founderings and swampings flowed in dismal currents from his blanched lips. Strange to say, all the selections he gave us had reference to pleasure-parties. We might be skimming along with a light wind barely sufficient to fill our topsail, and some quiet nook on the Sound would be made and slowly passed, when that lugubrious skipper would remark, "Right off thar a party in just such a craft as this, come August three year, took a squall from the nor'ard, and they lost her." This was one of Captain Jonas Croaker's simplest and least ornate stories, for generally this heart-broken sailor would be a trifle more discursive, and consequently more harrowing. The sky would be clear, save for one little patch of a white cloud, when Wet Blanket, casting his eyes aloft, would remark: "I seed just such a cloud as that precisely, come July four year, and it took her aback before we knowed it, and we broached to, and carried away our masts, and two of them was lost."

"Two of what? The masts? Were you in a three-masted schooner?" would inquire the jocular man of the party.

"Two of them pleasure fellows, with a pet dog they had brought along, that had a collar with a bell on it," positively replied the captain.

After the trip had come to a forced conclusion, we were satisfied that the captain was afraid of the *Squint*, and rightly too. If she had only been a good sailer, then the dash, the *élan* of the thing, would have made us forget her discomforts; but she was a sluggard. In the lightest breezes she went at a land-snail's pace, and with the least wind she thudded, splashed, and thrashed, making no headway. Sand barges, manure droghers, and brick sloops would always show us their elegant sterns. We were at the mercy of the *Squint*, for at the least sign of dirty weather we had to make a port. She drove us where she listed, and oh, how she listed! Below, when her centre-board was up, her tiny cabin was split in two, and we lived in marine cloisters. At last she got rid of us. We had been trying for forty-eight hours to double Point Judith—not supposed to be as difficult a task as to round the Horn. We might have been there still, amateur Flying Dutchmen, haunting Sound steamers, but a blast tore the flimsy sail to ribbons, sprung the dry-rotted mast, and opened her seams, so that we made Newport in a half-drowned condition, and, preceded by a thrilling newspaper paragraph, returned by rail to New York.

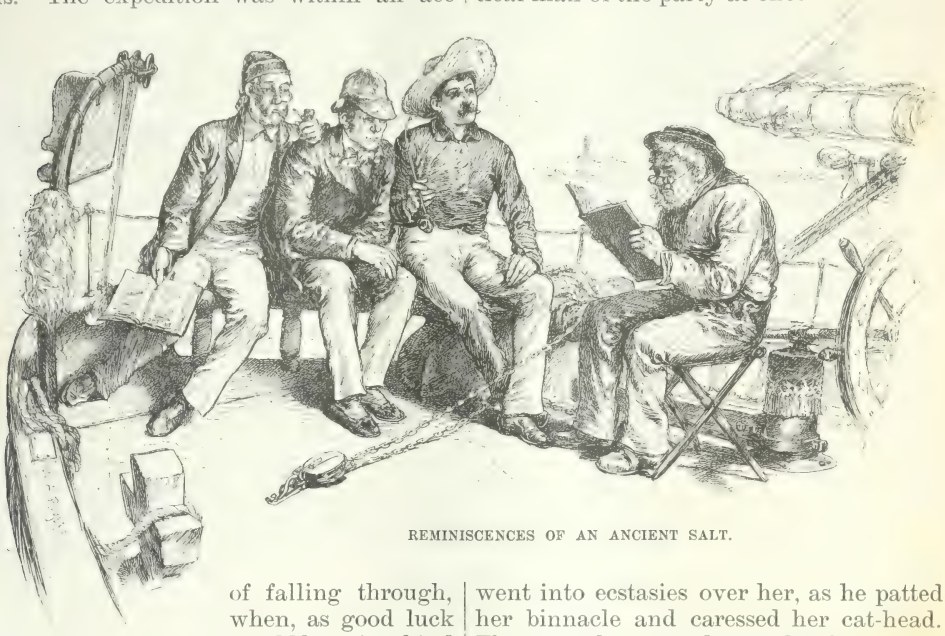
That summer's holiday had been exhausted—we might say wasted—Balzac had been unread; but another trip was projected for the coming year. We cast about for a ship early in the season, and though our faith in yachting agents had been somewhat shaken, we opened a guarded correspondence with them. It was found that a first-class yacht was not procurable. We had had enough of Lilliputian craft, and were quite indifferent to épergnes, Sèvres china, fruit knives, and decorative drapery in conjunction with palatial yachts. What we yearned for was a barn of a boat, or such elbow-room as Noah's ark possibly afforded. We did not want to pile to windward to prevent the boat toppling over. We liked one self-imposed bath of a morning, but not continuous washings.

One of the original party, keenly aware of the discomforts of the first trip, suggested an oyster boat. "An oyster boat would be just the thing," he said. "Between your decks you stow your Saddle Rocks; that's the place to sleep. Cabin sure to be stuffy and buggy; but between-decks a carpenter can build a lot of bunks, or hammocks can be slung. It is not Cleopatra's barge, with ivory and mother-of-pearl trimmings; but, oh my! there would be solid chunks of comfort in an oysterer."

"But then," objected the elegant man of the party, "it would be so awfully cheap and common! We never could make a port in any style. Suppose, oh horror! some of those swell fellows in trim yachts were to meet us, and we slouched into a harbor like a man shuffling into a drawing-room in a colored shirt, a paper collar, cotton gloves, and run-down boots? If there are any ladies to invite—and what is a successful cruise without that luncheon which they grace?—why, we would have to scrub decks and

perfume that oyster boat. I tell you, to face a yacht in a clammer is an awful come-down."

Fortunately the objector was of a poetical temperament, and the charms of a nautical incognito silenced him. We hunted high and low along the wharves for an oyster boat, and could not find any to suit us. The expedition was within an ace of falling through, when, as good luck would have it, a kind friend, the owner of miscellaneous fleets, assortments of barges, tugs, propellers, and side-wheel steamboats, heard of our dilemma, and he borrowed from a gentleman, also in the shipping line, a fine schooner for our use. Thus our dream of happiness was realized. More than that, this craft was handed over to us without charge. All we had to do was to fit her out and pay the wages of the crew.



REMINISCENCES OF AN ANCIENT SALT.

When we saw the *Nameless* on the ways at Elm Grove, Staten Island, she showed lines as trim as a yacht. She was both a fruiterer and an oyster boat, prosecuting these callings at different seasons. As pine-apples and oysters require rapid transportation, she was built for speed and strength. She was of one hundred tons, was ninety feet long, twenty-six feet beam, and drew, without centre-board, eight feet and a half. She had an eagle head and elliptic stern. Two famous sticks were her masts. Between-decks a six-footer could stand, and there was a clear run forward. Aft was a neat cabin, where we could banquet, but we would sleep between-decks. Some eight berths were especially built for the party, and there was a huge hatchway, through which the blessed air would pour down, unstinted, by the millions of gallons. She was perfectly sweet and clean, without smell of decayed tropical fruit or sedgy reek of oyster. The nautical man of the party at once went into ecstasies over her, as he patted her binnacle and caressed her cat-head. The man who wanted to read Balzac found that exact slope of the deck where he might repose, the elegant man discovered a stanchion where his mirror could be nailed, while a practical man went at once to the convenient caboose where the cook was to be installed.

A most officious person had assumed the position of purveyor, believing that inspiration would take the place of experience. First he sought for information in a volume of Defoe how to victual the ship, and was lost amid "puncheons of rum, runlets of brandy, kegs of schnapps, bolts of serge and calicot, barrels of bread, casks of gunpowder, boxes of flints, tierces of beef, firkins of butter, pieces of eight, strings of beads, and cheap toys to barter with the natives."

Now the acquaintance of this pseudo-marine caterer with his prospective duties had been so far of the most superficial character, narrowed within strictly domestic limits. His wife had bid him occasionally buy a peach, a partridge, a pompano, and he had executed these behests in fear

and trembling. The problem before him was to feed fifteen persons for two weeks; for there were eight fastidious people, five in the crew, with a steward and a cook.

That company might have started on their adventures without a grain of pepper or atom of salt, and have come to grief with grumblings of, "What! no mustard?" He had some vague idea that the poles of an edible hemisphere revolved between olives and onions, capers and beans. Only get together these four things, and all the rest would pack in somehow, so he fancied. Fortunately for that party, the caterer had a suggestive daughter, who daily counselled her father somewhat as follows: "And sweet-oil, papa, and baking-powder. Much you know about it. And soap, and marmalade. And if you spend all your money on a cargo of onions and beans, how are you to buy currants and chocolate? And, papa, essence of lemon, and oatmeal, and curry-powder, and vinegar." Such was the implicit faith of this parent that had dried squid been proposed, it would have been accepted, though he showed a dogged resistance at the least attempt to intertere with his total bushels of onions and quarts of beans. At last a list was made up, passed upon by the feminine judge, exceptions as to the beans and onions being simply recorded. On presenting this elaborate schedule to a first-class grocer, he contracted to furnish all the items, packed up in separate boxes, jugs, and bottles, for the sum of $52 67, casually remarking, however, not in a playful but in a business-like way, that he could do it at that figure, providing there was no sudden rise in onions.

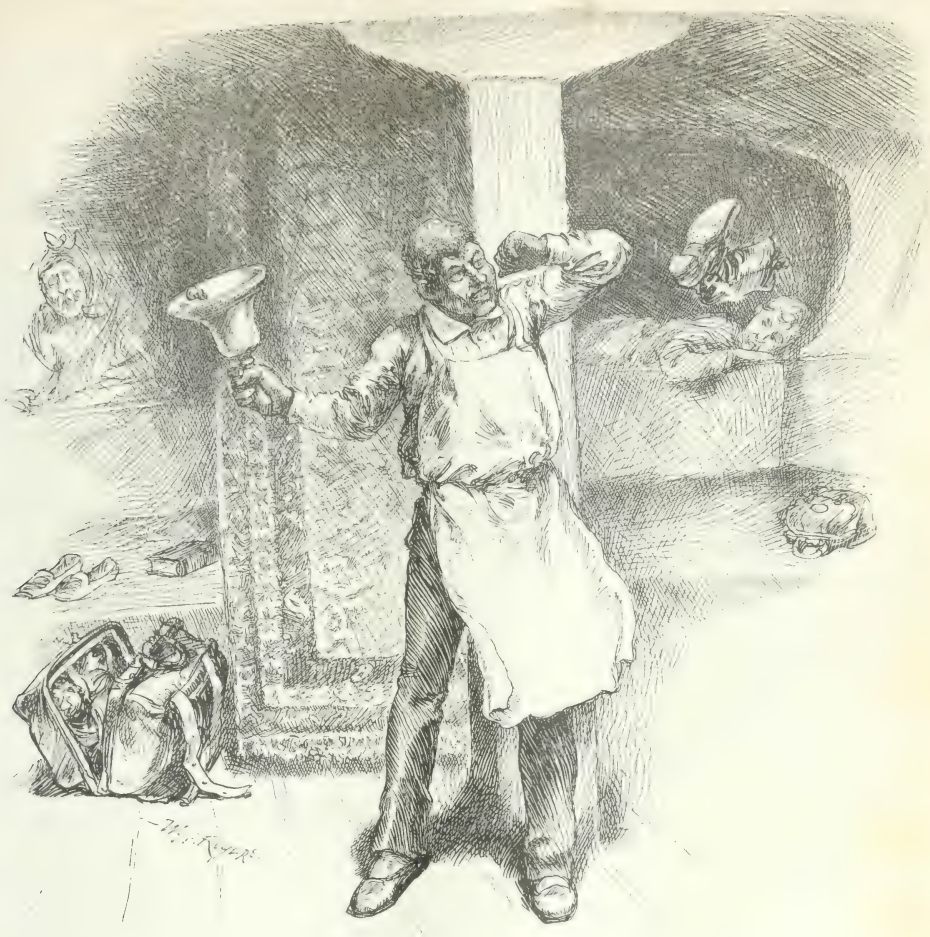
The cook's galley had to be overhauled, pots, pans, gridirons, to be bought, with plates, glasses, and knives for the table.

Though a most abstemious party, not wanting in natural buoyancy, it required some floating. The man who was to read Balzac volunteered for that duty. It took a two-horse truck to bring to dock the dozens of lager, the ginger ale, and the plain soda. Now as every man had said to every other man, in a suggestive way, "Somebody might get sick; you never know, you know," there were added a few boxes of St. Anthony whiskey, brandy, sherry, claret, and gin, with only one very small bottle of Angostura bitters. What with victualling the ship in a dry and wet way, furnishing pots, pans, and table-ware, the sum of pretty nearly $145 was expended. Truffles and champagne were ruled out as unwholesome, because the party had made up its mind that $400 should cover all expenses. Perishable food, with the ice, was to be put on board at the last moment.

On the 5th of July the party rendezvoused at Glen Cove, on Long Island, when beef, bread, the last egg, the final lemon, were stowed away. An hour before sunset the *Nameless* sailed out of that ancient port, amid the wild cheering of two charming young women and two small children stationed on the wharf at Sea Cliff; and as the sun went down in a blaze of glory she was tacking for an offing well out on Long Island Sound.

Now what was the character of that party? It was decidedly composite. It could talk in half a dozen languages. It could have sold silks or satins, sheetings or woollens, from Lyons or Germantown, or let you have a tobacco crop. If you had been blind, it could have compounded an ointment for you which would have revealed to you the hidden treasures of the earth. Had your tympanum been cracked, we could have soldered it so that you might hear the song of that siren who, as everybody knows, chants her lullaby off the Dumpling Rocks. We could paint for you—knock off your likeness in a trice. We could fiddle for you, and as for that, waked up old Straduarius out of his grave by presenting him with a counterfeit violin. We could box the compass, take a lunar observation, and sail that schooner by dead-reckoning to Jerusalem or Madagascar. We could have written for you impressive leaders rigid with logic, or made neat after-dinner speeches, or could have spun out for you alleged literature worth not less than ten dollars a page. You might have been told all about the fish in the seas, where they came from, where they were going to, but more than that, on that schooner were leading members of the Ichthyophagists —the unterrified fish-devourers.

But every man in that party was tired of buying, selling, drumming, fiddling, healing, paper-spoiling, posturing, chattering, and trying to be plausible, impressive, or interesting. It was an octave conscious of its personal harmony, but tired of merely perfunctory propriety. It wanted release from its conditions of conventional rectitude and its monotony of



"7½ A.M."

application; in fact, it was in for a good, wholesome holiday, and meant to have it. It stowed away the strait-waistcoats of civilization, the strangling cravats, the shirt studs, the shiny boots; it slid its legs into the oldest trousers, it put on its head the worst of hats, it incased its torso in the baggiest shirts, and it sought happiness in the most unsightly of slippers.

Objective point of that cruise? Bless you! there was not any. Where were they going to? They did not know nor care. Ask a lot of imprisoned monkeys, with the door of their cage wide open, a cocoanut grove in the far distance, to give you particulars of their intended movements. It might be the Isles of Shoals, Mount Desert, Bay of Fundy. Providing there had been only sea-room, plenty of biscuits, and a trade-wind, they would have lashed the helm down and let that schooner take them to where birds-of-paradise flutter in the far-distant Spice Islands of the South Pacific.

A remnant of high-pressure city activity was visible only in the rapidity of the change made in costume. The *bona-fide* yachtsman of the party, it is true, never lost his local coloring, his pride in anchor buttons. Such *négligé* as he assumed was always corrected by the silk stockings of an admiral of opéra bouffe. The elegant man might occasionally have been detected by an ormolu-stoppered bottle in his pocket, from his elaborate dressing-case, and because he competed with the lady-killer as to variety of striped shirt. The artist, however, marred an

otherwise fine aquatic and nautical effect by appearing in a brown shooting coat, secured by a swash-buckler russet leather belt, scowling at you from under a cloth sombrero. As he strode the deck with a revolver (for sharks), a 22-calibre target rifle (to shoot at floating bottles), and a breech-loader (for ducks or whales), he was the personification of that picturesque villain of Sicily who swaps his victims' ears for sequins. This saturnine artist would draw a sharp-pointed pencil on you like a stiletto, and present you with his rapid sketch as if it were a document on which your stipulated ransom had been engrossed to a cent.

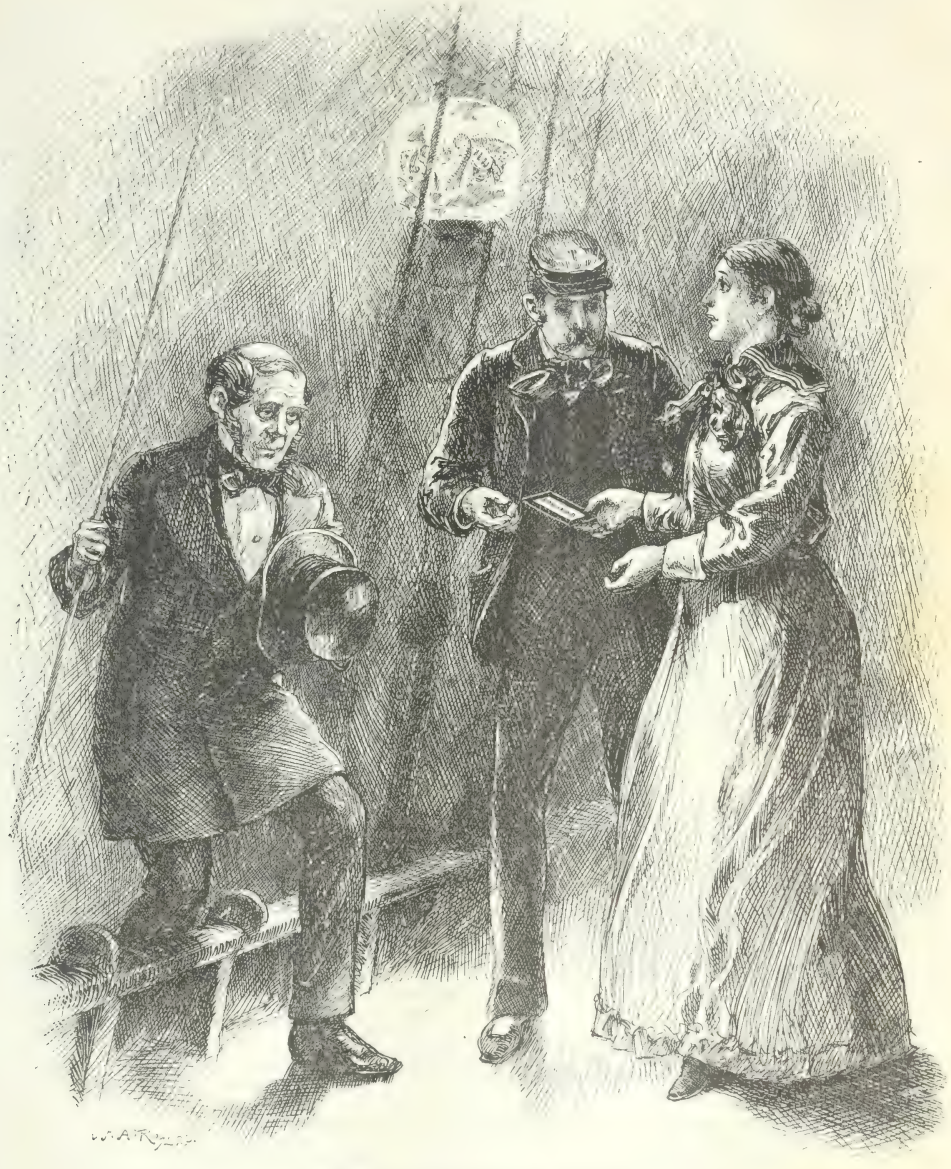
The crew had its characteristics. The captain was a most amiable person, and his son was the first officer. Save on the difficult question of how a brass binnacle should be polished, in regard to which the captain and mate differed once every twenty-four hours, the crew was a most harmonious one, and discipline was fairly maintained. A younger son of the captain was second officer, and there was a man before the mast, but the efficiency of the crew was enhanced by an antiquated mariner, an inmate of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. This old ear-ringed salt, who hailed from Nantucket, had gone to sea in the early part of the present century, and had struck whales before any of the party on board had been born. He was wonderfully fresh with reminiscences of sixty-five years ago. Once he lost a wager, and offered to pay it off-hand with a check on Stephen Girard. There was not a point on the Sound, or as far east as Cape Cod, that he was not supposed to know. "Ben there?" was his reply; "ben there?—pshaw! a thousand times." This absolute acquaintance with the New England coast did not prevent his taking a dead whale anchored off Provincetown for a rock. His eyes were, however, more perfect than his memory.

Away off would come scudding toward us a cat-boat, fully five miles distant. Of course there was somebody in that boat, though utterly invisible. Our old man would take a long look at the tumbling white speck, and say, "That's Bill Slipperslee." Sure enough, when by skillful tacking the boat was in hailing distance of the schooner, our old man of the sea would sing out, "I thought I knowed yer, Bill"; and Bill, a veteran of sixty-five, would climb over the bulwarks, and our ancient comrade would hug that other waif of the seas.

Our old man had written his autobiography, and a quaint and queer manuscript was it, quite worthy of reproduction. Once, years ago, when its writer had been young, tender, and edible, he had been nearly dished by cannibals in the Pacific, and he writes, "And then Probably would never Ben anything to tell what End was made." This autobiography had some slight tendency toward being grandiloquent at times; but when fine language was used, fearful that readers might not understand it, there were constant interpolations of simple words for the use of beginners. The young ladies of Edgartown, whose blandishments were of 1824, were called "Spartan Dames," but then qualified as "girls" in brackets. Smile as one might over it, in this old man's story of his life there were many of those natural touches which the highest art can not produce. When he was fifteen he returned to Nantucket from his first whaling cruise with quite a pot of money. He had been gone three years. His father took all his wages at once, and so the lad, after lounging around Nantucket without a penny in his pocket, wanted a few dollars. "I asked my Dear Mama (mother) for $5. A few dollars. But Mama said she had None, but would ask Pappa (father) for some money for Me. And when my Dear Mama asked him, he most Emphatically answered NO. And if I wanted money to waste about streets, I must go to Work and Earn it myself. But my kind Mama gave me Three Dollars, and said she wished she had More." Good old mother! not forgotten, since she lies embalmed in the memory of her son. Let it be, then, quite overlooked that in 1837 he hunted for Blackbirds, and landed in that fast schooner the *Marion* some 178 negroes on the Cuban coast, and then helped to scuttle and burn the craft.

This most methodical old gentleman, who had killed 116 whales, and courted 138 women, as per autobiography, was supposed to be the ship's navigator. When he brought on board a very much battered mahogany box of angular form, and placed it in a conspicuous position, there was a feeling of intense relief. Suppose, we said, our own private nautical man should slip up on a minute or a degree, the old original navigator will correct all errors. But when this essentially marine

case was opened, there was no quadrant inside. It had been adapted to the stowing away of a Nautical Almanac of 1839, the autobiography, a palm, some rope-yarn,



MRS. KNUT WATERS'S CODE OF SIGNALS.

an early edition of Bowditch, and a pair of socks. Our own nautical man we treated at once with due respect, for he had a real quadrant of his own, covered with a patine of salt rime, an instrument, in fact, of the time and pattern in use by the Phœnicians. These two navigators at once entered into a bargain of a somewhat complicated character. Every day the old sailor and the novice had it out, pulling watches on one another, and there is every reason to suppose that the time was kept for the use of the cook, who certainly watched these observations with the closest attention, for Jackson was punctuality itself.

Good old Jackson. He was a prize—one of those faithful colored men who had learned their business before steam-ships had driven liners to the wall. Orderly, methodical, he would busy all day about his stove, and manage to turn out good food. To broil a fish, make a lobster stew, or turn an omelet, he had few equals. Then there was Jim the steward, the marine *garçon*. Jim soon took to the elegances of the table, always putting the vinegar in a pepper caster. Having accepted, in due time, the fact that we did not care to partake of soup, fish, and pudding on the same plate, he speedily became a very skillful waiter. Innumerable were the calls for Jim at impossible hours for soda and ginger ale, and Jim always came up swarming. As the cutlery was short, the lightning-like operation Jim performed on a dirty knife or fork was, if not exactly thorough, at least superficially commendable.



RECKLESS DIET OF THE YOUNG LADY OF NANTUCKET.

Of meals there were three. Breakfast at 8, or thereabouts, luncheon at 1, and dinner at 6. Jim was instructed to ring a huge dinner bell at 7 A.M. between-decks, which was always passed over in cold silence. But at 7½ he returned to the charge, with secret instructions to keep on ringing until a boot was hurled at him. Then the man who was up would call for some grand moral example. This appeal to personal pride generally was effective, for there is a cord in human nature always responsive. When a second man was up, he was always induced to fight a third who was sleeping. Then a general skirmish ensued, and at last, in this perfectly natural way, the whole party awakened to the pleasures of a new day. After bucketings, always selected from those arctic streaks of water which mingle with the warmer currents of the Sound, recourse was had to a row of tin basins, and the morning toilet was perfected.

Such appetites! Men who dawdled with an ortolan at Delmonico's, or trifled with a plover's egg at the Brunswick, gorged themselves with the plainest and simplest food. Before the party had been forty-eight hours at sea, the caterer was fearful of famine. There was the possibility of flying a signal of distress, and of chalking on the bulwarks of the *Nameless* this pathetic appeal: "We are starving! Send us a barrel of bread and beef, and some pickles." What saved the party was that providential supply of onions and beans.



ICHTHYOLOGY OFF BLOCK ISLAND.

Just such an aimless, listless cruise as this never before was carried out. If only we could have floated around for a score of years, greeting the coy blushes of the morning, and bidding the stars in the blue heavens a tender good-night!—creeping along forever from one horizon to another, utterly forgetful of a port until the schooner's bottom had been inches deep with barnacles! What pleasure there was to us in this summer apathy, in this surcease from active responsibility, this sense of idle ease and freedom! It was so wonderful to read a book because you wanted to, and not because you had to.

But alas! our poetical aspirations were frequently

disturbed by considerations of a wholly physical and commonplace character. That party yearned after bunches of parsley to garnish dishes with and prevent scurvy, and for big roasts of fresh beef and mutton. It may be doing injustice to many highly capable towns situated on the coast, but Provincetown was to us tenderloin, New Bedford lamb, Nantucket fresh milk, and New London a salad. There was once a highly intelligent French person who became famous because he made a gastronomic map of France. Why these places were settled, or when, or what historical tags are hitched to them, we know nothing about. To that party they were only the provisioning stations providentially scattered around in order to furnish our *menu*.

To this general statement, however, there were some exceptions. There was an invited guest on board, a Fish Commissioner, who, when we started, slept continuously for twenty-four hours. We knew that this man was always in a condition of the highest nervous tension. We considered him when asleep as simply storing up energy for our use. The second day out, as we were nearing Montauk, this man awoke, sprang to the deck, and shouted: "Is this a voyage of discovery, or is it not?"

It was evident that there was a man on board with a purpose. Everybody else was so passive as to fairly quail under this turbulent will power.

"There! there!" he cried, pointing to a deep bay on the shore. "See! Look! Behold that house—those vessels! There is the great future fish nursery of Long Island. I am going to have a Spanish mackerel Kindergarten established there. King Henry the Fourth declared that every Frenchman should have spring chicken. Some day every man, woman, and child in New York must have, shall have, a *Cybium maculatus* on his or her gridiron. I quote Johnson now. That is not mere water and a sandy bottom, but the potentiality of tons on tons of striped bass! In those streams which splash from bowlder to bowlder—can't you see them?—there shall disport the jewelled trout! I invite you all, this time ten years, to bring your rods, reels, creels, and with me whip these waters!"

Instantly the schooner was put about, the yawl was lowered, and Fort Pond Bay was rediscovered. Here there was a whitewashed shanty, on which might be read the following inscription:

"Let me in,
i want some Gin."

The future great fish nursery of New York was blank and drear enough. Its present products, on the day we reached it, were two striped bass, a half-breed, a lean horse, a ramshackle wagon, and a few lobsters.

We left that enthusiast at Fort Pond Bay, generously providing him with two bottles of ginger ale. In his mind's eye he alone saw a fleet of trim vessels beating in and out of Fort Pond Bay, and great docks jutting out into the waters. A thriving town was there, odorous with codfish flakes, filled with amphibious men in oil-coats and sou'westers. Great boxes of Spanish mackerel, striped bass, barrels of blue-fish, salmon, trout, and white-bait, were being dashed about, and he has heard the whistle of the locomotive, impatient to carry to New York the harvest of the seas.

We subsequently learned that as, careening to the breeze, the *Nameless* spun out of the cove, the Romulus of Fort Pond Bay was affected even unto tears. It was not because he was lonesome, for fully one fisherman lived there to the hundred square miles of water; then, again, he was master of these acres of red sand covered with scrub oaks; but on board the *Nameless* that Fish Commissioner had with him, comfortably shrouded in ice, the noblest of Restigouche salmon, and the very first of the true German carp which had yet been given to unscientific mouths to eat. It was ordained that he should not partake of this wondrous carp.

"What sauce for that carp, sah?" asked Jackson of the great Ichthyophagous chief, as Fort Pond Bay was rapidly disappearing.

"Can't you fly a signal, and ask the Fish Commissioner whether it shall be parsley or horse-radish?" the Ichthyophagous dictator asked of the nautical companion.

"Impossible. That's one of the reasons why," replied the yachting man, impressively, "a signal code is so absolutely necessary. Last year I had such a delightful cruise with Knut Waters on the *Spoon!* That yacht is just a mass of Minton tiles inside, with maroon and dead gold. She has got a mediæval, a Byzantine, and a Renaissance berth. Knut Waters always takes his wife with him to

Newport. Mrs. Knut Waters—real type of a Kate Darling done up in Honiton—if she is anything, she is nautical. By George! to see her at the wheel, with her hands in *gants de Suède*, is just a picture! She is great on signals, and invented a code for herself. Washer-women and milliners come on board at once when she flies a signal at the peak. Once she had invited a lot of people on board at Newport, and they were to dance; but the piano was all wrong. The *Spoon's* yawl, with a man in the crew well grounded in the code, had been sent ashore for flowers and sugar-plums. At the last moment Mrs. Knut Waters remembered that a piano-tuner was wanted. Up she came with her code, and appealed to me to fly the necessary signals. The two of us spelled it out as plain as could be, p-i-a-n-o-t-u-n-e-r, ten letters. It took thirty-six flags. It was very ingenious, and ever so simple when you understood it. Our man in the yawl had just landed on the pier, saw the signal, but did not seem to understand it right off. He had to fly a white pocket-handkerchief in a certain way when he did comprehend. All the crew of the *Spoon* used white handkerchiefs. At last, after I had blistered my hands at the halyards, and Mrs. Knut Waters was showing signs of impatience, it became evident that the man ashore did understand the signal, for he started off on the full run. The dancing people came on board, but there were no ices, no flowers. I was playing the piano for them, and it was cruelly out of tune. Mrs. Knut Waters was quite fidgety, when I heard our boat come to the gangway, and presently we saw the head of a grave and oily-looking person, with a hat surrounded by a broad band of crape, all illuminated by one of the Chinese lanterns which hung from the



SAD CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING OUR ARTIST.

shrouds. This man presented a big card, with a mourning border of intense width and blackness, to Mrs. Knut Waters; she gave a private-theatrical scream as she handed me the card, and I spelled out U-n-d-e-r-t-a-k-e-r. Whether it was my fault, or the lady's, or the man's, or the code's, we never did find out."

Three or four reasons caused a landing at Nantucket, to wit: The Ichthyophagists wanted to eat fresh shark, which necessitated the catching of them; and then again some shark skins were to be tanned for slippers, and to make coverings for violin bows, and in fact to lay the foundations of a shagreen industry in the United States. Accordingly off Nantucket bar sharks of 300 to 500 pounds were captured. Another man longed for rice pudding, which Jackson the cook declared was not to be made properly without fresh milk. A third individual with archæological tendencies wished to purchase a real Nantucket weather whale of the kind that surmounted the vanes in the old town. For his special book on *The Public Buildings and Palatial Residences of the United States*, the artist made a sketch of a school, which he labelled, "The ugliest building in the whole world, by a long chalk." There was a pretty young girl caught them, too, playing with his reel the ten-pound cod as if they had been fingerling trout. Once up from the bottom came a shark, and then the fisherman danced for joy. If only he could catch a shark with rod and reel! But the shark took the cod, and snapped the line as if it were a strand of cotton, and as for that, would have swallowed man, rod, and reel had we not interfered.

The whitest of all the days was the one spent at Nonquitt, near New Bedford. Here Mr. Sartain keeps an art school. Charming are the pupils who throng this New England Bologna. Here are sand-dunes and bold rocks and soft sea-scapes; and, inland, grand trees and broad woodlands, and Mr. Sartain's young ladies point their pencils, mix their colors, and go afield or to the water's brink and reproduce all nature's happiest smiles. Early in the morning, as we beat up Buzzard's Bay, the ship was made to look as neat as a new pin. Then we sallied out on the land, deploying as skirmishers, the handsomest men to the front, until we surrounded that atelier, taking that school of art by storm.

Having captured Mr. Sartain and his young lady pupils, the schooner was boarded. A true lady's breeze was fanning the sea, and we beat to and fro in the offing.



ALL SNUG FOR A SQUALL OFF POINT JUDITH.

on the wharf at Nantucket, who ate up the contents of innumerable paper bags full of ground-nuts, and so wiled away the time until her sweetheart came from New Bedford. Another day we wanted the ordinary fresh fish of commerce, and we stood in toward Block Island, and took on board a one-armed and one-eyed fisherman to show us the banks, and we caught cod, haddock, pollock, and *gadidæ* by the basketful. Here it was lovely to see our Maine angler, a man of the woods, lower away his line from a sixteen-ounce rod, and plumb the depths for cod; and he

As luck would have it, there was a yacht race at New Bedford, and like wild fowl out streamed the white-breasted boats. Off in the harbor were two United States ships, so that the marine picture was complete. We gave a grand luncheon (Provincetown had been cakes), and the little cabin was perfumed with wild flowers, and gay with pleasant laughter, and when we went on deck our special artist sketched the young ladies, and the young ladies in their turn took him completely down from his high horse by beating him with their nimble pencils. To prevent our del-



AFTERNOON AT NONQUITT.

icate complexions from being tanned, we had purchased a number of bathing hats. Now to each young lady was presented a ten-cent chip hat, but more than that, to trim them, every man, regardless of cost, or future questions on the part of wife at home, bound round the hat his nicest handkerchief, his jauntiest cravat, and every young lady quite positively declared that though fashions in head-gear might change, those scarfs would never, never be used to clean paint-brushes with, but would be revered as souvenirs of that happy day.

For thirteen days this happy family sailed and sailed. Was Balzac ever read by the man who had outlined the trip? Never; not a word of it. Sometimes he would take the book in a perfunctory way and carry it under his arm for an hour. Then there stole over that party a suspicion that *Le Père Goriot* was nothing more than a happy pretense, a kind of delightful lure, to be accepted as a symbol of migration.

We even hope that this particular romance never will be read, for just so long as its pages are uncut, there is still the possibility of another pleasant sail, even the chance of bringing together once more all those good fellows who cruised in the *Nameless*.

In this slight sketch of a pleasant cruise, where men alone enjoyed themselves in a perfectly rational way, there might be presented to others, less selfish, the methods of spending three weeks or a month on the water where wives, sisters, and little ones could find health and happiness. Ten or fifteen people — even twenty — might charter a schooner, and take just such a cruise, without heavy expense. Berths could be fitted up for the women of the party. No matter how many went on the cruise, the charter and wages of the crew would remain a fixed quantity. Eighteen adults ought to sail around for a month at a total expense of $900, and live in perfect comfort. It would not be advisable to have a vessel of more than

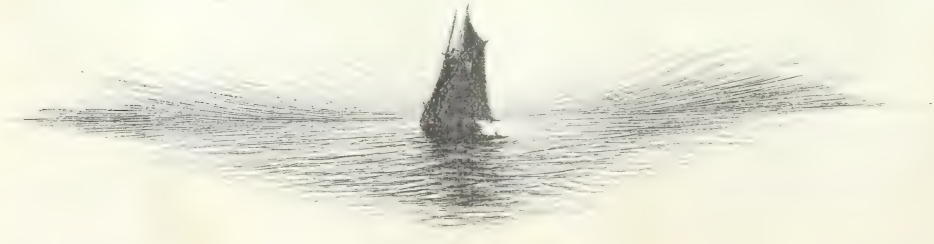
125 tons, on account of difficulty in entering small harbors. You would have to engage your own cook and steward. In a trip of this character a great deal as to route must be left to the captain. People intent on pleasure often overlook the great responsibility a captain has to bear. It may be very fine in port, and it might be foggy and squally outside, and your captain always knows better than you do how to sail his craft. Propitious weather, it may be remarked, is usually continuous from the 1st to the 25th of July.

The following, a faithful transcript of our ship-chandler's account on the *Nameless*, might be taken as a basis of supplies. It was ample in every way for fifteen people for a fortnight. In fact, we brought back unconsumed enough things to last some few days more. What china or glass might be wanting on a family cruise need not be bought, but brought from home:

Two boxes blacking and shoe-brushes, 1 bottle curry-powder, 20 pounds brown sugar, 20 pounds white lump-sugar, ¼ pound cloves, same of mace and nutmeg, ½ pound cinnamon and of ginger, 10 pounds rice, 6 two-pound cans corned beef, 2 bottles Worcestershire sauce, 20 pounds pilot bread, 5 pounds brown soap, 2 cakes sapolio, 10 pounds cheese, 5 pounds lard, 5 pounds oatmeal, 10 pounds hominy, 6 pounds of raisins, 10 pounds currants, 2 scrubbing-brushes, 6 quarts beans, 1 dozen cans tomatoes, 3 dozen lemons, 1 bottle each essence of vanilla and of lemon, 2 quarts Cross and Blackwell pickles, 1 barrel potatoes, 2 bushels onions, 1 pound baking-powder, 2 bags salt, 2 gallons vinegar, 6 flasks oil, 1 pound mustard, 1½ dozen condensed milk, 1 gallon molasses, 6 boxes cocoa, 1 dozen jars marmalade, 15 pounds ground coffee, 2 pounds tea, 20 pounds prunes, 10 pounds Indian meal, 6 bags flour, ½ pound black pepper, ¼ pound cayenne, 2 dozen boxes matches. Starting with such vegetables as cabbages, beets, tomatoes, cauliflowers, carrots, and salads, about four dollars' worth was sufficient. As to beef and poultry to be taken at the start, that depends upon the capacity and excellence of the ice chest: with some eleven dollars' worth of beef and lamb, we replenished as we went along at an additional cost of twenty dollars. Twenty pounds of butter sufficed for the trip. We carried 40 pounds of ham, 30 of bacon, 20 dozen eggs, and used up 2000 pounds of ice. Along the route, save for bread and lobsters, everything, even vegetables and fish, we paid for at an advance of fifty per cent. over New York prices. Yachtsmen always pay extravagant prices.

The whole victualling, liquids excluded, counting original stock and supplies *en route*, cost $114. On a trip of this character, napkins and towels are brought, but, just as we did, parties are likely to forget dish-cloths, and being reduced to straits, we cut up a table-cloth. Carry an oil-cloth with you to cover table, saving your damask for gala days. Unless you get a clean and good cook, and an honest one withal, you will have much annoyance. We carried a small stock of simple medicines.

Take the Sound inside at the start, and return, if you want to, outside; then the women on board will have acquired their sea-legs, and will rather have a little tumbling around than not. Three or four weeks of a family voyage in a good craft ought to be one of our rational summer holidays, and I expect to be thanked for the suggestion. Then the cruise of the *Nameless* will have borne some fruit.



WESTWARD AGAIN.



SPANISH VISTAS.

Fourth Paper.

ANDALUSIA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

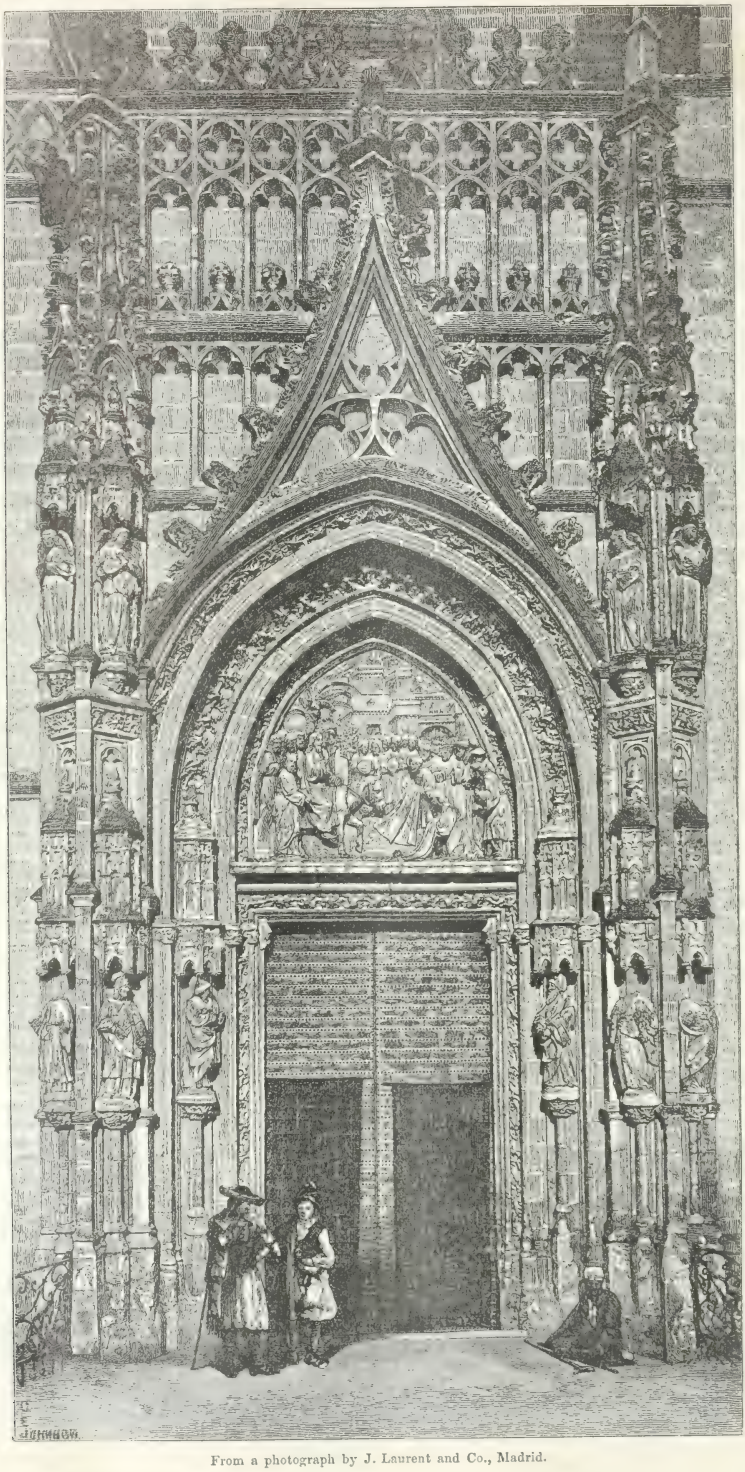
I.

SEVILLE—why should we not keep the proper and more euphonious form, Sevilla?—the home of that Don Juan on whom Byron and Mozart have shed a lustre more enviable than his reputation, has been made familiar to every one by melodious *Figaro* as well; and more lately Mérimée's *Carmen*, veiled in the music of Bizet, has brought it into the foreign consciousness again.

To me it is memorable as the place where I saw the jars in which the Forty Thieves were smothered. Worried by a painfully profuse odor that filled the whole street, one day I sought the cause, and found it in an olive-oil merchant's *tienda*, where there were some terra-cotta jars of the exact form given in the story-books, and afflicted with elephantiasis to such a degree that one or two men could easily have hidden in each. I am sure they were the same into which Morgiana poured the boiling oil, though why it should have been heated is inexplicable: the smell alone ought to have been fatal.

A prouder distinction is that Sevilla is the capital of Andalusia, that gayest, most diversified province of Spain; the native ground of the bull-fight and breeder of the best bulls; a region abounding in racy customs and characteristics. The sea-going Phœnicians, who bear down on us from so many points of the historical compass, found in Andalusia an important trading field. Its mountains are still stored with silver, copper, gold, lead, which have yielded steady tribute for thousands of years. In its breadths of sun-bathed plain and orange-mantled slope the ancients placed their Elysian Fields. Goth and Roman, Moor and Spaniard, struggled for the mastery of so rich a possession; and meanwhile Sevilla, the favorite of Cæsar—his "little Rome"—lay at the core of the fruitful land, herself careless in the main as to everything except an easy life, with plenty of singing and love-making. From climate and history, nevertheless, from art and the mingling of antipodal races, Sevilla received those influences which have shaped her into the bizarre and eminently Spanish creation that she is—a visible memory of the past, and a sparkling embodiment of the present. Society, amusement, and religious awe are the controlling aims of the people, blended with revolutionary politics, and great liveliness in their increasing commerce. The songs of Andalusia pervade the whole kingdom; its dances—*cidarillos*, *manchegas*, *boleros*, and the wildly graceful *Sevillanas*—enjoy an equal renown.

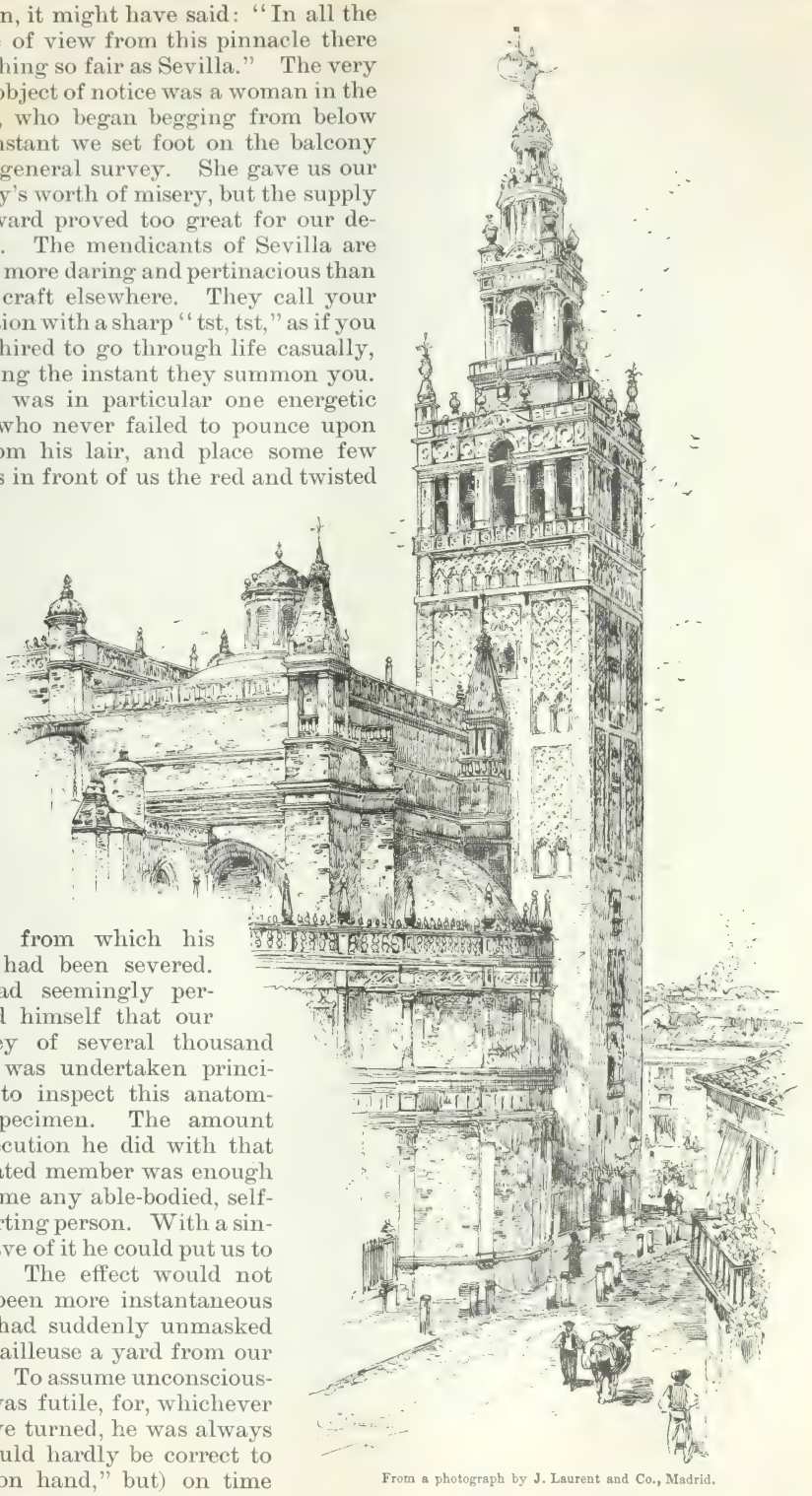
The first of it that met our eyes was the Giralda tower of the cathedral, rising in unique majesty above the unseen town, and as if inspired with a fresher grace by its own fame. If the bronze female figure of Faith on the summit could have



From a photograph by J. Laurent and Co., Madrid.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

spoken, it might have said: "In all the range of view from this pinnacle there is nothing so fair as Sevilla." The very next object of notice was a woman in the street, who began begging from below the instant we set foot on the balcony for a general survey. She gave us our money's worth of misery, but the supply afterward proved too great for our demand. The mendicants of Sevilla are much more daring and pertinacious than their craft elsewhere. They call your attention with a sharp "tst, tst," as if you were hired to go through life casually, stopping the instant they summon you. There was in particular one energetic man who never failed to pounce upon us from his lair, and place some few inches in front of us the red and twisted stump from which his hand had been severed. He had seemingly persuaded himself that our journey of several thousand miles was undertaken principally to inspect this anatomical specimen. The amount of execution he did with that mutilated member was enough to shame any able-bodied, self-supporting person. With a single wave of it he could put us to flight. The effect would not have been more instantaneous if he had suddenly unmasked a mitrailleuse a yard from our noses. To assume unconsciousness was futile, for, whichever way we turned, he was always (it would hardly be correct to say "on hand," but) on time with his fingerless deformity—



From a photograph by J. Laurent and Co., Madrid.

THE GIRALDA TOWER.

he always placed it, with the instinct of a finished artist, in the best light and most effective pose—getting it adroitly between us and anything we pretended to look at.

I imagined the noble cathedral might afford a refuge from such attacks, but every door was guarded by a squad of the decrepit army, so that entrance there became a horror. These sanctuary beggars serve a double purpose, however. The black-garbed Sevillan ladies, who are perpetually stealing in and out noiselessly under cover of their archly draped lace veils—losing themselves in the dark, incense-laden interior, or emerging from confession into the daylight glare again—are careful to drop some slight conscience-money into the palms that wait. Occasionally, by pre-arrangement, one of these beggars will convey into the hand that passes him a silver piece a tightly folded note from some clandestine lover. It is a convenient under-ground mail, and I am afraid the venerable church innocently shelters a good many little transactions of this kind.

Nothing can surpass in grandeur, in solemn and restful beauty, the hollow mountain of embellished stone which constitutes this cathedral. It does not present the usual cross shape, but is based upon the oblong form of an old mosque, originally formed somewhat like that at Cordova, but now wholly gone, excepting for the unequalled Giralda, and a few other minor muezzin towers. The Court of Oranges is another relic of the mosque-builders, where clumps of polished leafage contrast their own vivid strength with the energetic lines of flying-buttresses in the background—a florid yet melancholy height of trellised stone. But the consummate wonder of this great fabric, under which prostrate ages seem to crouch while lifting it to heaven, is the union of diverse styles and spirits in its construction. The different schools conglomerated in such an exterior give the cathedral a great and mysterious power of variety; yet, decided though their contrasts are, the effect is not harsh. It bears witness to the truth that the spirit of man when attuned to the mood of sincere worship, however unlike its expression may be at different epochs and through different races, will always make a certain grand inclusive harmony with itself.

The coolness of the lofty and umbrageous aisles within is not penetrated by the fiercest summer heats; but their religious twilight, though inciting to a devout and prayerful sentiment, wraps in obscurity the crowded works of art, the emblazoned *retablos*, the paintings of Murillo, Campaña, and Morales, and the costly ornaments bestowed upon the high altar, as well as those of some thirty side-chapels. In the central nave, before a shrine at the choir-back, lies the tomb of Ferdinand, son of Christopher Columbus. The colossal form of another Christopher, the saint, lifts itself up the wall to a height of thirty-two feet, near the Gate of the Exchange. Whoever looks upon St. Christopher, to him no harm shall come during that day; hence this worthy is a common object in Spanish cathedrals, and always painted so large that no one who diligently attends mass can possibly miss seeing him. A curious relic on the Chapel Royal altar is the Battle Virgin, a small ivory image which King Ferdinand the Sainted always carried in war firmly fixed on his saddle-bow. There, too, the king himself, embalmed, is preserved in a chiselled silver case, to be uncovered and shown three times a year with great pomp of military music. A life-size Virgin with movable joints and spun-gold hair watches over him, but did not prevent his crown from being stolen a few years ago. Not far away Murillo's San Antonio hangs, the chief figure in which was also stolen, being cut out in 1874, as many who read this will remember, and carried to New York, where it was recovered. Innumerable other works and wonders there are, and the sacristies contain great value of goldsmiths' products; but, unless it be made a subject of long artistic study, the fundamental charm of the cathedral consists in its general aspects; its mysterious perspectives; its proportions so simple and grandiose; the isolated pictures formed at almost any point by jewelled and candle-lit chapels sparkling dimly through a permanent dusk, rainbowed here and there by the light from old stained windows.

From the Giralda, which is mounted by inclined planes in place of stairs, one looks down upon the glorious building as if it were something belonging to a lower and different world. All around, beyond, the mazy city flattens itself out in a confusion of white walls, and tiled roofs that look like the armored backs of scaly monsters huddled sluggishly in the powerful sunshine, with impossible streets among them



A LITTLE TRANSACTION.

reduced to mere thin lines of shadow. The tawny river touches it; palaces and gardens and abandoned monasteries fringe it. A crenellated Moorish fortification rises up dreamily at one point, but finding itself out of date, abruptly subsides again. Farther out are the seven suburbs, including the gypsy and sailor quarter, the Triana; and then the plains stretch into an immense area of olive, gold, and white, reaching to mountains on the north and east. A multitude of doves inhabit the spire, and there is almost always a hawk sailing above it, higher than anything else under the cloudless sky. At the base lives the bell-ringer, through whose stone-paved dining-room and nursery, filled with his family, we had to pass in order to ascend. Once, as we stood toward sunset in the high gallery where the bells are hung in rectangular or arched apertures, we heard the *repique* sounding the Angelus. It was a furious explosion of metallic resonance.

Twenty bells on swinging beams, that throw the echoing mouths outward through the openings, and two fixed in place within, of which Santa Maria—profanely called The Fat One—is the largest: such is the battery at command. They are not all used at once, however, for the Angelus. The ringer and his two sons were satisfied with touching up Santa Catalina (of a tone peculiarly deep and acceptable), St. John the Baptist, San José, and one or two others. The whole brazen family have been duly baptized, among them being San Laureano and San Isidoro, named after the special patrons of Sevilla. One after another their tongues rolled forth a deafening roar, in a systematic disorder of thunderous tones, while the chief ringer went about unconcernedly with a smouldering cigarette in his lips. One of his sons, after uncoiling the twisted rope around the beam of San Laureano, thus getting it into violent motion, watched his chance, sprang on to the beam, agile as a cat, and stood there while it rocked, the bell under him swinging out at each turn, over the open square below. It was three hundred feet down to the pavement, and the least slip would have sent him down to it like a handful of dirt. His conception of what would please us, nevertheless, led him to thoroughly unnerve us by repeating the performance several times.

"Why don't the high-priest, or whatever he is, go on and finish up this church?" asked Whetstone of the guide. "Seems to me it's about time."

"The priest? He don't want to," was Vincent's answer, given with a movement of the fingers meant to imply the receiving of money. "It make too good excuse."

Our conductor, who I am sure was a skeptic, went on to declare that within the last ten years ninety thousand dollars had been left by will for carrying on the unfinished portion of the cathedral, but as yet no movement to begin the work had been made. "Where all that money go?" he asked, innocent curiosity overspreading his features, while his eye gleamed with hidden intelligence.

"What do the people think of the priests?" one of us asked.

"The chimneys* will find out some time," he replied; adding, in the proverbial strain common with Spaniards: "When the river comes down from the mountains, it brings stones."

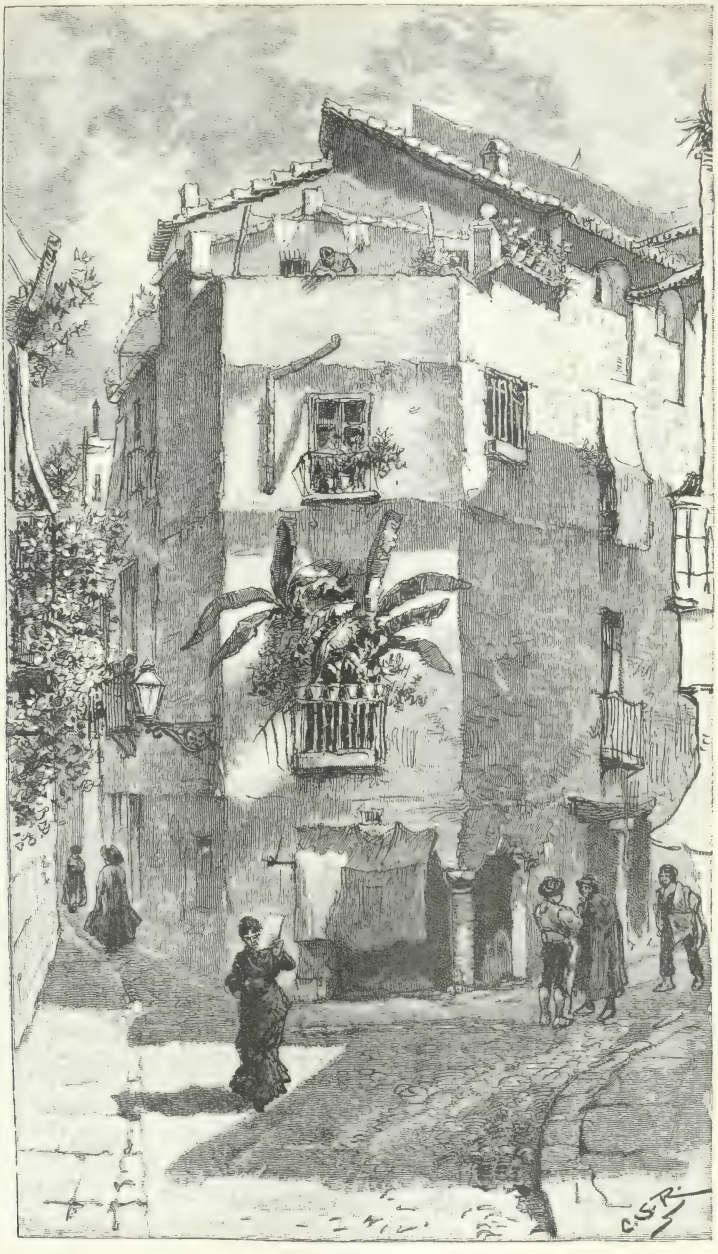
"By the river, you mean revolution? But you've had that before."

The conclusive answer to this was a maxim borrowed from the ring: "The fifth bull is never a bad one" (meaning, "Success comes to those who wait").

Our guide's English was put to a severe strain in the Alcazar, a palace largely Oriental, with interiors that outshine the Alhambra in resplendent color and gilding. There is, in particular, one round-domed ceiling constructed with an intricacy of interdependent supports, cones, truncations, dropping cusps, which is counterpoint made plastic, and in its inverted cup-like cysts the burnished gold glows like clotted honey. But, for all that, it does not equal the matchless Alhambra in arrangement, variety, or poetic surroundings. The memory of King Pedro the Cruel is closely connected with this Alcazar. From it he used to make night sallies into the town, by means of what Vincent termed a "soup-tureen passage," which brought him up through a trap-door somewhere in the thick of his subjects. Pedro, who lived in the fourteenth century, was a monarch of a severely playful disposition. He used to have the heads of people that were obnoxious to him cut off, and hung up over the lintel of his dressing-room door, where he

* A nickname alluding to the sooty black of the clerical costume.

could look at them while he was putting in his shirt studs, or whenever he felt bored. In the extensive gardens, half Eastern and



A STREET CORNER.

half mediæval, behind the palace, among the box and myrtle planted in forms of heraldic devices, among the palms and terraces and fountains, there run long

paths secretly perforated in places for fine jets of water. These are the traces of a still more ingenious amusement invented by Pedro. From a place of concealment he would watch until the ladies of the court, when promenading, had got directly over one of his under-ground—I mean



FIGARO.

"soup-tureen"—fountains; then he would turn a faucet, and drench them with a shower-bath from below.

There are other palaces in Sevilla, of which the Duke of Montpensier's San Telmo is the chief, and a model of uninteresting magnificence, aside from the superb collection of old Spanish masters which it contains. These pictures were sent to Boston for a loan exhibition during the last revolution in Spain. The House of Pilate, owned by the Dukes of Medinaceli, is quite another sort of thing—a rambling edifice dating from the sixteenth century, but almost wholly Saracenic, the walls being *repoussés* in fine arabesques, and sheathed at the base with color-veined old tiles that throw back the light in flashes from their surface. These also enamel the grand staircase, which makes a square turn beneath a *media naranja* roof—natural Spanish music for our plain "half-orange"—the vault of which is fretted cedar cased in stucco. At the top landing is posted a cock in effigy, representing the one that crowed witness to Peter's denial. Again, a balcony is shown which stands for that at which Pilate washed his hands before the people; and in fine the whole place is net-worked with fancies of this kind, identifying it with the scene of Christ's trial. For it was the whim of the lordly founder to make his house the starting-point for a Via Crucis, marking the path of Jesus on His way to crucifixion, and these devices were adopted to heighten the verisimilitude of the scene. In Passion-week pilgrims come to pray at the several "stations" on the way to the figurative Calvary at the end of the Via. The present duke, who is a baby of but a few months, has himself now become only a pilgrim, for he comes with his mother only once a year to visit the House of Pilate.

Into the Duke of Montpensier's garden stare the plebeian, commercial, let us hope unenvious, windows of the government Tobacco Factory: an enormous building, guarded like a fort to prevent the smuggling out of tobacco. Indeed, every one of the three thousand women employed is carefully watched for the same purpose as she passes out at the general evening dismissal. Mounting the broad stairs of stone, I heard a peculiar medley of light sounds in the distance. If a lot of steam-looms were endowed with the faculty of throwing out falsetto and soprano notes instead of their usual inhuman click, the effect could not be more uninterrupted than this subdued merry buzzing. It was the chatter of the working-girls in the cigarette room. As we stepped over the threshold, these sounds continued with *crescendo* effect, ourselves for the theme. At least one hundred girls fixed their attention on us, delivering a volley of salutations, jokes, and general remarks.

"What do you seek, little señor? You will get no *papelitos* here," exclaimed one, pretty enough to venture on sauciness.

"French, French, don't you see?" another said; and her companions, in airy tones, begged us to disburse a few *cuartos*, which are cent-and-a-quarter pieces.

There was one young person of a satirical turn who affected to approve a very small beard which one of us had raised incidentally in travelling. She stroked her own smooth cheek, and carolled out, "What a pretty *barbule!*"

They certainly were not enslaved to conventionality, though they may be to necessity. They seemed to enjoy themselves, too. Their eyes flashed, they broke into laughter, they bent their heads to give effect to the regulation flat curls on their temples, and all the time their nimble fingers never stopped filling cigarettes, rolling the papers, whisking them into bundles, and seizing fresh pinches of tobacco. In all there were three or four hundred of them, and some of them had a spendthrift, common sort of beauty, which, owing to their Southern vivacity and fine physique, had the air of being more than it really was. At first glance there appeared to be a couple of hundred other girls hung up against the walls and pillars; but these turned out to be only the skirts and boots of the workers, which they keep carefully away from the smouch of the cigarette trays, so as to keep up their proverbially neat appearance on the street. Some of the women, however, were scornful and morose, and others pale and sad. It was easy to guess why, when we saw their babies lying in improvised box-cradles or staggering about naked, as if intoxicated with extreme youth and premature misery, or as if blindly beginning a search for their fathers—something none of them will ever find. We laid a few coppers in the cradles, and went on to the cigar room.

It was much the same, excepting that the soberness of experience there partially took the place of the giddiness rampant among the cigarette girls. There were some appalling old crones among the thousand individuals who rolled, chopped, gummed, and tied cigars at the low tables distributed through a heavily groined stone hall choked with thick pillars, and some six hundred or seven hundred yards in length. Others, on the contrary, looked blooming and coquettish. Many were in startling deshabille, resorted to on account of the intense July heat, and hastened to draw pretty *panuelos* of variegated dye over their bare shoulders when they saw us coming. Here, too, there was a large nursery business being carried on, with a very damaged article of child, smeary, sprawling, and crying. Nor was it altogether cheering to observe now and then a woman who, having dissipated too late the night before, sat fast asleep with her head in the cigar dust of the table.

"*Ojala!* May God do her work!" cried one of her friends. If He did not, it was not because there was any lack of shrines in the factory. They were erected here and there against the wall, with gilt images and candles arrayed in front of a white sheet, and occasionally the older women knelt at their devotions before them. I don't object to the shrines, but it struck me that a good *crèche* system for the children might not come amiss.

As to the factory girls smoking cigarettes in public, it is an operatic fiction. No such practice is common in Spain. And the beauty of these Carmens has certainly been exaggerated.

Usually every house is provided with a patio. The façades, as a rule, are monotonous and unspeakably plain, but the poorest dwelling always has its airy court set with shrubs, and perhaps provided with water. They are tiled, as most rooms are in Spain—a good precaution against ver-

min, which unluckily is not infallible as regards fleas, which search the traveller in Spain even more rigorously than the customs officers or the Civil Guards. The flea is still and small, like the voice of conscience, but that is the only moral thing about him. In the Peninsula I found him peculiarly unregenerate. As to these patios, the well-to-do protect them from the open vestibule leading to the street by gates of ornamental open iron, letting the air currents play through the unroofed court, and sometimes with movable screens behind the gate. Chess-tables and coffee are carried out there in the evening, and the music-room gives conveniently upon the cool central space.

In Sevilla, if you hear a shrill little bell tinkling in the street, do not imagine that a velocipede is coming. One day a slight tintinnabulation announced the approach of a funeral procession, headed by two gentlemen wearing round caps and blue gowns, on which were sewed flaming red hearts. One bore a small alms basket, the other rang the bell to attract contributions. It appears that this is the manner appointed for sundry brothers who maintain the Caridad, a hospital for indigent old men. The members, though pursuing their ordinary mode of life, are banded for the support of the institution. Necessarily rich and aristocrats, it matters not: when one of them dies, he must be buried by means of offerings collected on the way to his grave. This Caridad, let me add, was founded by Don Miguel de Manera, a friend of Don Juan, and a reformed rake. His epitaph reads: "Here lie the ashes of the worst man that ever was." I suspect a lingering vanity in that assertion, but at any rate the tombstone tries hard *not* to lie.

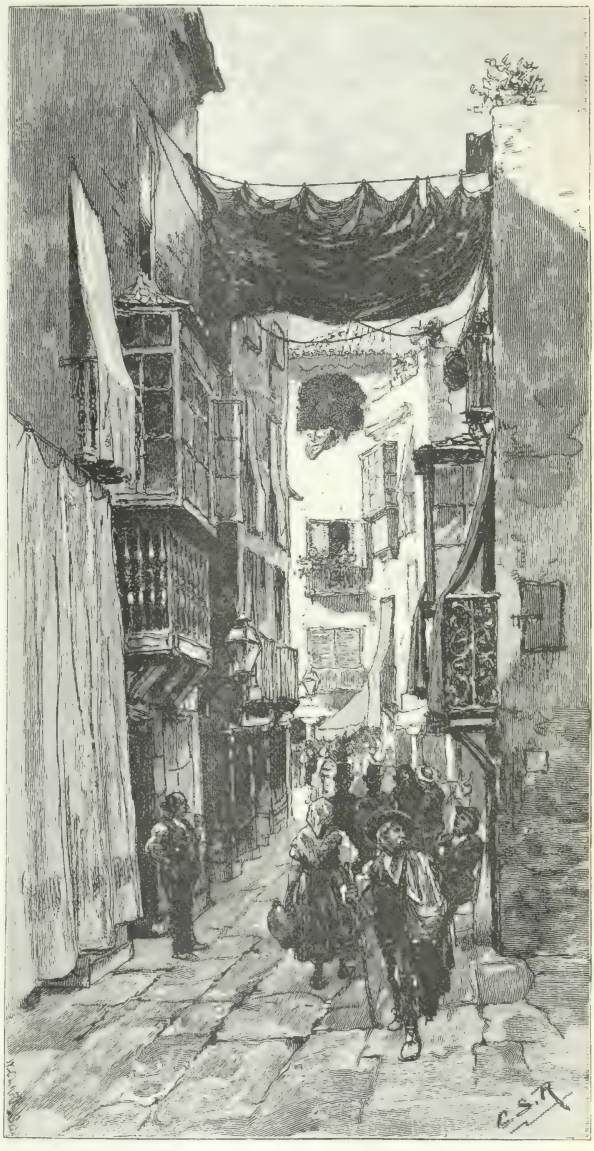
Fashionable society, after recovering from its mid-day siesta, and before going to the theatre or ball, turns itself out for an airing on Las Delicias—"The Delights"—an arbored road running two or three miles along the river-side. Nowhere can you see more magnificent horses than there. Their race was formerly crossed with the finest mettle of Barbary studs, and their blood, carried into Kentucky through Mexico, may have had its share in the victories of Parole, Iroquois, and Foxhall. A more strictly popular resort is the New Plaza, where citizens attend a concert and fire-works twice a week in summer, and keep their distressed babies up till midnight to see the fun. They are less demonstrative than one would expect. An American reserve hangs over them. Perfect informality reigns; they saunter, chat, and laugh without constraint, yet their enjoyment is taken in a languid, half-pensive way. In the various foot-streets where carriages do not appear, the same quietude prevails. Lined with attractive bazar-like shops, and overhung by "sails" drawn from roof to roof, which make them look like telescopic booths, these streets form shady avenues down which figures glide unobtrusively. Sometimes a cigarette girl in a pale geranium skirt, with a crimson shawl; sometimes a lady in black, with lace-draped head; and perhaps an erroneous man in a heavy blue cloak, saving up warmth for next winter; or a peasant re-arranging his scarlet waist cloth by tucking one end into his trousers, then turning round and round till he is wound up like a watch spring, and finally putting his needle-pointed knife into the folds, ready for the next quarrel.

Once we caught sight of two belted forms with carbines stealing across the alley far down, as if for a flank movement against us. Oh, horror! they were the Civil Guards, who were always blighting us at the happiest moment. As they did not succeed in capturing us, we believed they must have lost themselves in one of the *calles* that squirm through the houses with no visible intention of ever coming out anywhere. Velazquez wanted to go and look for their bones, thinking they had perished of starvation, but I opportunely reflected that we might ourselves be lost in the attempt. No wonder assassination has been frequent in these narrow windings! Once astray in them, that would be the easiest way out.

Shall we go to the Thursday-morning fair, which begins, in order to avoid the great heats, at 6 A.M.? Come, then; and if we are up early, we may pass on the way through the low-walled market, gay with fruits, flowers, vegetables, where bread from Alcalá in the exact pattern of buttercup blossoms is sold, and where at a particularly bloody and ferocious stall butchers are dispensing the meat of bulls slaughtered at the fights. The fair is held in Fair Street. A frantic miscellany of old iron, of clothing, crockery, mat baskets, and large green pine cones full of plump seeds, which, when ripened, taste

like butternuts, is set forth. Full on the pavement is spread an array of second-hand shoes—the proverbial dead men's, perhaps—temptingly blacked. Pale cinereous earthen vessels, all becurled with raised patterns like intelligent wax drippings, but exceedingly well shaped, likewise monopolize the thoroughfare, put in peril only by random dogs, which, having quarrelled over the offal freely thrown into the street for them, sometimes race disreputably through the brittle ware. At apt corners old women have set up their frying-pans under Bedouin tents, and are cooking *calentitos*—long coils of dough browned in hot olive oil, which are much sought as a relish for the matutinal chocolate. Omnipresent, of course, are those water stalls that, in Sevilla especially, acquire eminent dignity by their row of stout jars, and their complicated cordage rigged across from one house-top to another, so as to sustain shadowing canvas canopies. There is a great crowd, but the fair is comparatively quiet too.

The absence of wagon traffic in the town creates, notwithstanding its reposeful character, a new relative scale of noises, and there is consequently good store of fretting attacks on the hearing in Sevilla. With very early morning begins the deep clank of bells, under the chins of asses that go the rounds to deliver domestic milk from their own udders. There is no end of noise. Even in the elegant dining-room where we ate, lottery dealers would howl at us through the barred windows, or a donkey outside would rasp with his intolerable braying. Then the street cries are incessant. At night the crowds chafe and jabber till the latest hours, and after eleven the watchmen begin their drawl of unearthly sadness, alternating with the occult and remorseless industry of the mosquito, until, somewhere about dawn, you drop perspiring into an oppressively tropical dream-land, with the *sereno's* last cry ringing in your ears: "Hail, Mary, most pure! Three o'clock has passed."



A CALLE.

II.

An English lady, conversing with a Sevillan gentleman who had been making some rather tall statements, asked him: "Are you telling me the truth?"

"Madam," he replied, gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye, "I am an An-

dalusian!" At which the surrounding listeners, his fellow-countrymen, broke into an appreciative laugh.

So proverbial is the want of veracity, or, to put it more genially, the imagination, of these Southerners. Their imagination will explain also the vogue of their brief, sometimes pathetic, yet never more than half-expressed, scraps of song, which are sung with so much feeling throughout the kingdom to crude barbaric airs, and loved alike by gentle and simple. I mean the *Peteneras* and *Malagueñas*. There are others of the same general kind, sung to a variety of dances; but the ruling tunes are alike—usually pitched in a minor key, and interspersed with passionate trills, long quavers, unexpected ups and downs, which it requires no little skill to render. I have seen gypsy singers grow apoplectic with the long breath and volume of sound which they threw into these eccentric melodies amid thunders of applause. It is not a high nor a cultivated order of music, but there lurks in it something consonant with the broad, stimulating shine of the sun, the deep red earth, the thick, strange-flavored wine of the Peninsula; its constellated nights, and clear daylight gleamed with flying gold from the winnowing-field. The quirks of the melody are not so unlike those of very old English ballads, and some native composer with originality should be able to expand their deep, bold, primitive ululations into richer, lasting forms. The fantastic picking of the *mandurra* accompaniment reminds me of Chinese music with which I have been familiar. Endless preludes and interminable windings up inclose the minute kernel of actual song; but to both words and music is lent a repressed touching power and suggestiveness by repeating, as is always done, the opening bars and first words at the end, and then breaking off in mid-strain. For instance:

"All the day I am happy,
But at evening orison
Like a millstone grows my heart.
All the day I am happy."
[*Limitless Guitar Solo.*]

It is like the never-ended strain of Schumann's "Warum?" The words are always simple and few; often bald. One of the most popular pieces amounts simply to this:

"Both Lagartijo and Frascuelo
Swordsmen are of quality,
Since when they the bulls are slaying—
O damsel of my heart!—
They do it with serenity.
Both Lagartijo and Frascuelo
Swordsmen are of quality."

But such evident ardor of feeling and such wealth of voice are breathed into these fragments that they become sufficient. The people supply from their imagination what is barely hinted in the lines. Under their impassive exteriors they preserve memories, associations, emotions, of burning intensity, which throng to aid their enjoyment, as soon as the muffled strings begin to vibrate and syllables of love or sorrow are chanted. I recalled to a pretty Spanish girl one line:

"Pajarito, tu que vuelas."

She flushed, fire came to her eyes, and with clasped hands she murmured, "Oh, what a beautiful song it is!" Yet it contains only four lines. Here is a translation:

"Bird, little bird that wheelest
Through God's fair worlds in the sky,
Say if thou anywhere seest
A being more sad than I.
Bird, little bird that wheelest."

Some of these little compositions are roughly humorous, and others very grotesque, appearing to foreigners empty and ridiculous.

The following one has something of the odd imagery and inconsequence of our negro improvisations:

"As I was gathering pine cones
In the sweet pine woods of love,
My heart was cracked by a splinter
That flew from the tree above.
I'm dead: pray for me, sweethearts!"

There was one evening in Granada when we sat in a company of some two dozen people, and one after another of the ladies took her turn in singing to the guitar of a little girl, a musical prodigy. But they were all outdone by Cándida, the brisk, naïve, handsome serving-girl, who was invited in but preferred to stand outside the grated window, near the lemon-trees and pomegranates, looking in with a flower in her hair, and pouring into the room her warm contralto—that voice so common among Spanish peasant-women—which seemed to have absorbed the clear dark of Andalusian nights when the stars glitter like lance-points aimed at the earth. Through the twanging of the strings we could hear the rush of wa-



"ALL THE DAY I AM HAPPY."

ter that gurgles all about the Alhambra; and just above the trees that stirred in the perfumed air without we knew the unsentinelled walls of the ancient fortress were frowning. The most elaborate piece was one meant to accompany a dance called the *Zapateado*, or "kick-dance." It begins:

"Tie me, with my fiery charger,
To your window's iron lattice.

Though *he* break loose, my fiery charger,
Me he can not tear away;"

and then passes into rhyme:

"Much I ask of San Francisco,
Much St. Thomas I implore;
But of thee, my little brown girl,
Ah, of thee I ask much more!"

The singing went on:

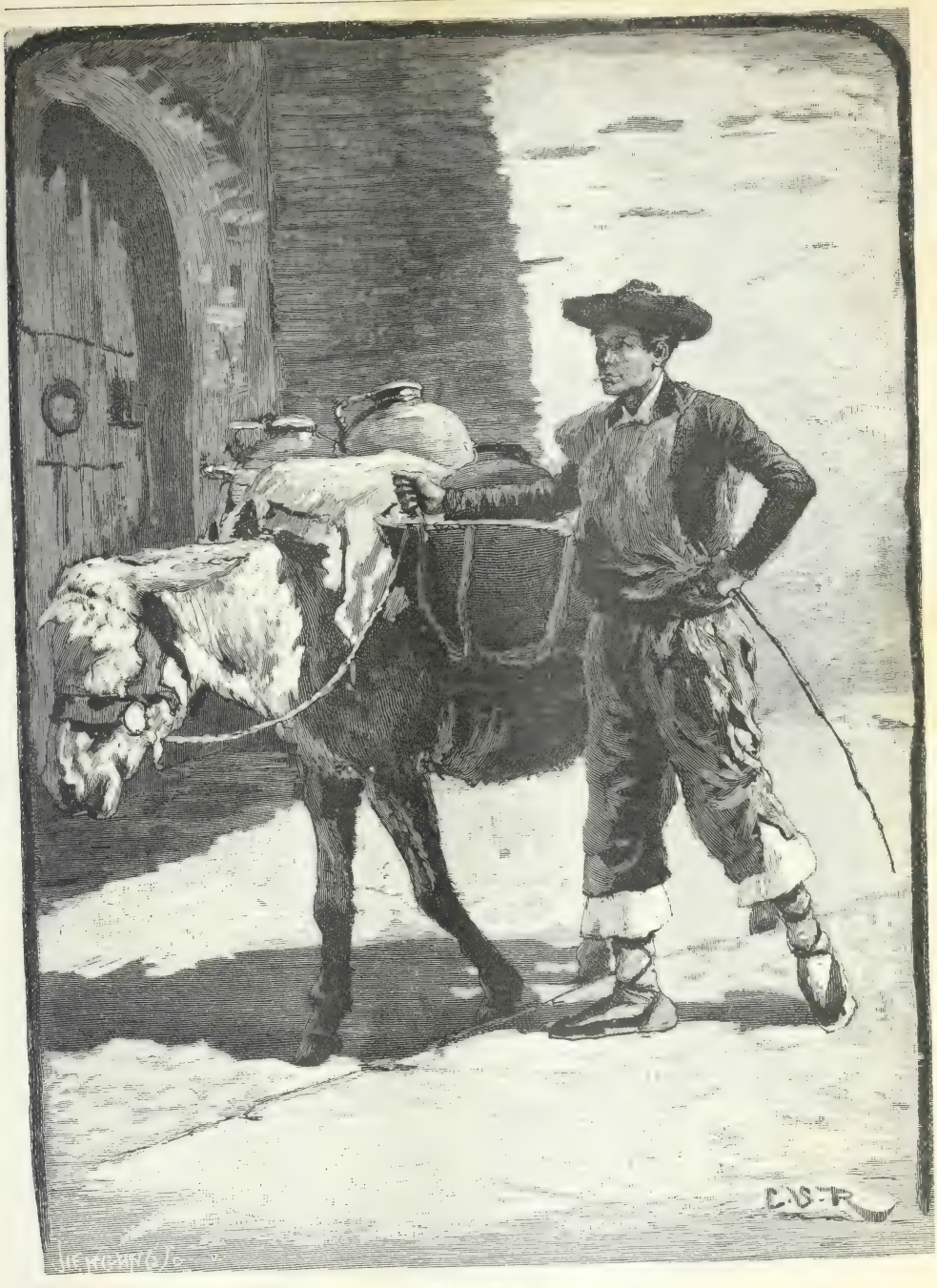
"In Triana there are rogues,
And there are stars in heaven.
Four and one rods away
There lives, there lives a woman....
Flowers there are in gardens,
And beautiful girls in Sevilla."

Nevertheless, we had been glad to leave Sevilla, especially since during our stay an epidemic was in progress graphically called "the minute," from its supposed characteristic of finishing off a victim ready for the undertaker in exactly sixty seconds after attacking him.

Granada rests in what might pass for the Happy Valley of Rasselas, a deep stretch of thirty miles, called simply the Vega, and tilled from end to end on a system of irrigation established by the Moslem conquerors. Rugged mountains, bastions of a more than Cyclopean earthwork, girdle and defend it. To penetrate them you must leave the hot rolling lands of the west, and confront steep heights niched here and there for creamy-hued villages or deserted castles, and sentried by small Moorish watch-towers rising like chessmen on the highest crests. The olive-trees spread on wide slopes of tanned earth were like thick dots of black connected in one design, and seemed to suggest the possible origin of Spanish lace. The shapes of the mountains, too, were extravagant. One of the most singular, the *Peñon de los Enamorados*, near Antequera, showed us by accident at a distance the exact profile of George Washington, with every detail after Stuart, hewn out in mountain size and looking directly up into the heavens from a position of supreme rigidity. Our first intimation of a near approach to Granada was a long stretch of blanched folds showing through evening mistiness in the southern sky like the drapings of some celestial tabernacle, so high up that they might have been clouds, but for a certain persistent, awful immobility that controlled them. Their spectral whiteness, detached from the earth, hung, it is true, 10,000 feet above the sea-level; but they were not clouds. They were the summits of the Sierra Nevada, the great Snowy Range.

Twenty miles to the north of these frosty heights stands the Alhambra Hill, shrouded in dark trees, and dominated by the Mountain of the Sun. The names are significant—Snowy Range and Mountain of the Sun—for the landscape that unrolls itself between these ridges is a mixture of torrid glow and Alpine coldness. I stood in a hanging garden delicious with aromatic growths, on the ramparts beside the great Lookout Tower, the city lying like a calcareous deposit packed in the gorge of the Darro's stream below. Across the Vega I beheld that sandy pass of the hills through which Boabdil withdrew after his surrender—the Last Sigh of the Moor. Fierce sunlight smote upon me, spattering the leaves like metal in flux; but the snow fields mantling the blue wall of the Sierra loomed over the landscape so distinct as to seem within easy hail, and I felt their breath in a sweet coolness that drifted by from time to time. The other mountains were bare and golden brown. But in their midst the mild Vega, inlaid with curves of the River Genil, receded in breadths of alternate green orchard and mellow rye, where distant villages are scattered "like white antelopes at pasture," says Señor Don Contreras, the accomplished restorer of the Alhambra. It was not like a dream, for dreams are imitative; nor like reality, for that is too unstable. It was blended of both these, with a purely ideal strand. As I looked at the rusty red walls and abraded towers palisading the hill, the surroundings became like some miraculous web, and these ruins, concentring the threads, were the shattered cocoon from which it had been spun.

The Alhambra was originally a village on the height, perhaps the first local settlement, surrounded by a wall for defensive purposes. The wall, which once united a system of thirty-seven towers, fringes the irregular edges of the hill-top plateau, describing an inclosure like a rude crescent lying east and west. At the west end the hill contracts to an anvil point, and on this are grouped the works of the citadel, Alcazaba, governed by the huge square Lookout Tower. On a ridge close to the south stand the Vermilion Towers, suspected of having been mixed up with the Phœnicians at an early epoch, but not yet fully convicted by the antiquarians. The intervening glade receives a steep road from the city, and is arcaded with elms and cherries of prodi-

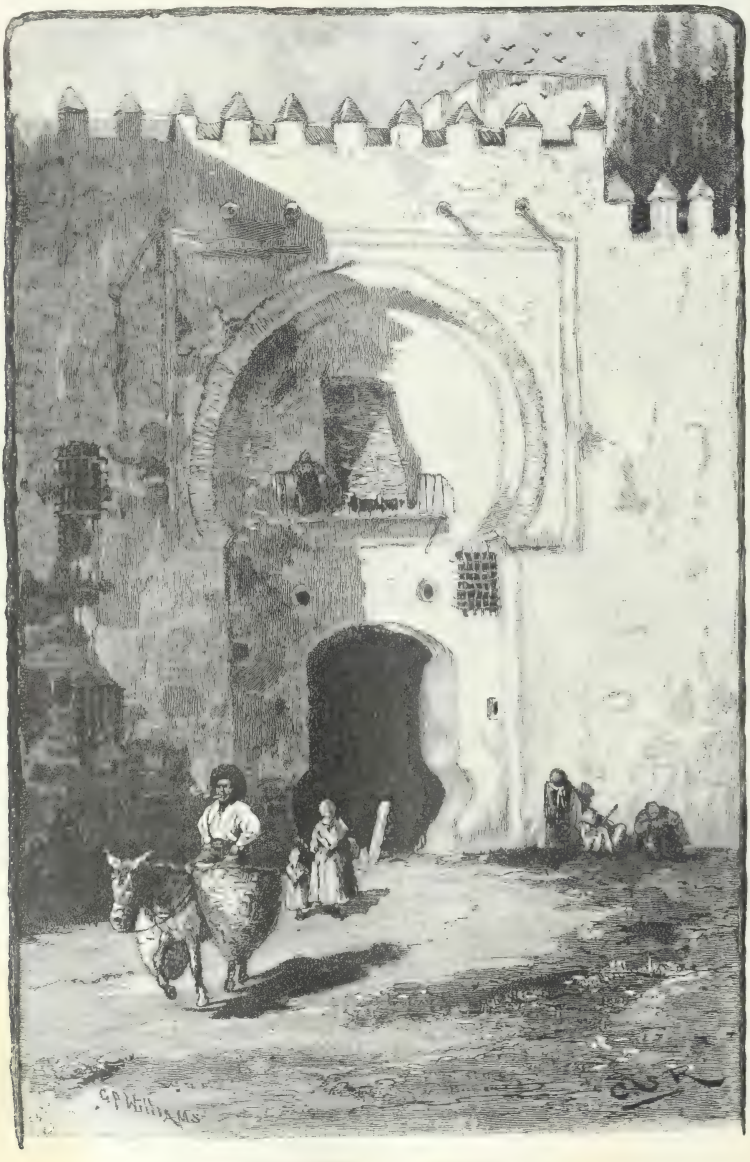


A WATER-CARRIER.

gious size, sent over as saplings by the Duke of Wellington half a century ago. There the nightingales sing in spring-time, and in summer the boughs give perch to other songsters. Ramps lead up to the top of the hill, and on the northern edge of its crescent, at the brink of the Darro Valley, the Alhambra Palace proper is lodged.

We shall go in by the Gate of Justice, through a doorway running up two-thirds

of its tower's height, and culminating in a little horseshoe arch, whereon a rude hand is incised—a favorite Mohammedan symbol of doctrine. We pass a poor pictured oratory of the Virgin, and some lance-rests of Ferdinand V., to worm our way through the grim passage that cautiously turns twice before emerging through an arch of pointed brick with enamellings on argil, into the open gravelled Place of the Reservoirs. This is undermined by a fettered lake, generally attributed to the Moors, but more probably made after Isabella's conquest. On the right side, behind hedges and low trees, is reared that gray rectangular Græco-Roman pile which Charles V. had the audacity to begin. His palace is deservedly unfinished, yet its intrusion is effective. It makes you think of the terror-striking helmet of unearthly size in the Castle of Otranto, and looks indeed like a piece of



THE MOORISH GATE, SEVILLE.

mediæval armor flung down here to challenge vainly the wise Arabian beauty of the older edifice. To the Place of Reservoirs come in uninterrupted course all day the tinkling and tasselled mules that carry back to the city jars of fresh-water kept cool in baskets filled with leaves. And hither walk toward sunset the *majos* and *majas*, dandies and coquettes, to stroll and gossip for an hour, even as we saw them when we were lingering at the northern parapet one evening and looking off through the clear air, in which a million rose-leaves seemed to have dipped and left their faint color.

III.

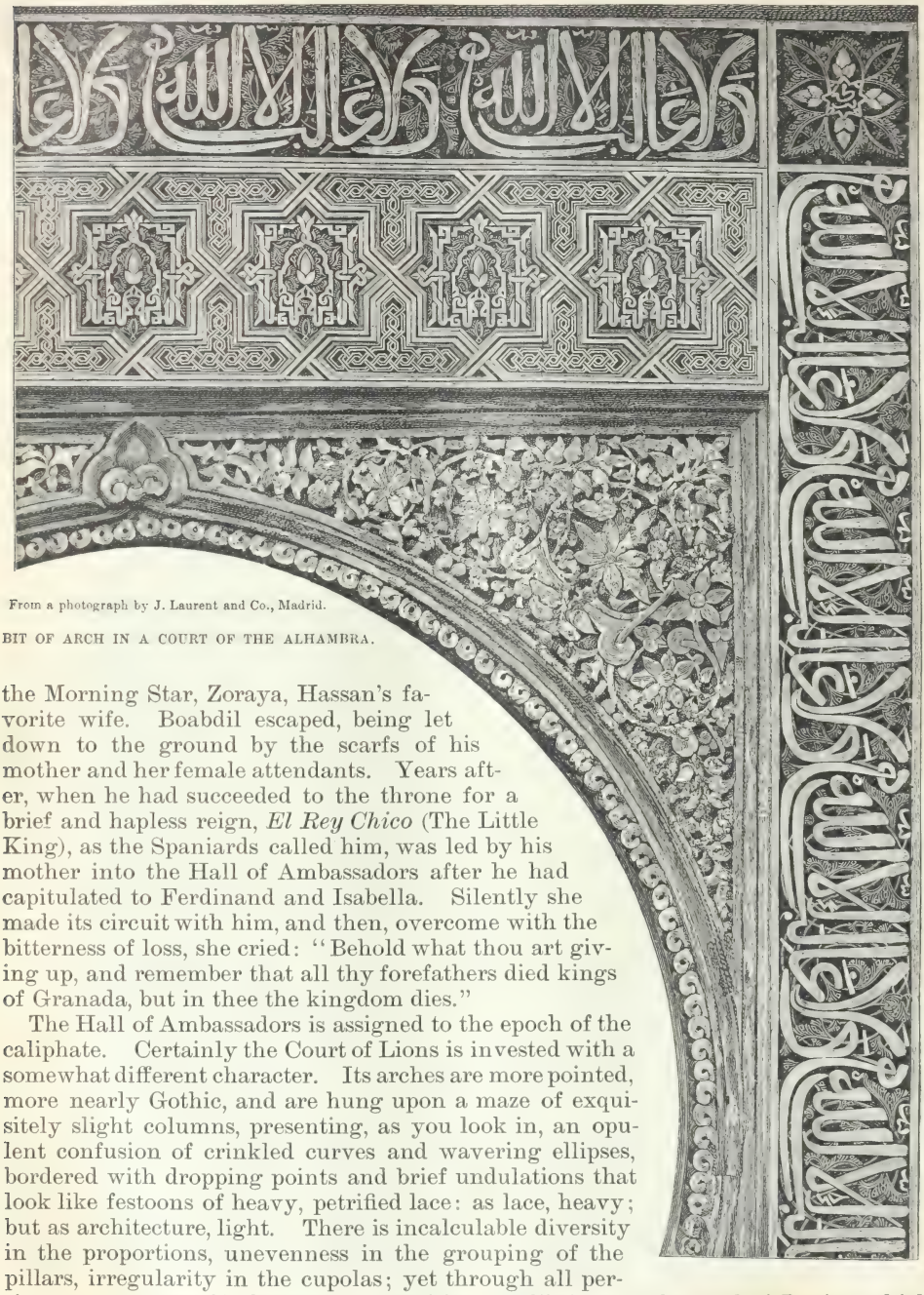
The veritable entrance to the Alhambra is now buried within some later buildings added to the original. But it never, though Irving naturally supposed the contrary, had a grand portal in the middle. Gorgeous and showy means of ingress would not have suited the Oriental mind. The exterior of the palace and all the towers is dull, blank, uncommunicative. The Moslem idea was to secrete the abodes of earthly bliss, nor even to hint at them by outward signs of ostentation.

So the petty modern door cut for convenience is not wholly out of keeping. It ushers one with a sudden surprise into the presence of those marvels which have been for years a distant enticing vision. You find yourself, in fact, wandering into the Alhambra courts as if by accident. The first one—the Court of the Pond, or of the Myrtles—arrays before us beauty enough and to spare. But it is only the beginning. A long tank occupies the centre, brimmed with water from a rill that gurgles by day and night, forever, with a low, half-laughing sob. Around it level plates of white marble are riveted to the ground, and two hedges of clipped myrtle border the placid surface. At the nearest end a double gallery closes the court, imposed on seven arches so evenly rounded as to emulate the Roman, but upheld by columns of amazing slenderness; and in the spandrels are translucent arabesques inlaced with fillets, radiating leaf points, and loose knots. Above these blink some square windows, shut as with frozen gauze by minute stone lattice-work, over fifteen hundred twisted or cubed pieces being combined in each. From there the women of the harem used to witness pageantries and ceremonies that took place in the court; and over the veiled windows is a roofed balcony repeating the lower arches, which would serve for spectators not under ban of invisibility.

In the Chamber of Benediction are those multitudinous arabesques by which the Alhambra is most widely known. In the hall beyond they flow out with unimpeded grace and variety over the walls of an immensely high and nobly spacious apartment, pierced on three sides at the floor level with arched *ajimez** windows halved by a thin flower-headed column, and in their embrasures all inchased with cement are mouldings that overrun the groundwork in bands, curves, diamonds, scrolls, delicate as the ribs of leaves or as vine tendrils. Within these soft convolved lines, arranged to make the most florid detail tributary to the general effect, Arabic characters twisted into the design contain outbursts of poetry celebrating the edifice, the room itself. "As if I were the arc of the rainbow," says one inscription in the hooped doorway, "and the sun were Lord Abul Hachach." The windows look forth upon the sheer northern fall of the hill; the waving tree-tops scarcely rising to the balcony under the sills; and old Granada dozing below in the unmitigated sunlight, with here and there the sculptured columns of a patio visible among the houses on the opposite slope; and farther away the Sesame doors of gypsy habitations cut into the solid mountain above the Darro. One of the most beautiful of glimpses about the Alhambra is that through the east window, looking along the parapet gallery to the Toilet Tower. Precipitous masonry plunges down among trees that shoot incredibly high, as if incited by the lines of the building, and on the Mountain of the Sun the irregular lint-white buildings of the Generalife—an old retreat of Moorish sovereigns and nobles—are lodged among cypresses and orange thickets. Within the hall itself all is cool, subdued, and breezy, and the smooth vault of the larch-wood ceiling, still dimly rich with azure and gold, spans the area high overhead like a solemn twilight sky at night.

It was in this Tower of Comares that the last King of Granada, Boabdil, was imprisoned with his mother, Ayeshah, by his stormy and fatuous father, Muley Abul Hassan, owing to the rival influence of

* Literally, "sun-trap."



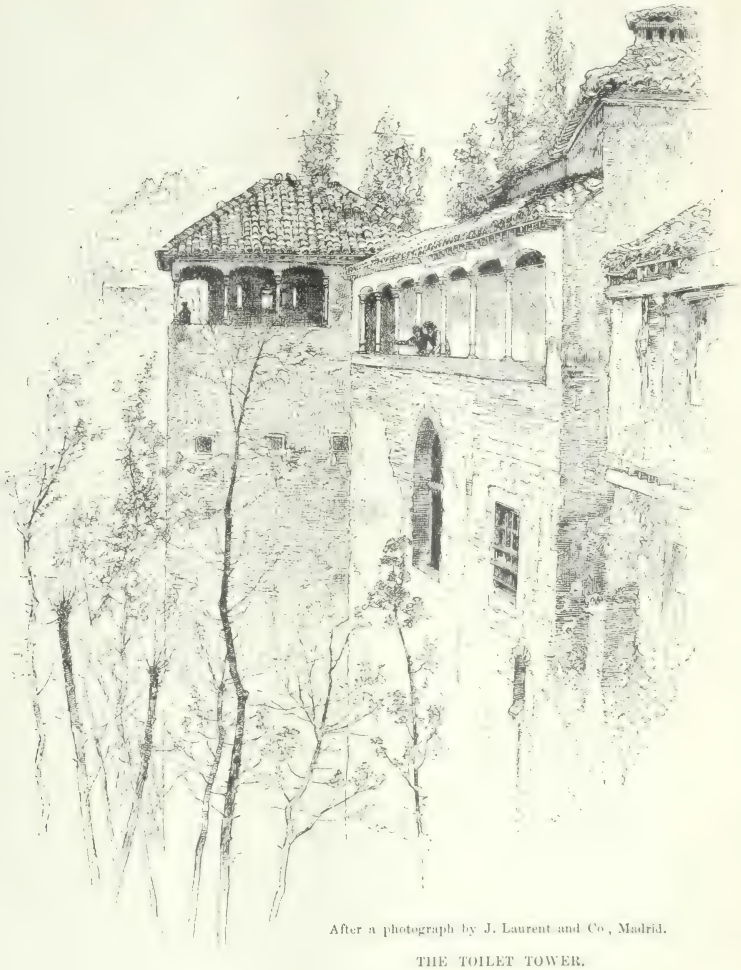
From a photograph by J. Laurent and Co., Madrid.

BIT OF ARCH IN A COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

the Morning Star, Zoraya, Hassan's favorite wife. Boabdil escaped, being let down to the ground by the scarfs of his mother and her female attendants. Years after, when he had succeeded to the throne for a brief and hapless reign, *El Rey Chico* (The Little King), as the Spaniards called him, was led by his mother into the Hall of Ambassadors after he had capitulated to Ferdinand and Isabella. Silently she made its circuit with him, and then, overcome with the bitterness of loss, she cried: "Behold what thou art giving up, and remember that all thy forefathers died kings of Granada, but in thee the kingdom dies."

The Hall of Ambassadors is assigned to the epoch of the caliphate. Certainly the Court of Lions is invested with a somewhat different character. Its arches are more pointed, more nearly Gothic, and are hung upon a maze of exquisitely slight columns, presenting, as you look in, an opulent confusion of crinkled curves and wavering ellipses, bordered with dropping points and brief undulations that look like festoons of heavy, petrified lace: as lace, heavy; but as architecture, light. There is incalculable diversity in the proportions, unevenness in the grouping of the pillars, irregularity in the cupolas; yet through all persists an unsurpassable harmony, a sensitive equilibrium. The Hall of Justice, which opens from it, and contains—contrary to Mohammedan principles—some mysterious early Italian frescoes depicting Moorish and Christian combats, is a grotto of stalactites. All this part of the palace, one would say, might have sprung from the spray of those hidden canals which brought the snow-water hither, spouting up, then falling and crystallizing in shapes of arrested motion, so perfect is the geometrical balance, so suave are the flowing lines. The un-Moorish lions sustaining the central basin are meagre and crude, and the size of the court is disappointing; but it is a miniature

labyrinth of beauty. From one side you may pass into the Hall of the Abencerages, under the fine star-shaped roof of which a number of those purely Arab-blooded knights are said to have been—at the instigation of their half-Christian rivals, the Zegris—assembled at a banquet and then murdered. An invitation to dinner reveries of Bagdad and Damascus. But it would be futile to describe the myriad traceries of these rooms—the bevelled entablatures; the elastic ceilings, displaying an order and multiplicity of tiny relief as systematic as the cells and tissues in a cut pomegranate; or the dadoes of colored tiles, still dimly glistening with glaze, and



After a photograph by J. Laurent and Co., Madrid.

THE TOILET TOWER.

in those days was a doubtful compliment, which a gentleman had to think twice about before accepting.

On the other side lies the access to the Chamber of the Two Sisters, a lovely apartment, having a grooved bed in the marble floor for a current of water to course through and run out under the zigzag-carven cedar door. Everything is exactly as you would have it, and you seem to be straying through embodied chameleonizing the base of the partitions. The culmination of microscopic refinement comes, with a sigh of relief from such an overplus of sensuous delight, in the boudoir of Lindaraxa, which overlooks from a superb embayed window a little oasis of fountained court, blooming with citrons and lemons, and bedded with violets. That small garden, green and laughing, and interspersed with dark flower-mould, lies clasped in the branching

wings of masonry, as simple and refreshing as a dew-drop. It is shut in on the other side by some mediæval rooms fitted up in heavy oak panelling for Philip V. and his second bride, Elisabetta, when with rare judgment they chose this Islamitic spot for their honey-moon—a crescent, I suppose. It was in one of these rooms—the Room of the Fruits—that, to quote Señor Contreras again, "the celebrated poet Washington Irving harbored, composing there his best works." From which it will be inferred that the gallant Spaniard has not probed deeply the *Knickerbocker History of New York*, the *Sketch-Book*, and the *Life of Washington*.*

The Alhambra Palace is remarkable as being more Persian than Turkish, and reproducing many features that crop up in the architecture of India, Syria, Arabia, and Turkey, yet incorporating them in an independent total. The horseshoe arch is not the prevailing one, though it occurs often enough to renew and deepen the impression of its unique effect. What makes this arch so adroitly significant of the East? Possibly the fact that it suggests a bow bent to the extremest convexity. It is easy to imagine stretched between the opposite sides a bow-string—that handy implement of conjugal strangulation which no Sultan's family should be without.

Part of the populous ancient settlement on the hill still exists in a single street outside of the palace, now inhabited by a more respectable population than that riffraff of silk-weavers, vagabonds, potters, smugglers, and broken-down soldiers who flourished there half a century since. A church stands among the dwellings. Strolling up the street one moon-lit night, we bought some blue and white wine pitchers of Granada-ware at a little drinking shop, and saw farther on a big circle of some twenty people sitting together in the open air—one of those informal social clubs called *tertulias*, common among neighbors and intimate friends in all ranks of Spanish society. At another spot a man was sleeping in the moonlight on a cot beside the parapet, with his two little Indian-looking boys dreaming on a sheet laid over the ground. Mateo Ximenes, the son of Irving's "son of the Alhambra," lives in this quarter, officiating as a guide. Thanks to "Geoffrey Crayon," he is prosperous, and has accordingly built a new square house which is the acme of commonplace. Beyond the street, across some open ground where figs and prickly-pears are growing, stands the Tower of the Captive, where Isabella de Solis, a Christian princess, being captured, was imprisoned, and became the wife of Abul Hassan. She was, in fact, the Zoraya who became Ayeshah's rival. Dense ivy mats the wall between this and the Tower of the Princesses—a structure utilized by Irving in one of his prettiest tales. Both towers are incrusted interiorly with a perfection rivalling the palace chambers, and perhaps even more enchanting, but no vestige of coloring is left in them. To me this wan aspect of the walls is more poetic than any restoration of the original emblazonments. The pale white-brown surface seems compounded of historic ashes, and is imbued with a pathos,

> "Like a picture when the pride
> Of its coloring hath died,"

which one would be loath to lose.

The sun-lit and vine-clad decrepitude that sits so lightly on this magic stronghold—this "fortress and mansion of joy," as one of the mural mottoes calls it—is among its main charms. The most bitter opponent of any Moorish return to power in Granada would, I think, be the modern æsthetic tourist. I rambled frequently close under the old rufous-mottled walls, from which young trees sprout. All day there was a loud chir of cicadas, and a rain of white-hot light sifted through the leaves. But at night everything died away except the rush of water, which grew louder and louder, till it filled the whole air like a ghostly warning. I used to wake long after midnight, and hear nothing but this chilling whisper, unless by chance some gypsies squatted on the road were singing *Malagueñas*, or the strange, piercing note of the tree-toad that haunts the hill rang out in elfin

* Irving's name heads the ponderous register in which visitors, embracing some of the most distinguished of the earth, have recorded themselves for fifty years past; and though it is not generally known, his signature may also be found pencilled on the inner wall of the little mosque near the Comares Tower, just under the interpolated Spanish choir gallery. Yet there seems to be a degree of mistiness in the Granadian mind respecting the author of *Tales of the Alhambra*. I think the people sometimes confound him with the Father of his Country. At all events, the Hotel Washington Irving is labelled at one of its entrances, "Hotel Washington," as if that were the same thing.

and inhuman pipings of woe. For the builders who laid them here these running streams make a fit memorial; unstable as their power that has slipped away, yet surviving them, and remaining here as an echo of their voices, a reminder of the absent race which not for an hour can one forget in Granada.

But the supreme spell of the Alhambra reserves itself for moonlight. When the Madonna's lamp shone bright in the ingulfing shadows of the Tower of Justice, while its upper half was cased in steely radiance, we passed in by Charles's Palace, where the moon, shining through the roofless top, made a row of smaller moons in the circular upper windows of the dark gray wall. In the Court of the Pond, the gourd-like umbellation at the north end sparkled in diamond lustre beneath the quivering rays, and the Tower of Comares behind it repeated itself in the gray-green water, with a twinkle of stars around its reversed summit. This image, dropped into the liquid depth, has dwelt there ever since its original was reared, but somehow idealized itself into a picture of the tower's primitive perfection. The coldness of the moonlight on the soft cream-colored plaster in this warm, stilly air is peculiarly impressive. Absolutely no sound is heard but that of dripping water. Never did I walk through a profounder, more ghost-like silence than that which eddied in Lindaraxa's garden around the fountain, as it mourned in silvery monotones of neglected grief. The moon-glare, coming through the lonely arches, shaped gleaming cuirasses on the ground, or struck the outthrust branches of citron-trees, and seemed to drip from them again in a dazzle of snowy fire; and when I discovered my two companions looking out unexpectedly from a pointed window, they were so pale in the brilliance that played over them that for a moment I easily fancied them white-stoled apparitions from the past. The long shadows of the towers were thrown far out over the sleeping city at the hill's foot as we looked from the Queen's Peinador, where the black trees of the shaggy ascent sprang toward us in swift lines or serpentine coilings as if to grasp at us. Far down, the city caked its squares of hammered silver, dusked over by the dead gray of unreflecting roofs. But within the Hall of Ambassadors reigned a gloom like that of the grave. Gleams of sharp radiance lay in the deep embrasures without penetrating, and at one the intricacies of open-work above the arch were mapped in clear figures of light on a space of jet-black floor. Another was filled nearly to the top by the blue, weirdly luminous image of a mountain across the valley. Through all these openings, I thought, the spirits of the departed could find entrance as easily as the footless night breeze. I wonder if the people who lived in this labyrinth of art ever smiled! In the palpitating dusk, robed men and veiled women seemed to steal by with a rustle no louder than that of their actual movement in life; silk hangings hung floating from the walls; scented lamps shed their beams at moments through the obscurity, and I saw the gleam of enamelled swords, the shine of bronze candlesticks, the blur of colored vases in the corners, the *kasidas* of which poetry-loving monarchs turned the pages. But in such a place I could not imagine laughter. I felt inclined to prostrate myself in the darkness before I know not what power of by-gone yet ever-present things—a half-tangible essence that expressed only the solemnity of life and the presentiment of change.

The gypsies of Granada are disappointing, apart from their peculiar quivering dance, performed by *gitanas* in all Spanish cities, under the name of *flamenco*.* Their hill-caves, so operative with one's curiosity when regarded from across the valley, gape open in such dingy, sour, degraded foulness on a nearer view that I found no amount of theory would avail to restore their interest. Yet some of the fortune-telling women are spirited enough, and the inextinguishable Romany spark smoulders in their black eyes. Perhaps it was an interloping drop of Celtic blood that made one of them say to me: "Señorito, listen. I will tell you your fortune. But I speak French: *I come from Africa.*" And to clinch the matter she added: "You needn't pay me if every word of the prediction isn't true!"

Fortuny's model, Marinero, who lives in a burrow on the Alhambra side, occasionally starts up out of the earth in a superb and expensive costume, due to the dignity of his having been painted by Fortuny. Dark as a negro, with a degree of

* "Fleming," a name applied to all Spanish gypsies; whence it has been inferred that the first of them came from the Netherlands.

luminous brown in his skin, and very handsome, he plants himself immovably in one spot to sell photographs of himself. His nostrils visibly dilate with pride, but he makes no other bid for custom. He expands his haughty nose, and you immediately buy a picture. Velazquez chanced upon Marinero's daughter, and got her to pose. When he engaged her she was so delighted that she took a rose from her hair and presented it to him, with a charming, unaffected air of gratitude, came an hour before the time, and waited impatiently. She wore a wine-colored skirt, if I remember, a violet jacket braided with black, and a silk neckerchief of dull purple-pink silk. But that was not enough: a blue silk kerchief also was wound about her waist, and in her smooth jet locks she had tucked a vivid scarlet flower. The result was perfect, for the rich pale brown of her complexion could harmonize anything, and in Spain, moreover, combinations of color that appear too harsh elsewhere are paled and softened by the overpowering light.



GYPSIES.

Episodes like these tinged our dreams of the Alhambra with novel dashes of living reality. Even the tedious bustle of a Spanish town, too, has its attractions. The moving figures on the steep Albaycin streets that perpetually break into flights of steps; the blocks of pressed snow brought in mule panniers every night from the Sierra to cool sugar water and risadas of orange at the cafés; peasants coming in to the beautiful old grain market with gaudy mantles over their shoulders, stuffing into their sashes a variety of purchases, and becoming corpulent with a day's transactions; the patient efforts of shop-keepers to water the main street, Zacatin, with a pailful at a time —all this was amusing to watch. The Generalife was another source of pleasure, for in its topmost loggia one may sit like a bird, with the Alhambra spread out below in all the distinctness of a raised map. In the saloons of the Generalife hang the portraits of the Moorish and the Christian ancestors of the present owner. Their direct descendant is a woman; therefore she has married an Italian count, and flitted from this ideal, quite unparalleled eyrie, returning to her ancestral home only at rare intervals.

There came an hour when we too flitted. To oblige an eccentric time-table, we had to get up at dawn; but the last glimpse of the Alhambra at that early hour was a compensation. The dim red towers already began to soften into a reminiscence under this tender blending of moonlight and morning; but the small constellation in the east sparkled on the blue like a necklace of diamonds, and Saturn still flamed above the mountains, growing momently larger, as if it were a huge topaz in the turban of some giant Moor advancing in the early stillness to reclaim the Alhambra throne.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

"Caister was a city when Norwich was none.
And Norwich was built of Caister stone."

NORWICH is a charming old city. It is picturesque in its confusion of many-gabled buildings, its graceful spires that seem to rise from fruitful gardens, its quaint ivy-caressed cottages, its old halls, with their checkered fronts, and its narrow winding streets, with the high walls that will not let the passer-by desecrate the seclusion of home by a profane gaze.

Norwich is the pride of Norfolk, that fertile agricultural country in the east of England, bordering on the sea, which, by-the-way, did not yield this portion of its riches until the rest of England was an old country, and the Iceni were hunting for a peaceful refuge. These poor wanderers settled on the borders of the river Wensum, that now ripples gently through the town, and in the vicinity of the site of the grand old Castle that later became the nu-



THE GUILDHALL AND MARKET-PLACE.

cleus of a new settlement destined to be the seat of royalty, and to rank as the third city of the realm. One of the most picturesque objects is the Castle, with its gray keep, dark massive walls, and rugged outlines boldly defined against the sky. It stands on the summit of a lofty hill, frowning with feudal majesty upon the whole district. The great level space at one side of the Castle has been converted into the largest cattle market in England, now under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, who does not hesitate to exhibit on show days the finest specimen raised on his private estate in the same county.

Leaving the bellowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep, the cracking of whips, and the cheery voices of the rosy-cheeked farmers behind us—for our visit was made on market-day—we sauntered along, losing ourselves in a labyrinth of streets, and finally came suddenly upon the roughest bit of picturesque in Norwich—the ancient water-gate of the Cathedral precincts. The once severe outlines of the huge double arch of flint has been deftly sculptured by Time into graceful curves and rude peaks, richly embroidered by a luxuriant ivy that, festooning itself in a thousand fantastic forms, ends by veiling the eaves of a quaint little cottage at the right. Passing under the massive archway, and by the side of a garden thronged with red and white roses held within bounds by a hedge of box and ivy, we came across the old sailor who, pipe in mouth, was patiently waiting for passengers to cross the smoothly flowing water in his old-fashioned ferry-boat.

In retracing one's steps from the river's edge is seen the lofty spire of that noble building which has entitled Norwich to the name of "a cathedral city." Unfortunately, owing to its valley site, the dignity of the grand Norman pile can not be appreciated until one stands in its immediate vicinity, and then, indeed, a sentiment of gratitude arises toward the Pope who ordered Bishop Herbert de Losinga to build a cathedral, in penance for certain simoniacal sins. The penitent obeyed, and, in 1094, laid solidly enough the

foundations of the stately structure that has since defied the fury of the elements, the reformers, and the good people of Yarmouth, who, in 1643, begged "that great useless pile, the Cathedral, might be pulled down, and the stones given them to build a work-house with."

The superb nave, long as St. Alban's, the circular chapel, the parapets and flying-buttresses, the deeply arched windows, the grand tower and finely proportioned spire, are more easily pictured than described. Entering the nave, one is impressed by the feeling of solemn repose conveyed by its sublime height, vast arches, and enormous columns. The magnificent roof has lately become an object of double interest, owing to its restoration through the exertions of Dean Goulburn, who discovered that the sculptured bosses had, in an effort at restoration in 1806, been covered with a heavy coating of lime, plaster, and yellow wash, to the complete obliteration of color and form. Skilled artisans were set to work to remove this incrustation, and the result was the discovery of specimens of art belonging, it is supposed, to the fifteenth century, and of which no other examples are to be found in England. These bosses number two hundred and fifty-eight, and consist of figures about one-fourth the size of life, ingeniously carved, colored, and so grouped together as to form an almost complete illustration of sacred history.



LORD NELSON.

Among the tombs are that of its founder, and that of Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of the beautiful Anne; and the spot is pointed out where an altar was once dedicated to St. William, an unfortunate little boy who in the time of Rufus was stolen, crucified, and buried in Thorpe Wood by the Jews, in revenge for Christian insults. His remains were afterward interred in the Cathedral, and Thomas, the monk of Monmouth, is said to have written seven books on the miracles wrought by the bones of the youthful martyr.

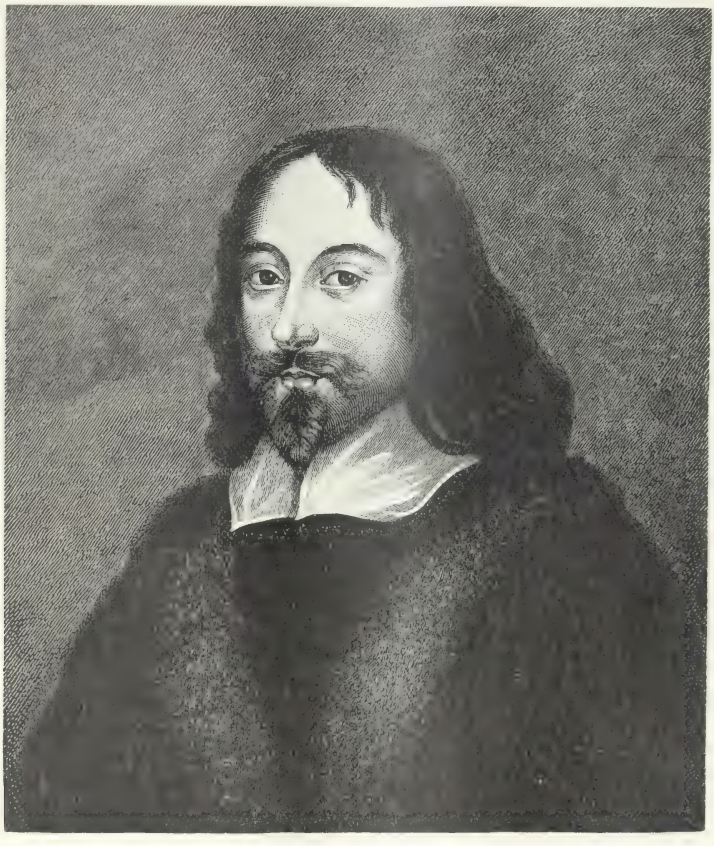
The most romantic portion of the grand edifice is found in the long, silent cloisters, with their noble windows of old English tracery, exquisitely groined roof, and sculptured crotchets, and after this in interest the two magnificent entrances to the episcopal precincts. The more imposing of the two, known as the Erpingham Gate, was built in penance for his sin of Lollardism by that noble whose loyalty to his monarch Shakspeare refers to in *King Henry V.:*

"Good-morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
"*Erp.* Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say—now lie I like a king."

The Ethelbert Gate, also a fine specimen of architecture, was built by the citizens in atonement for their abuse of the monks in the quarrel of 1272. Passing from the west end of the Cathedral one soon comes across the quaint old grammar school where, since 1325, the lads of Norwich have been drilled into ways that are wise, and not a few of them have grown to be famous, as Coke, Archbishop Parker, Dr. Caius, the founder of Caius College at Cambridge, Wild, the learned

tailor, Rajah Brooke, and Admiral Lord Nelson, "the Norfolk hero," whose memory is still idolized by the people. Everywhere you go there is some reminiscence of the naval king in picture, bust, or personal relic, and not the least interesting of the latter are found in the Guildhall, which turns its curious flint face upon the market-place. Here is seen the sword of Admiral Don Xavier Francisco Winthuysen, surrendered to the great admiral from the *Irresistible*, of Lisbon, in 1797. The silver-ornamented sword, with its sheath of white vellum, lies under a glass case, accompanied by a letter from the victor describing its capture.

This Guildhall is a rare old place, full of odd carvings and queer old pictures of former city dignitaries. In its upper halls queens have been feasted, and in its dungeons martyrs have groaned their lives away, and it is with a sort of mournful pomposity that the red-vested, gilt-banded doorkeeper points out the cell where Thomas Bilney burned off his finger in the flame of a candle to prove how little he feared threatened torments, and then exhibited the monstrous green and gilt dragon, the heavy silver maces and staves, carried in the city pageants, and finally the worn buskins of Will Kempe, the merry morris-dancer, whose dance from London in honor of "the maiden queen" has been described in a quaint little book by himself. He was a comedian in Shakspeare's company of players at the Globe.



SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

From the Guildhall we wander to St. Peter Mancroft, the most beautiful of the many churches which have helped to make Norwich famous, and which fascinates the artist, musician, the scholar, in its rich architecture, its melodious chimes, and in the mural monument that marks the resting-place of Sir Thomas Browne.



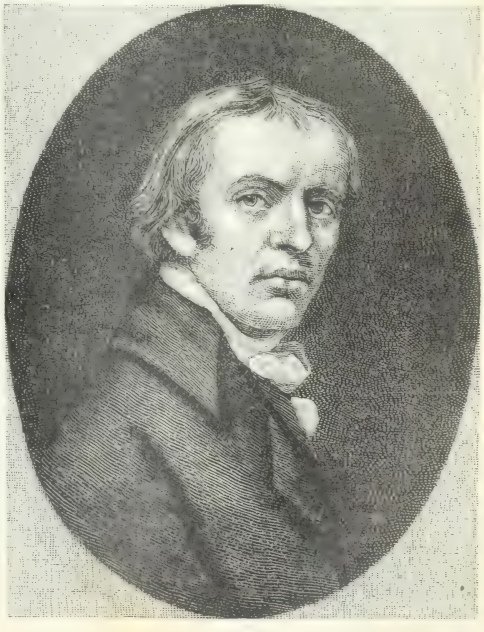
MRS. OPIE.

I believe little of the great physician's early life is known, but there is still in existence a family group in oils, which shows him a quaint little child with brown face and hair, wearing a close red cap, red coat, and pinafore, and clasping in his arms a big black rabbit. His father had for him a peculiarly strong and pathetic affection, and, we are told, "used to open the breast of the child when he was asleep and kiss it in prayers over him that the Holy Ghost would take possession of him."

There used to stand an ancient mansion on the market-place, where Evelyn tells us he went to visit "that famous scholar and physician Dr. Thomas Browne," and found "a whole house and garden a paradise, and a cabinet of rarities, medals, books, plants, and things." He also lays more stress than some other of the philosopher's biographers upon his steady pursuit of the profession of which the doctor wrote: "For though physick may plead high from that medical act of God in casting so deep a sleep upon our first parent, and chirurgery find its whole art in that one passage concerning the rib of Adam." (*Garden of Cyrus.*)

His marriage seems to have been one of uncommon felicity, for Whitefoot says his bride, Mrs. Wilsham, was "a lady of such symetrical proportion to her worthy husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism." For one-and-forty years they lived happily together, and in spite of his aspiration, expressed in the *Religio Medici*, that men could increase and multiply after the manner of trees, he became the father of ten children, to one of whom, Dr. Edward Browne, Macaulay was indebted for a picture of Norwich society in 1664. Macaulay has embellished with his beautiful language the following description, given with quaint practicality by Dr. Browne in his diary:

"*January*, 1663–4.—I was at Mr. Howard's, brother to the Duke of Norfolk, who kept his Christmas this year at the Duke's Palace in Norwich so magnificently that the like hath never been seen. They had dancing every night, and gave entertainments to all that would come. Hee built up a room on purpose to dance in, very large, and hung with the bravest hangings ever seen. His candle sticks, snuffers, tongues, fire shovel, and andirons were solid silver; a banquet was given every night after dancing, and three coaches were employed every afternoon to fetch ladies, the greatest of which would holde fourteen persons, and coste five hundred pounde without the harnesse, which



JOHN OPIE.



MRS. BARBAULD.

coste six score more. I have seen of his pictures, which are admirable; hee hath prints and draughts done by most of the great masters' own hands. Stones and jewels, as onyxes, sardonyxes, jacinths, amethysts, etc., more and better than any prince in Europe. Rings and seales; all manners of stones and limnings beyond compare. These things were most of them collected by the old Earl of Arundel, the Duke's grand-father. This Mr. Howard hath lately bought a piece of ground of Mr. Mingay in Norwich, by the water-side in Cuinsford, which he intends for a place of walking and recreation, having made already walkers round and across it forty feet in breadth. If the quadrangle left be spacious enough, he intends the first of them for a bowling green, the third for a wilderness, and the fourth for a garden. These and the like noble things hee performeth, and yet hath paid 100,000 pounde of his ancestors' debts."

The writer of this diary was himself so variously accomplished that King Charles said of him, "He was as learned as any of the college, and as well-bred as any of the court."

But these refined and learned men were not the only two whose names have lent lustre to Norwich. There the great Dr. Caius, the eminent naturalist, physician, and writer, was born, and lived till he left it as court physician to Queen Mary, and to establish the college named after him in Cambridge, where still hangs a portrait preserving the memory of his fine and intellectual face, with its lofty forehead, aquiline nose, and full beard. Then there was Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury—the servant of Queen Elizabeth, and the friend of the beautiful and luckless "Queen of Norfolk," Anne Boleyn, and whose services to the Church and to ecclesiastical history are gratefully dwelt upon by the divines of the present day. It was in the golden-scarlet poppy-studded fields about Norwich that Sir James Smith as a tiny lad first woke to the fact that flowers told of other things besides delicacy of form and brilliancy of color; and later about him clustered the first botanists of England to adopt the system of Linnæus, the celebrated Swede, whose remarkable collection and library were purchased and brought to England at great cost and considerable danger by the Norwich botanist.

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the earlier portion of this, the old city became a very Mecca for wise men, attracted by its shining lights. There dwelt the Martineaus, and their house on Magdalen Street was a famous rendezvous for scholars like William Taylor, the talented translator, who made German literature familiar to English readers, and whose translation of Bürger's "Lenore" fired Sir Walter Scott with poetic ambition. In that hospitable house Taylor frequent-



SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY.

ly encountered Mrs. Barbauld, the poetess, who had been his preceptress, and he afterward used to say made him love the tasks that her husband apportioned without mercy. Harriet Martineau, who spoke with weeping. The authoress of *Temper* and *Simple Tales* has been pictured to us as petite, plump, and rosy, with a piquant face, crowned by a mass of fluffy flaxen hair, in which she was fond of wearing



ELIZABETH FRY.

of herself as "that plain little deaf woman from Norwich," describes Mrs. Barbauld as "the best example we have of the benefits of a sound classical education to a woman," and dwells on her gentle devotion to her husband, and her tender patience with the sad hallucinations that finally destroyed his reason.

In her autobiography Miss Martineau gives slight but pleasant sketches of the worthies of her native place.

Among others, she relates how that fascinating little woman Mrs. Opie used to try the effect of her tales upon her friends, who would return home, their eyes red three curly blue feathers. "She always looks like a picture," wrote one of her admirers, and perhaps that accounts for the speedy captivation of the Cornish artist, who fell straightway in love with the learned Dr. Alderson's daughter during a visit to Norwich. The marriage proved an extremely happy one: each was proud of and encouraged the talent of the other; each was jealous of the other's reputation only. After her husband's death Mrs. Opie turned Quaker, influenced no doubt by her intimacy with the owner of "the gentlest hand in the world," the saint-like Elizabeth Fry, who was also a native of



JOHN CROME.

the place; but even the demure garb of a Quaker assumed a certain coquettishness when draped on the sparkling little creature, who looked as much masquerading in her soft gray silks and prim bit of a cap as in the famous pink calico domino in which she danced at the Duke of Wellington's ball.

Norwich claimed Opie by marriage, but not because there was any dearth of artists in the city, which had a school of its own, led by sturdy old John Crome, who beat down with his brush the obstacles that fate had set before him in the shape of obscurity, poverty, and want of opportunity. The little errand-boy, by dint of pure perseverance and hard labor, became first sign-painter, and then drawing-master, before a friendly hand was held out to him.

Sir William Beechey spent his early life in Norwich, and after he became famous, loved to return to the home of his youth. It was on one of these visits that young Crome caught sight of his handsome sympathetic face, and ventured to ask advice. His request met with cordial response, and many valuable hints, which were not wasted; after that came Harvey's friendly lectures, and a trip to France, followed by a long-continued success, crowned with fame won through his charming and faithful phases of Norfolk scenery. Crome loved and reverenced the Dutch school, studied its masters unremittingly, and based his style upon it. Even as he expired, in the midst of the death-struggle, he gave vent to that eloquent exclamation, "Oh, Hobbema! Hobbema! how I have loved thee!" It was this son of a journeyman weaver who founded the Norwich Society of Artists.

Some interesting and historical works by local artists are to be seen in St. Andrew's Hall—a fine old building, originally the church of the convent of the Blackfriars, and founded by Sir Thomas Erpingham in 1415. After the dissolution of the monasteries it was converted into an assembly hall. Besides official gatherings, state banquets were held there, and under its blue starred roof the monarchs of England, from Edward VI. down to the coming King and Queen, have been feasted. It is in this solid and stately old hall that the grand triennial Musical Festivals have been held since their inauguration, nearly a century ago, and the sweet tones of Grisi, Tietjens, Garcia, Novello, Alboni, Pyne, and Patti have filled the great space with melody, and drawn entranced listeners from hundreds of miles around.



A HAIDA VILLAGE.

THE HAIDAS.

LEAVING Victoria, Vancouver Island, on the 27th of May, 1878, in the little schooner *Wanderer*, of twenty tons burden, we steered northwestward for the Queen Charlotte Islands; and judging our craft not sufficiently sea-worthy for the rough outer coast of Vancouver Island, exposed to the full sweep of the great North Pacific, we were obliged to voyage by the inner channels and wonderful series of connecting fiords which characterize the coast of British Columbia, and ramify among its half-submerged mountain ranges.

Channels like these, however well adapted for steam navigation, and wonderfully picturesque and grand though they are, are tedious enough for sailing vessels. The wind blows generally either directly up or down the channel, shut in by its mountain walls, and what with calms and the rapid and constantly changing tidal current, we spent many a weary hour at anchor, or even retro-

gressing. Sixteen days thus occupied, however, brought us to Melbank Sound, whence, abandoning the idea of visiting first the north end of the islands, we lay across for their southern extremity. In making the traverse of eighty miles we were first becalmed, and then, not without some discomfort and danger, weathered half a gale from the northwestward, and on the 12th of June completed our voyage of nearly five hundred miles by casting anchor between the silent wooded shores of a cove in Stewart Channel, which separates Prescott and Moresby islands.



ECHO HARBOR, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

Along the coast of British Columbia the Indians are almost exclusively fishermen. They engage in the chase to a very limited extent, and seldom venture far into the dense forests, of which they appear often to entertain a superstitious dread, peopling them in imagination with monsters and fearful inhabitants. While some of these tribes are still little improved, or have even deteriorated from their original condition, others are moderately industrious, and apply themselves to work in various ways.

Of the tribes inhabiting the coast, the Haidas are in many respects the most interesting. The Queen Charlotte Islands, which they possess, are separated by wide water stretches from the archipelago fringing the coast of the mainland of British Columbia to the north, and from the southern extremity of Alaska to the northwest. They form a compact group, and it is perhaps to their comparative isolation and homogeneity that we owe the fact that the Haidas, while remarkably distinct from most other tribes of the coast, are in language and customs so nearly the same in all parts of their own territory. The extreme length of the Queen Charlotte Islands is one hundred and eighty miles, with a greatest breadth of sixty miles.

During Captain Cook's last voyage in the Pacific it was discovered that a lucrative trade in furs might be opened between the northwestern coast of America and China, and though the existence of a part of the Queen Charlotte Islands had been known to the Spaniards since the voyage of Juan Peraz in 1774, it is to the traders who followed in the track of Cook that we owe most of the earlier discoveries on this part of the coast, and it is they who first appear to have come in contact with the Haidas.

Toward the beginning and during the earlier years of the present century the Queen Charlotte Islands were not infrequently visited by trading vessels. The sea-otter, however—the skins of which were the most valuable articles of trade possessed by the islanders—having become very scarce through continuous hunting, few vessels but mere coasters have called at any of the ports for many years back.

The islands have lain, too, on one side of the traffic to Alaska and the northern part of British Columbia, which of late years has assumed considerable proportions.

The earliest notice of the Haidas which I have been able to find is that given in Captain Dixon's narrative, and bears date July, 1787. Dixon first made the land of the islands near their northwestern extremity, in the vicinity of North Island, and gives in the narrative of his voyage a detailed account of his meeting and intercourse with the natives, and his trade with them for furs.

When first visited by whites, the population of the islands probably exceeded 7000; at the present day it is about 2000, including in this number many who, while now living elsewhere on the coast, still call the islands their home.

The climate of the Queen Charlotte Islands is excessively humid, and they are almost everywhere covered with magnificent coniferous trees. Mountains 4000 to 5000 feet high rise in their central portion, and they are penetrated on all sides by dark deep fiords with rocky walls.

To the northeast, it is true, a wide stretch of low and nearly level country occurs, which may some day support a farming population, but at the present time its sombre woods, filled with dense undergrowth, and barricaded with prostrate trunks in every stage of decay, offer little to induce either Indian or white to penetrate them. The Haidas, therefore, though cultivating here and there along the shores small potato patches, are essentially fishermen. Few paths or trails traverse the interior of the islands, and of these some formerly used when the population was greater are now abandoned.

The halibut is found in great abundance in the vicinity of the islands, and it is more particularly on this fish that the Haidas depend. Their villages are invariably situated along the shore, often on bleak, wave-lashed parts of the coast, but always in proximity to productive halibut banks. Journeys are made in canoe along the coast. The canoes are skillfully hollowed from the great cedar-trees of the region, which, after being worked down to a certain small thickness, are steamed and spread by the insertion of cross-pieces till they are made to assume a most graceful form, and show lines which would satisfy the most fastidious ship-builder. In their larger canoes the Haidas do not hesitate to make long voyages on the open sea; and in former days, by their frequent descents on the coast of the mainland, and the facility with which they retreated again to their own islands, they rendered themselves more dreaded than any tribe from Vancouver to Sitka.



CHIEFS OF THE HAIDA INDIANS.



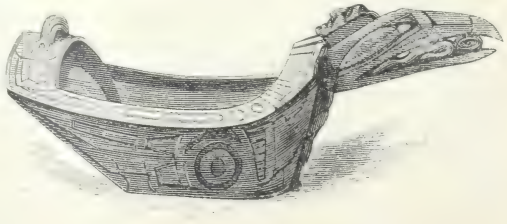
HAIDA GIRL.

In their mode of life, and the ingenuity and skill they display in their manufacture of canoes and other articles, the Haidas do not differ essentially from the other tribes inhabiting the northern part of the coast of British Columbia and Southern Alaska. In the Queen Charlotte Islands, however, the peculiar style of architecture and art elsewhere among the Indians of the west coast more or less prominently exhibited, appears to attain its greatest development. Whether this may show that to the Haidas or their ancestors the introduction of this is due, or indicate merely that with the greater isolation of these people, and consequent increased measure of security, the particular ideas of the Indian mind were able to body themselves forth more fully, we may never know. The situation of the islands, and the comparative infrequency with which they have been visited for many years, have at least tended to preserve intact many features which have already vanished from the customs and manufactures of most other tribes.

As before stated, the permanent villages of the Haidas are invariably situated at the sea-shore. They consist generally of a single long row of houses, with but a narrow grassy border between it and the beach, on which the canoes of the tribe (for each village constitutes a chieftaincy) are drawn up. In front of each house stands a symbolical carved post, while other carved posts, situated irregularly, and differing somewhat in form from those proper to the houses, are generally memorials to the dead. Such a village, seen from a little distance off, the houses and posts gray with the weather, resembles a strip of half-burned forest with dead "rampikes." The little cloud of smoke from the various fires may, however, serve to indicate its true character.

The general type of construction of houses with the Indians of this part of the northwest coast is everywhere nearly the same, but among the Haidas they are more substantially framed, and much more care is given to the fitting together and ornamentation of the edifice than is elsewhere seen. The houses are rectangular, and sometimes over forty feet in length of side. The walls are formed of planks split by means of wedges from cedar logs, and often of great size. The roof is composed of similar split planks or bark, and slopes down at each side, the gable end of the house—if such an expression may be allowed—facing the sea, toward which the door also opens.

The door is usually an oval hole cut in the base of the grotesquely covered post, forty or fifty feet high, which we may call the totem post, but which to the Haidas is known as *kechen*. Stooping to enter, one finds that the soil has been excavated in the interior of the house so as to make the actual floor six or eight feet lower than the surface outside. You descend to it by a few rough steps, and on looking about observe that one or two large steps run round all four sides of the house. These are faced with cedar planks of great size, which have been hewn out, and serve not only as shelves on which to store all



CARVED WOODEN DISH.

the household goods, but as beds and seats if need be. In the centre of a square area of bare earth the fire burns, and it will be remarkable if some one of the occupants of the house be not engaged in culinary operations thereat. The smoke mounting upward passes away by what we may call a skylight—an opening in the roof, with a shutter to set against the wind, and which serves also as a means of lighting the interior. One is surprised to find what large beams have been employed in framing the house. There are generally four of these laid horizontally, with stout supporting uprights at the ends. They are neatly hewn, and of a symmetrical cylindrical form, and are generally fitted into the hollowed ends of the uprights. The uprights are often about fifteen feet high, with a diameter of about three feet; and it is only when we become acquainted with the fact that a regular *bee* is held at the erection of the house that we can account for the movement without machinery of such large logs. The bee is accompanied by a distribution of property on the part of the man for whom the house is being built, well known on the west coast by the Chimook name *potlatch*. Such a house as this accommodates several families, in one sense of the term, each occupying a certain corner or portion of the interior.

We must return, however, to the carved posts, which constitute the most distinctive feature of a Haida village. To make one of these a large and sound cedar-tree —probably three or four feet in diameter —is chosen somewhere not far from the water's edge, felled, trimmed, and then moved down to the sea. Being launched, it is towed to the village site, and by united labor dragged up on the beach above high-water mark. It is then shaped and carved, some of the Indians being famous for their skill in this business, and earning considerable sums by practicing it. The log is hollowed behind, like a trough, to make it light, while the front is generally covered with a mass of grotesque figures, in which the animal representing the totem, or clan, of the person for whom it is made takes a prominent place. It constitutes, in fact, his coat of arms, and may in some instances be gayly painted. When all is finished the post is taken to its place, and firmly planted in the ground, to remain a thing of beauty till, under the influence of the climate, it becomes gray with age and hoary with moss and lichen.

The peculiar type of art most fully displayed on the carved posts is found more or less in all the manufactures of the Haidas. The neat and even elegant wooden dishes which formerly served all household purposes embody always some peculiar animal form or grouping of forms more or less complicated or contorted. Though the artist may be able to copy nature faithfully enough when he tries, as witnessed in some of the masks used in dancing, he in most cases prefers to follow certain conventional ideas which appear by long usage to have become incorporated with the native mind.

Not the least curious of the customs of the Haidas, and probably with some religious significance, are those connected with dancing ceremonies. These appear to be divided into six classes, which are designated by as many barbarous names, not necessary here to mention. Of these I have been fortunate enough to see one, the *Kwai-o-guns-o-lung*, a description of which, given nearly as written down at the time, may serve to illustrate a class of performances once common among the native peoples, but which have now almost everywhere passed away.

Landing after dark from our boat at the southern end of the fine sandy beach on which Skidegate village fronts, we found this part of the town apparently quite deserted, but could discern a dim glow of light at a distance, and distinguish the monotonous sound of the drum. Scrambling as best we might in the dark by the path which zigzags along the front of the row of houses, and narrowly escaping falls over various obstacles, we reached the house in which the dance was going on. Pushing open the door, a glare of light flashed out, which had previously been seen only as it filtered through the various crevices of the house; and entering, we found ourselves behind and among the dancers, who stood within the house with their backs to the front wall. Edging through them, we crossed the open space in which the fire, well supplied with resinous logs, was burning, and seated ourselves on the floor amidst a crowd of on-lookers at the further end.

The house was of the usual oblong shape, the floor being covered with cedar planks, with the exception of a square

space in the centre for the fire, and the goods and chattels of the family piled here and there in heaps along the walls, leaving the greater part of the interior clear.

The audience was arranged along the sides and at the further end, filling almost every available space, squatting in various attitudes on the floor, and consisting of men, women, and children of all ages. The smoke of the fire escaped by wide openings in the roof, without causing any inconvenience, and its glow brightly illuminated the faces and forms of all present. The performers, in this instance about twenty in number, were dressed according to no uniform plan, but attired in their best clothes, or at least their most showy ones, with the addition of certain ornaments and badges appropriate to the occasion. All, or nearly all, wore head-dresses, variously constructed of twisted cedar bark, and ornamented with feathers, or, as in one case, with a bristling circle of the whiskers of the sea-lion. Shoulder girdles made of cedar bark, colored, or ornamented with tassels, were very common. One man wore leggings covered with fringes of puffin beaks strung together, which rattled as he moved. Many, if not all, held sprigs of fresh spruce in the hand, and were covered about the head with downy feathers, which also floated in abundance in the warm air of the house. Some had rattles, and added to the din by shaking these furiously at the accentuated parts of the song. Five women took part in the dance, standing in front in a row, and were dressed with some uniformity, several having the peculiarly valuable cedar-bark or goat's-wool shawls made by the Tshimsiens. The head-dresses of the women were all alike, consisting in each case of a small mask or semblance of a face carved neatly in wood, and inlaid with pearly haliotis shell. These, attached to a cedar-bark frame, and trimmed with gay feathers and tassels, stood before the forehead, while at the back in some cases depended a train with ermine skins. The faces of both men and women engaged in the dance were gayly painted, vermilion being the favorite color.

The performer on the drum—a flat tambourine-like article formed of hide stretched on a hoop—sat opposite the dancers and near the fire, so that they could see each other's movements. The drum was beaten very regularly with double knocks—thus, *tum tum, tum tum, tum tum*—and with the sound the dancers kept time in a sort of chant or song, to which words are set, and which swells into a full chorus or dies away, according to the notions of a leader who stood among the dancers, who, besides marking time, now and then gave a few words of direction or exhortation.

To the drumming and singing the dancing also keeps time, following it very closely. At every beat a spasmodic twitch passes through the crowd of dancers, who scarcely lift their feet from the floor, but move by double jerks, shuffling the feet a little at the same time. After the performance has continued for ten minutes or so the master of the ceremonies gives a sign, and all suddenly stop, with a loud *hugh!* The dance is resumed by the perspiring crowd at the signal of the drum, which strikes up after a few moments' rest has been allowed.

The crowd of gayly painted, gayly dressed savages, by the kind light of the fire, presented, on the whole, a rather brave and imposing appearance, and when excited in the dance the Haida may yet almost imagine the grand old days to remain when hundreds crowded the villages now occupied by tens, and nothing had eclipsed the grandeur of their ceremonies and doings.

Of stories connected with localities, or accounting for various circumstances, there are no doubt very many among the Haidas. Of these a few have been collected. The fundamental narrative of the origin of man and the beginning of the present state of affairs is the most important of their myths.

Very long ago, they say, there was a great flood, by which all men and animals were destroyed, with the exception of a single raven. This creature was not, however, exactly an ordinary bird, but—as with all animals in the old Indian stories—possessed the attributes of a human being to a great extent. His coat of feathers, for instance, could be put on or taken off at will like a garment. The name of this being was Ne-kil-stlas.

When the flood had gone down, Ne-kil-stlas looked about, but could find neither companions nor a mate, and became very lonely. At last he took a cockle-shell from the beach, and marrying it, he still continued to brood and

think earnestly of his wish for a companion. By-and-by in the shell he heard a very faint cry like that of a newly born child, but which gradually became louder, till at last a little female child was seen, which, growing by degrees larger and larger, was finally married by the raven, and from this union all the Indians were produced, and the country peopled.

The people, however, had many wants, and as yet had neither fire, light, freshwater, or the oolachen fish. These things were all in the possession of a great chief or deity called Setlin-ki-jash, who lived where the Nasse River now is. Water was first obtained by Ne-kil-stlas in the following manner. The chief had a daughter, and to her Ne-kil-stlas covertly made love, and visited her many times unknown to her father. The girl began to love Ne-kil-stlas very much, and trust in him, which was what he desired; and at length, when he thought the time ripe, he asked on one occasion for a drink of water, saying that he was very thirsty. The girl brought him the water in one of the closely woven baskets in common use for that purpose; but he drank only a little, and, setting the basket down beside him, waited till the girl fell asleep. Then quickly donning his coat of feathers, and lifting the basket in his beak, he flew out of the opening made for the smoke in the top of the lodge. He was in great haste, fearing to be followed by the people of the chief, and a little water fell out here and there, causing the numerous rivers which are now found; but in the Haida country a few drops only fell, like rain, and so it is that there are no large streams there to-day.

Ne-kil-stlas next wished to obtain fire, which was also in the possession of the same powerful being or chief. He did not dare, however, to appear again in the chief's house, nor did the chief's daughter longer show him favor. Assuming, therefore, the form of a single needle-like leaf of the spruce-tree, he floated on the water near the house; and when the girl—his former lover—came down to draw water, was lifted by her in the vessel she used. The girl, drinking the water, swallowed without noticing it the little leaf, and shortly afterward bore a child, who was no other than the cunning Ne-kil-stlas, who had thus again obtained an entry into the lodge. Watching his opportunity, he one day picked up a burning brand, and flying out as before by the smoke hole at the top of the lodge, carried it away, and spread fire everywhere.

Similar childish stories serve to explain the origin of light and the prized oolachen fish.

Ne-kil-stlas of the Haidas is represented in function and name by Us-tas of the Carries Tuineh. Of Us-tas an almost endless series of grotesque and often disgusting adventures are related, and analogous tales are repeated about Ne-kil-stlas.

The collection and study of details like these concerning the habits, customs, and thoughts of a people semi-barbarous, and disappearing even before our eyes in the universal menstruum of civilization, may seem to be of little importance. They lead, however, into a wide and interesting region of speculation, embracing the question of the origin and interrelation of the American aborigines, their wanderings, and all the unwritten pages of their history, which we can hope to know even by the most careful inquiry only in dim outlines.

We are led to ask ourselves in particular in regard to the Haidas, what has been the origin of the grotesque but highly conventionalized art which exhibits itself in many of the works of these people, and the social customs which, with a power almost as strong as that of fashion among ourselves, causes them to devote so much of their time to ceremonies apparently meaningless, but which serve to form the bonds and rough working machinery of society among them? Have these been those of a people who,

> "Flying, found shelter in the fortunate isles,
> And left their usages, their arts and laws,
> To disappear by a slow gradual death,
> To dwindle and to perish, one by one,
> Starved in those narrow bounds"?

or have they been developed slowly in a community separated from the human stock at a very early period? and might they, had they never been brought face to face with a superior power, have grown in the course of ages into an independent civilization like that of Mexico or Peru? We can never hope to answer such questions fully; but in regard to these people of the northwest coast we know that there are on record several instances in which Japanese junks, driven by the prevailing winds and currents, have been carried across the whole breadth of the North Pa-

cific, and that the passage across Behring Strait to the north is short, and is even occasionally at the present day made on the winter ice by the Esquimaux.

It is therefore more than probable that people with their rude arts may from time to time have been borne to the western coast of America, and that it is to Eastern Asia that we must look for the origin of its inhabitants.

A REBEL.

CAPTAIN MOORFIELD DRAKE, of the —th Massachusetts, came riding through the wood in a southerly direction. Through the trees on his right came the ruddy glow of the Virginian sun, now near its setting. It glistened intermittently upon the sleek flanks of his roan mare, and touched the rider's thin smooth cheek and brown mustache. Handsome and gallant he looked, this tall young officer; and no man in the regiment had a braver record or fairer prospects than he. His social qualities were fully on a level with his warlike ones. He was merry and good-humored; a teller of capital stories; a strict disciplinarian, yet popular with his men; an inexhaustible getter-up of and leader in all sorts of diversions to relieve the monotony of camp; a man whom all women were apt to like, even when their political sympathies were at variance with his; and a man who knew how to win a woman's heart gracefully, and perhaps with equal grace to leave it in the lurch, when the general commanding ordered a change of base. Such as he was, for good or evil, Captain Drake rode through the wood that April afternoon, until the trees thinned away, and a large rambling house, with a broad piazza and open windows, appeared on a slight elevation beyond. As he rode up to the door, and flung himself out of the saddle, the red rim of the sun vanished behind the western hill.

A negro led away his horse, and Captain Drake sprang up the steps of the piazza with a light foot. Before he reached the door, a slender figure dressed in white, with a blue sash round her waist, and a bow of the same color in her dark hair, made her appearance on the broad threshold. Moorfield Drake took both her hands in his, and looked smilingly into her eyes. Her eyes were blue, and had a certain gravity in their depths which remained even beneath the light of pleasure that now filled them. Drake's eyes were gray and very bright, with a commanding glance, and full of life and the enjoyment of it.

"Well, Mademoiselle Marie, were you expecting me?"

"No—well, yes; now that you are here, I think I did. Can you stay long?"

"Must be back by eight. I suppose you've heard the news? Are you glad, or sorry?"

"What news?"

"You don't know? You're only half a rebel. I'll wager Miss Madge has all the particulars at her tongue's end. If I were Lee, I'd have had her in the secret service long ago. She'd make an incomparable spy; make you believe black is white; and even if she were caught, no one would have the heart to execute her. How lovely you look this evening!"

"But what is this news? I am not lovely; I only— I don't believe Madge is so much of a rebel, as you call it, as I am. It's her way to say a hundred times more than she means, just for fun. And she's a hundred times lovelier than I am. But you haven't told me the news."

They had entered the large low-ceiled drawing-room, and had seated themselves on a wicker-work lounge between the windows. Drake sat with his hands clasped over the hilt of his sword, and his chin resting upon them. "Why, the news is," he said, "that your friend General Lee has suddenly taken it into his head to come in this direction; and consequently we may receive orders to march at any moment. So this may be my last call here for some time to come."

Herewith he fixed his eyes upon her face, and found no cause for disappointment in what he saw there. Sweet Marie Cranstoun had never been successful in dissimulation; truth and simplicity were at the foundation of her nature. And now the dismay and tremor at her heart showed themselves only too visibly in her delicate and sensitive features, and in the unconscious clasping of her hands upon her lap. Her lips parted tremulously, but she did not speak.

"Well, are you glad, or sorry?" repeated Captain Drake, with the impulse of a victor who exults in his security. "How soon do you mean to forget me?"

"Forget you!" echoed she. Then she felt that tears were coming to her eyes,

and she sat erect, struggling to keep them back. After a moment she rose to her feet and turned away. Drake sprang impetuously up and followed her.

"Marie," he said, in a low but strong voice, "you know I love you: do you love me? I am the enemy of your people, and I am going to fight them; but I love you. Will you forgive me—and give yourself to me?"

"You love me—only me?"

"Only you in all the world," answered Drake, between his set teeth. It would have needed a resolute man to say what was false, looking in those honest and defenseless eyes.

"Oh, I love you!" said the girl, breathing out her words between the quick and strange throbbings of her heart. "Oh, why is it? And now you are going away, and perhaps— What shall I do?"

"This!" said her lover, clasping her in his arms. After a while he added: "Love is stronger than all the Confederate and Union armies. We shall not be parted long. Wait for me a little, and we will be happy. Are you happy now, darling?"

"Oh, my heart is full," she said, looking at him with a deep gaze. "I am happy enough to die." He kissed her again. Presently she said, "I wish Madge were here."

Drake's arms loosened their clasp a little. "We must let your sister know nothing of this," he said, in a slightly changed tone.

"Not let Madge know! Why, how can I help it? She has always known everything about me; and she loves me more than anything in the world, and I her—at least till now."

"Still, we must keep our secret for the present. She is very different from you: she would fight against it—it wouldn't do. When everything is arranged for our marriage"—Marie caught her breath—"she will know, of course, and she'll submit to the inevitable; but with things as they are, it wouldn't be safe. So keep silent, dear, and trust to me."

"I shall have nothing else to trust to: you are all I have, and all I am is yours," said she; and the sad truth of the words penetrated to Captain Drake's heart. Every man has his highest moments, and would maintain the level of them, were it not for circumstances. "You shall never regret your trust, my darling," he said, and inwardly resolved that so it should be.

It was already dusk when he bade her good-night. Nothing had been seen or heard of Madge; but she was of an independent temper, and not accustomed to render an account of herself to any one; so her non-appearance caused even Marie no anxiety. The captain stepped from the window in which they had been standing on to the piazza, and thence to the terrace, where he waited for his horse to be brought to him. An object lying on the turf at his feet caught his eye; he stooped and picked it up. It was a lady's glove: he examined it; it was not Marie's; it belonged to Madge. At this moment the boy appeared with the horse; Drake glanced toward the house, thrust the glove into the front of his blue uniform, leaped into the saddle, and rode away.

A little later, Marie, sitting half-entranced in the shadowy room, alone and shaken with her new happiness, heard a footstep in the room overhead. It was Madge's room. Could she have returned, then? The girl waited for a few moments to assure herself that her ears had not been mistaken, and then rose from her chair and went upstairs. She opened her sister's door and went in.

Madge was standing in the centre of the room, having apparently stopped short in pacing across it. It was too dark to see her face; but she said, in a somewhat harsh voice, "Well, what is it?"

"Oh, my dear, I want to kiss you; I didn't know you were at home. Why didn't you—" Here she came up to her sister, put her arms round her, laid her cheek against hers, and kissed her. "Why, Madge," she exclaimed, "your face is all wet, dear! What is the matter? Have you been crying?"

"Crying?—nonsense! What have you been doing?—that's the question. Come, confess!"

Marie blushed deeply, and was thankful to the darkness that veiled her. This was the first secret she had had from her sister, and her whole soul yearned to tell it; but she was faithful to Drake's wish. "There is nothing—to confess," she faltered.

Madge laughed. "Oh, so you've agreed to conceal it, have you? All I have to say is that he's a great goose to imagine you could conceal anything. It is not so dark, Miss Marie, but that I can see his kisses on your lips. The next time you let a man make love to you, you should

transact the business somewhere else than at an open window. I came home half an hour ago—across the lawn."

There was a moment's silence; then Marie uttered a low exclamation of pleasure. "Oh, I am so glad!" she said. "I should have been miserable not to tell you. He thought it best; but he doesn't know you as I do."

"Ah! You imagine, then, that I'm going to be delighted that Marie Cranstoun has engaged herself to a Union officer? Perhaps he knew me better than you do."

"Why, Madge—"

"Well, never mind. I'm nothing but a fool, after all. Unless a thing is put right before my eyes, and held there, I never suspect it, and I hardly believe the evidence of my senses even then. How long has this been going on, for pity's sake? I give you my word, Marie, I never dreamed of such a thing. It never entered my head that he could care for you or you for him. I read things quite another way. I can see how I made my mistake now."

Madge uttered the latter sentences with a kind of strenuous emphasis, very different from the rapid and semi-ironic style of her former speeches. It even seemed as if her voice trembled a little toward the last. She suddenly turned aside and walked past Marie across the room. It was evident that this discovery had moved and excited her more than her resolute and self-contained spirit was willing to show. In those days, when every man capable of bearing arms was in the ranks, she had taken her place as both master and mistress of the household, and had approved herself fully competent for the post. No doubt many a man was far less able to discharge his duty before the enemy than she would have been. She could have led a charge of cavalry, or devised an ambuscade, or headed a forlorn hope. And yet she was by no means Amazonian in appearance, with her delicate mouth, her great dark eyes, her crinkling short-cut auburn hair, and her slender figure. She was feminine to the centre of her heart. But the true feminine nature has terrible possibilities.

Marie remained standing where she was. At length, as her sister did not return to her, she said: "Are you angry, then, dear?"

"I'm angry with everything except you—and him, of course. It's the time and the circumstances that are out of joint. Lee will be here in two days. He's not exactly the man to give away a bride just at present; he's more likely to make away with a bridegroom. However, we'll hope for the best. You must be off now: I'm going to be busy for a couple of hours. Run away, and think about him."

Marie lingered. "I don't feel that you are satisfied," she said, falteringly. "You have not forgiven me."

"Forgiven you!" exclaimed Madge, in a tone of strange agitation, coming up and standing erect before her in the gloom. "No: how can I ever forgive you? You are my sister, that's all, and I'm ready to die for you. To see you happy—that's all I have to live for. Forgiveness is another thing. I'm not of a forgiving nature, I suppose. I love—my country, and hate her enemies. But don't fear. I'll be a traitor for your sake, though I won't forgive you. No; no kisses now. His kisses are not for me, even from your lips. There, off with you! To-morrow I shall be in a better humor."

When Marie was gone, and Madge felt herself once more alone, she stood for a long time motionless, gazing at the darkening square of the window. At length her head drooped, she pressed her hands against her face, and sank down on the floor, shuddering and sobbing. The night came on without stars or moon.

When Captain Drake reached his tent, he found an orderly awaiting him with a message from the colonel, requesting the captain to step round to his quarters. He went at once. The colonel was sitting at a table, his stout crisp hair standing up over his head, his brow wrinkled, and a number of papers before him, some of which bore rough plans of the surrounding country.

"Sit down, Drake," he said; "I want to speak to you. There's something wrong going on. You've got as good eyes in your head as any man in the regiment. Have you noticed anything?"

"Spies?"

"Exactly. Well?"

"I've suspected something of the sort, but I can't say I've nailed anything yet."

"Let's see. Whom do you know about here? Any of the resident families?"

"Only the Cranstouns."

"Hm! What about them?"

"The two young fellows are in the army; father in Richmond with Jeff Da-

vis, I believe. Nobody at home but the two girls, and three or four niggers."

"I see; you've got the inside track," remarked the colonel, with a brief grin. "Nothing the matter with the two young ladies, I suppose?"

"Oh, I'll answer for them. I may say, between you and me, colonel, that my influence, such as it is, has been for their political enlightenment."

"Hm! Are they both equally susceptible?"

"Oh, sisters always think alike," replied Drake, laughing and coloring a little.

"Well, sir," said the colonel after a moment, apparently dismissing the subject, "now I want you to read these two reports, and then examine this plan. Then I'll tell you my idea." So saying, the colonel pushed over the documents in question, lit a pipe, and placed his legs upon the other end of the table.

"I guess I understand what you mean, colonel," said Drake, after about five minutes' inspection of the papers. "You think that information has been communicated at this point?" he laid his finger upon a certain spot in the plan. "Well, the evidence looks pretty plausible. Now what are your orders?"

"In the first place, are you willing to undertake the job?"

"Certainly I am, sir."

"It's no ordinary matter. This person, whoever it may be, must have a tolerably complete notion of our intentions. It's necessary he should be captured—taken alive—in order that we may question him. Very likely he may object to be captured—object practically, you understand. Well, Captain Drake, he must be taken, and he must be taken alive, and it must be done to-night. It may make all the difference between our retreating before Lee, and his before us. That's all, sir. If you succeed, it may be a feather in your cap; if you don't—"

"You may depend upon me, colonel," interposed the young officer, rising and gathering up the papers. "To-morrow morning I shall report." He saluted and went out.

"Hm! he's clever enough, no doubt," muttered the older warrior to himself when alone. "I wonder if he suspects? Well, if he stands it, it 'll be the making of him; and if he doesn't, the sooner we know it the better. This is no time for fooling."

It was about midnight when Captain Drake issued quietly from his tent and passed through the outposts of the camp, giving the pass-word as he went. Entering the outskirts of a long belt of woodland, he faced the moon, which was just lifting her diminished disk above the dark plain; a faint warm air breathed from her, and brought the pleasant odor of the trees to the young man's nostrils. The soft mysterious light showed him lightly clad in fatigue cap and jacket, his boots incased in a thick pair of woollen socks drawn over them. Two protuberances beneath his jacket indicated the presence of a couple of revolvers. He walked onward lightly and cautiously, keeping his eyes sharply about him, but with the air of being familiar with his surroundings. Meanwhile the clouds overhead gradually retreated westward, shrinking before the oncoming moon. Drake did not regret this. In a hunt of this kind, light always favors the hunter; it reveals the quarry, while the pursuer is concealed in the shadow. So Drake stole silently and rapidly along, his keen senses made keener by the consciousness that he was carrying his life in his hand. After the lapse of about half an hour, his progress became very deliberate and cautious indeed. Finally he stopped altogether, and after casting a searching glance round about, he stationed himself on the dark side of a large pine-tree. There was nothing to do now but to wait, and he waited for what seemed to him a long time. At last he fancied he heard a faint, recurrent sound, such as might have been made by a heedful footstep passing along the forest. He listened intently, leaning a little forward from his concealment. The noise was no longer audible. But, just as he drew back, something flashed through the air with a sound like a keen whisper, and Captain Drake had the pleasure of seeing a bowie-knife sticking into the tree exactly in the spot where his face had been.

It was not a time for the leisurely weighing of alternative courses of action. Drake instantly sprang forward in the direction from which the missile had been hurled, drawing his revolver from his belt as he did so. Bearing in mind the colonel's orders as to taking his antagonist alive, his intention was not to fire, but to intimidate. It was unlikely that the other had any weapon besides the bowie-knife, and that having miscarried, he was de-

fenseless. The game seemed to incline in the captain's favor.

As he emerged into the open space beyond the tree, the moonlight fell upon his face. In the shadow at the other side of the little glade he saw a figure step forward to confront him—a figure slight, almost boyish, indistinctly visible. This figure seemed to raise its right arm to a level with the captain's heart; a slight click accompanied the movement, answered by a thrill of the captain's pulses. But in a moment, to his intense surprise, instead of stopping a bullet, he saw his unknown adversary lower his arm, turn, and glide swiftly away through the forest. Though at first almost more disconcerted than if he had received the shot, Drake made shift to start in pursuit. But here he was at some disadvantage. It was extremely difficult to discern the fugitive amongst the shifting shadows of the trees; and being ignorant what course he was likely to take, it was useless to rush forward at haphazard. Nevertheless, Drake contrived to keep tolerably close upon the other's traces; but had no opportunity to consider whither he was being led. It was hot and rough work. He had stumbled badly twice, and his face was whipped and bleeding from hostile twigs and branches. He could not keep it up much longer, and at length he resolved to try a flying shot, trusting to luck to cripple the other and not to kill him. It would not do to go back to the colonel quite empty-handed.

But at this instant he heard in the distance beyond a peculiar whistle, answered, as it seemed, by another on the right. He had paused; the figure that he was pursuing had paused also. All at once it turned, and came running back directly to where Drake stood. In a breath or two it was upon him.

"Here, change your hat for mine. Give me your jacket—quick—or you're a dead man. Now be silent, and follow my lead."

"You are Madge Cranstoun," said Drake, in a low tone, "and I was near killing you. I didn't expect this. What are you going to do?"

"To save your life, if I can. We're in the midst of our people—of mine. If they suspect you, they'll kill you. You're a spy—a rebel spy—my comrade. If we are questioned, I'll do the talking: you confirm what I say. Now, here they come."

Ten minutes later Drake and the spy were retracing their steps through the woods. The danger was past.

"You had no information, then?" said he.

"Had I not?" She drew from the inside of her jacket some papers, which she allowed him to glance at, and then put back. He stared at her.

"Why did you tell them you hadn't, then?"

"It might have led them to speak of things you have no right to hear."

"You have sacrificed a great deal for me. Your news will not be of much use to-morrow."

"I was bound to save you."

"Why?"

She looked at him. His question reminded her that he was not aware of her knowledge of his engagement to Marie. He, for his part, was counting on her supposed ignorance. After a pause, she chose to say:

"I wished to do it; that's all."

They went on for a time in silence. At last he said: "I believe the colonel suspects you. There was something in his manner this evening that I didn't understand. I think he chose me for this job because he knew that I knew you, and wished to test me. It will be awkward going back to him with this story."

"That is your own affair."

"It won't do for you to show yourself either. You would be arrested at once."

"Well, that's my affair."

"Look here, Madge," said the captain, stopping short and confronting her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, "suppose we never go back at all—either of us?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—that I care more for you than for anything else. I love you."

"That's a lie."

"It's the truth. I know it now, if I never knew it before. Say the word, and we will find the way to where we can be happy. You love me: you have proved it."

"How?"

"By what you have done to-night."

"How will you prove that you love me?"

"By giving up for you everything that a man can value—honor, friends, my country, my profession."

"One thing more."

"What?"

"Marie Cranstoun."

There was a short silence. Drake's eyes met hers in the moonlight. "She has told you, then?" he said.

"I saw you hold her in your arms at the window."

"Well, so I did. And I told her that I loved her. And I fancied I did, for the moment. But that is done with forever. If she were the only woman left alive in the world to-morrow, I could not marry her. You are what I love: we were made for each other. Such a meeting as ours to-night does not happen for nothing. I am not the same man I was yesterday. I love you."

He was speaking the truth now, and the shock of that truth vibrated from his soul to hers. She could not hold it back, nor deny it. Some things utter themselves, apart from our will to control them. She felt herself drawn toward him; a wild triumphant life flowed into her; but even then she knew that it bore the seeds of death on its current. She looked up at him, and said, quietly: "Yes, I love you, Moorfield. I have always loved you. It's a pity you didn't know your heart as soon as I did mine. No, we won't kiss yet: wait a little. I wouldn't kiss Marie last evening because she had the touch of your lips on hers, and there may be some shadow of her between you and me yet. Never mind; it will soon be gone. O God! how sweet this is!—how sweet!"

Her voice failed, and she moved uncertainly, as if about to faint. Drake threw his arm round her.

"Darling—my love," he said, "the sweetness has hardly begun yet. It is all to come."

"No—don't trust to that!" she exclaimed, recovering herself and withdrawing from his support. "This moment is the best we shall ever have—the only one, maybe. Don't look so, love; I only mean—we don't know what may happen in another day—or hour. Let's thank God for this, and enjoy it. Oh, I love you so! I am so happy!—so happy!—a lifetime of happiness!"

"What is the matter, Madge? You seem so strange!"

She laughed. "I feel strangely," she said. "How should it be otherwise? This is all new to me, and I expected—something very different. Let's not talk; it's too much to talk about—and too dangerous. You are sure you love me, dear?"

"You know I do."

"Yes, yes; but I love to hear you say it. And you love no one else? No one in the world?"

"There never was any love in the world till now."

"Ah! it's heaven to hear that. Yes, this is love: and it's true what they say—it's above everything else. Come—walk faster. Where are we now?"

"Very near camp, I think."

"Ah! Here, underneath this tree is a pleasant place, isn't it? Pleasant enough to live and love and—die in. Could they hear us in the camp, do you think?"

"Hear us? No."

"But if I were to fire off my revolver, for instance?"

"No doubt they would hear that."

"And then what would they do?"

"I don't know: come out and arrest us, perhaps. Why do you speak of such things?"

"Not you: they would only arrest me; and then, finding these papers on me, they would know that I am a spy; and I should be shot—or hanged: which?"

"Don't imagine such things, darling. You will be my wife."

"Your wife! Well, that's worth being born for: just the possibility of it. Your wife. And what will become of Marie?"

"She won't suffer much. She would love any one who was kind to her."

"Well, maybe. Still, you know, we might think of her afterward, and be sorry. It is not as if she were any other woman: she's my sister."

"Only by birth. She's as unlike you as darkness from light."

"But she loves me and trusts me: and when she learns that I've betrayed her—"

"It is I, not you."

"You and I, then."

"Well, the harm is done. It can't be cured now."

"But it might be avenged, Moorfield."

"In the next world, perhaps; but we will enjoy this."

"We have enjoyed it," said the girl. She looked around her and drew a deep breath; then she fixed her dark eyes on Moorfield's face. She maintained the gaze for what seemed a long time: there was an almost terrible intensity in it, as if she were summoning forth his spirit to meet hers.

At length her demeanor changed: she gently opened her arms and lifted her face

with a passionate invitation that made the blood tingle in Moorfield's veins. He stepped forward, and they kissed for the first time—and the last.

Presently she drew back a pace or two, her bosom heaving, her features glorified and tremulous. She pressed her hands to her eyes. As she slowly removed them her expression seemed to alter. Her lips were compressed; a certain rigidity came over the contours of her face and figure. As if mechanically and unconsciously, her right hand went to her belt, and closed upon the handle of her revolver. She drew it and levelled it at her lover; and, as he held out his arms toward her, smiling at the jest, she shot him through the heart.

She stood over him as he lay, fumbling with her weapon, and murmuring to herself. But when the noise of voices and hurried movements became audible from the camp, she thrust the revolver back in her belt, and, with head raised, walked slowly and composedly in that direction.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AND THE NEW NORTHWEST.

FAR away in the Northwest, as far beyond St. Paul as St. Paul is beyond Chicago, stands Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and the gateway of a new realm about to jump from its present state of trackless prairies, as yet almost devoid of settlement, to the condition of our most prosperous Western States. Here, bounded on the south by Dakota and Montana, west by the Rocky Mountains, north and east by the great Peace River and the chain of lakes and rivers that stretch from Lake Athabasca to Winnipeg, lies a vast extent of country, estimated to contain 300,000,000 acres, or enough to make eight such States as Iowa or Illinois. Not all of it is fertile, it is true, yet it may be safely said that two-thirds of it are available for settlement and cultivation.

In fact, the extent of available land in these new countries is apt to be underestimated, for if the traveller does not see prairies waist deep in the richest grass, he is apt to set them down as barren lands, and if he crosses a marsh, he at once stamps it as land too wet for cultivation. Those, however, who remember the early days of Illinois and Iowa have seen lands then passed by as worthless swamps, now held at high prices as the best of meadow-land. This is a land of rolling prairies and table-lands, watered by navigable rivers, and not devoid of timber.

Its climate is hardly such as one would select for a lazy man's paradise, for the winters are long and cold, and the summers short and fiercely hot, though their shortness is in some measure compensated for by the great length of the midsummer days. Nevertheless, it is a land where wheat and many other grains and root crops attain their fullest perfection, and is well fitted to be the home of a vigorous and healthy race. Manitoba, of which we hear so much now, is but the merest fraction of this territory, and, lying in the southeast corner, is as yet the only part accessible by rail.

Most of our ideas of this region are derived from travellers who traversed it in midwinter, toiling along wearily day after day on snow-shoes or with Esquimaux dogs and sleds, cold, hungry, and shelterless: no wonder that we have learned to think of it as an arctic region!

Listen to what Butler writes of it when about to start from Portage-la-Prairie for Edmonton in his first trip. (These opinions, however, were much modified afterward.) "A long journey lay before me: nearly 3000 miles would have to be traversed before I could reach the neighborhood of even this lonely spot itself, this last verge of civilization. The terrific cold of a winter of which I had heard, a cold so intense that travel ceases except in the vicinity of the forts of the Hudson Bay Company, a cold which freezes mercury, and of which the spirit registers 80° of frost—this was to be the thought of many nights, the ever-present companion of many days. Between this little camp fire and the giant mountains to which my footsteps were turned there stood in that long 1200 miles but six houses."

This was in 1870. Now hear what Mr. Anderson, another English traveller, writes in 1880, just ten years later: "From Poplar Point to Portage-la-Prairie the land seemed perfection—dry and workable soil, light but rich in the extreme, evidence the magnificent crops of wheat we passed. A farmer to whom I spoke shook his head and said: 'The blackbirds are bad enough, but there's plenty for us all; in spite of them I shall have thirty-five bushels to the acre.' Portage-la-Prairie, which a few years ago was part of an uninhabited waste, is now a thriv-

ing little town, with a couple of hotels and half a dozen machine dépôts."

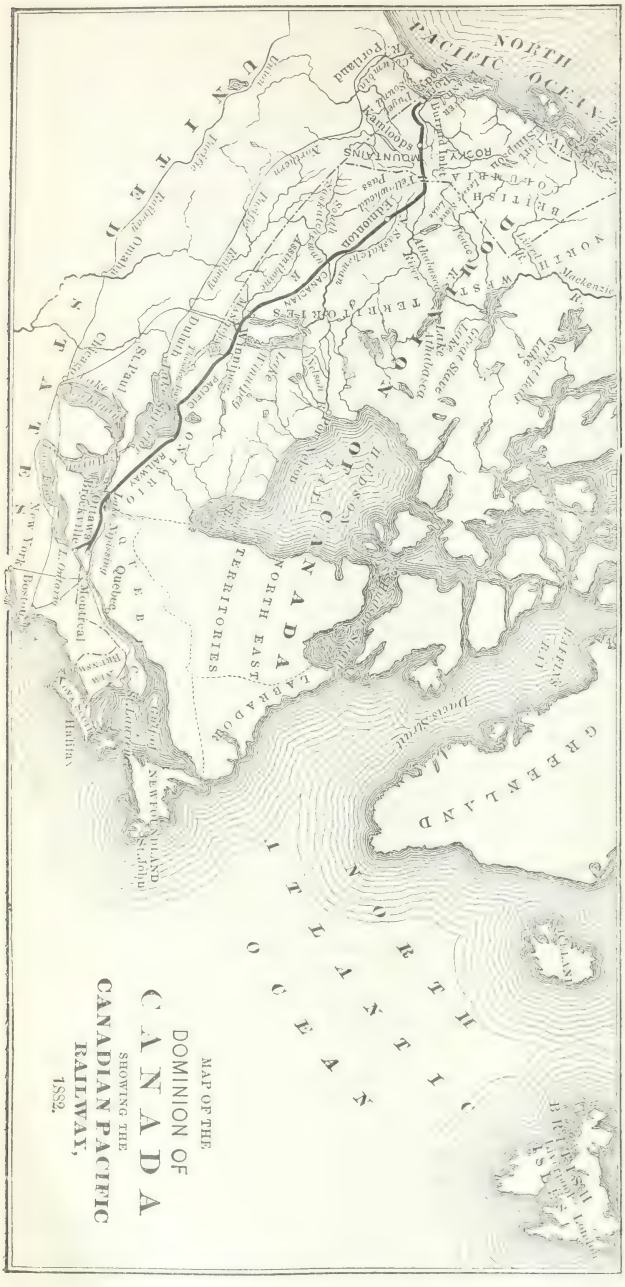
Over this vast region, and indeed all that lies between it and the Arctic Ocean, for two hundred years the Hudson Bay Company exercised territorial rights. Till within a few years it was practically unknown except as a preserve of fur-bearing animals; and prior to 1870 it was hard to find any information as to its material resources or its value. The Company discouraged every attempt that threatened to interfere with the fur-bearing animals or the Indians who trapped them; still it became known that some of this vast region was not utterly worthless for other purposes; the soil looked deep and rich in many places, and in the western part the buffalo found a winter subsistence, for the snows were seldom deep, and in the pure dry air and hot autumnal sun the grasses, instead of withering, dried into natural hay. The early explorers, too, had brought back reports of noble rivers, of fertile prairies, of great beds of coal, of belts of fine timber. But what cared the Company for these? The rivers, it is true, were valuable as being the homes of the otter, the mink, and other fur-bearing animals, and furnished fish for their employés, and highways for their canoes. For the rest they had no use. At last, in 1870, seeing that they could no longer exclude the world from these fertile regions, the Hudson Bay Company sold their territorial rights to Canada, which now began to see its way to a railroad across the continent, to link the colonies from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. The Company received in return a million and a half of dollars, a reservation of land around their forts, and one-twentieth of the lands within the fertile belt. It is not necessary for us to follow the quarrelling, the wire-pulling, the attempts to harmonize conflicting interests, the scandals worse than those of our crédit mobilier, that followed the attempts of the government to inaugurate this scheme. To the Pacific Railway at least one administration owed its downfall. Finally, in 1881, after public money to a vast amount had been expended on surveys, and some of the road actually constructed, a bargain was concluded with an association of capitalists, called, in the slang of the stock market, "a syndicate," to complete the undertaking. The syndicate agreed to complete a railroad of the standard gauge from Lake Nipissing, near the northeast shore of Lake Huron, to Port Moody, on Burrard Inlet, in British Columbia, nearly opposite the south end of Vancouver Island, by May 1, 1891, and to maintain and operate the same forever. In return they were allowed to charge certain tolls, had liberal exemptions from taxation, were given $25,000,000 in cash, 25,000,000 acres of land, and about 700 miles of railroad already built or contracted for by the government, valued at about $30,000,000 more.

In short, the government was only too glad to get clear of the whole scheme, and give a royal bounty to any one willing and able to finish it. It is said that $3,000,000 had been spent on surveys alone, and that 12,000 miles of different routes had been actually surveyed with instrument and chain. No doubt the government hoped, by intrusting the enterprise to private hands, to hasten both the completion of the railroad and the settlement of the country, as it was manifestly to the interest of the syndicate that their lands should be sold and settled as rapidly as possible, which could hardly be done except as the road was built.

Now it is evident that the growth of this region will be rapid, probably more rapid, indeed, than that of our own Western States that lie beyond the lakes; for in them there had been a slow but steady increase of population from a comparatively early day, and when the railroads began to gridiron the country from the great lakes to the Rocky Mountains, the States east of the Missouri already possessed a considerable population.

In the new Northwest, however, we see a land that has remained isolated from the rest of the world, untrodden except by the Indian or the trapper, suddenly thrown open for settlement, and on terms as liberal as those offered by our government or land-grant railroads.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is already completed 150 miles west of Winnipeg, which is already connected with our Northwestern railroads, and it is hoped, not without reason, that another 500 miles will be completed toward the mountains the present year. To build two or even three miles a day across such a country as this division traverses would be no extraordinary feat in modern railroading. Branches, too, north and south, will be rapidly constructed, not to accommodate existing traffic, but to create it. Now it


PACIFIC OCEAN
NORTH
BRITISH
COLUMBIA
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
Kamloops
Yale
Emory
Hope
Port Moody
Burrard Inlet
Vancouver
Victoria
Nanaimo
Esquimalt
Harbour
Juan de Fuca Strait
Gulf of Georgia
Fraser R.
Thompson R.
Shuswap Lake
Okanagan Lake
Kootenay Lake
Columbia R.
Arrow Lakes
Revelstoke
Eagle Pass
Gold Range
Selkirk Mountains
Rogers Pass
Illecillewaet
Beaver Pass
Stony Creek
Kicking Horse Pass
Mount Stephen
Mount Hunter
Mount Sir Donald
Mount Macdonald
Mount Cheops
Mount Dawson
Mount Murchison
Mount Forbes
Mount Brown
Yellowhead Pass
Jasper House
Athabasca R.
Athabasca Pass
Athabasca Landing
Lesser Slave Lake
Peace R.
Peace River Landing
Dunvegan
Pine River Pass
Dunvegan Crossing
Smoky R.
Pouce Coupé
Pouce Coupé Prairie
Dunvegan Prairie
Saskatchewan R.
Battleford
Fort Pitt
Fort Carlton
Prince Albert
Clarke's Crossing
Qu'Appelle R.
Fort Qu'Appelle
Qu'Appelle Valley
Touchwood Hills
Touchwood
Humboldt
Duck Lake
Lake Manitou
Lake Winnipegosis
Lake Winnipeg
Red R.
Portage la Prairie
Portage
Brandon
Assiniboine R.
Assiniboine
Turtle Mountain
Souris R.
Souris
Moosomin
Qu'Appelle, Long Lake & Saskatchewan R. R. & S. S. Co.
Qu'Appelle, Long Lake & Saskatchewan R. R.
Canadian Pacific R. R.
Canada Central R. R.
Canada Southern R. R.
Grand Trunk R. R.
Chicago
St. Paul
Duluth
Minneapolis
Detroit
Toronto
Hamilton
Niagara
Buffalo
New York
Boston
Ottawa
Brockville
Montreal
Quebec
Lake Nipissing
Lake Temiscaming
Lake Abitibi
Lake Timiscaming
Lake Nipigon
Thunder Bay
Port Arthur
Fort William
Lake Superior
Sault Ste. Marie
Michipicoten
Michipicoten Harbour
Lake Michigan
Lake Huron
Lake Erie
Lake Ontario
Georgian Bay
Manitoulin Island
Owen Sound
Collingwood
Penetanguishene
Parry Sound

with the finest snow driven at hurricane speed by winds that penetrate an ordinary overcoat as if it were but muslin. Two hundred and fifty miles to the north the general level is 1000 feet lower; go yet 300 more, and the general elevation is but 1700 feet above sea-level, while the winter storms have lost much of their severity. On the other hand, the summits of the Rocky Mountains go on increasing in height from latitude 49° to latitude 52°, where from an altitude of 16,000 feet the summits of Mount Brown and Mount Hooker look down on the fertile plains at the sources of the Saskatchewan. Here a strange anomaly occurs. Near this point two of the lowest passes, the Yellowhead, with an elevation of 3760 feet, and the House Pass, but little higher, and but sixty miles apart, contain between them some of the loftiest summits of the range. So gradual is the ascent of the Yellowhead (or Tête-jaune) Pass that travellers approaching it from the east first become conscious of having passed the dividing ridge when they see the water flowing to the west. While this forms the best pass for a railroad, it is open to the objection that beyond it in British Columbia lies a wilderness of tangled mountains covered with dense forests of gigantic timber, through which the railroad must force its way. The valley of the Fraser, resembling a cleft made by some mighty sword, and seeming to bid defiance to the engineer, forms the only known route through this labyrinth of mountains. Here, however, so much work toward the construction of the railroad has already been done by the government that the route by this pass and river may be said to be fixed.

Three hundred miles to the north the great Peace River flows calmly through the range only 1800 feet above the sea, except at one point, where it boils for about ten miles through a rocky cañon, and even thus far north Butler found vegetation well advanced in May. To the west for about 300 miles across British Columbia no obstacle to a railroad exists, and here we shall some day see a Pacific Railway. Some reader may ask, "But what of the country to the north?" It is either covered by the great forest that stretches toward the Arctic Ocean, or lies open in what are called the barren lands.

The reindeer, the wood buffalo, and that relic of ages gone by, the musk-ox, sometimes stray down to Lake Athabasca from these regions of the North, and where they make their home there can be little inducement for man to dwell.

Now let us look at the route and the distances to be traversed by this railroad.

	Miles.
From Brockville and Ottawa to Lake Nipissing	290
" Lake Nipissing to Thunder Bay	650
" Thunder Bay to Winnipeg	425
" Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains	800
" Rocky Mountains to Kamloops	450
" Kamloops to Port Moody	220
" Winnipeg to Pembina (branch)	65
	2900

Of this the government has built or is building, and will turn over to the syndicate when the rest of the route is completed:

	Miles.
From Thunder Bay to Winnipeg	425
" Kamloops to Port Moody	220
" Pembina branch	65
	710

The 290 miles east of Lake Nipissing were already built, and were bought by the syndicate, so there remains for them just 1900 miles to build. From Lake Nipissing to Winnipeg for 1075 miles its route traverses a little-settled and comparatively unknown country, said to be rich in lumber and minerals, but with very little tillable land. For 800 miles from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains the country has been already described, nor can there be any doubt as to its rapid settlement or the early construction of new branches and other parallel railroads. Those who have crossed the continent by the route of the Union and Kansas Pacific Railroads will remember how rapidly one gets into an arid country after leaving the Missouri. Here it is quite different. The soil and climate are as good at the base of the mountains as at the Red River, and the rain-fall as abundant. It must be borne in mind, too, in speaking of this country, that wheat grown here fetches from seven to ten cents a bushel more than that grown south of the latitude of St. Paul. To the farmer this represents about two dollars per acre additional on an average crop—no small consideration when it costs no more for cultivation or harvesting.

From the Rocky Mountains to Port Moody almost the entire distance is through a labyrinth of densely timbered mountains, worthless as yet because inaccessible, but destined to grow in value as our Eastern pine becomes exhausted. Of the natural wealth of the northwest coast

it is hard to speak in measured terms, for in climate, in fertile soil, in fruit, in lumber, in coal, in fisheries of the finest salmon, it seems as if the best gifts of nature had been poured out with unstinted hand. Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia form three sister states, closely resembling each other, yet each possessing some wealth of its own; but the greatest riches of coal and iron, so far as known, lie within the British Possessions.

A part of the grain crop of this new Northwest will have but 750 miles to go to reach tide-water on the Pacific; some of it has but 500 miles to reach lake navigation at Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, and a railroad is projected from Winnipeg to Port Nelson, on Hudson Bay, a distance of 300 miles, whence to Liverpool it is some miles shorter than from New York. The bay is open for about four months, but the straits at its entrance are much obstructed by ice, and could not be depended on for more than three months of navigation, if even for that. Hence a crop would have to wait over one season for shipment by this route. But it matters little as to routes. When the wheat is grown, it will seek the best market by the cheapest route, without regard to flag or frontier.

As to the future of the Canadian Pacific Railway it is hard to predict. That it will serve the purpose for which it was built, namely, to settle up the country, and link the colonies in a closer union, is certain; that it will be profitable to operate is less so. The larger part of the eastern and western divisions traverse regions which must be slow of settlement, where for a long time the local traffic must be small, and though the through traffic will pass over them, that business is far smaller and less remunerative than is commonly supposed. Of the large dividends of the Union Pacific Railroad but a very small fraction is earned on the through business, and its amount is surprisingly small.

However, in length and in grades the Canadian route will compare favorably with any further south; and from the forests north of Lake Superior lumber will be carried to the central prairie regions, and thither also will be brought the fine coal of British Columbia, all of which will help to furnish local business to the less promising divisions, and with such grants of money, land, and finished road, it would seem as if there might be some dividends for the stockholders.

"LAQUELLE?"

MRS. PERTH sat in a deep chair by the window, mending some old lace. She leaned suddenly forward and exclaimed, "There he goes!"

Her tone implied that he had done her some despite. Her daughter, who was arranging her hair before the old-fashioned mirror, withdrew a little into the room, but stretched her round white neck, and looked at the young man who went along in the glistening, sandy path by the roadside.

He was a well-built fellow, a little above medium height, and wore a sombrero.

He stopped in front of the old brown house on the corner, an easy stone's-throw from the Perths', and swung open the gate.

A huge white Newfoundland dog leaped up and laid muzzle and fore-paws on his shoulder. The young man touched the dog kindly, but he probably said "Down!" for the animal slid abruptly back to all fours, and lying down, expressed the rest of his welcome by thrapping the gravel with his tail.

"I wonder which one of them it will be?" said Mrs. Perth, resuming her lace-mending with a sort of peevish resignation. "Of course it is sure to be one of them!"

"One of the twins?" said Janet, turning the last coil of her beautiful hair. "Anna is out of the question."

Janet meant that Anna Moore was, as girls phrase it, "as good as engaged."

Mother and daughter worked a short time in silence. At last Mrs. Perth leaned back and fanned herself, and by degrees Janet got all the lace into her own lap.

She started, with a painful flush, when her mother broke out suddenly:

"It is so very strange, so vexing, so unaccountable, that you don't get a husband, Janet! I'm sure you are pretty enough—far prettier than any of those Moore girls. Don't you think so? Of course I mean the twins: Anna *is* a fright, as you say—"

"No, mother, I didn't say Anna—"

"*Don't* interrupt me!" with a jerk of her fan. "Willy Stratton loved the ground you trod on, and Tom Knight—if ever I saw a man in love, *he* was with *you*, and he's an only son, and old Mr. Knight is rich and grasping and tight as an oyster, and he dropped like a singed moth; he

stopped comin' so sudden, an' he's always at the Moores' now. The beaux do buzz about those girls like bees in a clover field. You must be careful, child, and leave the thread very loose; lace won't bear any drawin'. Just look at my work, an' you'll see how it ought to be. An' now here's this young man, Dr. Albert Owen, city bred and money free as water, goes right by us and takes board *there* for all summer, I suppose, and they are crowded, and always at sixes and sevens, an' we have such a nice spare room!"

Mrs. Perth paused for breath, fanned herself a few moments, and then continued:

"Did you say anything to vex Willy Stratton? He was on the point of proposing—I'm sure of it. He said your husband would be a very happy man—and I consider that very pointed—and I said what I could properly to encourage him, and told him, whoever you married, your husband would find a real mother in me—one who would help and advise him about everything; and I told him not to wear blue neck-ties any more—they made his freckles show so plain. But you must have done or said something, Janet, for he never comes now, an' he goes about with Anna—yes, actually with Anna Moore, who never had a beau before, so far as I know—"

"Hush!—do hush!" Janet said, entreatingly, for she had heard a step on the stair, and now a light knock sounded on the door.

"The idea!—in this melting sun!" said Mrs. Perth. "Come in!"

"It's only me—Anna," replied a pleasant voice, as a tall young lady appeared in the doorway. "I only ran over to see if Jenny was at home. Mamma wants to have her come over for tea and to spend the evening."

She carefully addressed Mrs. Perth, but she smiled and looked a little eagerly at Janet, and then untied her white sun-bonnet and sat down without being asked. Janet looked flushed and weary, but she smiled back at their visitor, and then resumed her lace-work.

"How's Mrs. Moore to-day?" said Mrs. Perth. "*Don't* sit on the edge of the chair; it makes you look all knees."

"Mother is well as usual, thank you; she feels the heat a good deal," said the young guest, reducing her knees in compliance with Mrs. Perth's request.

"Yes; of course; everybody does; but I never saw any one suffer at all in comparison with me. It's just so in winter. I'm all frozen up, and have such a bronchitis that I can hardly speak all winter long. So you're havin' a tea party to your house?"

"Oh no, not a tea party, only Meta Grey, besides ourselves, and in the evening Willy Stratton and Mr. Knight, to play croquet if it should not be too hot. Our new set has just come."

"Very pleasant young men, both of them." Mrs. Perth fanned herself, smiling. "It's very kind of Mrs. Moore to want my Janet; but I don't wonder; it makes a party so much brighter and pleasanter to young men if there's a real handsome girl. How old are you, Anna?"

"Twenty last May."

"Well, I will say you don't look over sixteen or seventeen. Janet is twenty-two, and no one would guess her to be a day older than you. Willy Stratton, Mr. Knight, and of course Dr. Owen— Janet, *do* stop fussing over that lace! When Anna is so kind as wait for you, it is quite rude in you not to make haste."

Janet rolled up the lace, and going into the bedroom, came out, listlessly, with a parasol and sun-bonnet like Anna's.

"Goodness gracious, child!" cried Mrs. Perth. "Yes"—turning to Anna—"I suppose she would actually have gone with you looking that way. She is so regardless of appearances. Janet, *don't* put me out of all patience, standing there as if the afternoon was twenty-four hours long. Put on your—let me see, your pink skirt, and wear the low body with your white sacque and over-dress, the thinnest one. Janet has such beautiful shoulders!"

Janet was absent only a few minutes, but Mrs. Perth had time to press Anna with innumerable questions about Dr. Owen: if he was of an old family; whether he was rich; if she thought him handsome; was he just graduated, or in practice? and what was he doing here in such a small out-of-the-way town? had he told Mrs. Moore his plans? Of course he was not here for his health, for he was the picture of it: perhaps he had come for a wife—and here Mrs. Perth's languid eyes shot a swift inquisitive glance directly into Anna's.

Though Anna was used to Mrs. Perth, and knew how to avoid giving information when it was desirable to do so, she did not

enjoy a tête-à-tête with her, and was glad that Janet at this moment re-appeared.

Mrs. Perth examined Janet critically, and by the touch or two of alteration she made showed that she had excellent taste in dress. Then the girls started out.

The Moores were in their large family sitting-room, and things *were* at "sixes and sevens," as Mrs. Perth had said, yet the disorder was not untidiness, and Janet thought, as she had often done before, that it was one of the pleasantest rooms she was ever in. Mrs. Moore, a real invalid, but a sunny-tempered, graceful woman, was sitting in the cozy depth of a bamboo chair, near an unusually large flourishing orange-tree. The twins, Elinor and Helena, were pretty blondes, at the first glance extremely alike. They were sitting by a table talking over the rules of croquet with a young man, who stood just behind their chairs. Their fair uplifted profiles were silhouetted vis-à-vis upon the background of his dark clothes as they appealed to him.

They rose as Janet came in with Anna, and joined Mrs. Moore in complimenting Janet with a sincere kindness of welcome that acted like magic on the girl's naturally happy temperament. A tall, extremely pale young lady, whose complexion suggested the secret consumption of slate-pencils and vinegar, just acknowledged Janet's entrance, and sat down again, absorbed in a novel—so little ceremony was observed at the Moores' that it was always understood one could do just as one pleased. Willy Stratton followed the twins, put out both hands to grasp Janet's, and with a gaze of warm admiration begged her acceptance of some white carnations, and himself placed them in her hair.

Dr. Owen came down-stairs, and his entrance made a perceptible difference with all. Mrs. Moore laid down her fan with a smile, and a certain animated air of observation. She received Dr. Owen's first look.

Elinor's soft blue eyes rested on him with a pleased and wholly unselfconscious look; but Helena's dark gray eyes flashed with coquettish brightness as she said:

"If you are really at leisure at last, we can have one round at croquet before tea. Can't we, mamma?"

Meta Grey had not looked up from her novel, but the pages she had grasped easily at a glance required two readings now the doctor had come down. Janet's color deepened when Dr. Owen took her hand, showing his pleasure at meeting her with a glance of admiration less open and prolonged, but not less flattering, than young Stratton's.

They all went out, and the click of the mallet and ball and the quick tones of the players made a cheery sound. Mrs. Moore could overlook the croquet ground without rising, and could also keep a supervising eye on Katy, the jet-black, merry-faced negro girl who was laying the fresh white cloth for supper.

"Janet Perth looks very beautiful," said Mrs. Moore.

"She *do so*," responded Katy, her under lip dropped, her white teeth glancing. "*She* looks jes zif *she's* a born lady, *she* do; but her *ma* ain't no lady fur sartin sure, *she* ain't: she's de *hay*fulest—"

"Hush, Katy! hush!"

"Disa*gree*fulest, stuckest-up *pus*son—" Here, with the mimetic talent of her race, Katy so perfectly imitated Mrs. Perth's gait, manner, and tone that Mrs. Moore laughed in spite of herself; then gravely began to reprove Katy.

Upon this Katy lifted one of the pretty tea-cups above her head, squinted at it a moment, then set it down. "Thought there wuz a crack in dat ar cup fur *sure*," she muttered, in deep abstraction.

"Katy, Katy, I know you hear me," persisted Mrs. Moore. "You really must leave off ridiculing my friends."

"*Me* reticule missus's *frenz!*" cried Katy, with a comfortable chuckle and a solemn roll of her eyes. "Laws, now, what *me* says ain't er no account nohow." And then from the doorway this Parthian dart: "Yous don' like 'er you'se'f, Mis' Moore, yous knows yer don', only *you's* a lady, 'n' carn't say so!" Then Katy called in the croquet party to supper.

A few weeks later, in a handsome room in a fashionable hotel at a watering-place, Miss Margaret Faye sat reading with evident interest the following letter:

"My dear Aunt,—You chide me for silence, but I have been adjusting myself, you know. This is my own play, and I am my own hero, in search of my own heroine. Here is the scene: A tiny hill town, like any other New England town, with one store, containing all things that man, woman, child, and beast can want, besides a special corner cubby, savoring of much mucilage, and having a stubby

pen at the disposal of the public, ycleped post-office; a score of farm-houses, one or two pretentious, and one old rambling brown house, an odd, cozy nest, where my play transpires.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALBERT OWEN, the mysterious, suspected of being a prince in disguise, and a sufficiently handsome fellow for that rôle.

ANNA MOORE, JANET PERTH, META GREY, damsels of varying charm, each in danger of becoming my heroine.

HELENA, ELINOR, more damsels, who, like the progeny of Mrs. Micawber, celebrate one and the same natal day; as like as two peas, with the difference that Helena has blooming health, and dark gray eyes that are mischievous, while Elinor is delicate, with child-like blue eyes that are innocent.

WILLIAM STRATTON, known as 'Willy,' and would be considered a 'very nice' young man.

THOMAS KNIGHT, a real fine fellow, almost as good-looking and fascinating as my hero, which is not my idea of the fitness of things, especially in a one-act tragedy.

MRS. MOORE, mother of Miss Anna and the twins, and my very ideal of a perfectly charming mother-in-law.

"I had not been in this little village more than two hours before I had seen Miss Janet Perth. I know that sooner or later you will have personal descriptions, so here is Miss Perth's: a graceful young lady, with darkest eyes and hair, clear skin, an admirable gait, a beautiful, mobile mouth; her name, Janet, quaint, piquant, sweet. But stay, I will inclose her picture: it is very like her. I purloined it from Anna's album.

"Being introduced, I pressed Miss Janet's hand, and, indeed, forgot to release it till she herself withdrew it, blushing. Dear aunt, there is undoubtedly a great difference in blushes. There is the red that flies over every visible particle of the skin, and makes one feel like a Hottentot and look like a tomato, and there is the color, soft and bright, that sweeps royally into the rounded circle of the cheek, enriches the lip, and intensifies the fairness of the brow, the splendor of the eye—in short, Janet's blush.

"But I had not seen Janet more than ten minutes before her mother came in. She cured me of Janet. Yes, though Janet had been Dido, Hebe, Juno, and Aphrodite in one, I would have been cured by that one half-hour with her mother. *Do* come down here; you *must*, for a day or two. Men were not made to be alone, but neither is it just the thing to be left to the devices of a bevy of fair girls....

"Janet has been here all the evening. The others were all here (croquet after supper is a regular thing). Anna went with me home with her. I suspect that Janet asked her to: now *why* did she do that? If Janet were only an orphan, having nothing but her royal grace of womanhood; if she could come before me this moment in poor attire and barefoot, as came the 'beggar-maid' to 'King Cophetua,' I too would swear my royal oath, Janet, Janet shall be my queen. But the mother! Heavens! how can she be Janet's mother?....

"Anna and I have had a long walk, and she has been telling me of the harried sort of life her friend Janet leads. 'We have grown up together,' said she, 'and I think I know better than any one else how good and sweet Janet is. I should think it a miserable life, and yet she is the happiest girl in the world when once she gets away from her mother, and forgets for a while. I often wish there was somebody, like Sir Charles Grandison, to come and carry Janet off and *make* her happy.'

"Wasn't this a little pointed? I looked very sharply at Miss Anna, but she never blenched. You see, I half thought Mrs. Moore had broken confidence with me so far as to take Anna into it. And whether it was that Anna looked so very good and sweet, animated as she was in ungrudging praise of her friend, or because I was pleased to hear about Janet, I squeezed Anna's hand and kissed her, just at her mother's door.

"Now what do you think of this, and what do you think of me? You know trifles are trifles only when they are taken as such, and there is nothing trifling about Anna Moore. I have never before offered her the least gallantry, and I am surprised that I feel so uneasy about this. One never thinks twice of these things among the 'Veneerings.' To be frank, my disquiet has in it no disrelish for the kiss. Don't think me a vain coxcomb; some vanity I have, doubtless (being of woman born), but I don't think this fresh, truthful, simple Anna is in love with me, or likely to become so; but the more I see her the more I like her, and heartily wish for her liking. She is the kind of girl whose esteem elevates a man, if he is not a fool, and upon acquaintance she develops a depth and quickness of mind and feeling I did not imagine in her at first....

"I will try and give you, word for word,

a conversation I had with Mrs. Moore, and concerning which I thought she might have broken faith with me to Anna. I found Mrs. Moore alone one day, and told her, without preamble (you have always thought me abrupt), that I was here in search of a wife, and wanted to make sure of a good one.

"'You will of course make a good husband,' said she.

"I agreed to that. Then I told her briefly of my worldly condition—birth, money, education, all satisfactory, and that I was son and heir to the best aunt in the world. Upon that she asked me, with an expression I should have liked to have had you see, 'Is it any of my girls?'

"'No, madam, it isn't any girl at all at present; it is nebulous; it is girls.'

"'You say you are your aunt's heir. Does she permit— Are you free to please yourself in the choice of a wife?'

"I satisfied her on this point.

"'Well, as it isn't either of my girls, I can now advise you freely. I think my twins will not marry.'

"'Why not?'

"'*That* can not interest you' (but it does). 'And as for my Anna, she is, I suppose, about the same as engaged' (probably my nice young man, Willy Stratton). 'I can think of but one young lady who is in every way a perfect choice for you. I mean Janet Perth.' I bowed. I do not for the life of me know why, but I felt annoyed. 'She is not only extremely pretty, truly good, and thoroughly a lady, she is in some respects remarkably gifted. She should not marry an ordinary man.' (How is that?) 'Now my girls—you see I speak, like yourself, without reserve—are good, but commonplace, and will marry, if they marry, good commonplace young men.'

"'But *Mrs. Perth*?' said I.

"'Her mother *is* an obstacle,' Mrs. Moore admitted, 'but one that shows Janet's inestimable sweetness and strength as almost nothing else could. A lover whom the mother *can* drive away doesn't deserve the daughter.'

"'Is such a one, then, a fit lover for Miss Anna?' I asked, quickly, and, I thought, rather smartly.

"'You mean Willy Stratton. Of course to the hero the hero's laurel; but plain men who seek and accept plain fates are not necessarily despicable. And are you not a little impertinent?'

"I can't tell just the effect of this conversation on me, but I think, had it not taken place, I should not have felt so much or the same interest in Anna, and that would have been a loss to me, for Anna is not commonplace. (Does Mrs. Moore really think so?) I will inclose also a picture of her; I asked Mrs. Moore for it.

"And now I will at once send off this unconscionable letter. You will see by the breaks in it that it has been written at odd times. I have not bothered with dates. I should hesitate to send such a mess to any one but you. Write soon, and *do* arrange to come at once to the rescue of your too soft-hearted

"NEPHEW."

This letter, addressed in a large distinct hand to Miss Margaret Faye, had lain on Mrs. Moore's hall table while Dr. Owen had gone up to his room for his gloves. Miss Meta Grey, arriving at that moment, and passing through the hall without perceptible pause, read the superscription with a swift oblique eye, and noticed the fatness of the envelope. As she entered the family room, amidst the usual greetings, she was saying within herself, "I shall not make a fool of myself, as these people are doing; it isn't any of *us* he's thinking of."

One day Dr. Owen received the following letter:

"MY DARLING BOY,—Your Mrs. Moore is admirable! I long to know her; I'm certain I should love her. I can see that she reads you without difficulty, while you, though you understand her essential qualities, do not read her at all. She thinks—well, I *could* tell you something, but I won't; *I think you are in a fair way to get a lesson*, and I won't interfere. May it do you good! I suspect Willy Stratton is more than a mere 'nice' young man, and that the paragon Janet has faults discoverable in some kinds of personal rencontre! I grant that she is beautiful, if the picture doesn't flatter. Abrupt? Yes. You were born precipitately. My only darling sister's life was sacrificed to your infant haste to attack the Cosmic Philosophy; therefore your constitutional plunges in life have never surprised me. I care only that you keep your honor unspotted.

"No more kisses, no more gallantries, I charge you, until your mind is clear. A very little can lead to a great deal. You

say so little of Miss Grey; is this frank, or only—sly?

"I like Anna's face. It is undeniably plain, but sweet; I can imagine her features would have a certain fine, enduring charm, a fascinating play of thought and feeling. If I am not mistaken, you had better kiss Janet or Helena a dozen times than Anna once, unless you mean something by it. But, after all, is it not dull, devoid of resource, the scene of your play? Nothing but croquet, not even riding or boating? No dog suspected of rabies, no bull unsuspectedly browsing among pleasant pastures prepared to toss when the heroine's scarlet shawl appears!

"You should have taken with you an artist's outfit. In the hands of a witful fellow it is prolific in situations, and has so seldom been worked up! Albert, *do* be careful. Weakness or unfairness is especially mean in matters of love. There is only one thing I could not readily forgive you, and that is a dishonorable act. Here your aunt is firm, and holds with rigor to her simple creed: a man has no right to treat a girl so that she can be seriously disquieted, or subjected to her own or others' doubts as to his intentions. I have seen great misery result from this kind of selfishness. Now I will say no more; you are neither egotist nor rascal enough to need it.

"Thank Mrs. Moore for her kind invitation; I shall be happy if I can accept, but can not as soon as you desire, having stupidly sprained my ankle in dismounting from my pony last week. It is not very bad if I am quiet, but I could not travel just at present. Your own

"AUNT MARGARET.

"P.S.—If now it were Anna, or Janet, or Miss Grey, who had the sprained ankle!"

The following are extracts from Dr. Owen's reply:

"I am sorry about that sprain, selfishly sorry, for I want you here. Nevertheless I have resolved to dare my fate with Anna, or Janet, or Helena. I am conscious of a dangerous though differing softness toward these three girls. With either of them, had I not seen the other two, I think I could be happy, yet it must be that with one of them I could be happiest. Which? If I do not find out soon, I will come to you, lest, according to your just and simple creed, I sin past your forgiveness....

"No, I am not sly. Meta Grey doesn't inspire description. As to the twins, Elinor seems a mere child, a sweet bud not yet tinted, with whom a man could just as quickly fall in love as with the babe in arms. As for Helena, no two hours with her are alike. Can one be piqued into love? She is very charming; you would think her a flirt, and be mistaken. More and more do I like Anna; she is an exquisite companion, she both quickens and calms me, and she *has* that fine fascination you so acutely perceived in the picture I sent you. I see Janet almost daily, seldom alone. What she says is said well, and with a certain attractive unusualness, and she is beautiful as a dream; yet thus far I try in vain to discover if I am happier with her than with Helena or Anna. Mr. Knight—he is a downright fine fellow—openly wooes her, yet he as plainly feels Anna's charm and Helena's witchery. I don't know Janet's mind toward him, nor yet toward me; but I think Helena, dainty, rosy madcap, would not say 'No' to me. These are your data. Can you make anything out of them? I can't. But in a week, in a day, much may happen, even that little which leads to a great deal."

On his return from posting this letter, Dr. Owen found that a little thing had happened. They were all in the sitting-room, and Mrs. Perth was sitting by Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Perth had called to announce her immediate departure for St. Louis on a long-postponed visit to her sister. She should be absent for "two or three weeks at least, and poor Janet would be so lonely!"

Mrs. Moore had understood her neighbor perfectly, but had none the less cordially and instantly begged to keep Janet with her during Mrs. Perth's absence. This was one of those rare instances in which all concerned are entirely suited, and the new arrangement was immediately explained to Dr. Owen by Helena, who had scarcely done ere Mrs. Perth began:

"I wish"—turning to Dr. Owen—"you could see Mr. Perth's portrait. It hangs in the spare chamber. We have a very nice spare chamber: two windows to the south and one to the west. Such a beautiful view! You can go with Janet when she goes to throw open the house to air. You must do it every day, Janet. It was done by a very fine artist. He was to have painted me, but he died, poor young man!

They do say painters kill themselves by sucking the paints from their brushes—and he was always chewing at his when I was in the room. The picture is very like Janet. Mr. Perth was an extremely handsome man. There was a beautiful obituary written about him, he was such a great scholar. I never knew who wrote it; but just think of their putting in it that he was a 'catholic reader,' and a man of 'catholic tastes,' and he a member of the Presbyterian Church! I was *so* distressed about it; but fortunately everybody knew it was a mistake, and seemed to think it a great joke, and laughed so when I spoke of it. It all came of his being so free-spoken, and he was always quotin' the *Pope's* havin' said some time or other, 'A man never is, but is always just goin' to be, blest.' And he did have a lot of Catholic books and a dewy [Douai] Bible, but *he* was no more a Catholic than I am."

Janet sat near the window, in Anna's pretty gable room. Anna was lying on the bed, with one arm under her head to raise it from the hot pillow, for the afternoon was very sultry.

"Janet dear, how do you like him?"

"Not much," answered Janet, laconically. Then, with a slight start of surprise: "There he is, and Helena with him; they have turned into the brook road. How *can* she, in this heat?"

"Oh, Helena is a little salamander," said Anna. "The hotter it is, the better she likes it, and the prettier she looks. Have you any idea, Jenny, with whom Dr. Owen is in love? I know it isn't Helena."

Janet left her chair, and threw herself languidly on the other side of the bed.

"He is in love with himself," said she.

"A little," Anna acknowledged.

"No, a great deal; and a *little*—as much as he can be with any one but himself—with you, Anna."

"With me!" echoed Anna, in honest astonishment. "Why, Jenny, I have never once thought of any one but you for him. *Me!* with my freckles and snub nose! You are making fun of me."

"No, indeed!" cried Janet, rising on one elbow, and speaking with passionate precision. "You are a thousand times too good for him, and I hate to hear you put love on a basis of complexions and noses; *you* are not your *nose*. You are— Oh, you know well enough what I think of you, and Dr. Owen has found you out too; he never has any eyes for me or any one else when he can talk with you."

Anna smiled in merry incredulity.

"But don't you like him at all?" said she.

"I did at first, but I *hate* trifling and—vanity. I have seen him—balancing things in his mind; but, Anna, if he has the sense to love you, and to say so, I shall like him again. But what is he off with Helena for? Can't you see that he is just amusing himself with us all?"

"Mamma believes in him thoroughly—that goes a great ways with me."

"Anna, Jenny, is Elinor with you?" Mrs. Moore called upstairs.

"No: I guess she's asleep," Anna replied. "She said when she came up she would go to her own room and lie down. Elinor is so delicate," sighed Anna, after a short silence.

"It is too bad, but I have heard it is generally so with one twin. Do you know, Anna, I've been thinking the best thing that could happen to Dr. Owen would be a plump rejection."

"Well," said Anna, laughing, "if I have the opportunity, I'll try your prescription."

"Ditto," said Janet.

They would have been interested in a little scene at this moment transpiring in a cool, bush-sheltered dell not very far away. It was a favorite spot on the Moore farm; there was a rustic seat, before which the brook curved in a clear, brown pool. Two people, who had been sitting here, were now standing a few paces apart. The lady, somewhat pale, with eyes cast down, held a bunch of wild flowers in her hand. The gentleman, flushed and agitated, did not bear the prolonged silence well.

"Speak to me—give me some answer, Helena—do," he entreated. Still she was silent. He put out his hand to the flowers. "If you will not speak, bewitching, maddening girl," he passionately exclaimed, "I will have these for a token."

She drew back her hand; the color came flying into her cheeks; she lifted her eyes.

"You do not love me, Dr. Owen."

They were standing with their backs toward the sunny path by which they had come. Her words and manner had the effect of a dash of ice-cold water where one has expected a soft kiss, or to be beaten

with rose leaves. He looked shocked, and said, stupidly,

"Then you will not marry me?"

"Marry you! You have been trifling with me, with us all, till you can't detect even in yourself the difference between nonsense and honest love. If this were not so, you would never have breathed a word of love to me."

"You are unjust," he managed to say.

"Am I?" she cried. "Oh, Dr. Owen, now you *do* make me angry! Tell me—before you spoke to me to-day, have you ever given five minutes' serious thought to the idea of marrying me?"

"No," he said at last, meeting with a kind of grim resolution the honest lightnings of the dark eyes in which there was neither mirth nor archness now.

"I *knew* you had not. And you have, of course, thought"—she stopped, with a turn of her head and movement of her hands expressive of intense impatience, then she added, gravely and coldly, "I have never had a moment's wish to be your wife."

This went to the marrow of Dr. Owen's egotism. A soft shuddering sigh breathed close to them made both start violently and turn around. There stood Elinor. Her sun-bonnet hung low on her shoulders: she had come through the heat with uncovered head. Large drops stood on her white forehead, and wetted the clustering rings of blonde hair. There was a bluish-white line around her parted and faintly red lips. Her hands were clasped, with instinctive effort at self-control, the more touching that it was unconscious.

No one—certainly not Dr. Owen, and not even Mrs. Moore—had suspected or foreseen this, that Elinor, the seldom-speaking, shrinking, child-like Elinor, might learn to love Dr. Owen, and love him with that silent absorbing intensity peculiar to some forms of physical weakness.

Before either Helena or Dr. Owen could speak, Elinor, with a short glance of jealous pain at her sister—a look strange indeed to those usually soft eyes—turned to Dr. Owen, blushed with painful violence, gasped, and sank in unconsciousness. Dr. Owen caught her in his arms, and bathed her forehead and temples freely from the brook.

"I wish we had never seen you," said Helena, bitterly.

"*Some* of this is due to the great heat," he said, without looking up, only adding, as animation began to return: "Will you go back and tell Mrs. Moore, and let Kate, or some one, bring me an umbrella? She will be able to return, with my help."

Helena went.

That evening Dr. Owen spoke to Mrs. Moore without reserve, not sparing himself in anything. He had resolved to go away immediately, but Mrs. Moore had asked him to return in time to join the young people in an excursion which had been planned and agreed upon previously.

"This will give you a week's absence," said she, "and you will understand yourself better when you return."

He saw that she had many thoughts which she did not speak, but she smiled on him so kindly that he wondered.

"Then you still like me in spite of all!" he exclaimed.

"I like you—better," said she. And this made him blush hotly, both shamed and comforted.

He went away by the first train, but he didn't go to his aunt, and he didn't write to her.

Eight days after, as the Moores were sitting down to tea, they heard the creak of the gate, followed by a deep note of welcome from the white Newfoundland, and Dr. Owen entered. He was rather pale, and perceptibly thinner, but he sat down in his old place at table and stirred his tea as if he had never been away. An electric current of inward excitement, a sort of expectation and suspense, vibrated through this little party. Dr. Owen was the battery, without being distinctly conscious of it. He saw they were all there—Knight, Stratton, and Meta Grey, and Janet, for Mrs. Perth had not yet come home. Mrs. Moore instantly perceived that Dr. Owen had come back clearly knowing his own mind, and she trusted in herself to soon discover it. Indeed, she would not have liked to have him tell her, but she observed him very closely, without obtrusiveness, ignoring the drama in the minds of the other young people.

They also were taking observations.

Before supper was over, Anna had said to herself, "He loves Janet!" And though sensible of Dr. Owen's attractions, Anna thought, "She will make him exactly the wife he needs," and smiled cordially at her beautiful friend.

At the same moment, as the result of a similar exercise of similarly infallible

powers of interpretation, Janet was thinking: "He will choose Anna. He likes and admires me, but he is irresistibly drawn to her. How he looks at her! She is the best girl in the world;" and Janet sighed.

Helena hardly looked up, and her thoughts are not given, but it is true that neither Anna nor Janet thought about Helena at all in their tender, self-abnegating speculations.

Miss Meta Grey took one long slanting gaze, and said to herself, "Miss Faye has jilted him, and I'm glad of it."

Supper over, they all went out as usual to the croquet ground. Dr. Owen stepped back, intending to speak to Mrs. Moore, but she motioned him away, smiling.

"No," said she. "Do let me find out for myself. I shall know almost as soon as you do."

So he went out. The evening darkened, the sound of the croquet ceased, the voices receded. Mrs. Moore sat quietly thinking and waiting.

A fire-fly flashed in the soft gloom of the room. Anna came in alone, kissed her mother, and went upstairs without a word. Mrs. Moore's face, if it could have been seen, might have been taken for a very sweet intelligent interrogation point, on tiptoe and listening. Then Meta Grey and Willy Stratton called, "Good-night!" in at the window, and went away. A few moments passed, then some one else entered. Clouds had gathered, and Mrs. Moore couldn't see this comer.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's I—Janet." The voice was even lower and softer than usual, and Mrs. Moore thought it trembling with pain or joy.

Invisible Janet kissed Mrs. Moore, and vanished wordless up the stairs.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Moore with soft eagerness to herself; then she called, "Katy, bring in the lamp; hurry, child!"

"Laws, missus, you's skeered?" said Katy, bearing the lamp, and blinking. "Ki!" and she had nearly dropped it; then she giggled. "Thought you's a spook, Mas'r Doctor—did so."

She set down the lamp. Dr. Owen was standing in the middle of the room, with Helena. There was a flush and a sparkle in both faces; they were brilliant in the light that shone full on them. Mrs. Moore looked at them. Helena ran forward and kissed her mother, and was off upstairs in a twinkling.

"Well?" said the doctor. He looked radiant.

"If I can't *tell* you by this time tomorrow, I'll *ask* you," said Mrs. Moore. "You see I was in the dark."

"I see," he answered, and laughed as he went up the stairs.

Shortly after this Miss Faye received the following letter:

"DEAR AUNT,—I behaved very badly, and I went away to think it over. I'll tell you about it, but I can't and won't write it. I've learned a great many things about you womenkind that I never guessed before—I say it with my hat off, aunty. Oh, what a brave, deep heart may hide under gay, girlish ways, and what strength, wit, and sweetness a quiet young face may unwittingly reveal! Oh, I'm too happy! I can't write; I can only say I have asked her, and she loves me, and will be my wife. Dear aunt, how good you have always been to me! and I—how selfish always! Forgive, forget! Ah, how happy I am! Send me—send *us*—your blessing, and believe that I was never more humbly and happily your loving

"NEPHEW."

The following reply came by wire:

"C'est que je réjouis à votre bonheur, mais, mon cher Albert, laquelle? laquelle?"

ICEBERGS AND FOG IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

AS there appears to be some doubt among ship-masters and managers of steam-ship lines in the trade as to the necessity or propriety of writing on this subject, I prefix the following as an apology for having done so:

STEAMERS DAMAGED BY ICE, ETC.

Milanese (Br.), from Boston, February 18, for Liverpool; arrived at Halifax March 4, with bows stove.
Rialto (Br.), from Hull, at New York March 6; on February 27 had bows stove in.
Hermann (Belg.), from Antwerp, at New York March 8; had bows slightly damaged on passage.
Shildon (Br.), from West Hartlepool, at New York March 18; was somewhat damaged on passage.
Ranzani (Br.), from New Orleans, at Hamburg March 23; had screw and bows damaged.
Limosa (Br.), from Aberdeen, at New York March 30; March 19 had starboard bow cut 3 ft. below water-line, and compartment filled with water.
Hermod (Dan.), from Havre, at New York April 17; was damaged on passage.
West Cumberland (Br.), Maryport, for New York; was spoken at sea March 26; had bows stove during the night of the 25th.

TOTALLY LOST.

Renpor (Br.), from West Hartlepool, March 30, for Boston; was abandoned April 13; crushed by ice.

MISSING.

America (Ger.), from New York, February 7, for Hamburg.

Titania (Br.), from New York, January 24, for Newcastle.

City of London (Br.), from London, November 13, for New York.

City of Limerick (Br.), from New York, January 8, for London.

That the expediency of adopting fixed lanes or routes for steam-ships in the Atlantic trade received the early attention of practical men interested in the business is obvious to any one who has given the matter the least attention or study, for as early as 1846, only six years after the establishment of the first regular line of mail steamers, Mr. William Wheelwright published a book on the subject, and, according to the authority of Lieutenant Maury, to R. B. Forbes, Esq., of Boston, belongs the credit of having suggested in 1854 the routes now known as Maury's Steam Lanes. In a letter to the Commander from Messrs. John S. Sleeper, C. W. Cartwright, I. Ingersoll, Bowditch, and others, underwriters and ship-owners of Boston, dated January 8, 1855, in connection with the discussion respecting the dangers of crossing the Atlantic, and the modes of diminishing them, these gentlemen proposed that he "prepare a chart exhibiting the routes suggested, so laid off as may in your judgment best answer the purpose in view of lessening the liability of collision without materially lengthening the passage." In the previous May had occurred the memorable collision between the Collins Line steam-ship *Arctic* and the French steamer *Vesta*, in which over three hundred lives were lost, and in March of the same year the *City of Glasgow*, with 480 crew and passengers, steamed out of the Clyde for New York and Philadelphia, and was never again heard of. These disasters, with the terrible loss of life attending, were doubtless the means of calling the attention of these gentlemen to the subject of crossing the Atlantic in steam-ships, and probably suggested to Mr. Forbes, a prominent underwriter and ship-owner, the feasibility of laying out lanes for steamers in the trade that would reduce the chances of collision between east and west bound vessels to a minimum. In compliance with their request, Lieutenant Maury, with the help of an able corps of assistants, examined and discussed the logs of vessels containing observations for no less than 46,000 days, and submitted charts with lanes projected on them, with other matter bearing upon the subject.

The centre of these lanes, starting from Sandy Hook, ran E. 15° S. to the longitude of 70° W., passing seventy miles south of Nantucket light-ship; thence E. 12° N. toward its junction with the arc of a great circle south of the Grand Bank, and passing 160 miles south of Sable Island, it intersected the meridian of 50° W., the longitude of the tail of the Grand Bank, in latitude 42° 10′, 270 miles south of Cape Race. Thence the lines inclosing the lanes run on the great circle toward Cape Clear, gradually converging to about twenty-five miles apart at the longitude of 25° W., 600 miles west of the Irish coast, from whence the southern line diverges in the direction of the Scilly Islands. This eastern lane is thirty miles wide at Sable Island, and forty at the Grand Bank. The centre of the western lane ran on the great circle from Cape Clear to the meridian of 50° W. and latitude 45° 40′ N., and passing ninety miles south of Cape Race and seventy miles south of Sable Island, continued to twenty miles south of Nantucket light-ship, and thence to Sandy Hook. In July, 1871, Mr. Wheelwright again took up the subject, and laid before Mr. Chichester Fortescue, then President of the Board of Trade, "a chart showing an eastern and western route for steamers crossing the Atlantic, whereby collision may be avoided, and the fleet of fishing vessels on the Banks of Newfoundland protected."

These routes, so strongly advocated by Lieutenant Maury in his reply to the letter from the Boston underwriters, which is published in his *Sailing Directions*, edition of 1859, appear to have met with but little attention from any of the companies engaged in the trade until 1870 or 1871, when the Inman Steam-ship Company, shortly after the interest excited by the non-arrival of the *City of Boston* had subsided, issued an order to their commanders to cross the meridian of 50° W., nothing to the north of 43° latitude, or the extreme southern end of the Grand Bank. The disappearance of the *City of Glasgow*, with her 480 people on board, and the *City*

of Boston, with 191, both ships probably as stanch, strong, as well found, and prepared to encounter the dangers of the sea as any vessels that ever left the Channel, must no doubt have awakened their owners to the danger from ice on the northern route, which seems to have been almost a matter of indifference up to that time. Even Commander Maury, in his letter recommending his lanes, disposes of the danger from ice as follows: "As for its [the northern lane] being obstructed by ice, so as to compel the steamers, as it occasionally will, especially in May or June, to turn out of it now and then, the Erie Canal of New York is obstructed by ice the whole of every winter, but that does not prove it to be of no value; it only shows that it, like the lane, would be of more value to commerce if it were never obstructed by ice or anything at all." I dare presume to say that if the Lieutenant was bound west in latitude 47° N., fifty miles to the eastward of the eastern edge of the Grand Bank, at five o'clock of an afternoon in the months of February, March, or April, with a gale of wind from the northeast and a thick snow-storm, in a ship steaming fourteen or fifteen knots, with our subsequent experience, he would prefer the Erie Canal, or some position to the southward of 43° latitude.

This northern lane for western passages seems, however, to have been nearly abandoned by all the regular steamers in the trade during the spring and early summer months, and to the Inman Steam-ship Company probably belongs the credit of having first instructed their ships to take a more southern route. The Cunard Company followed in 1874 or 1875, and most of the other companies later. Some of the regular passenger ships still advertise that "the steamers of this line take the lane routes recommended by Lieutenant Maury, U.S.N., on both the homeward and outward passages." But there must be a mistake here somewhere, for their ships are frequently reported north of Sandy Hook in longitude 67° W. or 68° W. when bound east, and also at the tail of the Grand Bank when bound west; and in April of this year one ship reports another of the same company between 200 and 300 miles east of Sandy Hook when on Maury's lanes they should have been forty or fifty miles apart.

This northern lane having been almost completely, if not entirely, abandoned by the passenger steamers during these months, is conclusive that the route is not considered a safe one by the managers of the lines at present in the trade, else they would not forego the advantage of the shorter distance which they would undoubtedly obtain by continuing to follow it. This being admitted, let us next examine the routes followed by the majority of the passenger ships during the fog and ice months, or in spring and early summer. These are the lanes advertised by the Cunard Steam-ship Company, which cross the meridian of 50° W. in 42° N., or nothing to the northward of that parallel when bound east, and in 43° N. when bound west. This western route I hold, from my own experience, and the examination of logs of steam-ships of different lines for the last five years, to be little, if any, safer than the abandoned northern lane of Lieutenant Maury. In a letter to the London *Nautical Magazine* for May, 1881, this western track is thus described by one of their masters, in writing on the subject of fog and ice: "Icebergs, during the season of 1880, were unusually numerous, and no great surprise need have been felt at hearing of an accident by collision with some of them. The wonder is that catastrophes were not of more frequent occurrence, considering the great number of vessels that are continually crossing their track, which track unfortunately lies in a region where fogs are notoriously prevalent.... Steam-whistles may be heard and stationary dangers avoided, but the much-dreaded ghostly-looking iceberg is as silent as a tombstone, and, like that emblem, death reigns in its vicinity. The sorely beset navigator, with his heart in his mouth, prays for a deliverance from the wall of ice that his fancy fears may be in his track, and which he is conscious that his own watchfulness or that of his officers may be unable to avoid. To stop the ship entirely at such times would be the safest course, but taking into account the protracted duration of these fogs, even those companies who discountenance taking risks, and whose principle is to subordinate everything to safety, may well hesitate before instructing their commanders to adopt such an alternative..... But to every thoughtful sailor who has considered these two o'ertopping dangers of Atlantic navigation—fog and ice—the prospect of escape from them is not altogether hope-

less. . . . . And I now, as the representative of a nautical experience in these troubled waters, aver that I never began a voyage across them without a fervent aspiration that I may once more elude these special dangers that lie ahead of me, or close the voyage, when I have escaped catastrophe, without a prayer of thankfulness." This article was written by a Cunard steam-ship master of many years' experience in the service, and describes the western route heretofore followed by three-fourths of the steamships in the trade during the ice months. For the eastern track I submit the following remarks from abstracts of two ships, one crossing 50° W. in 42° N., the other in 40° 30′ N., with the explanation that the longitude of the two ships did not differ more than two and a half degrees; that both ships were within seven miles of the same meridian at noon of the third day; that they sailed from New York and Philadelphia respectively on the 28th day of May, 1881; and that the logs continue only to the fortieth meridian, or to the eastern limit of the ice region.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.	FROM NEW YORK.
May 29. Fine weather; 5 hours fog.	Light airs and hazy.
30. Pleasant weather; no fog.	Light breeze and hazy.
31. Fine weather; no fog.	Light breeze and fog.
June 1. Fine weather; no fog.	Light breeze and hazy; then clear.
2. Pleasant weather; no fog.	Moderate breeze and fog.
3. Rain.	Moderate breeze and fog.

After reading the above abstracts there may be a doubt as to which ship was in the safer track, but certainly none as to which of the two masters was the more comfortable.

As will no doubt have been seen by those who have followed me thus far, the object of this article is to advocate a more southerly route than the one heretofore followed by steam-ships running between ports in the United States north of Hatteras and the English and Irish Channels during the fog and ice months. For more than thirty years steamers continued to run over the middle of the Grand Bank, and *viâ* Cape Race, through fog and ice in those months, but since 1873 have been gradually edging to the southward—therefore toward clearer weather and a region less infested with ice.

The recent articles and letters on this subject were inaugurated by Captain McKay, of the Cunard steam-ship *Parthia*, whose communication, quoted from above, was published in the London *Nautical Magazine*, and also in the New York *Herald* in May, 1881. Frequent articles have appeared in the *Herald* strongly urging an adoption of steam lanes and of a more southerly route than the one heretofore followed. That these articles have made an impression may be easily perceived on noting the average crossing of the fiftieth meridian from March to May inclusive for the years 1880 to 1882. After more than five seasons' experience on both routes, I am convinced that the safest track is the crossing 50° W. nothing to the north of 40° 30′ latitude, and of 47° W. nothing north of 41°, for any crossing to the north of those parallels is liable to the risk of fog between the fifty-third and fortieth meridians, or directly in the region where ice prevails. I do not mean to state that fog will never be encountered to the southward of this track, but I do not hesitate to say that it is very rarely fallen in with, and that in six years' experience on this route I have not averaged three hours of fog each season between the above meridians. In 1881, the most foggy season known for years inside the Gulf Stream, and far into it, I only experienced two hours.

That fog and ice are the most dangerous obstacles to the navigation of the North Atlantic by steam-ships must, I think, be admitted by every one with practical knowledge of the trade; and if they can be avoided by a more southerly course than the one heretofore followed, surely the additional distance is hardly a consideration to ships capable of making three or four hundred miles a day. If such a route can be followed, is it not the imperative duty, if not of the companies engaged in the service, surely of the governments interested in the trade, to ascertain the southern limit of the fog in those months when ice is liable to be met with; and if they can not compel ships to follow lanes, at least to designate the track by which they may escape these dangers. Two of the least expensive vessels in the British or American navy in one season alone could almost determine the matter. With clear weather, night or day, the danger of collision with ice is infinitesimal; with fog, steaming full speed in a powerful screw-steamer, collision is inevitable with

icebergs that be in their track. In clear weather the danger of collision with other vessels or with each other is very slight; in fog, with the best seamanship and the greatest vigilance possible, you are at the mercy of every negligent or inefficient officer who may have charge of the deck of a passing vessel. It therefore does not need asserting that the track where the least fog is encountered is the safest, and where there is no fog there is absolutely no danger to a first-class steam-ship, if the ordinary vigilance and attention are exercised. We have had no government survey of the Gulf Stream for the last twenty years. Is it not time, considering the importance of this traffic between England and America, that the two countries co-operated in ascertaining the limits of these fogs in the ice months, so that at least the eastern passage could be made with almost a certainty of avoiding them, and those who preferred the assurance of clear weather to the one or two hundred miles that could be saved by running the risk of encountering fog might have the certain knowledge that immunity from it was only a question of taking the longer distance?

Captain McKay, in a letter on this subject published in a contemporary magazine, and republished in the New York *Herald*, proposes a conference of persons best capable of pronouncing an opinion upon it, and states that "no ordinary warning can disturb our sense of security. It is only on the occasion of some unlooked-for calamity, attended with loss of life, that we can be awakened from our lethargic indifference." Commander Maury, on the same subject, writing in 1858, says: "The merchant steamers plying between Europe and the United States during the year 1857 made no less than 374 passages. There was therefore, on the average, no less than fourteen steamers in transit on the high seas during the whole year, which would give seven for each lane. These steamers transported, besides their own crews, 54,700 persons as passengers." And again, "The crowded state of the sea renders the recognition and use of these lanes a matter of more and more importance every year." If those arguments were advanced in 1858 to show that some understanding was necessary to prevent or mitigate the danger of collision between steamers in this trade going in opposite directions, how much more potent are they to-day when as many steam-ships clear from New York alone in two days as were then in transit between the two countries at one time, and when instead of 54,000 persons being transported, there were last year more than 800,000!

The following is a description of the ice and fog region by Richard Brown, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., in his *Notes on the Northern Atlantic*. "Although all the known rocks and shoals can, with common prudence and care, be easily avoided, there is one source of danger, lying at certain seasons in the path of the mariner, from which the stoutest ships, navigated by the most careful officers, can not always escape—the icebergs, those pests of the Atlantic, which have probably been the cause of more losses than all the storms and tempests. Hundreds of vessels which have started under the most favorable conditions from the ports of Europe and America, even in the finest season of the year, have never reached their destinations. Their loss has never been accounted for, and there is every reason to believe that they have been sunk by unexpectedly coming in contact with icebergs. These immense masses of solid ice, sometimes as much as a mile in length, and two or three hundred feet in height, are brought from the arctic regions by the great Polar Current, along the eastern coast of Newfoundland, toward the Great Bank, which they generally reach in March, but occasionally as early as January .... Icebergs are met with between the parallels of 41° and 49° and the meridians of 43° and 53°, an area of more than 200,000 square miles. But they have occasionally been seen to the eastward as far as 40°, and to the westward as far as 61° west longitude.

"If the atmosphere between these limits was always clear, there would be no cause for fear, but unfortunately the Polar Current and the Gulf Stream, which meet to the southward of Newfoundland, not only by their counteracting forces keep the bergs within the limits above indicated, but also, by their widely different temperatures, create fogs, which envelop the berg in impenetrable clouds..... Although the storms of the Atlantic on the course of the Gulf Stream are the causes of frequent disasters, it is evident from the preceding facts that the greatest danger is to be apprehended from the unwelcome presence of icebergs on a tract of ocean.... extending over an area quite as large as the

whole of France." To which may be added that on the 25th of February, 1875, I passed large fields of ice between 43° and 43° 30′ N., and 49° and 50° W.; and in April of the same year I passed bergs and large fields of ice between 41° and 41° 30′ N., and 50° and 51° W.; and that in the last week in February of the present year one of the regular steamers in the trade steamed 270 miles to the southward to clear field ice.

This article is written with the firm conviction that, with the appliances of modern science, and in the light of present experience, the passage across the Atlantic in properly constructed ships can be made as safely as that from New York to Brooklyn, either by steam lanes or by going far enough south to clear the fog and ice. If we are to continue running through dense fogs and thick snow-storms in steam lanes, the sooner ship-masters are liable to criminal proceedings for steaming at full speed, or faster than dead slow, under those circumstances, the better it will be for all concerned; but in any event this is not a question as to who proposed this or with whom originated that particular scheme, but as to when by some practical method crossing the Atlantic in first-class steamships may be made absolutely safe for passengers, crew, and property.

USES OF SHAKSPEARE OFF THE STAGE.

THE present century has been far more just to Shakspeare than he was to himself. Without the least extravagance it may be said that he has ascended to a new and higher sphere in the firmament of intellect than any which he contemplated in the utmost reach of his imagination. Beyond the theatre as "a jovial actor and manager," with the pecuniary rewards it brought him, he seems to have had but little aspiration. Yet without doubt he was conscious to the full of the want of harmony between his genius and the professional position he occupied, and not less so of the moral quality lying beneath that genius. Pathetically enough the sonnets reveal this sense of sharp incongruity, as when he refers to the "guilty goddess" that did not provide better for his life, and adds:

> "Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Charles Lamb, in his essay on the *Tragedies of Shakspeare*, "considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation," speaks of these lines as an instance of the poet's "jealous self-watchfulness," and of the impossibility of any true congenialness between him and any actor on the stage. Gervinus seems to think that Shakspeare's dramas ought always to be studied with reference to their relation to histrionic exhibition. Surely the great critic was nodding at this point. Histrionic art is essentially imitative art. It is limited by the senses. Except through their avenues, it can give no ideas to the intellect as the perceptive nor to the imagination as the image-making faculty. What emotions this art excites are those purely sensuous. If this be true, Shakspeare can be but imperfectly comprehended by means of an art restricted within boundaries so narrow.

One who has visited the exhibition of Madame Tussaud's wax figures, Baker Street, London, can easily recall the impression made on his senses and the sense-intellect. And he can remember, too, what a deadening effect the splendid collection had on his imagination even while the mimic artist of the fancy did its best to enforce the pleasing illusion. Suggestion had no freedom of activity, and the mind, obedient to the restraints of sensation, refused to enter its loftier realm of personal elements as distinct from the lower organic constituents. Now this is largely the case with histrionic representation. The actor may be a Garrick, a Macready, a Forrest, a Booth, each with the vigor and compass of adaptive genius, and yet it is wax-work *plus* the embodying vitality of oratorical or dramatizing art. The intellect of the senses is wrought upon, aroused, intensified, but no more —first and last, no more. Who has time or inclination to detain a sublime thought, to watch the beautiful undulations of a grand conception in its rhythmic sweep, to trace an image as it opens its flower on the stalk of the subject? Nothing is received but crude impressions, their intermixtures with the accidents of the hour thrown in miscellaneously on the open receptivity of the mind, and no opportunity allowed for the least exercise of analytic power—the greatest of educative forces. Unquestionably these impressions are strong in the mere sensational intellect, but it is at the expense of the reflect-

ive faculty, the law being that the maximum of sense-activity is the minimum of the higher mental energy. Actors and spectators, disguise it as we may, are not much else than splendid intellectual animals, the more spiritual mind for the time being in abeyance. Sense and spirit will not, can not coalesce. Laodamia would have it otherwise. But no; Wordsworth says:

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains."

I must beg to refer to a point made above, viz., the imitativeness of histrionic art. On a clear comprehension of this fact much more depends than casually appears. Three forms of the imitative faculty are known. The first is seen in certain animals, as the mocking-bird, the parrot, and the monkey. This is mimetic, and is the lowest sort of imitation. The second form shows itself in man, and consists in mechanical copying or slavish fidelity to a pattern. Literalists in social manners, in art, in religion, are examples of this automatic or semi-automatic action. Their brains are instinctive photographers, and never miss a physical likeness. Far above this quality is original imitation, which Raphael and Rubens had in painting, and Virgil and Milton in poetry. This original imitation borrows an idea or a form from an object or a person, takes it into itself, assimilates it into its own personality, transfigures it into its own image, and reproduces it something altogether new. It went into its digestive functions as food from flock or field. It passed through various processes, many of them by night in dreams, in unconscious moments, Nature silently working out the results with her consummate skill. Or, at definite stages of development, volitional attention comes in and superintends the evolution. Whether conscious or unconscious, it is a creative act that gives the borrowed form or idea a well-defined *imprimatur* of originality. Raphael's Sergius Paulus in the cartoon of Elymas, and Milton's speech of Satan, "Better reign in hell," etc., are illustrations of this creative imitation, which is no more of a plagiarism than blood is a plagiarism of bread and meat.

Now, in the actor's case, it is assuredly not creative imitation, in any high sense, which is brought into exercise. Some room is found for it, but not to the extent of stimulating any great quality of thought. If it be said that the actor must be a close and analytic student of Shakspeare, I reply that this is true. Yet, nevertheless, the study is not to learn how to think, but how to represent to the senses of the audience. Further than the mere dramatization to eye and ear the performer has no concern with his task. Obviously such was Shakspeare's idea as conveyed by Hamlet in his speech to the players. "Trippingly on the tongue," no mouthing. "Do not saw the air too much with your hands," nor "tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings"—these and such like instructions give the poet's estimate of the player's work. If a man were no more than a vitalized piano or organ, the same advice might substantially be given him. At best he is simply an interpreter; the ideas and language are prepared to his hand, and he has no employment for his personal qualities beyond mechanical rendering. To do this effectively is an art. Call it, if you please, a rare art; but no one can deny that its chief merit lies in the physical organism, and hence its excellence mainly consists in the subordination of mind to matter. To identify it with such an interpretation of the hidden meanings of nature as Wordsworth gave in his poetry, or with such inventive imitation as Smeaton put forth when he converted the buttresses and trunk of an oak-tree into Eddystone Light-house, is downright absurdity. And consequently what the mass of theatre-goers enjoy is not the intellect of the drama, but the intellect of dramatic representation; not the "feast of reason" nor the "flow of soul," but the feast of the animal senses and the flow of animal blood in the swollen arteries feeding the brain.

Of late years men have come to understand that Shakspeare off the stage is far superior to Shakspeare on the stage. Two men, Goethe and Coleridge, have contributed largely to this result. To them are we mainly indebted for that new method of criticism which has lifted the great dramatist out of the company of mere playwrights, and exalted him to a transcendent position among philosophic thinkers. The characteristic of this criticism is that

it deals with the laws of mind as mind. Its fundamental principle is that Art is generic, and as such founded in the essence of our nature. At the same time it regards the arts as specific—functionally different, although integrally the same. No sooner was this view accepted than Shakspeare rose to the rank of an elect genius among philosophers and poets. And his supreme excellence was seen to consist in the fact that behind the dramatist was a man who combined in a marvellous degree of symmetry and strength the distinctive attributes of the abstract and concrete mind. No partition stood between his faculties. Each was eminent in its place. But it was their ease of instant co-operation, and the facility with which one glided into the other, that made him the typical representative of Art in its wholeness. Shakspeare's merit is not in this or that perfection of a specialized quality. History, fiction, oratory, physiology, law, statesmanship, æsthetics, poetry, may claim a share of him—only a share, however—and meantime the man himself is undisturbed, and holds his personality intact. And it is this man, William Shakspeare, standing back of these fragmentary shapes of himself—all of them fluctuant attitudes of a steady and vast substance—that is the educative and inspiring Shakspeare. It is not the brilliant constellations in the nocturnal heavens which fill us with a sense of infinity, but the heavens themselves containing these in the scope of their infinitude. So, too, it is not Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, that furnishes a student with an adequate conception of Shakspeare. For it is not his thoughts, but his thought, not his ability, but his capacity, not his reality, but his ideality, that endows Shakspeare with such immeasurable influence over one who has learned, as the consummation of all his learning, how to study him as the master-teacher outside of the Holy Scriptures.

So far as my observation has extended, nothing has impressed me more in the recent advances in education, and especially in seminaries, colleges, and universities, than the importance attached to the study of Shakspeare. For years past I have been engaged in teaching Shakspeare, and I speak from long experience when I say that I have never found an author so useful to advanced university students. The utility is of a peculiar kind. I attach but little value to Shakspeare in training the acquiring faculties, though I have witnessed very considerable results in this respect among the higher grades of scholars in high schools and seminaries. The special worth of Shakspeare lies in arousing the intellectual consciousness, and making known one's power to one's self by quickening the suggestive faculty, and through it the creative functions. Of course this presupposes rigid mechanical training. Unless this has been undergone, Shakspeare is not of much use. My best students have been those accustomed to the discipline of the ancient classics, of logic, and mental philosophy. I have noticed, furthermore, that the percentage of satisfactory progress has been unusually large. The quality of the success, moreover, has been uniform, while the quantity has varied by reason of mental idiosyncrasies. One effect, as might have been expected, was very marked, viz., the increase of original activity as apparent in essays and speeches. So then I have concluded that Shakspeare surpasses all writers in exciting the spontaneous energy of educated young minds. At a certain period of development this is just what is wanted. Too much stress can not be laid on strict and continuous formulation in the education of young girls and boys. In no other way can the spinal brain, the medulla, and the cerebellum be trained to the service of the cerebrum, and through it to the offices of intellect. Habits have their basis in the lower forms of the brains above mentioned, and habits are fundamental to education. But this is a short-lived season. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty years most minds expand in the direction of spontaneous activity. The higher instincts, which had been wisely kept dormant, begin to awake and to demand recognition. And whereas in the former period—a period of probationary apprenticeship by means of mechanical routine—the main thing had been to train the intellect by volitional attention as the only way to secure habits of acquiring knowledge, the distinctive feature of the subsequent period is the initial transition to spontaneous or creative energy. Just at this epoch in the history of the mind's normal growth I have found Shakspeare admirably suited to carry on the change, and forward the instinctive movement in the right direction. After twenty years' trial I have met with no author comparable with him in this specific work.

About the time, then, that the mind indicates this budding and blooming of the higher faculties (say from sixteen to twenty years of age), it is evident that a young person takes his first steps in the pathway of *culture* as distinguished from *formal education*. Viewed in the light of mental physiology, education is very much a matter of the spinal brain, the medulla, and the cerebellum, as subsidiary to the cerebrum. Hence the absolute need of formulæ, of repetition, and of exactness. Respect must be paid here to the precise literalism of the senses and the animal man. Culture is a very different thing. Culture, self-culture, is the life-long form of our development. Instinct and impulse are now to have their way, and if they have been restrained till their proper season of emergence, they can be safely trusted. The future man begins to prophesy what he will be, and not seldom what he will do. Broken, indeed, are the syllables of utterance, often hesitant, perchance muffled, but the listening soul catches the confused intonations. One thing, however, is very audible, viz., that self-culture has commenced. Why is it that Shakspeare is so very helpful at this traditional era in the career of mind? I doubt if my answer be satisfactory. But it seems to me that Shakspeare was such a natural thinker, so fully obedient to instinctive laws of mind, so wholly inartificial, and so perfectly unwarped either by education or culture, and accordingly so entirely true to his own impressions, and the impressions themselves so thoroughly harmonious with the objects by which they were produced, that he finds a most ready access to a student's intellect and sensibilities in their conjunctive activity. Much more than any author Shakspeare addresses the whole mind of man. Like the poet's cloud, if he "move at all" he "moves altogether." Now this sort of aid is a great gain to a young student feeling his way among "the hazards of an untried state." For in nothing does culture differ more widely from routine education than in summoning all the faculties and their functions into coalescing activity. In acquiring knowledge, nerves and blood, lungs and heart, senses and brains, must be kept in perfect quietness. A little overheat about the head, a momentary impulse, a sudden spasm of emotion, may instantly vitiate a process of perception, of memory, and of the faculties engaged in obtaining facts. Like photography, stillness is necessary. Not so in creating. Then the blood must go in larger quantity to the brain, feeling be intense, imagination be vivid, the entire nervous system must be energetically alive, while the muscular system is held in repose. Then, too, the glandular apparatus is acutely active; if not, sensibility is defective, and, in creating, a want of feeling is worse than a want of ideas. From these facts it seems to follow that, in acquiring, the intellect is most busy; in creating, the mind co-ordinates all its powers; and hence that the difference between the intellect and the mind marks the general distinction between acquisition and creation.

I consider culture to consist for the most part in developing the original or personal faculties of a man as distinguished from those which are organic and common to him with others. And here, as said before, I have found Shakspeare singularly beneficial to advanced students. Of all men, however, he must be studied as to his method of thought. To acquire a knowledge of the mind's laws is the first requisite of self-culture—that sort of culture which constitutes our higher development after colleges and universities have finished their work and given us over to ourselves. By the mind's laws I mean its modes of operation. In Shakspeare these laws, so far as necessary to our profit, are not hard to reach. Much, indeed, is occult. But this occultness usually exists in the embryo of his thought; the method of development is generally very clear; his judgment in managing an idea is unequalled; and it is to this evolution that the student should direct his closest attention. Not a man's thoughts, *but his way of thinking them*, that is, his peculiar method, is what educates us in the *art of thinking*. Let me suppose that a student who has reached manhood is interested in mastering *practical* intellectual philosophy. The theory has been learned from Sir William Hamilton's or Dr. Noah Porter's great works. Very well; admirable as these volumes are, our student soon finds that he must teach himself, and he resorts to Shakspeare. One of the earliest things taught him by experience in thinking is the need of activity and scope in his associations and suggestions. Thoughts are not like dew-drops, each formed by itself and standing alone, but they resem-

ble a current, in which drop has mingled with drop, and a flow has set in. How shall he learn the flowing art? Obviously by having at command a large fund of associations and suggestions. But how acquire this prolificness? In so far as this is acquirable, the best plan I have ever adopted is to study Shakspeare for weeks or months, when I had an hour or two a day of leisure, and to shut off from view everything else in him except this single habit of his vast genius. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Scene 1, we have Salarino detailing associations connected with a cargo at sea, while in Act V., Scene 1, Lorenzo and Jessica give the associations of "such a night as this"—two widely unlike orders of associations, but each befitting the occasion, and growing naturally out of the surroundings of the parties.

If we turn to Macbeth, we find the connection of his ideas determined by the precise stage of his maturing guilt. The conflict within him goes on; the advance and retreat; the aid of the infernal and the resistance of the natural; the final loss of all equipoise; the overwrought imagination, parleyed with too long, winning the mastery, and dictating images to the senses; and in these fluctuating states, and on to the final deed, the associations vary according to the mood dominating his mind. If, again, we analyze Hamlet's amazing power of association, we see its roots in his impressionable temperament, while its gigantic trunk and branches appear in the sudden arrest of his quiet and intellectually luxurious life at the university, in his intensely painful and bewildering attitude on his return to Elsinore, and in his utter incapacity—such being the excessive productiveness of the imagination—to keep an idea sufficiently long in contact with reason and judgment to actualize it by the firm decision of his will. I take him to have been a hysterical person, whose capacity for nervous transitions was only paralleled by his magnificent endowments. This is seen in the character and opulence of his associations. A sensation multiplied itself in a score of sensibilities, each weaving a new web until the net-work spread over the whole mind. There is no limit to his suggestions. Observational, philosophical, logical, poetic, they have a diversity and a breadth of compass which Shakspeare allows to no other one of his characters. Yet the peculiarity which isolates him from all the products of Shakspeare's genius is morbid sensitiveness to himself. And this proceeds from the paramount habit of his mind, viz., brooding on his intellectual impressions, and creating therefrom endless images altogether self-born with which to fill the vast circuit of his mental vision.

These illustrations may possibly afford the student some insight into the variety and extent of Shakspeare's power of association. If he wish to trace the lowest order of associations, those simply organic, he will find this in Dame Quickly and Fluellen. My object is merely to show the student how he may take a single law of the mind and examine its operations. Thus, in Falstaff's hostess, Second Part, *Henry IV.*, Act II., Scene 2, we have an intellect controlled by physical impressions, and hence the associative power acts solely by means of the sense-organism. Where the associations are tangled up in this way with nerves and ganglia, any philosophic or logical continuity of thought is impossible. Year after year the bluebird, the wren, and other birds come to the same localities, unless disturbed, and build their nests where they were hatched. Dame Quickly's memory seems only a higher form of the same animal sensations. At the other extreme we have Hamlet, whose imperious imagination, working on the raw materials of ideas, shaped them into phantasms of himself and his sorrow, so that the associative faculty ran wild on the side of acute sensibility. These two persons, antipodes in mind, are yet similar in this respect, that the associative power is disproportioned to the other mental faculties; in the one case, overexcited by bodily sensations; in the other, by diseased sensitiveness. Nor will the student fail to see in due time how this surplusage of intellectual activity in the associative function invades the judgment, and in Hamlet's case has no small agency in wrecking his splendid abilities. According to the dramatist, association and suggestion have two opposite sources, and are most active at two extremes of mind, viz., sensational consciousness and acute emotional impressibility.

Keeping in view the fact that our student is learning from Shakspeare the art of *applied* mental philosophy, I beg to suggest to him another exercise which will invigorate his creative faculty. This

consists in tracing the *formative idea* of his dramas from the genesis to the final development. I have found this stimulating to advanced scholars. Suppose that *Macbeth* be chosen for this purpose. At the outset the formative idea stands forth in bold distinctness when the weird sisters confront Macbeth in their mysterious blending of the palpable and the shadowy. A basis is laid instantly for a tragic interest of exceptional intensity. The storm; the wild lyric smitten from the tempestuous elements; the scene upon the heath; the congruity between the murky solitude and the three sisters; the silent prophecy of impending destinies in the troubled air, and the meanings articulated to Macbeth and Banquo, who are open, in the flush of victory, to personal impressions touching their fortunes; the emphasis of the words "*to meet* MACBETH"; and the very unlike effect of the sisters on Macbeth and Banquo—are most vividly given. Shakspeare in none of his plays starts on so high a level. But he keeps the mountain ridge, abode of cloud and storm and mystic terror, all through the movement, and he sustains the movement with an intenseness never less than breathless. Throughout the play the "*supernatural soliciting*," either as cause or consequence, is ever present. Like many a man of very mixed nature, demon and angel struggling for the mastery, Macbeth could hardly have gone over to the side of his bloody ambition without foreign help. The help is at hand, for it is help to which he is voluntarily accessible. If human nature, even in its worst hours, had merely to struggle with itself, the problem of responsibility would be far easier of solution. Shakspeare was too wise, too well informed by the teachings of Christianity, to make such a blunder as portraying Macbeth in solitary conflict with himself. That conflict is re-enforced first by the sisters, to typify the infernal element in temptation. Next it is augmented by his wife, to provide for the human constituent in the probation of the will. After Duncan's murder, the wife reacts; her desire for "sovereign sway and masterdom" is satisfied, and Shakspeare saves her to womanhood, not only by her not being a party to the subsequent murders, but by her constancy and tenderness of devotion in efforts to interpose between Macbeth and utter ruin.

The ruling or formative idea holds its prominence to the end. Remorse sets in: "All is lost, and naught gained;" "O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!" Deep opens into deep, abyss into abyss; darkness and attending horror compact themselves in closer folds about his soul. But the "*supernatural*" goes on. And in the "dark cave" what a symbolism of realities! The procession of apparitions, the march out of darkness back into darkness, the armed head, the bloody child, the crowned child upon whose "baby brow" is worn "the round and top of sovereignty," the typical tree, the stately appearance of the eight kings—what is it all but the consummation of the "*soliciting*"? Thence goes Macbeth to perfect his overthrow. It is his last draught of hellish inspiration; and ere long Birnam Wood moves up as the shadow of death to the battle-field, the billowy gloom rolls to and fro in its hastening vengeance, "the powers above put on their instruments," and Macbeth, nothing left him but his valor, falls by the hand of Macduff.

This is an admirable lesson in adhesion to a constructive idea, and Shakspeare is nowhere more of a profound intellectual philosopher than in this specialized form of skill in *Macbeth*. There is no fate or destiny. Neither the weird sisters nor Lady Macbeth originate his purpose, nor force it, nor execute it. First and last he is Macbeth, and they are his accepted auxiliaries. Tremendous auxiliaries they are, but only so because he has a tremendous nature, not to be dealt with otherwise. Nor must our student neglect to mark how supremely concentrative the great dramatist is on his leading principle. No diversion, no episodes, are here. There is no zigzag in this lightning. What is most noticeable is the unconscious presence of the ruling conception aside from its direct manifestation. The potency of the weird sisters is never so operative as where no outward sign appears of their influence. And this shows us what a hold the formative idea had on the poet, since the real force of a great truth exhibits itself much more in the unconscious deportment of the mind than in the conscious. Just here, too, our student will realize a very important fact in higher culture, viz., that creative energy of intellect has very much to do with the workings of "unconscious cerebration." A perfect mystery it is; but mystery may be turned to good account in self-development. To gain the benefit

of this "unconscious cerebration" the student must store up his materials, and give them time to adapt themselves by hidden interaction to one another, so that they may shape themselves *intuitively* to their own ideal. Among the secrets of the brain this slow fermentation does its work—a very vital work, we are well assured, and one fraught with singular benefits. More than in any of Shakspeare's plays, this law of unconscious adaptation seems to indicate itself in *Macbeth*. The supervision of will and purpose is perfectly obvious. But it is only supervision. The inventive art, the buoyant and elastic vitality, the prodigious momentum, impress one as subterranean forces. How much is suggested by the mother of the Maccabees when she says to her children, "I know not how you were formed.....nor how the life you have received was created"! Most true is this of the offspring of the mind, and nowhere among the wonders of Shakspeare so wonderful as in *Macbeth*. For every man, and especially every man of genius, dwells in an invisible world—invisible to himself no less than to others—and out of its hallowed solitudes the resplendent idealities of beauty and grandeur rise to vindicate his ancient glory as the image of God.

Let not our student, however, be content with following Shakspeare's formative idea from the introduction to the close of a dramatic movement. To my mind, the poet's skill in paragraphic completeness is one of his greatest endowments. It is desirable, therefore, that the student make a business of finding the paragraphic idea in Shakspeare, and tracing out the consecutive charm of its evolution. For illustration, I select Hamlet's famous soliloquy: "To be, or not to be—that is the question." After familiarizing himself with the circumstances then surrounding Hamlet and his precise state of mind, let the student notice that here are two ideas or propositions, one of which is "*To be*," the other "*Not to be*," and the shape they assume covers the ground of "*the question*." How has he reached such a condition of mind as that this self-debate is possible in a prince of more than princely intellect and character? Nature slopes the way to her towering Alps, and the rapids of Niagara, far above the rocky precipice, announce the approach to the cataract. Shakspeare is careful to prepare the access for an impression so profound as this soliloquy is calculated to make. We have heard him in the words:

> "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
> Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
> How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

And we know what happened after that—the appearance of his father's ghost, and the convulsive emotions passed through subsequently: the fierce struggle, the aroused passion fed every day with fresh nutriment, and the inventive anguish never weary of its unavailing task. Only a touch or two of introduction, the King's words to "sweet Gertrude," her brief address to Ophelia, the remarks of Polonius to his daughter, the King's exclamation aside, "O heavy burden!" and we are prepared for Hamlet's soliloquy.

Its constructive art brings out in forcible contrast the dual thoughts "To be" or "Not to be." On the side of "*To be*," is it "nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"? On the side of "*Not to be*," "or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them." The antithesis proceeds. "To die, to sleep," and then, "no more," and by this sleep "to say we end the heart-ache".....'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." But there is a reaction: "To sleep! *perchance* to dream; —ay, there's the rub." And this "must give us pause"; and the pause vindicates itself in the consideration, "respect," which reconciles us to the "calamity of so long life." Then follows the enlargement of the same thought, the "whips and scorns of time," and the inventory of life's wrongs and sorrows, and our willingness to endure it all because of the "dread of something after death," the recognition of conscience as a warning and restraining power, and the inability of the will to assert itself against the moral sense. And then, "Soft you, now! the fair Ophelia!" Could there be a fitter close to such a soliloquy than,

> "Nymph, in thy orisons
> Be all my sins remember'd"?

So far as æsthetic art is concerned, this is perfect. The prevalence of long vowel sounds, the interplay of strong consonants, the adjustment of the fine harmony, the succession of single metaphoric words, and the expansion toward the close, the measured cadence of the whole movement, like

a funeral march, indicate exactly the weighty pressure on his utterance. But its chief excellence appears in the complete outworking of the paragraphic or formative idea, viz., "To be, or not to be," as a "question" under discussion. The mood of Hamlet is one of sadness, of intense self-dissatisfaction, and of distress beyond mitigation. Now, according to Shakspeare's reading of the human soul, what is the function of moods? What office do they fill in the mental economy? Moods are sources of suggestion; moods color the images of the imagination; moods may settle into habits, and organize the nerves into their service and support. Our capacity for moods is intimately connected with our capacity for suggestions. Despite of all this, however, the conscience remains in its enthronement, and the nobler faculties, though intermittent in their highest activity, yet hold themselves aloof from the fluctuant disturbance of moody sensitiveness. To organize sensitiveness into true and balanced sensibility is the lesson the wise dramatist teaches.

In studying the law of moods our student will derive uncommon help from Shakspeare. Insight into this great fact of our mental nature is one of his chief endowments, if indeed we can use the word "chief" in such a connection. By virtue of this law we ascertain all the relations of ideas, become cognizant of their various aspects, and take in their entire bearings. By virtue of it we assume different angles of observation, and while the object of investigation is stationary, we revolve as it were around it, and contemplate its relativity on all sides. By virtue of it, furthermore, we are many men in one man. Our moods of buoyancy and depression, of alacrity and lassitude, of hope and despondency, enlarge our capacity of discernment, and by means of their variation we complete the circle of impression. In the culture of judgment, the highest faculty of intellect, moods are invaluable. No man ever forms a fine judgment unless he have the quick susceptibility of transferring himself from mood to mood so as to receive all the influences of a subject. By the goodness of our Creator it is a compensation for our imprisonment in a small body with only five senses. Moods multiply the five into scores of inlets; and thus the soul, transcending the narrow limitations of its material lodgment, has many eyes to see and many ears to hear. Of all thinkers, Shakspeare had the widest and most effective command of moods. Because of this, he impresses us at more points than any other writer, and hence it may be said of his dramas, without reserve or qualification, that "age can not wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety." The world is just beginning to appreciate his true merits. And henceforth his uses off the stage will be far better understood. For he is certainly destined to become the Shakspeare of the college and university, and even more the Shakspeare of private and select culture. Nor will he ever be perfectly himself and perfectly at home anywhere else.

A ST. AUGUSTINE EPISODE.

TOWARD the close of a February day Mr. Lawrence Howland stood in the doorway of the St. Augustine Hotel, at St. Augustine, Florida. He was smoking a cigar and looking at the Plaza. From the sickly turf and sandy paths to the old slave mart and the monuments, all had impartial scrutiny. He showed none of the pleasurable excitement of a new-comer, but had rather the air of a proprietor inspecting an estate from which he had been long absent. He was a tall, powerful fellow, with a sunburned face and strong features; his brown hair and mustache were crisp and curling; his gray eyes moved quickly, but no detail, however trifling, escaped them. He appeared altogether a shrewd, successful, somewhat aggressive man.

Finding nothing to disturb him in the aspect of the Plaza, he strolled along the piazza, and surveyed that portion of the town stretching south toward the barracks and parade-grounds. Here, too, the prospect seemed to please him, and with a lingering glance at the waters of the basin rippling gently against the wall and wooden piers, he went down the steps to the Square. Ankle-deep in sand, he passed groups of negroes and Spanish half-breeds squatting in the sun, and entered the club-house opposite the hotel.

He found no one in the parlor; but he loitered there, looking about with the expression of a man thoroughly pleased by recognizing objects long familiar and approved. A very pretty room it is, with the ceiling, walls, and floor of Florida

pine polished to the highest degree, with its easy-chairs and low tables littered with pamphlets and Northern newspapers of no very recent date. "This is something like!" he exclaimed, in our indefinite but expressive idiom, as he passed out to the veranda overhanging the water. Here he found several men enjoying the view through clouds of tobacco smoke. They all recognized him, and shook hands with him heartily.

He threw himself into a chair, stretched his legs, looked up at the sky and out at the sea.

"This is something like!" he exclaimed again. "How it does rest a fellow!"

Nobody answered. The men preferred to smoke, and let him talk. He took off his hat.

"It is so refreshing to come back—really to come back! You can't talk about coming back to a place that tacks on a quarter of a mile of houses every six months, and people get a new address every year or so. This is last year reproduced, and the year before, and the year before that too. And"—casting his eyes over the sails in the harbor—"there's Benton's yacht, and Field's, and Curtis's. There are Pomp and Pyrrhus swinging their heels over the wharf, and that black imp Thomas Jefferson. That boy never grows except in breadth."

He paused a moment, and took some change from his pocket. He tossed a coin over the railing to the African with the name so suggestive of a country.

"Here, Jeff, you young rascal! Catch that, for old acquaintance."

Jeff, who had been reclining on his stomach and elbows, kicking his bare legs in the air, turned over, and was on his feet before the coin fell. He bent his body in acknowledgment till the top of his head almost touched his toes.

"Thank you, Mister Howlan'—thank *you*," he said, with a broad grin; then shuffled down the pier to announce to his companions:

"Mister Lorry Howlan' done gone come agin. Ya! ya!"

"Remembered me too, the young beggar," Howland went on, more to himself than to his torpid audience. "Every one here remembers you. Looks as if memory developed at the expense of all other faculties in Southern latitudes."

A sharp slap on the back cut short his soliloquy.

"How are you, Howland? Glad to see you!"

Howland looked up at a short, stout man, and held out his hand.

"How are you, Travis? You here too? I see that your etching of the fort is still on the wall in there. Don't make another. Old things are best, no matter how bad."

"Which remark does not apply to manners," retorted Travis, raising a laugh at Howland's expense.

This interruption roused the other men from their apathy; they bestirred themselves, and expressed some interest in the latest news from the North. Howland gave them a great deal, and in return for his budget was treated to morsels of St. Augustine gossip, highly spiced to suit the climate.

There were stories of losses at pool, difficulties over cards, flirtations of young married women—a mess of exaggerated trifles, the distinction of retailing which has passed from the old maids' tea table to the club.

To do Travis justice, the coarsest stories were his. Everything about the man was coarse—his physique, his mind, and his manners—yet, having the reputation of being a wit and a good fellow besides, he was received and apparently highly considered by gentlemen. Howland disliked him, and frequently expressed his dislike by a familiarity that verged on impertinence. To him, as a late arrival, Travis addressed most of his talk, and one by one the other man lounged away.

Howland listened civilly; his worst enemies could not accuse him of priggishness. There were times when he yielded to the fascination of Travis's reputation, and was amused by him, but to-day he was disposed to find him in every way repulsive. Travis was conscious of Howland's mood, but that, far from repressing him, only served as an incentive to greater effort. He liked the stimulant of irritating a fastidious man. His stock of personalities was inexhaustible, and not one individual moving about the pier escaped his comment.

"Who is that slim fellow over there talking with Curtis?" asked Howland.

"That is Dick Grey, of Charleston. Is it possible that you don't know him!"

"No," said Howland, indifferently, fearing he had provided another subject for dissection.

"He owns that schooner yacht, the *Wahonowin*," Travis resumed, drawing up his chair and winking confidentially. "He is a regular fire-eater, nursed on the code duello, and full up with South Carolina heroics. Has a wife, too, whom he keeps over in Fernandina. He spends most of his time here on his yacht—healthier for the crew, you understand. Wife is a beauty, but no go about her; don't know how to manage that boy, who hasn't had his fling yet. What right has he to a wife? What right indeed?"

Travis heaved a fat sigh of commiseration with the neglected wife, and shook his bald head.

"And that reminds me, Howland—that reminds me of our tip-top sensation; the town's talk; the prettiest girl in Florida. Gad! I have reserved my forces."

A slap on the knee roused Howland from the abstraction into which he had fallen through sheer indifference to Grey of Charleston and his affairs.

"Hold on, Travis. Do let the girls alone."

Travis overlooked the protest.

"A delicious thing. It seems that this girl got engaged last summer at Newport to Dick Grey's younger brother. He was just of age, and had just come into a large fortune. The cleverest bit of feminine manipulation you ever heard of. She is superb, but not in her first youth. The boy was a tremendous catch, and had been skillfully landed, when in rushed a devoted family, and literally dragged their baby off. Chagrin and rage on the part of the pretty angler, and a Southern trip for repairs. By-the-way, shouldn't wonder if you knew her—Miss Rosamond Tryon, of New York."

Travis had reserved a name which, if mentioned at first, might, he shrewdly suspected, have given Howland an excuse for a vigorous interruption. The effect produced when he uttered it was gratifying. Howland sprang to his feet and flung his cigar into the water.

"It is an infernal lie!" he exclaimed.

Travis stood up too, and fastened his hands round his short neck with a mocking gesture of self-defense. Howland looked at him angrily, waiting for a reply. None came, and he broke out contemptuously:

"I suppose you only repeat what you have heard—a vile fabrication. You probably do not know that I have the honor to be a near friend of Miss Tryon's. That I deny the story is enough, and—"

He stopped abruptly, and made a sudden movement toward the house, jostling Travis somewhat roughly. He passed through the hall, out to the pier, in pursuit of a young woman whom he had recognized as Miss Rosamond Tryon.

He had said that he had the "honor to be a near friend of Miss Tryon's," and as far as his relation to her could be expressed, this was strictly true. He admitted to himself that she was the only woman he had ever loved, or could ever love. Other women had attracted his fancy, and some had appealed to his mind as much more suitable and comfortable for marrying purposes; but she stirred his imagination, she upset his dearest theories of what a woman must be to be loved, and the bare possibility of her marrying any other man was intolerable. He had often been on the point of declaring his feeling, or rather his feeling had often almost mastered his intentions, but at the critical moment a mocking word or glance from her, or what he majestically chose to consider a frivolous act, chilled him like a cold wind, and he retreated to the fastness of the position of a near friend. He was just then not quite sure that he wanted her enough, or he was not at all sure that he could get her, and the mortifying prospect of a flat "No" interferes not a little with what might be.

Now as he strode down the pier, his face flushed with an angry remembrance of Travis's rough handling of her name, he was all in love with her. She walked rapidly with a free, easy movement. She was a conspicuous figure, wearing black skirts and a close-fitting cloth jacket of a hue æsthetically known as Bordone's red. She had a slender neck and sloping shoulders, and she carried her head superbly, making the most of her height, which was scarcely above the average.

Howland had the benefit of her few minutes' waiting at the end of the pier for a boat to come round, and when she turned to descend the steps he was close beside her.

She held out both her hands, and a smile of greeting lighted her face, a delicate, pale face, with fine features and dark, shining eyes.

He took her outstretched hands. "How are you? How well you are looking!"

She drew her hands away, saying, cold-

ly, "I shall be sorry that I did not snub you from the beginning."

"But I mean what I say," he insisted, bending his head to hers. "And I am so glad to see you, and so glad that I have come!"

She averted her head, for her pleasure at seeing him was still in her eyes, nullifying the indifference of her quiet manner and voice. She had felt before a great joy in Howland's rare outbursts of enthusiasm over her, and close upon it there had always come a corresponding sense of desolation and discontent. Now she was hardened against an influence for submitting to which at all she had often bitterly reproached herself.

"You seem to be bubbling over with gladness and satisfaction," she said. "Whatever may be the cause, I am sure that I am not. You are going out with me?"

An ardent assertion to the effect that all his happiness centred in her was on Howland's lips, when a voice coming up from the water forestalled him.

"Come right along, Miss Rosamon'. I's gwine to take care of you to-day."

Howland, looking down, saw his young friend Thomas Jefferson. Miss Tryon and he glanced at each other and laughed. Jeff rolled his eyes, showing the whites, with much reproachful significance.

"I's a mos' reli'ble nigger. Tell you, Miss Rosamon' knows dat."

All right, Thomas Jefferson," said Howland, formally. "I should like to take care of the young lady myself to-day."

"I have the most implicit confidence in you, Jeff," said Miss Tryon, as she stepped on the boat, seeing the youngster's annoyance, and his disappointment. "You don't think there is any danger, do you? Perhaps you had better watch us from the pier."

Howland shivered as if struck by a northeast wind, and his temperature went down to zero. The smile given to Jeff, the very intonation of her voice, ought, according to his exacting notion of fitness, to be given to him exclusively by the woman whom he could regard as his future wife. What a fool's paradise he had strayed into for five minutes! and how nearly he had stooped to beg for favors strewn broadcast without a thought! Once and for all he made up his mind about Rosamond Tryon, and again he would walk the friendly way with composure.

Miss Tryon's appeal to Jeff smoothed his ruffled plumage deftly, and an amiable grin expanded his ebony visage.

"Glad Mister Howlan' knows you've got 'plicit conf'dence in me," he said, with impressive solemnity. "Glad he sees dat. Neber you mind, Miss Rosamon'; you's all right long as Jeff's got his eye peeled."

With this parting assurance Jeff pushed off the boat, Miss Tryon taking the tiller-strings and Howland the oars. Howland pulled north from the pier, remarking that the wooden piles driven only three years ago were already worm-eaten, and black as if with age. The appearance of rapid decay pleased him; new things were so incongruous in St. Augustine, he said; and, bringing his eyes round to his companion:

"You harmonize with this place admirably."

"Because I am old?" she questioned.

"Nonsense! You know what I mean."

"Yes. You have often been more truthful than polite to me."

"If you are going to force me to explain, your coloring, your easy ways, the repose of your manners, all suit the place."

"The explanation makes me feel better. You knew I was here?"

"Yes, oh yes. We have managed to miss each other since last spring, but I generally know where you are."

"You came here to be with me?"

The question was distinctly ironical, Howland's answer as distinctly direct. He was strong in the virtue of his recent resolution.

"No; I always come. I am St. Augustine's most devoted lover. I would rather take my holidays here in February than anywhere else in August. Your being here is a great addition to my comfort and pleasure, you know."

She laughed heartily.

"I like your frankness." And yet, from the contraction of her straight eyebrows, it might be doubted whether she found such candor gratifying. Miss Tryon was a woman of many methods. She had quick perceptions, and a taste for studying character. For each individual she formulated a treatment based on her observation. Her success was indisputable. The head-work was too clever to excite suspicion. For Howland, it must be confessed, she had never been able to contrive a system that would work smoothly for any

length of time. He openly admired her, and as openly criticised her. He quarrelled with her frequently, and was banished in consequence. He made his term of exile long or short, at his convenience, and when he came back to her acted as if they had parted the day before on friendly terms. She had long ago acknowledged that he took audacious advantage of a weakness in her character which she could not regulate. She could now even forgive his regarding her as a harmonious adjunct to his comfort and pleasure, as filling in any incompleteness in the satisfaction afforded him by the languor of the semi-tropical atmosphere and the peace of the half-ruined town.

Howland, as he rowed, was mentally groping for the facts in Travis's choice morsel of gossip. His indignant denial had been an impulse, but after the impulse passed, even now, when he was regarding Miss Tryon in the cold light of a woman not worthy to be loved, there remained the conviction that she had not been guilty of the folly attributed to her. She might be heartless, possibly a trifle unscrupulous, and capable, in extreme need, of marrying for money, but she was too proud to expose herself to ridicule by marrying a man several years younger than herself, and in point of experience a child.

They drifted round with the current out of the opalescent color into the black shadow of the fort. There Howland rested his oars, and his eyes met Miss Tryon's inquiringly.

Then, by one of her quick intuitions, she grasped his thoughts.

"You have heard," she said, with some contempt.

"What?" he asked, not startled into betraying himself.

"About me."

"That you were here? Yes. I told you so."

"I am not thinking of that; neither are you. You see, Lawrence, I am unfortunately wise. I know the weak points of most men as well as I know my own. The best of you enjoy what you call 'a good story' about a woman. The fact of the matter is, you have recently heard 'a good story' about me."

She was not annoyed; she was actually smiling. Howland knew the great extent of her power of self-control, but her perfectly natural manner relieved him of the suspicion of the existence of ugly facts.

Whatever the truth might be, Miss Tryon had preserved her dignity.

"You ought to give me the credit of shutting my ears to a good story about you."

"Strange things happen by accident. If you have not yet heard, you certainly will hear soon, so I am going to anticipate, and tell you myself. *They* say here, and have been saying everywhere, since last July, with the coarseness which distinguishes *them*, that I entrapped Lewis Grey, a boy of twenty-one, into an engagement of marriage, wishing to become mistress of his liberal income. The boy was rescued from the snare, so the report reads, by his relations. He jilted me—jilted me, Rosamond Tryon! What do you think of that?"

Her eyes met Howland's, wide open, and with a flicker of amusement. There was no bravado in her position. She was simply so secure of herself that this scandal which had roused Howland's fury touched only her delicate perception of the absurd. "How much of it is true?" he asked.

He admired her self-reliance, but he disliked it all the same. He wished she were intellectually more pliable, and that she would either quiver before injustice or resent it, as any other woman would—as all women should. She did not answer his test question. He took up his oars, and pulled several erratic strokes.

"Thomas Jefferson is having a fit," she said. "Look at him."

Howland glanced over his shoulder, and saw in the distance their guardian making wonderful gestures with arms and legs.

"Jeff disapproves of my vigor," he said, and rested again.

"Happy Thomas Jefferson!" she reflected. "He has sunshine and roses all the year round. He imagines himself the one indispensable person in the universe. After all, I think the conditions of happiness very simple—a Southern climate and unfathomable self-esteem."

She leaned back, arranging the cushions of her seat. Her air was one of well-bred composure, and her voice had that reserved intonation cultivated by what we are pleased to call "society." A less assured man than Howland might have doubted whether she had ever broached with him

any topic more personal than Thomas Jefferson, and the philosophy to be extracted from his mode of living and mental qualities. He looked at her intently.

"You are not treating me fairly. You are acting as if you meant to snub a curious, impertinent jackass."

He meant to hear the truth. Because of his long friendship for her, he meant to hear it from her own lips. He drew a quick retort.

"Why should you take the story so seriously? Why should you assume that there is any truth?"

"It is my habit to take serious matters seriously; and a report reflecting on a woman's dignity is always serious."

Her face became grave.

"So that is the way you look at it, is it? Well, I won't quarrel with you. I will gratify your curiosity, or, let us say, interest. Last summer I went on a cruise with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Grey in the yacht *Wahonowin*—there she is." (Miss Tryon pointed to the yacht formerly indicated by Travis as belonging to the young Southerner.) "I detest yachting, and I merely went as a practical evidence of sympathy with my friend Nellie Grey. She needed that, for she was unfortunately married to a man who had no right to a wife—a man who had not had his fling, you understand."

"That seems to be pretty well understood about Grey," Howland interrupted. "I have heard it twice to-day."

"Then you have gossiped—you have heard," she said, quickly. "No matter. My friend Nellie was fighting circumstances in a feeble, blind way, and I thought I might teach her philosophical resignation. The outlook for me, you must confess, was dull. There were no men but Dick and his younger brother, who, Nellie said, would not count in my estimation. I soon found out that Lewis Grey would count when he chose to be counted. He was very handsome, he looked older than his years, and he had an enthusiastic temperament. He had lived mostly in London and Paris with a set of men much older than himself."

"A bad training," said Howland, taking a grim pleasure in picking holes in this youthful paragon.

"Yes, as a rule. His manners and ideas were those of his associates; his spirit was not of any nationality or set; it was entirely his own, bright, fervid, and pure. I studied him attentively, and enjoyed it. Our companionship was natural, easy, and satisfying. Such a pity that it could not last. One night he spoiled all by indulging in youthful emotion. There was divinity in that too. You may screw up your eyes incredulously as long as you please, but there *is* something divine in the passion of youth."

"He made love to you?" Howland asked, with a faint smile. It seemed a simple question and natural, but his heart beat faster, and he could hardly command his voice. He knew that many men made love to her, but he hated to be told about one particularly.

"That is our expression, but not as you understand it, not as I ever understood it before. You don't believe that a form of the old, old story new to me could be devised?"

Howland resented her putting any construction on his definition of the phrase "to make love." How did she know? He had never made love to her. He would like to show her; but no—he would not either. He had made up his mind about that. He answered, evasively, "I believe, at least, that Grey is a young man of originality."

"That is intended for a disagreeable sarcasm, but I don't care." Her voice was now marked by that distinctness which denotes great interest in the subject. "He had idealized me, and I had not suspected it. I suppose it was the superior quality of his love-making that roused the intangible something which is best in me. I behaved very well; I tried to quench the fire; I laid bare all my weakness and inconsistencies, my worldliness and my cynicism. In spite of all, he loved me. That night I devised an excuse for leaving the yacht as soon as possible. The next morning I detected a change in the social atmosphere, caused, as Lewis afterward told me, by his having confided in Dick, who had enough appreciation of his conjugal rights to share his troubles with his wife, and make his impressions hers. So he ran to her with the news, and the assurance that I was merely putting Lewis off, intending eventually to marry him for his money. I inferred all that while peeling an orange. I was not angry, nor indignant, nor humiliated, as I am not now. I only changed my mind about going away, and determined to stay and torment my dear friends. I relied on

my abilities to repress Lewis, making it appear to his solicitous relatives that I encouraged him. I was anticipated. Very soon Nellie announced, with profuse apology to me, that she could not stand the sea any longer. We were to run into the nearest port, and Dick would escort her and me by rail to our respective parents at Newport. Lewis was to come round by sea, pick up his brother, and go off on a long cruise with some men. The plan was carried out with one deviation. When Lewis reached Newport he staid. His brother staid too, and his mother was there, fondly anxious. They could not keep him away from me. There is, unfortunately, no law to prevent a man from dangling after a woman. I can not tell you how I delighted in seeing the *Wahonowin* lying idle in the harbor. When I oppose people, I oppose them wickedly. In August my father carried us off to Canada, and I ordered Lewis abroad. He went under protest, and consented to stay six months. I have kept him about me out of opposition, but that is the extent of my sin. I have told you the truth."

Howland pulled the boat round. "Steer straight for the pier," he said; "the tide is running out."

"I may as well say," she added, "that the six months have expired. The Greys are here. The family may have more police duty to perform."

Howland's face had set into hard, uncompromising lines.

"I hope not," she went on. "I sincerely hope the boy will stay away. Yet if he should come, and if they should aggravate me, as they will—"

"Boat ahoy!"

Miss Tryon glanced back at a wharf they had just passed, and saw a gig rowed by two sailors rapidly approaching. She leaned over the boat, scrutinizing the man who had hailed them.

Howland saw the color leap like a flame to her face. "The devil!" he exclaimed. "Don't tell me that the fellow has come!"

The boats neared each other and stopped. The stranger took off his hat, and held out his hand to Miss Tryon. Howland received three distinct impressions—that the man was handsome, that he was ill, that he was very much in love. Miss Tryon presented Mr. Grey. Grey glanced at Howland for a moment, then his eyes rested again on her face. Howland reflected: "It would be amusing, if it were not pathetic."

She gave a meagre return for this rapt devotion. She asked, in that even society tone which Howland detested, when Mr. Grey had come, and how and where he had been for six months. She multiplied her questions.

"I have been sick most of the time," he said.

She looked at him then closely, and an expression of dismay crossed her face. She controlled herself quickly, but he had seen the expression.

"You are shocked. I suppose I am fearfully changed. I took a heavy cold going over, and it has clung to me since as only unpleasant things do cling. No matter. Ailings are not interesting. I am detaining you. When shall I see you, and where? I am at the St. Augustine myself."

"I am not," she said, the calmness of her voice disturbed. "I hardly know when I shall be at home. I will write you this evening."

"To-morrow—some time to-morrow," he begged, as the boats separated.

"If possible," she said, then turned and faced Howland. The expression of dismay had settled about her like a cloud. She took up the tiller-ropes mechanically, and again headed the boat for the pier. Howland watched her. By a strange mental process he felt his sorrow and his pity passing from Grey to the girl before him. He had never been sorry for her before, and the sensation occupied him. The sun had sunk behind the islands girding the basin, and the splendor of purple, scarlet, and yellow was slowly fading. Pleasure-boats were crawling to their berths, the sails hanging limp, as if out of patience with the stillness. A dozen lawn-tennis players came trooping down the wall, rackets in hand, and their voices rang like bells across the water. The loungers on the club piazza, strongly reenforced, were smoking long pipes and looking. Thomas Jefferson, poised on the bow of a boat, drew Howland's in to the steps. He condescended to praise: "You done right well, Mister Howlan'. Scared me once, but you come round all right. Carry your cloak, Miss Rosamon'?"

Miss Tryon tossed him her cloak, then suddenly appealed to Howland: "What am I to do? Tell me what I am to do."

"Let him alone," he answered, laconically.

"How dull you are! He will not let me alone. Have I not shown you that I am not to blame at all?"

She was walking rapidly, the only outward sign of inward perturbation.

"You seem to have meant well enough," he said, rather doubtfully than cordially. "There has not been so much evil of intention as of fact. I am not apt to sympathize with your disappointed lovers, but this boy is going to die. Let him die in peace. Let him alone."

"You are very cruel."

"When you ask my advice, I give it on the supposition that you want it," said Howland, with unbending gravity. "Where do you live? Am I to go home with you? or are you too angry?"

They stood by the wall a moment to avoid the dust raised by a party on horseback galloping across the Square. Miss Tryon took a deep breath, almost a sigh. It suggested to Howland that he had been severe, but still not unduly so. As the equestrians drew rein before the hotel, she stepped into the sand, gathering her skirts daintily in her hand. Whether she meant to take Howland's advice or not, whether she felt the shadow of a tragedy hanging over her or not, she puzzled him.

"We are keeping house in picnic fashion," she said, "my maiden aunts and I. You are coming home with me to tea."

"Keeping house!" he echoed, cheerfully, content to get rid of a disagreeable topic. "Then of course I am going to tea. I shall become a perpetual teaer-out, only I must always be smiled upon, and never asked for advice."

"We will emulate Jeff in grinning, if that will be an inducement," she answered, laughing. The laugh was forced, and troubled Howland, making him half believe that he had been too hard. "Our housekeeping, with limited convenience, will astonish you," she hastened to say. "And as I am caterer, I must look about for something nice. I hope you will overcome masculine prejudice so far as to carry one or two of my parcels."

Howland expressed his willingness, and they walked leisurely down Charlotte Street. They had to exchange greetings with various Minorcan ladies and gentlemen who deal in palmetto hats and pet alligators, and who lean in doorways, "'twixt the gloamin' and the mirk," chatting in their queer lingo, while keeping an eye upon the passing tourist. Resisting all temptation to enter and inspect new and wonderful treasures, they strolled on down the darkening street, stopping to purchase what Miss Tryon considered necessary for tea, until Howland cried, "Enough; let us go home."

"I have one visit to make first just here," she said, pointing to one of the oldest and most picturesque houses on the street. It was of stucco, and seemed to be principally roof, which roof was covered with delicate wistaria blossoms and pale pink roses. Miss Tryon pushed open the door, and ushered Howland into a cold damp passage built of cochina. The door swung to, leaving them in darkness.

"Stand where you are," she said, "and I will let in some light."

She groped her way along, and fumbled about the wall, until she got hold of an iron chain. She pulled this with all her strength, and, from the creaking and groaning, Howland thought that the whole wall was being loosened from its supports.

"Come quick!" she cried, as a feeble ray of light struggled down the passage; "I can't hold this door a minute."

Howland took the chain out of her hand. She slipped through, and he followed quickly, this door, like the former, slamming behind them. They had entered a square bit of desert, inclosed on three sides by a rickety wooden fence surmounted by wooden palings which tottered from their own instability, for there was no wind. In the centre was a round stone well, and small shining lizards were squirming over its rough edges. In the farthest corner was a trellis, concealed by gleaming ivy and jasmine yellow with blossom. The air was faint with the fragrant breath of flowers. Miss Tryon lifted the tangled curtain of the trellis, and stooping, passed beneath.

"We are coming to the rose garden," she said, and in a moment they had entered the "gardens of Gül in her bloom." The ground was carpeted with rose leaves; roses were springing up to the hand, bending above the head, and brushing the face. Howland leaned against a fig-tree, and abandoned himself to the charm of the color and fragrance and misty light of the rising moon. Miss Tryon walked down the garden, calling, "Pedro! Pedro!"

Immediately a voice answered in a language which Howland did not under-

stand, but supposed was Spanish. The peculiarity of the voice was its age. Following or with the voice came a man, bent almost double, and pushing his way through the rose-trees with his elbows. Howland had a curious fancy that this was none other than the noble butcher Pedro Menendez de Aviles, doomed to a deathless life near the scene of his atrocities, discovered by Miss Tryon, and become her abject slave. Presently the figure stood still, bent lower, and Howland felt a wretched certainty that the miserable Menendez was kissing the girl's tan-colored glove.

They advanced together, the tall young woman bending the nodding crimson plumes of her hat to the old man's face. So many years had passed over this face that all expression was blotted out; it was a brown, wrinkled, leathery caricature of a face, with eyes like sparks twinkling beneath bushy eyebrows. Howland inferred at once that Menendez and Miss Tryon were on intimate terms, which impression was confirmed by the fact that she was talking Spanish. He critically observed that the words fell from her lips slowly, but he had no doubt that Menendez believed he was listening to the purest and sweetest Castilian.

"This is Pedro," she said, by way of introduction. "It is strange that you have not heard of him before."

"But I have heard of him," said Howland, in an injured tone. "He founded St. Augustine in 1565. He massacred the Huguenots, and—"

His historical record was interrupted by Miss Tryon's again addressing Pedro in Spanish, and unexpectedly taking off her hat. She bent her head, and Pedro, lifting a magnificent red rose, reverently fastened it in her hair. Howland noticed that his fingers were wizened and hooked like a crab's claws, and that they trembled. The grave simplicity of the little ceremony made Howland feel as if he were a commonplace intruder on a mystic rite, and involuntarily he lifted his hat by way of apologetic acknowledgment.

"She is so beautiful and good!" said Pedro, in English. "I used to pin a red rose in the hair of Mercedes, sixty years ago, in Barcelona. She too is from Barcelona."

Miss Tryon only smiled, and Howland did not dispute her right to the citizenship of Barcelona.

They talked for a little while about the roses and figs and oranges, and Howland decided that the centuries had developed qualities in the matchless desperado Menendez more harmless than those which had distinguished his early career. At last they said good-night, and Pedro, murmuring a Spanish blessing, let them depart as they had come.

Once more in the street, Miss Tryon offered an explanation of the episode. "Is it not pathetic? I buy my flowers of him daily; but the red rose is a love gift, an offering at the shrine of an inamorata of Barcelona, one Mercedes, young, and of course beautiful, sixty years ago. Think of it! I like to imagine that Mercedes was cruel, and drove her lover from her, and it pleases me to think that Pedro has forgiven her, and forgotten all but her youth, and that he loved her. I wonder, too, if sixty years hence any one will remember that he used to—let us say—fasten my glove?"

"The odds are in your favor. You are so tremendously popular."

"Quite true," she answered, quickly, "and my popularity is very dear to me. Here we are at home. Prepare for my maiden aunts."

The maiden aunts, stout and stylish, welcomed Howland most cordially. Their temporary home was in a large wooden house facing the sea. There was a broad veranda running completely round, with Doric pillars supporting a broad flat roof, which formed an open-air extension. The house stood some ten feet back from the street, and the ground between it and the inevitable wooden paling was grown with coarse grass, yellow rather than green in hue. Giant water-oaks shaded the second story extension, and the withered branches formed arches waving their trailing mosses in mid-air.

"The place is not old enough to be picturesque," said Miss Tryon, apologetically; "and, besides, the bald architecture is not capable of relaxing into picturesqueness; it can only drop into ugly dilapidation. I would have preferred a Spanish ruin in stucco, with cold corridors and low arches; but the comfort of these rooms and large chimneys won my aunts."

The rooms on the second floor were large and lofty, with whitewashed walls and ceilings. The only color was in the India shawls of the ladies doing duty as *portières*. The furniture was massive

and clumsy, of solid mahogany, black with age. In cavernous fire-places pitch-pine logs sputtered and blazed, darting vivid streams of light into gloomy corners.

"It is perfectly charming." So Howland expressed himself to the maiden aunts as he sat before the fire in the front room. "Was it Rosamond's idea?"

They assured him that it was Rosamond's idea. They added, with loving elaboration, that there never was such a girl for ideas as Rosamond. And Howland, watching her moving about in the fire-light, believed that they knew her best. He forgot to criticise or doubt her.

After tea they went outside, on the extension in the rear, which overlooked numerous rose-filled courts and stucco ruins, all soft golden browns and warm reds and yellows, touched caressingly by tufted cocoa-palms. There was no sound but the trickling of a thin stream of water from a much-damaged Cupid in the garden beneath them. All Howland's news was told and remarked on in subdued voices.

Howland had no desire to disturb the scene by taking his departure. He would not have objected to staying there until he too should fall into a picturesque ruin. Nothing but unconcealed yawns from the aunts could have started him to his feet to say "Good-night."

"You must take in our sea view before you go," said Rosamond. "It will never be more lovely than to-night." She led the way to the front of the house, and they passed out through the long window. "Look at that!" she cried, with an outward sweep of her arms. "Is it not worth living to have seen that once?"

Howland stood beside her looking at the black bastions of Fort Marion, their jagged edges defined against the sky; at the harbor, lying still as if afraid by a ripple to waken the sleeping craft on its bosom; at the moonlight glancing on the white sloping beaches of the islands, and silver-tipped breakers tumbling up over the bar and reluctantly receding.

"Dream-like and indistinct and strange seemed all things about them."

Howland's resolutions vanished, and he exclaimed, suddenly, "I have been brutal to you to-day, but—you will be good, and let the boy alone."

"I wish you would let him alone yourself," she said, with surprise. "And whatever I do, it will not be because I am good."

"I might have known that," he cried, angrily, and turned away from her and went down to the street. For hours he wandered through the silent moon-lit town, fighting his love for a woman so lost to all sense of generosity and of right, such a slave to her love of personal power and personal pleasure, calling the moon and stars to witness that he cast her out from his heart forever.

After Howland left her, long after the aunts had called her and gone to bed, Rosamond stood looking over the water with that cloud of dismay marring her beauty. When, as she fancied, the waves made a dash and swallowed the moon, she went in, quietly closing the window behind her.

She sat down by a table furnished with writing materials, and wrote rapidly:

"My dear Lewis,—You must not come to-morrow. You are not to come at all. If you stay in St. Augustine, I shall go away, and I am sure you do not want to put me to any trouble. I shall always remember with reverence the love you have given me, who am so unworthy of it. I can only hope that in the future you will feel that what I am doing now is best for you. Rosamond Tryon."

When Howland presented himself the next morning, he found the ladies sitting on the front balcony in the shade of the oak-trees. The aunts were embroidering conventional dahlias and asters on sage-green cloth. Rosamond was reading aloud. Howland's entrance made only a momentary interruption. For half an hour the remarkable rhythm of a fashionable poet (the aunts tolerated none but fashionable poets) fell in musical cadence from the reader's lips. At noon precisely a shrill voice came up from the road:

"Hi! hi! Miss Rosamon'! Here's de phayton for de ladies."

She closed her book, answering: "Very well, Jeff. The ladies will go down presently."

The aunts arose and folded their Kensington. Rosamond brought bonnets and wraps. Howland escorted the ladies downstairs, and saw them fairly off on their morning drive. He had not asked how Rosamond intended occupying the morning, but whatever her plans, he meant to share them. He made a distinction between casting her out from his heart and from his life. He meant to study her

now. As he re-appeared in the window she said:

"I wrote to Lewis last night. I shall not see him."

"That is all right. I was pretty sure you would." Whereas he had been perfectly sure she would not.

She was argumentative. "It was not an affair of conscience. I had sent him away, and he deliberately came back. I was not to blame. Here was an excellent chance to revenge myself on the family and the gossips, if I had cared in the least. I did it"—here she lifted her eyes to him—"I did it to please you, because you asked me."

"The deuce you did! I shall begin to regard myself as a missionary."

"But I shall never do anything else for you as long as I live."

She stood up, tossing a piece of moss over the balcony, and walked to the window.

Howland was leaning against the sash, his hands in his pockets.

"Then there is no earthly good in my asking you to sail, or ride, or walk?"

She had entered the room, and taken a note from her maid. Not stopping to open it, she passed into the room beyond, and drew the curtains behind her. She was very angry. The signs of deep anger in her were familiar to Howland. He had roused it often, but then he had always had the right of the quarrel, and had never felt any remorse.

This time his provocation had been unjustifiable. She had dismissed her lover to please him, and he ought to have acknowledged her graciousness appropriately. Pleasing him was a mere caprice in her, but it was a caprice flattering to him; it was magnanimous, considering the way he had bullied her. Clearly he must apologize at once. He strode across the long room, wishing very distinctly that Grey had died if there were no other way to keep him from St. Augustine, feeling that he would have some trouble in setting himself straight with Rosamond, and that he might never regain his former irreproachable position.

"May I come in?" he called.

"Yes, come in," she answered, faintly.

He parted the curtains and went in. She was standing by the empty fire-place, her hands dropped before her holding an open letter. A certain desolation in the chilly room, in the girl's listless attitude, struck Howland coldly, coming as he did from the light and warmth of the noontide. He knew that she had heard bad news, but he rushed into his apology.

"I must beg you to forgive me. I am very sorry—"

"No matter," she interrupted, still faintly, still looking down at the ashes of last night's fire. "You said yesterday he was going to die. Read that."

She held out the letter, which Howland read.

"I am going away from St. Augustine. I shall not annoy you much longer. I had a hemorrhage last night after returning from the yacht. The doctors thought I would not last till morning. I have rallied, and have read your letter. They say I may give out any moment, but I know I shall live until I have seen you. My brother understands that you are to see me. Come as soon as you can."

"What are you going to do?" asked Howland.

"I am going to the St. Augustine Hotel. You had better wait for me; but don't speak to me just now."

He went out again to the balcony. He was profoundly shocked by this news, coming close upon his wish that Grey had died. He experienced a few minutes of real agony, in which it seemed to him that his wish, not the hemorrhage, was to kill a man of whom he had never heard until yesterday. As this superstitious horror passed off, it was followed by a rapid survey of the immediate future. His first glance at Grey, sitting bare-headed in the boat, had convinced him that the young fellow was in a critical condition, but he had expressed his conviction to Rosamond with some exaggeration in order to be emphatic. Now, as regards a hemorrhage, that was not always fatal, and Grey had youth, great vitality, and a strong will in his favor. He might survive in spite of the doctors; Howland sincerely hoped he would; but if Grey's temporary recovery should mean that Miss Tryon, through pity or self-reproach, might commit the folly of marrying him, Howland as sincerely felt that he would be disgusted. Even then, when the probabilities were all on the side of death, he coldly—cruelly if you will—made up his mind that he would prevent such folly.

Miss Tryon called him from the stairs, and they walked down the hot, dusty street together. She did not speak until they were entering the hotel.

"Be good enough to send for Dick Grey, and tell him that I am in the parlor," she said, and then they separated, Howland crossing the hall to the office.

In a few moments Grey entered the parlor. Miss Tryon shook hands with him. He was embarrassed, speaking with hesitation, and avoiding her eyes. After a short conversation they went upstairs to a corner room facing both the Plaza and the sea. Grey opened the door, holding it for Miss Tryon to pass, and closed it behind her. She crossed the room to a low bed by a window, where Lewis was lying. She knelt by the bedside, and looked anxiously at his face, flushed for the moment with the joy of seeing her. He was just then so boyish and beautiful that a flood of pity and protecting tenderness surged from her heart, and she murmured, caressingly, "My poor, poor child."

When she came down-stairs Howland met her. As she had before been silent and preoccupied, she was now excited, and, for her, nervous.

"He will not die this time—no, not yet. It would be better if he could—so much better! He thinks he will not last long. Oh yes, he has accepted that. Still he will fight for life. He fancies that I can do so much to help him. I can—I will. If I could lift him up, if I could put him back where he was the first time I saw him, I would give my own life—life! that is nothing!—I would give my health, my beauty, my popularity."

"I am sure," said Howland, "you would be capable of any extravagance of sacrifice if you once gave way." He was keenly alive to her condition. It was that of highly wrought emotion, which the average woman works off in hysterics. He was intensely sorry for her, but he was glad that she was still amenable to reason and common-sense. "The most admirable thing about you," he went on, "your particular charm and the secret of your power, is that you have an intense nature kept well in hand. I have been talking with Dick Grey, and find that the case is considered hopeless. You can do more to make the boy happy while he lasts than any one else; but you must not hope to accomplish miracles. Don't let any morbid sentiment take possession of you. Nerve yourself to face a real crisis, and sink your imagination."

Miss Tryon resented this practical advice hotly, but it influenced her conduct. As the days went by, she proved her capability for self-sacrifice. All her favorite pursuits were abandoned to satisfy the demands made upon her by Grey. When he was well enough to spend an hour or two daily on the piazza, her devotion became apparent to the town. It was considered an entertaining exhibition, but by its openness disarmed scandal.

"Somebody blundered," Mr. Travis declared. "She only cares for him as a woman cares for a sick child. That's plain enough to us; but, mark me, it is not so plain to Lewis Grey."

Three weeks had passed, and the invalid's convalescence seemed assured. Howland watched the progress of affairs carefully. He could not divine what Miss Tryon proposed to do, and it was becoming every day a matter of greater urgency to him that he should. Grey was already planning a trip to Nassau on the *Wahonowin*, and if Howland measured his man correctly, he would not go to Nassau without Miss Tryon. He would go nowhere without her—not the length of the piazza.

One afternoon Howland stood by the hotel steps trying to devise a scheme which would lead Miss Tryon to confide her intentions to him. It was difficult to hit upon an idea that exactly filled requirements. He chatted idly with Thomas Jefferson, who had entered Grey's service, and who had given up basking on the pier for sprawling in the sand before the hotel.

"Mister Lewis don't care for nothin' but me and Miss Rosamon', tell *you*, Mister Howlan'," Jeff asserted, in reply to some remark. "Look at 'em now in de corner!"

Howland looked up, and saw Grey bending his head toward Rosamond, and talking eagerly. She was perplexed and pale. Howland ran up the steps, and said, peremptorily:

"Rosamond, I want you to ride with me. You don't look well. You need exercise."

A look of relief crossed her face. "I will go with great pleasure."

"Not now—not just yet," said Grey.

"Yes, now," she insisted, gently. "It is getting late. Jeff will stay with you, and I shall see you again this evening."

"This evening! That is so far off!" he exclaimed, with an invalid's petulance.

"Don't think of it in that way," she said, more gently still. "I have a notion for a dash through the scrub. And there will be to-morrow, and days and days after that."

Howland knew that her voice lowered with her last words, and that they conveyed a definite promise. His eyes scanned Grey's face, and he saw that the promise was understood and accepted by him — a compact in which his interference was not counted upon, and which he meant that his interference should break, no matter what the cost might be to Grey.

Lewis held her hand, loath to let it go. "I am a selfish brute, I know, but time crawls when you are not here."

Miss Tryon went home to change her dress, Howland to the stables to order the horses.

In half an hour they were galloping over the shell road lying beyond the gates.

Miss Tryon looked her best on horseback. Her light, flexible figure showed to advantage in the severe habit, and swayed perfectly with the action of her horse.

Where the road ends they turned into a thicket of scrubby cedar and cypress, and pursuing a crooked bridle-path, emerged on the shore of a wide lagoon. On the margin, pelicans, "shining with snow-white plumes," were stepping about majestically, and on the farther side was the forest in feathery outline against the sky.

Howland and Rosamond rode side by side, but their conversation was spasmodic, and limited to interjections about the scenery or the road to be followed.

Howland was going to interfere before their ride was over, but he was willing to give her plenty of time to open the case herself. He thought she would open the case; that she had accepted his invitation with that purpose in view. He guessed the tenor of her thoughts, but she kept her own counsel severely.

An hour's ride across the plain brought them to Magnolia Grove—a gloomy, spectral spot, with low afternoon lights shooting through the tangled underbrush. The horses strayed carelessly among the dark-leaved magnolias and the towering cypresses, with their flying banners of moss forming a web-like screen between earth and sky.

Howland wanted Rosamond to dismount, but she declined. When their aimless wandering brought them out again on the plain, the vast expanse of palmetto was aflame, every polished spear reflecting the fire in the sky.

They looked upward, and saw a great cloud, intensely black and fringed with fire, rolling over from the southwest, so low that it seemed to rest on the earth and gather it into its murky folds. As they looked, a sob shook the forest behind them, and through the scrub, low down at the horses' feet, crept a tremulous whistling sound.

"A tornado!" they exclaimed together.

Rosamond tightened the reins in her hand. "We must run for it. How much time have we?"

"Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour."

"We can't escape a drenching, then. Come."

Howland hesitated. "Do you know the deserted plantation?"

"No."

"We can make that before the cloud breaks. You will go?"

"Yes, anywhere. Lead."

"The road is bad in some places; prepare to jump," he called back, leading rapidly in the teeth of the wind, which had in those few moments assumed some velocity, and was shrieking through the forest.

The horses sniffed danger, and flew over the road, kicking up the sand in clouds, skillfully avoiding holes and stumps, and clearing high in the air trunks of fallen pines which occasionally obstructed their path. Howland led the flight gallantly, and Rosamond, bent to the pommel, followed close. For ten minutes they pressed on. They were now in a blinding whirlwind of sand, and the air was full of wild, unnatural sounds. They had met the cloud; it was hanging over them. An uncanny visible darkness enshrouded them.

"Three minutes more — beyond the wood!" Howland shouted, and dashed into a wilderness of swinging vines and tall shrubs.

The horses, never shrinking before the prickly barrier, made straight for a cactus hedge on the other side, cleared it, and landed in a neglected orange grove. In the centre of the grove was a low, shambling structure of wood, which shook and creaked piteously before the blast. Great drops of rain were falling, and to the bewildering noises was added the growl of approaching thunder.

Howland dismounted, and lifted Rosamond to the piazza. "The storm beats here," he said. "On the other side we will be safe, with the protection of lattice and vines." The horses had coolly stepped

on the piazza, and already made their way to shelter.

Rosamond was trembling, and when they reached the sheltered side, sank rather than sat down on a low bench against the closed doorway. "I am all unnerved," she said; "I have snapped.—Oh, that is terrible!"

A thunder-clap burst above them, followed by another and another, white lightning leaped out of the sky and illumined the darkness, the rain beat in torrents, the old house clattered a protest, and the horses uttered a prolonged whinny. Rosamond's trembling became a shudder, and she fastened her hands tight over her eyes in terror.

"I can break open a window and get inside, if you like," said Howland.

"Oh no. It is fearful here. I should die in the darkness there."

She sat shivering like a bird, while for full five minutes thunder, lightning, wind, and rain raged like furies. When the deafening tumult moderated, she sprang to her feet, and stood against the white pillar of the portico. "I have something to say to you. I don't know why I should choose this time or place. Because I have snapped, have lost my senses. You know that Lewis is getting better. He will never be strong. He will always be dependent on loving care."

Howland was standing too. She had opened the case, and his opportunity had come. He was excited, but because she had given way, it behooved him to keep cool. Nevertheless, he could not endure a long explanation.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, impetuously.

"I am going to marry him," she cried, and wound her arms round the pillar, and buried her face.

"You are not! You shall not!"

He did not appeal nor entreat. The words were a command, admitting no question.

She looked up at him. He was beside her, so close that her face brushed his shoulder. "I will. Who is to hinder? Who has a right to?" She gathered her habit in her hand and walked away from him. His gray eyes followed her, never more alert, never more resolute. She turned, and leaned against the pillar, facing him. "Who would dare to hinder me?" she repeated. "It is the only good thing I have ever tried to do, ever been able to bring myself up to. He wants me. He needs me. It would kill him if I were to refuse to marry him now. What have I ever done that has not been for my own selfish amusement? Life has never gone hard with me. No one has ever wronged me. I have no excuse for the selfishness, the heartlessness, the cruelty, which have distinguished me. I was honest to Lewis; there is that much in my favor. All the same, I have almost killed him. Don't you see that I can not undo what is done? I can not put him back where he was. I can only make dying easier, and to do that—I must marry him. And now because I ought to marry him, and am going to do so, I shrink from it—I loathe it. You are strong; you are just; you have always been my friend. You must stand by me. Say that you will."

As she spoke, the words coming rapidly, a torrent of emotion in which self-reproach was the bitterest element, Howland was conscious that his love for her had got beyond his control. He cared for nothing except that he loved her, and that she was slipping from his grasp. He knew that there would be a battle of wills, but his will was the stronger, and he *would* have her. His hands fell on her shoulders.

"You have never done a wicked thing in your life, and I am not going to let you do one now. You shall not marry Grey. I want to marry you myself. Rosamond, I must have you—I must, I tell you."

She was frightened by his force, shocked back to her sober senses. "I ought to have known better than to ask for help to do what I should do unaided. I might have spared you the misery and myself the indignity of this scene." She picked up her whip, and turned it idly in her hands for a moment of silence; then she exclaimed, with some fierceness: "Why have you chosen to throw yourself in the gap? Is it to oppose me—to make what is right harder for me?"

"Because I love you—because I think that as you have liked me well enough to forgive me a great deal, you may some day love me. Please look at me—straight in the eyes."

"I can't—I can't. Let me alone. I am going to marry Lewis."

She went away from him, and stood looking over the forlorn garden, with its unpruned shrubs glistening and dripping

with rain, its grass-grown paths marked by zigzag rivulets. The might of the storm was spent, the gloomy atmosphere had cleared, but thunder was still muttering, and the clouds hung low and threatening.

"We had better go," she said. "Lewis will worry about me, and worrying is not good for him. Be good enough to give me a mount."

Howland mounted her. "I am very sorry for Grey," he said; "but don't think for a moment that I will let another man marry the woman I love—the woman who loves me."

They rode home in absolute silence, as rapidly as the sodden condition of the roads permitted.

Since Howland's love had been offered to her, Rosamond acknowledged that she had never really longed for anything else, but her determination not to accept it strengthened every moment. She had no sentimental pity for herself; she relentlessly applied the terms "perfidious," "infamous," to a woman who, under any temptation, would swerve from the duty which lay so plainly before her.

Howland felt nothing but the exultation of a man who has fought for the finest prize the world has in its gift, and has won. He had won, of course, and the obstacles of Grey's existence and Rosamond's explicit rejection did not trouble him. He sincerely hoped Grey would live to get over his infatuation; he did not want death to secure to him the prize he had won and would carry off.

He threw his reins to a boy waiting for the horses, and followed Rosamond to the piazza. Rain was falling again heavily. The islands were hidden by mist, and great waves rushed over wall and pier.

"I am going in with you, Rosamond," he said to her, standing in the doorway. "I must talk to you now as soon as you have changed your dress."

"Miss Rosamon'! Hi, dere! Miss Rosamon'! Hold on!"

It was Jeff's voice, shrill and breathless. She sprang past Howland, and met the boy running from the gate, his new clothes soaked and mud-bespattered, the whites of his eyes painfully prominent. He caught the skirt of her habit.

"Git yourself ready, Miss Rosamon'. I've got such dreffu! news for you—oh, such dreffu! news!"

She knew what was coming; she had felt it when she ran forward to meet Jeff.

"Tell me quick, Jeff."

"Mister Lewis gone dead, Miss Rosamon'—Mister Lewis gone dead sure."

Jeff buried his face and wept convulsively. There was a moment's silence; then she said, looking out at the turbulent sea, "Tell me all, Jeff—all you know."

Jeff checked his sobs. "It was jest after de big blow come up. He was lyin' on de sofa, lookin' at de water, fingerin' de flowers you brung to-day. I was explainin' about de way to manage a boat when de blow comes on. He was jokin' me. Den de loud clap come, and as soon as I hears dese I see Mister Lewis fallin' back and white—oh, white, I tell *you!* 'Hab de doctor, Mister Lewis,' sez I—'hab de doctor right away.' 'Hand me de flowers, Jeff,' was all he said; and I handed 'em. He put 'em to his lips, and, sez he, so faint, jest like a bref—I hold my ear to ketch it—sez he, 'Tell Miss Rosamon' I shall see her, and—and—take care of her, Jeff.' Den he fell clean back, and de roses, dey staid in his hands, and de smile, it staid on his lips, as ef he seed Miss Rosamon' a-comin'."

Jeff hid his face again in her skirts, and she stood motionless, staring into the mist.

"I will go down to the hotel," said Howland; "I will go at once."

She turned impulsively, and flung her arms round his neck. "I have killed him!" she cried. "Don't go—don't leave me here all alone."

"Dat jest right, Mister Howlan'," sobbed Jeff. "You stay. Miss Rosamon' must be took care of. She ain't got no one now but jest me and you."

IN SANCTUARY.

While pale with rage the wild surf springs
  Athwart the harbor bar,
The safe ships fold their snowy wings
  Beneath the evening star.
In this calm haven rocked to sleep
  All night they swing and sway,
Till mantles o'er the morning deep
  The golden blush of day.

Here, safe from all the storms of fate,
  From worldly rage and scorn,
Thus let me fold my hands and wait
  The coming of the morn;
While all night long o'er moon-lit turf
  The wind brings in from far
The moaning of the baffled surf
  Athwart the harbor bar.

SHANDON BELLS.

CHAPTER IX.

IN STRAITS.

THE high hopes that had been raised by the demand for the first number of the *Household Magazine* were very speedily abated. An ominously large number of the copies came back unsold from the news-venders. Worse than that, as week after week passed, the small minimum circulation on which, after these returns, they had calculated, showed signs of still further shrinking. In these disheartening circumstances it must be said for Mr. Scobell that he played a man's part; he accused nobody; he was not dismayed; nay, he ventured even yet to hope.

"Rome wasn't built in a day," he would say. "A shillin's a good lot. And if the public won't buy it, at all events we've done our best. I'm not ashamed of it when I see it on a book-stall. I'm not ashamed to see it lying on the table of my club. I say there's nothing to be ashamed of about it. I call it a gentlemanly-looking thing. We'll have to be content with small beginnings. Mind, a shillin's a shillin'."

Hilton Clarke, on the other hand, was disappointed, and inclined to be peevish, and openly laid the blame on the management. There was no pushing of the magazine. They had not spent enough money in advertising. Indeed, he very soon showed that he was hopeless of the whole affair; and it was only by the exercise of much tact that Fitzgerald kept him, as far as he could be kept, to his duties as editor.

With Fitzgerald, however, he remained great friends; and it was Master Willie's privilege to listen, for many a half-hour together, to his companion's ingenious and clever talking, that was full of a very curious and subtle penetration in literary matters. Once or twice it almost seemed to him a pity that a man who could talk so well should not write a little more; and indeed on one occasion he went the length of hinting to Mr. Hilton Clarke that the world had a right to expect from him some more definite work than he had already done. They were walking in Hyde Park.

"You mean some substantive publication?" said he, as he crumbled up some bread he had brought with him, and began to throw it to the ducks in the Serpentine, this being a favorite amusement of his. "I doubt whether the public care much about viewy books. They can manage an essay now and again. I have thought of it, though. I could bring together two or three things I have written, under some such title as 'Laws and Limitations of Art.'"

"Why not?" said Fitzgerald, eagerly. Here, indeed, would be something he could triumphantly place before Kitty. No longer would she be able to ask of his literary hero, "What has he done?" "I am sure it would be most interesting," he continued. "I am sure no one could make such a subject more interesting; and it wants clearness; there is so much confusion—about it"

"But some day or other—"

"That is what you are always saying."

"Wait a bit. I say some day or other I mean to tackle something with a trifle more of human nature in it. I might begin it in the *Household Magazine*, only it would be thrown away on squires. Perhaps it would not run to a book."

"But the subject?"

"The Private Meditations of Zenobia's Husband."

"Zenobia's husband—?"

"I forget what the gentleman's name was; most people do; that's the point of the situation. But you remember that the lovely and virtuous Queen of Palmyra *had* a husband; and he must have had his own little thoughts about things. I suppose now," he continued, throwing away the last of the crumbs, and linking his arm in his companion's as they set out again—"I suppose now you think that before writing such a book I ought to go and qualify by marrying somebody."

"You might do worse."

"I doubt it. I shall never marry. Life is only endurable when you have all round you an atmosphere of possibility. Then the unexpected may happen; each new day may bring new relations. But when you marry, your fate is fixed; life is closed, the romance of it vanished—"

"But what do you call the romance of it?" said Fitzgerald, bluntly. "Going philandering after another man's wife?"

"I perceive, Mr. Fitzgerald," said Hilton Clarke, blandly, "that on one occasion I must have been indiscreet. However, as you don't even know the name of

the lady of the cigars, no great harm has been done. Feuerbach, if you remember, maintains that a being without attributes is non-existent. Now a person whose sole attribute, so far as you know, is that she smokes cigars, can only exist a very little bit, as far as you are concerned. The Lady Irmingarde, now: she wouldn't allow even a cigarette to sully the purity of her sweet mountain air."

"The Lady Irmingarde?" Fitzgerald repeated, innocently.

"I can imagine her. A coquettish nose; very blue eyes; a little freckled; a mischievous laugh; and a figure that would go charmingly in a short dress with a milking-pail."

"It doesn't take much trouble to imagine all that," said Fitzgerald. "You can see it any day in an operetta."

"Well, you know, some prefer the maid with the milking-pail, while some prefer a woman of the world, with wit and courage and dexterity, as well as beauty. Don't let us quarrel. In fact, Fitzgerald," he said, in a franker way of speaking, but still with that careless air, "I am rather in a muddle. Who was it who said, 'My mind to me a kingdom is'? My kingdom, I know, sometimes gets very rebellious—tries to push me off the throne, in fact. If it doesn't take care, I'll abdicate altogether. And so, to let matters settle down a little, I am going to retreat for a while to Dover. I was thinking of running down this afternoon—"

"But the article for to-morrow?" exclaimed his assistant editor.

"Oh, you can get something or other—do, like a good fellow. Print one of your 'Confessions of a Young Man.' I think they are excellent. It won't be throwing much away; for you can forward it to a publisher, and ask him to judge of the bulk by the sample. It will look better in type. You won't mind sacrificing one of them; and I'll do as much for you some other time."

This was the last of Hilton Clarke that Fitzgerald saw for many a day; and after his chief's departure for Dover, he very speedily found that the whole work of editing the magazine and writing the literary section of it had to be borne on his own shoulders. Occasionally a few contributions would be sent up from the Lord Warden Hotel; but they were slight and unimportant. Nevertheless Fitzgerald would not admit even to himself that this conduct showed any want of consideration on the part of his friend and hero. What if this seclusion were to lead to the production of one or other of those books that had been vaguely indicated? Ought he not to be proud to have the chance of lending a helping hand in this way? Or—for this suspicion would crop up from time to time—suppose that Hilton Clarke had got into some delicate entanglement in London from which the only sure escape was his prolonged absence from town? Master Willie worked away as hard as he could, and bore with equanimity the remonstrances of Mr. Scobell about the absence of the editor, and sacrificed not one only but several of the "Confessions of a Young Man," and tried to give the best account he could of his circumstances in his long letters to Kitty.

There was one very serious consideration, however, that could not be speciously glossed over: he was again almost penniless. Not even in leaving London had Hilton Clarke made any reference to money matters, though by that time he was very considerably in Fitzgerald's debt. For all his work on the magazine the latter had received nothing beyond the ten pounds Hilton Clarke had handed over on the journey back from Greenwich; and that sum, welcome as it was, could not be expected to last forever, even if Kitty's birthday had not intervened, demanding a little souvenir. Sovereign after sovereign went, despite the most rigid economy. Again and again the dire necessity of having to remind Hilton Clarke of his thoughtlessness arose before his mind, and again and again he would put that off for a few days, making sure that Clarke would remember and write to him of his own accord. He had himself to blame. It was not a proper arrangement. He ought to have insisted on being put on some definite footing at the office, instead of being thus contracted out, as it were. That Hilton Clarke had drawn the full sum, month by month, he knew, for Mr. Silas Earp had casually mentioned it. It was beyond measure distressing to him to think of his friend being thus cruelly inconsiderate; but he held his peace, and went on with his work, and hoped for the best.

One night he was sitting alone, and perhaps rather down-hearted, for he had had no letter from Kitty these two days back, when he heard his Scotch friend ascending the stairs outside. John Ross

had been for some time absent, sketching up the Thames; and the solitary lodging in the Fulham Road had been even more solitary since his departure. Master Willie was glad to hear that brisk footstep outside.

Then the sharp-eyed little red-haired man came into the room, and seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance.

"What's the matter with ye, man? Hard work? The London air? Are ye in the dumps about some young lass?"

"Well," said Fitzgerald, brightening up, "maybe I have been working too hard. The magazine isn't a very great success so far, you know. I have been offering some things in one or two other quarters; but it's like trying to squeeze through the eye of a needle."

"Time enough, time enough," said John Ross. "Your face is no the right color."

Then he glanced suspiciously around.

"Where's your supper?" he said, abruptly.

Fitzgerald flushed, and said, hastily:

"Oh, supper? supper? It isn't nine yet, is it?"

"It's nearer ten. Now look here, my lad; you come down the stairs with me, and I'll show ye something. A fellow has sent me a kippered salmon frae the Solway, and if ye've never tasted a kippered salmon, then ye dinna ken how bountiful Providence has been to mortals. Come away down, man, and I'll brander ye a steak that 'll make your mouth water—to say nothing o' your een, if ye happen to come across a wee bit lump o' pepper."

He would hear of no excuse; he carried off Fitzgerald; went below, and lit the gas in the big gaunt studio; also the stove; laid the table; cut a couple of steaks from the firm, ruddy-brown fish, and put them on the gridiron; fetched tumblers and bottles; and then, as he stood over the gridiron, and turned the salmon steaks with a fork, he regaled his companion with "Auld Lang Syne," one line whistled, the next sung, with occasionally a bit of a double-shuffle coming in. It was clear that he was in very excellent spirits, or pretended to be.

Then, when he had popped the frizzling hot steaks on a plate, and put them on the table, he drew in a couple of chairs.

"Come away, my boy. Pass the bread. Fitz, my laddie, I'm going to ask ye an impertinent question. Have ye got any money?"

He affected to be very busy in cutting the loaf, and fetching a couple of lemons, and so on, so that he should not see any embarrassment his companion might betray.

"Not very much," was the answer, with a doubtful kind of laugh.

"I dinna want to borrow. I want ye to tell me if you've got any, that's all."

"As I say, I haven't very much."

"Have ye got any?" said the other, pertinaciously, and for a moment fixing his keen eyes on him.

"I've got four shillings," said Fitzgerald. "It isn't what you might call a princely fortune; but while I have it I sha'n't starve."

"Are ye so sure o' that?" said John Ross, pretending to be much occupied with the lemon he held. "I'm thinking ye *have* been starving yourself. Now I'm flush. And it's so seldom in my life I've had ower much money, I'd just like to try the effect o' lending ye a pound or two. Just think o' the luck! Just tell me this is anything but luck! There am I sitting in front o' the inn one afternoon, having a pipe, and little else to do. 'Landlord,' says I, 'get down your sign, man, and I'll re-paint it for you.' Away the fat old fellow goes, and fetches a ladder, and down comes the rickety old board. Then soap and water, and a rub ower with megilp. Man, I took a fancy to the thing; the sodjer's red coat was fine, and I put in some trees, beside the inn, and a bit of a glimmer o' sunlight down the road. Ma certes, when it was dry, and hung up on the iron rod again, it looked fine, I can tell ye! And that very afternoon—just think of the luck o't!—by comes a gentleman, and he wants a drink o' meal and water for his horse, and he begins to ask the landlord about the sign, and what does the fellow do but ask him to go in and look at my sketches?—me away down the river at the time in a punt. And then the upshot was that he bought two at £10 apiece; that was £20; and if the half o' that would be of use to you, ye're welcome to the loan of it, and may ye live until I ask ye for it!"

Fitzgerald was deeply touched by this kindness on the part of one who knew almost nothing about him. What, indeed, could Ross know? It is true, the lad had clear and honest eyes, that were likely to win the confidence of a stranger; but it is more probable that this friendly offer was in great measure the result of that sort of

subtle freemasonry that seems to exist among those who have a romantic affection for out-of-door sports and sights and sounds, and who have had opportunities of talking over these together.

"Are ye proud?" said John Ross, sharply.

"I don't know how to thank you," said Fitzgerald, simply. "I—I think it is tremendously kind of you. I would take it in a minute if there was need—"

"How long do ye expect to live on four shillings?" demanded the other.

But then Fitzgerald proceeded to explain how there was a very considerable sum of money owing to him, and how from day to day he had been expecting it, or part of it.

"Bless me, laddie, ye seem to be clean daft!" Ross cried. "To go starving yourself deliberately, out o' sensitiveness for another man's feelings! Let him be as sensitive about you, to begin with! Nonsense, nonsense, man; get hold o' the money at once! I would make a hundred and fifty applications for it before I'd let both soul and body get down into my boots. The picture ye were when I went up to your room a while since! A snuff for his fine feelings!"

"Oh, but you don't know how grateful I ought to be to this Hilton Clarke," contended Fitzgerald, cheerfully. "Mind you, I've just been finding out for myself how difficult it is to get an entrance into London literature. And you see through him I got employment right at the beginning—"

"What on earth is the use of employment that ye're no paid for?"

"But the money is there. I can have it for the asking."

"In God's name ask for it, then!" said his emphatic companion. "I dinna want to have to attend a funeral. A nice thing it would be for me to ken ye were just over my head, lying in a wooden box. No more kippered salmon for ye then. No more ale for ye—it is pretty clear, isn't it? No more long letters from a young lass somewhere. It's no *that* that's putting ye out?" he added, with another sharp glance.

"No, no; there's no trouble there," said Fitzgerald, brightly. "Nor, indeed, anywhere. I will hang on as long as I can with my four shillings; then, if I don't hear by that time, I will write. Now we will light up; and you will let me see the sketches you have brought back from the Thames."

They lit their pipes. But before fetching the canvases, Ross stepped over to a dusky recess, and brought back a brace of wild-duck—both beautiful-plumaged mallard—and threw them down.

"There," said he, "that's better than sketches. Take them with ye, since ye're bent on starving yourself. Bonnie birds, aren't they? That shows ye the use o' having a gun lying beside ye when ye're sketching in a punt."

"If you'd only bring some whiskey with you," said Fitzgerald, laughing, "I think I could afford to ask you to have some dinner with me to-morrow night."

"But I will," responded his companion, seriously. "Dinner, or supper, or what ye like. And the next night as well, if ye're willin'; I'll see ye have two good meals before they make a corpse o' ye; and one wild-duck makes a good enough dinner, an excellent dinner, for two folks. Eh, man, if I had had a bit spaniel wi' me! Many's and many's the time I heard the duck quite close by me in the rushes, dipping their bills and flapping their wings. Then away would go the mallard with a whir like a policeman's rattle; and then you'd hear the mother quack, quacking to the brood. Catch her leaving them till she had got them hidden somewhere! The drake, I'm thinking, is like the buck rabbit: catch a buck rabbit warning anybody, so long as he can show a clean pair o' heels and a white fud! but the doe, when ye startle her, down comes her hind-legs on the ground with a whack ye can hear a hundred yards off, and if the young ones dinna take heed o' that, they deserve what they're likely to get."

"Yes — but the sketches?" suggested Fitzgerald.

His companion had contentedly sat down again.

"Oh, ay. I got some work done—I did a good deal o' work. Did ye ever see a kingfisher fishing?"

"No; they're not common with us in the south of Ireland."

"Man, I watched one for near half an hour last week, and the whole o' that time he never stirred a feather. He was on a stone, or maybe it was a withered stump, under a bush that was hanging ower the watter. I was beginning to doubt but that somebody had stuffed him, and put him there to make a fool o' folk,

when snap! down went his head and neck, and the next second there he was with a small fish crosswise in his beak. Then he twitched his head, or maybe he was striking the fish on the stump; then there was no fish visible; and then a kind o' streak o' blue flame went down across the rushes; that was the gentleman himself going off in a flash o' glory, as it were."

"Did you put him in your sketch?" asked Fitzgerald, insidiously.

"It's an ungainly kind o' a beast, too," continued John Ross, taking no heed of the hint. "Stumpy in shape. And there are too many colors when he's standing still like that. But once he's well on the wing you see nothing but blue—just a flash o' blue fire, that's fine enough when it crosses a long, standing clump o' yellow rushes; but then again when it crosses a dark bit o' shadow it's more than that; it gives a kind o' metallic jerk that gets beyond color a'thegither. I used to sit and watch for them. It becomes a sort o' fascination; it's like waiting to hear a pistol-shot when ye see a man aiming."

"I suppose you did a little painting as well while you were up the river?" inquired Master Willie, dexterously.

"Pent? Bless the laddie, what did I go there for but to pent? I pented a sign-board to begin wi', which was a good honest piece o' work; and I made fifteen sketches at least; and I came home £20 richer than when I went away, just to find a young idjut wearing himself away for want o' the common necessaries o' life. For that's what it comes to, my callant; and if ye'll no take the £10 I offer ye, I'll no leave grup o' ye until ye write and get the money that's your ain."

And indeed that was what it did come to; for so persistent was the Scotchman that before he let his companion go that night Fitzgerald had definitely promised that the next day, if no letter arrived for him in the morning, he would write to Dover, and remind Mr. Hilton Clarke that even the most willing hack must have its handful of corn.

CHAPTER X.

NEW FRIENDS.

JUST at this moment an incident occurred which seemed slight enough in itself, but which proved to have somewhat far-reaching consequences. Among these "Confessions of a Young Man" which Fitzgerald had been forced to print in the *Household Magazine* for lack of more substantial material was a paper entitled "On Murder." It was chiefly an essay on the doubts of a young sportsman over the killing of beautiful and innocent creatures—his compunction on seeing them lying on the grass stone-dead and besmeared with blood, or, worse still, ineffectually fluttering with broken wing to try to get away from him on his approach. Or suppose he has wounded one of those sea-birds that are extraordinarily tenacious of life, and finds himself forced to murder in cold blood, and with protracted difficulty, this beautiful, wild-eyed, panting thing? Who could ever forget the mute glance of a wounded roe-deer? Or fail to be struck with remorse at the piteous squeal of a kicking and struggling hare? These were the moments of reflection, of contemplation, that occurred in the eagerness of pursuit; they were not pleasant—especially to the sportsman who was alone. But then again the paper went on to speak of doubts on the other side—doubts whether it was not possible to cultivate sentiment to an unwholesome degree. To live by the taking of life was a universal law of nature. Animals had to be killed for food; and if it was objected that the sportsman shot for amusement and not for the procuring of food, one might ask a rabbit which he preferred, to be killed outright by a charge of No. 5 shot, even in the way of amusement, or to be snared by the keeper for the market, strangling for a couple of hours perhaps with the brass wire getting tighter and tighter. Then the training and hardihood and skill and health of the highest of all the animals had to be considered. In short, the whole essay was a conflict between Mr. W. Fitzgerald as a hardy, eager, and practiced wild-fowl stalker and Mr. W. Fitzgerald as a literary person of acute, and perhaps even poetic, sympathies.

It is just possible that a consciousness of the impossibility of reconciling these two people had been borne in upon the writer of the article during its progress; for he wound up with an appeal *ad rem*, that is to say, a description of a day's cliff-shooting in the south of Ireland. How, he asked, could one be expected to pause and consider such questions at such a time in such a place? The Atlantic thundering on the rocks below; the steep cliffs

ablaze in the sunlight; the dark mystery of the caves; then a sudden whir of half a dozen pigeons, the quick snap-shot right and left (your feet the while steadying you on a ledge not fourteen inches wide), and then the scramble down to the beach after the slain. The exhilaration of sky, and ocean, and buffeting sea-winds was fatal, he contended, to metaphysics: even the still small voice of conscience was lost in one's anxiety not to slip on the close crisp turf, and go headlong into the seas below. And so forth, and so forth. However the conflict may have gone in the previous portions of the essay, it was the pupil of Andy the Hopper that had the last word.

Well, on the day following the publication of this article, the following note came to the office:

"Mrs. Chetwynd presents her compliments to the editor of the *Household Magazine*, and would be much obliged if he would kindly acquaint her with the name and address of the writer of the papers entitled 'The Confessions of a Young Man.'

"Hyde Park Gardens, *Monday 17th.*"

Now Fitzgerald had had enough experience of the multitude of people who write to newspaper offices on the slightest pretext, and he scarcely looked at this note twice. No doubt, if he sent his name and address, he would receive in reply a pamphlet by a member of the Anti-vivisectionist Society, or an appeal for a subscription to the Home for Lost Dogs, or some such thing. So he merely sent a polite reply, in his capacity as assistant editor, to the effect that it was a rule of the office not to furnish such information, and thought no more of the matter.

However, the next day brought another note.

"Dear Sir,—I respectfully apologize for my intrusion, but I think if you knew the circumstances of the case you would not refuse the request which my aunt made to you yesterday. She is an old lady, who has met with a great sorrow; and she has been very much interested in the series of papers mentioned in her note, as recalling to her something of one who was dear to her. I may say frankly that she is very desirous of seeing the gentleman who wrote these papers, if only to thank him for the pleasure he has given her; and I am sure he would not grudge giving up a few minutes of his time some afternoon, if you would have the kindness to forward this request to him.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"Mary Chetwynd.

"Hyde Park Gardens, *Tuesday.*"

Fitzgerald paid more attention to this note, and even re-read it carefully—with some little admiration of the pretty handwriting. No doubt, also, in other circumstances, he would not have hesitated for a moment to respond to this simple, frank, and kindly invitation. But the truth was, at this moment he was in no mood for making new acquaintances. Not a word or line had come from Dover, and his four shillings had been reduced to eighteenpence. Kitty was in Dublin; her engagement finished; her immediate prospects somewhat uncertain. Moreover, if it came to that, his clothes were a trifle too shabby for the paying of afternoon calls; and so, having written a formal note as from the editor, informing Miss Chetwynd that her letter had been forwarded to the contributor referred to, he folded up the sheet of note-paper and laid it aside, considering the correspondence closed.

Two days after, he found among the letters awaiting him at the office one with the welcome Dover postmark on it. He eagerly opened it.

"Dear Fitzgerald,—Don't be in a hurry. I'll make it all right.

"Yours ever,

"Hilton Clarke.

"P.S.—I inclose a bit of copy."

He looked at that for some time, not knowing what to think. In the midst of his perplexity Mr. Scobell made his appearance; and Mr. Scobell was evidently in a very bad temper.

"I say, Fitzgerald, this won't do at all, you know," said he, putting his hat down and taking a chair. "I say this won't do at all. I've stood it long enough."

"What?" said the assistant editor, calmly.

"You know very well. I'm not going to put my money into a thing simply for the amusement of somebody else. I say it isn't fair; I don't call it gentlemanly. The magazine is going down every week;

I say the circulation is going down; and it never was much, and it 'll soon be nothing. And all the time I'm paying my money to a gentleman who amuses himself at Dover. I won't stand it. It's false pretenses. I pay him; he's my servant; and he should do his work."

"But he writes there," said Fitzgerald. "I have just this minute got an article in MS. from him."

"Oh, it's no use trying to humbug me—"

"I beg your pardon, I am not trying to humbug you," said Fitzgerald, with an angry color in his face. "And if you've got any complaint to make against Hilton Clarke, you might make it to himself. I'm not responsible for him."

"No, nobody is responsible, and the magazine is going to the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Scobell. "That's just it. I'm losing money every week, and nobody is responsible."

Master Willie was on the point of saying that precious little of Mr. Scobell's money had found its way into his pocket; but he refrained.

"Has Hilton Clarke ever denied his responsibility?" said he, somewhat warmly. "It is not necessary for an editor always to be on the spot. If the magazine is not succeeding, it is a pity; but I suppose it was a commercial speculation, like any other. I consider that Hilton Clarke has put very good work into it; and his name as editor was of itself valuable—"

"Look here, Fitzgerald," said Mr. Scobell, in a milder tone, "I'm not complaining of you. You are doing your work well enough—and Clarke's too, for the matter of that. You may stick up for him if you like; but what I say is that it isn't fair of him to go and neglect his business. I pay him. Confound it! I pay him; he takes my money, and amuses himself at the Lord Warden Hotel. If you were getting his salary, I could understand your sticking up for him. And the airs he gives himself! 'Scobell, my dear fellow.' But he takes my money; and I'm getting tired of it; and that's the long and the short of it."

"I don't think," said Fitzgerald, slowly, as if he wanted to gain nerve—"I don't think, Mr. Scobell, that if Mr. Clarke knew you were discontented, he would wish you to continue the magazine. He would probably ask you to give it up at once."

"Discontented!" exclaimed Scobell, with a not unnatural indignation. "Haven't I a right to be discontented? Isn't it losing me money every week?"

"But that possibility was before you when you started it," observed Fitzgerald, respectfully.

"Oh, I don't care about supply and demand and all that d——d nonsense," said Mr. Scobell, somewhat inappropriately. "Theories don't make the loss of money any the pleasanter. And I say to myself, Why should I go on losing money? I never proposed to pay for keeping Hilton Clarke at the Lord Warden Hotel. That wasn't spoken of when I started the magazine. What do I gain by it? It isn't even known as my magazine, losing as it is; it's Hilton Clarke's; it's his name that's connected with it in everybody's mouth—that is, when anybody speaks of it. But they don't. They don't even cut the edges of it at my club. I go into my club, and I ask people about the articles in it; they don't know anything about them. I have mentioned it when I have gone into sassiety; no one has heard of it. What is it to me? What am I paying for? Why, when I wrote a paragraph about a new brand of champagne imported by a particular friend of mine, I couldn't get it printed in my own magazine! I like that! He struck it out without saying a word."

"Oh no; I struck it out," said Fitzgerald.

"You!" said Mr. Scobell, with an angry glare.

"It was agreed at the very outset that there was to be no private influence like that brought to bear," said Fitzgerald, respectfully, but quite coolly. "That kind of thing is fatal to a paper. A single paragraph that the public would suspect would ruin it—"

"How far off ruin is it now?" said the other, scornfully.

"Well," said Fitzgerald, "I did what I thought was right; and I don't want to shirk the responsibility. I know it is what Hilton Clarke would have done; and I was acting for him; and I had no time to ask him first. But if you are dissatisfied with the magazine as a whole," he continued, formally, "or with my share in it, the remedy is simple, as far as I am concerned. You may consider my place vacant from this minute."

He rose. Scobell seemed rather disconcerted for a second; but immediately he said:

"Sit down, Fitzgerald. Wait a moment. I'm not blaming you; you've done your best; you've done all the work; I wish to goodness we had started with you as editor, and saved Hilton Clarke's salary."

"Considering that the idea of the magazine was his—" Fitzgerald tried to interpolate; but the proprietor was bent on mollifying him, and would not be interrupted.

"What's more, though I say it to your face, when I have heard any one in my own circle speak of the magazine at all, it has been about those papers of yours. Mrs. Chetwynd spoke to me yesterday. She said she had written to you. Now that's what I like. I like to be connected with something that is spoken of among a good set of people. I confess to a little weakness that way; I like to be able to say something about the magazine, and hear it approved by the best people. And I said you would be delighted to call."

"I didn't know that was part of my duties," said Fitzgerald, somewhat stiffly.

"What?" replied Mr. Scobell, with a stare.

"To go and call on strangers. Why should I call on Mrs. Chetwynd? I never heard of her."

"God bless my soul! never heard of the Chetwynds!" exclaimed Mr. Scobell. "There are no better-known people in London. The very best people are glad to know them. I used to meet Mrs. Chetwynd everywhere in society, until her nephew died. Her husband you must have heard of; why, he was deputy-lieutenant of my own county before they made him Governor of Tasmania. And she was one of the Cork Barrys; she was delighted to hear you were a countryman of hers. Not know the Chetwynds! But you will be charmed with them, I assure you. I will take you there myself if you like."

Not only, however, did Fitzgerald decline this magnanimous offer, but he even hinted that he would much rather not go and call on these strangers. He was not familiar with the ways of London life, he was busily occupied, and so forth. Whereupon Mr. Scobell, who appeared to have promised Mrs. Chetwynd that she should make the acquaintance of the young man, went on a different tack altogether, and appealed to his generosity. It appeared that this poor old lady had recently lost her nephew, in whom her whole life had been bound up. She had adopted him as her son; she had left him in her will everything belonging to her—for his sister, Mary Chetwynd, was already amply provided for; she had made over to him by deed of gift a small property in Cork, on the shores of Bantry Bay. Then a luckless stumble when he was out riding one day in Windsor Park brought an end to all the fair hopes of which he was the centre; and since then the old lady seemed to do nothing but mourn his memory, while keeping up a strange and keen interest in the various pursuits he had followed. She knew all the hunting appointments; she read accounts of the new breech-loaders; she took in the sporting papers. And somehow or other she had got it into her head that these "Confessions of a Young Man" were just such essays as would have been written by this beloved nephew of hers if he had turned his mind to literature; for they were continually touching on the sports and pastimes that he enjoyed. Was it wonderful that she should wish to see the writer? Was it a great sacrifice for him to give up ten minutes of an afternoon to please an old woman who had suffered much, and who was near the grave? The upshot of Mr. Scobell's representations and entreaties was that Fitzgerald agreed to call at the house in Hyde Park Gardens on the following afternoon.

But until then? Well, he had discovered that cocoa-nut with new bread was an excellent thing with which to stave off the pangs of hunger, and he had a few coppers left, while in the evening, on getting down to the Fulham Road, he took the precaution of putting out the light early, and slipping off to bed, so that John Ross should not think he had come home. The worst of it was that this extreme privation produced deplorable fits of sleeplessness; and as the brain seems to take a pleasure in painting the gloomiest possible pictures in the middle of the night, the thing that haunted him chiefly was the prospect of his having to visit a pawnbroker's shop. He thought of the man looking at him; he felt his own self-consciousness tingling in his face; he wondered whether he should be suspected of being a thief. No; he could not do that. He could not go into a pawnbroker's shop. He would go out into the open streets rather, and offer to sell his boots to the first

passer-by. Besides (this was the cheering thought that came with the first gray light of the morning) he had still some pence left; and cocoa-nut and bread was not an expensive meal; and who could tell but that Hilton Clarke had at last taken enough trouble to reckon up what was owing to him, and had already sent it off?

About four o'clock the next afternoon, Mr. Scobell called at the office and persuaded Fitzgerald to accompany him to Hyde Park Gardens. In the brougham, as they were driving up, he endeavored to impress his companion with a sense of the advantages of getting into good society. It was so important for a young man. True, the Chetwynds did not entertain as they had done before the sad death of the nephew; but good people — people one ought to know—went about the house. Fitzgerald, who rather felt himself in the position of a slave being carried off for exhibition, listened in silence. He had had nothing to eat since breakfast; perhaps it was that circumstance that made the prospect of being introduced to "good people" a somewhat intangible benefit.

However, after all, as it turned out, he was glad he went, for he was quite delighted with this old lady, whom he found propped up in an easy-chair by the side of the tall French window. He forgot all about Mr. Scobell's pompous patronage of him; he ignored his presence altogether, indeed, for he was so charmed with this little dainty white-haired woman, who talked so sweetly, and with a touch of sadness too, and who, moreover, had just the faintest something in her tone that told him that she too in her youth must have heard the chimes of St. Anne's. Did he know Bantry? she asked. Why, of course he did. And Glengariff? Certainly. Bearhaven? He had only seen that in the distance. Perhaps he had never heard of Boat of Garry?

She seemed to hesitate a little as she mentioned this last place; and as Fitzgerald was replying that he had not heard of it—that, indeed, he did not know much of Bantry Bay—she was silent for a second or so, and he thought there was a little moisture in her eyes, and that her mouth was inclined to be tremulous. But that passed instantly. The pretty little old lady grew quite cheerful again; she said she could see in his writing that he was what the Bantry people called a "great sporter," and wondered how he could write so much when he seemed to spend all his life out-of-doors.

"That is all over now," said Fitzgerald. "I've sold myself into slavery."

"And do you find London a lonely place?"

"Yes, rather."

"But you will soon make plenty of friends. Where can Mary be, I wonder?"

Just at this moment, as if in answer to her question, the door was opened, and a young lady came into the room and went up and shook hands with Mr. Scobell.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," said the old lady, "let me introduce you to my niece."

As he rose he found before him a tall young woman, who had exceedingly shrewd and clear and yet merry eyes, a fine face, handsome rather than pretty, and with a good deal of decision in it. Altogether the first impression produced on him by this young lady was not entirely sympathetic. He liked gentleness in women. This young person looked as if she could take very good care of herself. However, this first impression was modified when she spoke. She had a soft and musical voice, beautifully modulated; and she talked with a bright cheerfulness and frankness that was pleasant to hear. For one thing, he thought it strange that her dress, which was scrupulously plain and neat, should not be black, seeing that it was for her brother that Mrs. Chetwynd appeared to be still in mourning.

"I suppose auntie has apologized to you, Mr. Fitzgerald," said she, "and I ought to, also. You must have thought me terribly intrusive; but I think our friends have spoiled us with their kindness of late; and soon I expect to find auntie printing on her cards of invitation, 'Mrs. Chetwynd commands the attendance of So-and-so at five-o'clock tea on Tuesday next.' Really they are too kind; and but for that I don't know what my aunt would do, because I have to be so much out of the house at present."

"How you find time for all you have to do, Mary, I can't make out," said the pleasant old lady. "You see, Mr. Fitzgerald, I get blinder and blinder every day, and Mary has to be my eyes for me. But this is the worst of it, that I am a silly old woman, and like to have read to me nice things. Mary is of the younger generation, and cares for nothing but science, and education, and teaching people how

many miles it is to the sun, as if there was any chance of their getting there. It is really too hard on her; and I can scarcely read at all now; and the way she sacrifices her time—"

"It isn't my time that is to be considered at all, Mr. Scobell," said the young lady, brightly, "but you have no idea what my aunt will insist on my reading to her. Pretty stories, and poems of the affections. I do believe nothing would please her so much as a whole column of the sentimental verses—breaking hearts and the rest of it—that the local poets send to the country newspapers."

"But aren't these interesting enough?" said Fitzgerald, perhaps conscious that he himself had appeared frequently in that quarter.

"They are a little monotonous, are they not?" said the young lady of the clear eyes, regarding him with something like scrutiny. "A little too much of love and dove, and posies and roses?"

"At all events, they are human nature," said he, with some slight flush in his face. "If they are not merely literary imitations—if they are the real expression of the hopes, or fancies, or feelings of the writers, I can not imagine anything more interesting. It is a human life laid bare; and that to me is more interesting than a frog's foot, or the question whether there is bismuth in the moon."

She regarded him for a moment curiously. Then she rose.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Scobell; I have to get to Whitechapel by half past five. Good-by, auntie dear!"

She kissed her aunt; she bowed to Fitzgerald, and left the room. Fitzgerald, without knowing why, experienced a sense of relief.

How pretty this dear little old lady looked, sitting in state there, with the warm afternoon light lending a faint color to the somewhat worn and sad face! Fitzgerald thought he had never seen such silvery hair. And she seemed pleased to have visitors; she prattled away about the things of the hour, and what this or that distinguished person was doing; and all through, by a chance remark here or there, she would remind Fitzgerald that she was his countrywoman. And when they rose to leave, she made a direct appeal to Master Willie to come and see her again whenever he had an idle half-hour; for she was an inquisitive old woman, she said; and she could not read; and she liked to know what was going on.

When they got outside, Fitzgerald's admiration broke forth.

"Well, that is a most delightful old lady!" he exclaimed. "It is simply delightful to hear her talk. And she seems to have known everybody worth knowing for the last sixty years."

"Yes," said Mr. Scobell, in his lofty manner, as the footman opened the door of his brougham for him. "Yes. They are a good sort of people, the Chetwynds. They are very well known in sassiety. I have a few more calls to make. Ta, ta."

So Fitzgerald set out to walk home. He had had some tea and a piece of cake; and that was cheering; in fact, it had raised his spirits so much that he now resolved that if John Ross were at home, he would frankly ask him for a share of his supper that evening; and he knew pretty well that Ross would be as glad to give it as he to get it. It was not, however, his supper that chiefly occupied his thoughts as he walked down to the Fulham Road. More than once he kept thinking of Mary Chetwynd, and of her manner toward him, and of what that could possibly be that called her to Whitechapel.

CHAPTER XI.

A DISCLOSURE.

QUITE clearly, matters were approaching a climax. Notwithstanding all his shifts and devices, Fitzgerald was at length forced to accept a loan of a few pounds from his neighbor below, and he at the same time sent an urgent note to Hilton Clarke, representing how his affairs stood. Of course he never doubted but that that appeal would be instantly answered.

Days passed; there were no tidings of any sort. Finally two letters that had been forwarded to the Lord Warden Hotel were returned through the Post-office, with the intimation that Mr. Hilton Clarke had gone away and left no address.

Fitzgerald, very much aghast, took these letters to Mr. Silas Earp. The heavy, black-a-vised manager regarded them in his usually lugubrious way, and merely observed:

"A very good job if we hear no more about him. He was only drawing his salary, and doing no work."



"GOOD-BY, AUNTIE DEAR!"

"But," said Fitzgerald, who was rather bewildered—"but he owes me my salary. I have never had anything since the magazine was started except £10."

"That's a pity," said the other, slowly. "I always heard he was fishy about money matters—and other matters too."

"I don't know what you mean," said Fitzgerald, quickly. "Of course he'll pay me. I don't doubt that. But it's too bad of him to be so careless—"

"I expect he has spent all the money by this time. Wish I had known: I'd have told you not to have Hilton Clarke in your debt to the tune of twopence. It's a pity; I don't expect you'll ever see a farthing of it."

"You don't mean to say that you accuse him of stealing my salary?" said Fitzgerald. But his resentment against this implication was accompanied by a wild guess at what his own situation would be if it were true.

"Oh no, I don't say that," said the manager, regarding him. "I wouldn't call it that. He wouldn't look at it in that light. But you ought to know Hilton Clarke better than I do. I only know of him by report; and I know I wouldn't lend him a sovereign I couldn't afford to lose."

Fitzgerald went back to his own room and sat down. It was not only the loss of the money—supposing this thing were true—that troubled him. He could replace that loss in time. But to think that this friend of his, who had seemed so kind and considerate, who had such delicate perceptions and sympathies in literary matters, could act like a common vulgar scoundrel, and that in a peculiarly callous fashion—this it was that crushed him. But only for a few seconds. He refused to believe such a thing. He was ashamed of himself for having deemed it possible. He went back to Mr. Silas Earp and told him that he need not mention to any one the fact of Hilton Clarke's being pecuniarily indebted to him, Fitzgerald, for of course the matter would be put straight. The lugubrious manager regarded him as if with a little sad curiosity, and only said, "Very well."

The next few days were days of deep suspense to Fitzgerald, for he knew not what to think of this persistent silence. When the explanation came, it was short and decisive. One morning he went into the office as usual. Mr. Silas Earp met him.

"The fat's in the fire now," said the manager, calmly. "Mr. Scobell has been here this morning. A mad bull is a fool to him."

"What is the matter, then?"

"The story got all over London last night, he says. And the magazine is to be stopped this week. There is the announcement."

He handed the stupefied assistant editor a printed slip with these words underlined in writing: "We have to announce to our readers this week that the publication of the *Household Magazine* ceases with the present number."

"But what is it all about? What is the story?"

"Well, I only got bits, he was in such a rage," said the manager. "It's all about Lady Ipswich, I believe; and when her brother found her at last, at Geneva, with Hilton Clarke, she wouldn't come back, not a bit. She says Sir John can take out a divorce if he likes."

Fitzgerald was staggered, but only for a moment.

"And even if the story is true," he cried, "what has that to do with the magazine? Why stop the magazine on account of it? We never advised our readers to run away with other people's wives; it has nothing to do with the magazine."

"Oh, but Mr. Scobell wants to smash something or somebody," the manager said, calmly. "His wife is furious; Lady Ipswich was a friend of hers. And then there's money; Mr. Scobell thinks Hilton Clarke only started this magazine to get money out of him—"

"Oh, that's nonsense!" said Fitzgerald, warmly. "That is quite preposterous. Hilton Clarke may be this or that, but he is not a deliberate swindler. He wouldn't take the trouble. He is too self-indulgent. And then if you go and stop the magazine now, you make an association between it and this scandal that doesn't exist. You draw attention to it. You ask people to believe—"

But at this moment Mr. Scobell himself made his appearance, and an angry man he was. It was in vain that Fitzgerald pointed out to him that to stop the magazine that very week would be the very thing to make the public believe there was some connection between it and what had happened. "Sassiety," Mr. Scobell declared, was talking of nothing but this scandal; and here was Hilton Clarke's

name outside the periodical that he owned. A nice thing to have the editor of your own paper run away with the wife of one of your own friends, and lead everybody to believe that you had introduced them! He would have no more of this. He had lost enough money, without having to incur scandal as well. No doubt it was a fine thing for literary men to have a paper go on forever—

"But what do you mean by that?" said Fitzgerald, with a sharpness that brought Mr. Scobell to his senses. "If you are tired of the magazine, and have no faith in it, drop it when you like. I was only anxious you should not associate it with a merely personal scandal. But you needn't talk as if it had been a fine thing for me. For all my work on it I have received £10; I should have made more at sweeping a crossing."

Mr. Scobell was bewildered; but when the circumstances were explained to him, he not only exempted Fitzgerald from the vague charge he had brought against literary persons generally, but said he had been infamously treated, and that as he might suffer from the sudden cessation of the magazine, some compensation was due to him.

"It was plunder—a deliberate scheme for plunder," he maintained. "And he has done you as he has done me. It isn't more than three weeks since he got an extra £100 from me. It was a deliberate swindle. He never cared about the magazine; he never worked for it; it was a scheme to get money—"

"It was nothing of the kind, Mr. Scobell," said Fitzgerald, bluntly. "I know what he thought of the magazine; I talked enough with him about it. He expected it to be a great property, and that as he had presented you with the idea, he ought to have a liberal salary and not too much work. He is a self-indulgent man; he can deny himself nothing. If you and I have lost this money, you can afford to lose it better than I can; but there's no use in making wild charges. It was not a scheme to defraud; that is absurd. I think he was very soon disappointed; he didn't care to work after that. And then it was a pity the money should all have been placed in his hands; he always seemed to think he had a right to everything within his reach. And then I suppose this opportunity — this temptation — was too much for him, don't you see!"

"Well, you take it pretty quietly," said Scobell, almost with a touch of indignation, "seeing you must have lost £60 or £70 through him."

"It wasn't altogether that I was thinking of," said Fitzgerald. "I liked him."

Mr. Scobell adhered to his determination to stop the magazine; but he sent Fitzgerald a solatium in the shape of a check for £25. Thus it was that Fitzgerald found himself with about four or five months' pretty hard work thrown away, with much less money in his pocket than he had come to London with, and without that friend on whose occasional word of sympathy or advice he had counted. But he was not much dismayed, after all. Other people had come to London and fared worse. He saw lots of things he thought he could do—driving a hansom, if it came to that. If his literary adventures had so far been unsuccessful, he had all the more material in his desk for use when the opportunity arrived. He was free from debt, for he had taken instant care to repay John Ross; he could live on little; he had the hope and courage of three-and-twenty; and when he wanted relief from the cares and troubles of the world, he had the faculty of entirely losing himself in a play or a poem, so that it was of little consequence to him whether the night was cold, or whether there was supper in his room or not. Besides, was he not the most fortunate of mortals in the possession of Kitty! How could a man be unhappy who had one true heart continually thinking of him, and cheering him with messages of trust and love and confidence?

"My brave Boy" (Kitty wrote, on hearing of the catastrophe),—"I'm very glad. It will open your eyes. It's worth the money. Why, you'll never get on at all if you believe in everybody like that; and if you don't get on, what's to become of me? I saw through that whited sepulchre of a wretch: if I had him here just now I'd let him know what I've been thinking of him. And even now you seem disposed to make excuses for him. Perhaps when one person takes money—and cruelly and meanly takes money—that belongs to another person, he isn't called a thief *among gentlemen*. That wouldn't be refined, perhaps? Now, dear Willie, once for all, it won't do for you to go on like that. All your geese are swans (in-

cluding me). You have too much poetry about you; and you are too willing to believe in people; and you were made too much of about Inisheen. If you keep all your poetry for me, and make me wonderful and glorious, that's quite right, for that is just the sort of person I am; but you'll have to give up painting fancy portraits of other people. I am younger than you; but I've seen a good lot. But do you think I want my bonny Coulin to be hard-hearted? No, I don't. I want him to keep all his poetry and imagination for me; and not to believe in anybody else—further than he can see them; and then when he has made his way in the world, and fought people on their own terms, then he can settle down and let his children make a fool of him to their hearts' content.

"Willie, there's a man in Dublin bothering me with his bouquets again; but I don't allow them to be sent up, even when he manages to get them left, and I haven't even looked at his card. I go to Belfast on the 13th. My father can't imagine why I don't go to England; but must I not remain faithful to my boy's wishes? Dear Willie, I have read the verses a hundred times over that you sent me with the bracelet on my birthday; but why are they so sad? I like particularly that one that ends—

> 'O aching heart, that sinks or swells
> Whene'er at night you hear the sound
> So far away of Shandon bells!'

But are you so very lonely, then, and only making believe to be comfortable and happy when you write to me? Really, when I see the people who haven't an ounce or an atom of your genius driving past in their fine carriages, I have no patience. And they come to the concert and sit in the stalls with their diamonds and opera cloaks; and the young men so spick and span. Things are not right. What can *they* do? Can they do anything but drive in the Phœnix—the Phaynix I suppose they'd call it. Yes, and I wonder how long we may have to go on this way—everything unsettled, and a long distance between us. And now you have to begin all over again, thanks to your fine friend. But if you're not afraid, no more am I; and we'll snap our fingers at them yet; and when everything's quite fair and clear, and money all right, then you'll publish a whole volume of poems telling the country all about me and my wonderfulness (I am wonderful, I can tell you; when I think of the way I bear up against your being so far away from me, I am lost in admiration of myself). That reminds me that I have made a conundrum. This is it: '*Why should my Coulin be the happiest man in England?*' Now you may twist this about any way, and you may pull it to pieces, and put it together again, and turn it upside down and round about half a dozen times over, and yet you would never find out the answer. I say *you* wouldn't; anybody else in the world would see it in a moment. It's '*Because I'm in love with him.*' I think this is very good; keep it a secret.

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"KITTY."

London did not feel quite so lonely that evening. There was to be an Irish-ballad concert in St. James's Hall at eight o'clock, and this letter had put him into such a cheerful frame of mind that he thought he would go away up there and get some cheap place; and then, sitting all by himself, and not being obliged to talk to any one, he would be able to hear if any of them could sing the Irish songs like Kitty.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE early summer naturally draws the citizen to Coney Island and the ocean beaches, as formerly across the river to Hoboken and the Elysian Fields. These latter retreats were the first summer haunts of the New York of fifty years ago. They were the rural Paradise of its smaller day. Rockaway beach, indeed, a little later, had a certain fashionable tenure, and its brief hour is recalled in Henry Russell's song, "On old Long Island's sea-girt shore." The aspect of that old New York is pleasantly preserved in Abram Dayton's *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life*—a little volume which the saunterer by the sea and among the mountains will find a very entertaining glimpse of the city of his parents and grandparents. Its view, of course, is external, but it is suggestive of things not said.

One of these is the singular fluctuation of fortune in a community without recognized ranks and classes. Neither in houses nor in families is there now much continuance of the New York of the beginning of the century, nor even of fifty years ago. Men who are seventy

years old have seen an almost complete transformation around them. It is hardly possible, as we stroll through the foreign quarters of the city, and roll along the elevated roads, and reflect that it is the largest Irish city in the world, to conceive the snug little New York that enjoyed Halleck's "Croakers," and the day when there was a single life and impulse and interest in the population. Driving to-day through the spacious avenue that leads to Central Park, lined with houses that are truly palaces, and which have changed the old hunting and fishing fields of sixty years ago into the most splendid part of one of the great cities of the globe, you will observe a group of the finest houses, indicating the great wealth of the owners. Yet within the memory of persons still hale and active the founder of the family stood, in his shirt and trousers, upon the deck of a periauga, or small smack, blowing a fish-horn to announce to waiting passengers from Staten Island that the wind was fair, and sail would be immediately made for New York. At the time described in Dayton's book the horn-blower was already the owner of steamboats, and the prosperity had begun which was due to his sagacity and energy. But fifty years hence a future Dayton may record that all is again dispersed, and that the children of to-day's newspaper boy or the grandchildren of the baker's apprentice are the Midas or the Crœsus of the hour.

It is this constant change which is the conservative principle of American society. All is in motion, and so long as stagnation is impossible that society will not become decrepit. Mr. Dayton lived to see the city of to-day. He died in 1877, and he had seen not only the City Hotel and its group of habitués pass away, but he had seen the "leaders of society," the rich families, also change. The leaders of forty years ago had risen from the ranks, like their successors. Their founders also were recalled by musing loungers in the shirt-and-trousers period. The leaders themselves were studied through Donald Mitchell's *Lorgnette*. How gentle their extravagance seems to-day! How moderate their excess! How the *jeunesse d'or* of the upper Avenue would smile at the *jeunesse d'or* of Broadway and Bond and Bleecker streets! Ah, well! young gentlemen; "gather ye rose-buds while you may." There is a shadowy avatar beyond Kingsbridge, and you too are hastening to be old-fashioned. "Keep moving, gentlemen," says the London policeman. "Circulate, messieurs, circulate," says the Paris *gendarme*. It is the law of life. Let us keep wealth moving. Let us take care that it does not concentrate and combine. Let us salute the rising sun, knowing that it will set presently.

Mr. Dayton's reminiscences are those of every New-Yorker of his time, and his little book shows the value of a simple record of the most obvious and familiar aspects of contemporary life. It belongs to a class of books which are constantly increasing in interest with the lapse of time. They are glimpses of an actual life which no historic research nor poetic imagination can restore. How invaluable are all glimpses that we can get of Shakespeare's London, the London which the intelligent citizen saw! "Matthew Browne," the literary name of a gentleman who lately died, reconstructs for us "Chaucer's England." Pepys's Diary is always fresh. Mr. Dayton does not deal with famous people and state affairs, but with streets and hotels and public gardens and theatres and churches. He describes them as everybody saw them, and he recalls certain figures of that older day, McDonald Clarke, the Lime-kiln Man, and that amiable "dandy," as he was called, Mr. Marx.

Mr. Dayton's title is obscure. They were not the last days of Knickerbocker life, for that life distinctly survives. But the point is unimportant. What he meant was days which had become a little quaint, as all old times are. Yet the fact is made real only when they are minutely described. Those who with Mr. Grant White recall the opera and the singers of the last generation, do not think of them as old-fashioned until they see them in the engravings which Mr. White reproduces in his pleasant papers. Then we rather ruefully discover that our goddesses were of another time, and that we are no longer in the salad days. Mr. Dayton's descriptions produce the same effect: until they are sketched we did not know that figures so familiar were so quaint, nor detect that silently increasing remoteness had made the old commonplace picturesque. In moments of confidence the old New-Yorker will sometimes admit that Contoit's Garden, and even Niblo's, were rather d–sm–l and d–mp, and the old Battery an exceedingly scr–bby pleasure-ground. But since they are gone, he recalls them with a superior pride, and finds the recollection even romantic. When some one was speaking to Carlyle warmly of Chelsea, the part of London in which Carlyle lived, the old man looked at him sharply and asked, "An' did ye see the dead dogs?" No; it is the evil eye that observes them. No New-Yorker, with Mr. Dayton's book in his hand, sees any dead dogs in the city of forty years ago.

In a recent number of the Boston *Courier* a correspondent who had been "mousing in the Congressional Library" wrote about the old magazines which he had found there. He was a happy man if he could find anything there, not, indeed, because everything is not there, nor because Mr. Spofford, most admirable and accomplished of librarians, does not know where everything is; but he knows it as the sailor knew where the axe was, because it had fallen overboard. The book that you wish is there, and Mr. Spofford knows where it is. But it may be buried under masses of other books, or piled inextricably toward the dome of the Capitol. Members of Congress

can struggle and "lay pipe" to secure a public building for their "deestrick," but they will not take thought to secure fit accommodation for the National Library. Separately and individually members of Congress are doubtless prompt and efficient business men; but, collectively, a more dawdling and exasperating body is hardly to be found this side of Barataria.

The correspondent of the Boston *Courier* says nothing of all this, nor permits himself to be ruffled. Indeed, the skillful devices of the urbane librarian doubtless prevented him from knowing that everything was not as perfectly arranged as he would have it. The correspondent, Mr. C. H. Patchin, says that the shelves of the magazine alcove in the library "make a fair showing" of early American magazines. Explorers of family libraries of fifty years ago remember the *Portfolio* of which Mr. Patchin speaks, and another periodical, called, we believe, the *Athenæum*.

But it is curious to see how little of the valuable material was produced in this country, and however indignant the question may make us, it was not surprising that a caustic Briton should ask, Who reads an American book? The same question in substance had been asked much more bitterly by Americans themselves. The *Knickerbocker*, of which Mr. Patchin speaks kindly, was issued fifty years ago. It was the first of American magazines of the modern spirit, but it would not be tolerated now. Periodical literature is one of the signal phenomena and influences of contemporary society. The mass of material which is presented to the public in this form is immense, and its power is incalculable. Any one of the great Sunday newspapers in New York alone is an infinitely richer magazine than any volume of the old *Portfolios* and *Athenæums*. Their contents are drawn largely from the monthly reviews and magazines. Every one of them is a book—a pattern-book, perhaps; but they show the reader where to find what he wishes. "Do not fritter your mind away over the newspapers," was the advice given to a young man. It may have been wise when it was given, but the man who does not read periodicals now loses much that nothing else can replace. The most eminent authorities in every department of science, politics, art, literature, write for newspapers and magazines, and many of the best and most permanent books are collected from their fugitive pages. At this moment the whole Irish question is argued from every point, and Irish history is most cogently treated in the monthly and weekly form. The ablest experts debate vivisection, and the most vivid literary portraiture, the most trenchant literary suggestion, the most profound political philosophy and metaphysical speculation, all appear in the periodical publication.

The mass of actual information, the work of creative genius and of scholarly criticism, which is brought cheaply to every man in the cars or on the street, is something so far beyond the days of the *Portfolio* and its kindred that it ranks among the memorabilia of the century. More than twenty-five millions of dollars are paid every year by the people of the United States for daily newspapers alone. This is about half a dollar for every man, woman, and child in the country, and it is more than twelve times the annual revenue of the national government under Washington. A single issue of the New York *Herald*, sold for three cents, contains as much printed matter as a large part of Shakespeare's works, or Byron's, or Macaulay's. Much of the matter is advertisement. But the amount of reading in the Sunday papers with their supplements is enormous.

Indeed, the opportunities and advantages of the age are so immense, the inventions so prodigious, the convenience so universal and supreme, that the observer constantly looks to see if there is a corresponding advance in human welfare. The Arabian stories are outdone. Ali Baba and Aladdin are familiar heroes. We own all the amulets. We have mastered all the magic. But there are those who reflected, as they read those wonderful tales, that while it was pleasant for Fortunatus to have his purse, and rapturous for the Prince to awake the Sleeping Beauty, there was apparently the same old sorrow and suffering on every side. All the magic ended in individual gain, and although fairy power haunted Bagdad, Bagdad was not fairy-land.

The Easy Chair knows a charming and venerable lady who used to go to Albany in a sloop, and she has sometimes been a week upon the way. We leave New York at half past ten, and dine in the capital at two. Another old friend of the Easy Chair made her bridal tour to Niagara sixty years ago. But her granddaughters can make theirs to the Staubbach and Terni in a shorter time. We know of the riot in Alexandria before it is suppressed. Longfellow dies, Darwin, Emerson, Garibaldi, and Oregon and Naples know it simultaneously. Fifty years ago, if early winter night-fall overtook Congress in session, a man toiled long and laboriously to make darkness visible with oil and candles; now one touch floods the great hall with day. It is a symbol of the sudden flooding of the whole world with the news of the moment. From his office, his shop, his home, a man with his telephone talks with his friend, his lawyer, his grocer, his doctor, miles away. No fancied convenience in his daily employment occurs to him that is not already fact and waiting for him to buy. His newspaper, a library for five cents, is but a type of all. It is the age of miracle.

Is it also the age of greater happiness? Is the blessing universal? Does the magnificent and marvellous genius of invention bind men closer together? We put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. Is the swift journey one of general blessing? Walking along the

street of palaces that leads to the beautiful metropolitan pleasure-ground, marking the elaborate workmanship, the costly splendor of detail, catching glimpses of rooms rich with the spoils of every zone, bright with exquisite decoration, seeing the silken and laced and jewelled figures that step from stately carriages, and seem to float on air like spangles on a sunbeam, do we feel that it is the purse of Fortunatus, good for himself and his family alone, or that all this splendor is but the flower of a general prosperity, a universal content? It is a momentous question, which sentiment, not political economy, must answer. Sentiment rules the world. It is the sense of injustice, not a demonstration of supply and demand, that upheaves society. The golden age was not that in which inventive genius wrought miracles, and when the Alps, a region of dazzling icy heights and cold dark valleys, was the symbol of human society. It was prosperous, but it was the prosperity of mutual good-will, of friendly interest, of general co-operation. It was a dream of pagans. But it was a Christian world in which they bore one another's burdens. Telegraphs and electric lights and cheap periodicals alone will not restore it. But the same spirit, and only the same spirit, will win Astræa back again.

The first days of summer, which led us to talk of old New York, are as lovely in the New York that we know. It is a beautiful season in cities everywhere. In Naples and Rome and Florence the early warm days are delightful. In London they are the best of the year. In Paris they are incomparable. The Englishman is a traveller. Even the Londoner has his Greenwich Hill, and his Thames excursion, and his green Richmond. But the Parisian is cockney of the cockneys. Paris is paradise. His gay nature responds sensitively to the season, and spring upon the boulevards is as smiling as spring in the meadows of the Loire.

The Parisian takes kindly to the gregarious out-of-door life. The first warm sun melts his winter clothing, and he emerges in bright light attire. The broad sidewalks swarm with pretty toilets and merry groups. Before every café there is a lively circle. They are drinking coffee, or mild *eau sucré*, or raspberry syrup, or the fiery absinthe. They are smoking cigarettes, vehemently gesticulating, and shrugging their shoulders. It is a gay world out-of-doors, and the very exteriors of the buildings, with their balconies and bright-hued stone, have a festal aspect, and at a moment's notice will decorate themselves with brilliant draperies. There are rich plants with large lustrous leaves at doors and upon verandas. Birds are singing in gilt cages. "Does it please monsieur to have a nosegay?" asks the most piquant of flower girls; and monsieur, if he be a noble American, is pleased —as he remarks in his vernacular—every time. If it be his first visit, monsieur seems never to have known before how beautiful is the opening of summer.

But he may observe it as well at home. The American, indeed, is not so much at home out-of-doors as his French ally. He makes terrible work of a holiday. Leisure is still a little sinful to him, and he looks askance at the wicked Walt Whitman, who openly prints that he "loafs and invites his soul." No wonder that the Society for the Suppression of Vice prosecutes such an offender! But despite himself the first summer days in New York, as in the other great cities, are delightful. The very warmth restrains the national rush, and thus imposes an air of leisure upon the street. Here, too, as in that Paris of the flower girl, the windows are all open and the birds sing; and there are blooming wistarias clambering upon spouts and blinds, and bright inclosures of green grass, and luxuriant ferns and oleanders upon palace balconies; and here, too, are the superb equipages, with female figures out of the fashion plates, suggestive of utter idleness and enormous expense and an incredible worship of Mrs. Grundy; and here are the club windows, with the regulation club gentleman looking out with his hat on, as he has seen in London clubs and read in Mr. Disraeli's novels; and here is the vast throng in the bright day, the elders sitting upon the benches in the parks, the children shouting and rolling on skates and daring the bicycle. In the shops are such alluring temptations that money burns the pocket, and the Jacqueminot roses and all their fragrant kindred glowing in the windows seem to young lovers, as they pass, only true types and symbols of this happy world, all beauty and perfume and summer.

—The loiterer saunters on enchanted. Every step reveals a new charm. In the fullness and freshness of the beauty around him he is sure that summer was never so beautiful before. But now he is in the finest part of the Avenue, watching the bright spectacle and the procession to the Park, when he hears a sweet peal of wedding bells. The coupés and chariots and clarences and victorias drive quickly up. There is a brisk slamming of carriage doors and a constant ascent of white groups to the church, and the pleased loiterer enters with the rest.

The vast church is dim, and there are twinkling lights high in the dark space. The pews are filling with the gayly dressed guests, and presently the rich tones of the organ roll out some stately allegro of Beethoven, some happy melody of Mozart, and simultaneously the lights flame up, and the great church is bright, while still the sun paints clearly all the illuminated oriels upon the walls. There is a gentle rustle and murmur of expectation, a little turning of heads toward the door. But it is not yet time. Here come the mother and the father. "Mothers and sisters weep at wed-

dings," says the loiterer in his heart. The grandfather follows, and as he sits in the pew, musing, he sees another summer and another bride. Now into the chancel come the Rector in his flowing white robe, and the Bishop in his lawn sleeves. They kneel, and rise. They take their seats, and open the sacred book. The moment is at hand, for the young ushers pass a white cord across the entrances of the pews—an innocent sign of restraint for that gentle company. All heads turn in happy expectation:

"The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late';
The larkspur listens—'I hear, I hear';
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'"

Bishop and Rector rise, for here is the bridegroom and his friend; and now—"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates"—the organ pours out a majestic march, and with slow and measured step the ushers are pacing up the aisle. Close behind, her hand resting upon her father's arm, robed and enveloped in white, and trailing white far behind, with perfume of orange flowers, and gleam of diamonds, and face serene and fair, the bride passes by.

It is a perfect day in June. The loiterer catches the fresh scent of roses as he hears the words of the service floating upon the low murmur of the organ. O gentle bride, the lovers standing at the window of flowers were surely right: it is a world all beauty and perfume and summer. The Bishop raises his hand of benediction; every heart says Amen and breathes a blessing; while the music bursts into a strain of triumph, the bells ring cheerily, and the young wife goes out into the golden sunshine.

Yes: the first days of summer are beautiful in all cities—as beautiful in the New York of to-day as in the older city. June never saw brighter sunshine, gayer crowds, fairer roses, or happier brides, than it has seen in "this last year as ever was."

"In the long summer nights at sea," said a friend who knew Garibaldi, "we sat upon the deck, and he recited Italian poems. He was a poet himself—a poet in action. When he stood in his red shirt upon the balcony at Naples and gave the kingdom to the King, he was the same simple man as on those summer nights at sea." But whoever remembers the days of Gregory the Sixteenth, the last Pope but one, may well rub his eyes as he reads that a triumphal procession, headed by the municipal authorities, marched through the chief street of Rome, amid universal acclamation, carrying a bust of Garibaldi, which it deposited in the Capitol. There were the usual details of pageantry—the black-veiled ladies, the chariot typical of triumphal entries, the figure of Liberty crowning the bust; and there were the red-shirted veterans, the historic flags, the great banners of Italian cities, the schools, the clubs, the artists, and the committees. But more than the spectacle was its significance. It was new Italy, regenerated Italy, the Italy to which Gregory the Sixteenth is as remote and alien a figure as Alexander Seventh, the Borgia.

Perhaps some of the strangers who watched the procession smiled at the black veils, and the emblematical Liberty, and the allegorical figures, thinking them trivial and melodramatic, and giving an artificial and insincere aspect to the spectacle. But the pine must allow for the palm. The cooler Northern temperament must not be severe upon Southern ardor lavishing itself in expression. Long ago the Easy Chair was wandering in Italy, when the Austrians were occupying Lombardy, and had just taken possession of Milan. On all the roads, at the cafés, on garden balconies, there were Italians with symbolic hats and symbolic ribbons, and loud gesticulation and gusts of patriotic song; and despite its sympathy with the Italian cause, and its consequent detestation of the *maladetti Tedeschi*, the Easy Chair could not but hear the line of Browning's contemptuous Luitolfo mockingly and constantly repeating itself:

"I have known three-and-twenty leaders of revolts."

And so supreme was his disdain of Italian patriotism and persistence that the sneering Luitolfo was sure that the twenty-fourth would be as imbecile or treacherous as his predecessors. So it was incredible to a child of Sam Adams and the New York Sons of Liberty that men who really meant to rescue their country from the grasp of a tyrant would tie ribbons in their hats, and waste patriotism in frivolity, and apparently suppose that a revolution could be helped by millinery.

It was but a generation ago, and yet it was that generation which has redeemed Italy and driven the Austrian away. The temperament is not our temperament. But it is our temperament sometimes to confound the florid expression with the sentiment, and then we deceive ourselves. "Why can not Alfred say a thing without jingling it?" asked Carlyle of Tennyson. Carlyle mistook the rhyme for the poem. The impatient pine often thinks that the palm spends itself utterly upon expression, forgetting that it is the same deep affection for the dead child which often hardens the father into stone, and dissolves the mother into a flood of woe.

Garibaldi was a perfect type of that Southern temperament. His career illustrates the persistent and creative power of sentiment. He typified the new Italy to itself. He was the symbol of the sentiment which Cavour moulded into a nation, and he will be always canonized more universally than any Italian patriot, because no other represented so purely and simply to the national imagination the Italian ideal of patriotic devotion. "He was himself a poet," said his fellow-voyager. He had that enthusiasm of high sentiment which

makes no calculation for defeat, because it does not believe in it. Despite Napoleon, even battles are not sums in arithmetic. It is strange that Napoleon, half of whose success was due to a sentiment—the glory of France—which welded his army into a thunder-bolt, and still burns to our later hearts in the fervid song of Béranger, should have supposed that it is numbers, and not conviction and enthusiasm, which win the final victory. *Italia farà da se.* Garibaldi was that faith incarnate, and its prophecy is fulfilled. Italy, more proud than stricken, bears his bust to the Capitol, and there its eloquent marble will say, while Rome endures, that one man with God, with country, with Duty and Conscience, is at last the majority.

THE Easy Chair is asked why a poem describing the destruction of a bride by fire, on the very day of her marriage, should be condemned as treating too disagreeable a subject, while a tale of suicide is admitted to the honors of type and publication in a magazine. It is conceded that the poem is "a fair specimen of verse," but still it is set aside. Why, it is asked, is the death by fire under such circumstances so fatally "a disagreeable subject," while suicide is permissible, and how is a young writer to be guided in a proper choice of subjects?

By remembering that in literary art, as in all other art, the secret lies mainly in the execution. It is rather the how than the what which the artist has to consider. There are, indeed, intolerable subjects, but there are those which are only ignoble that can be touched with a skill that prevents their producing an ignoble impression. This is evident in some of the pictures of Teniers where the objects and the persons are not poetic, while the whole effect is pleasing. There are also painful subjects, like Raphael's "Entombment," but they are enchanted by the painter's genius. "Even the corpse that hath lain in the chamber," says Emerson, "hath added a solemn ornament to the house." Then there are absolutely repulsive themes—some of Spagnoletto's, for instance—which are only emphasized, not relieved, by art, and become as "disagreeable" as in nature.

It is the German Lessing who says that the test of true art is that, whatever the subject, the artistic representation shall please. But the pleasure may be produced in several ways. Art in painting, both of the figure and the landscape, and in statuary, may be described as Nature seen through the imagination. It is the imagination that exalts and refines, and lifts the familiar fact into a strange and remote beauty. Here is the difference between the modern photograph and the portraiture of Raphael or Vandyck. The imaginative quality appears also in Copley's portraits and Gilbert Stuart's. The subjects are not all agreeable, but they are most agreeable pictures. The same thing is observable in the greatest literary work. The scene in Homer of Achilles dragging Hector at his chariot wheels, the journey of Dante and Virgil through Purgatory, and Shakespeare's *Lear*, however painful and even disagreeable the subject, all produce pleasure in the highest sense. Shall we dare to add to our illustrations Keats's "Pot of Basil"? And even if the poem justifies itself, and the modern picture does not, is it not because of a want in the picture of the imagination which fills the poem?

In reply to the inquiry, therefore, the Easy Chair may say that while a skillful literary artist would treat even a disagreeable subject of the kind mentioned so as to avoid all repulsiveness, yet the story must necessarily be sad, and if the editor has recently printed a tale of suicide, he may properly remember that his readers will naturally ask for sprightlier themes. It was a shrewd observation of a veteran publisher of long experience that stories with a happy ending are more popular than tragic stories of the same grade. The old comedies hold the stage more surely than the old tragedies. Fine art, indeed, can impart an intellectual pleasure to the representation of painful subjects. But the pleasure is not of that gay and lightsome kind which the tired brain and heart seek for their relaxation.

The artist must hold the mirror up to nature, but the mirror is his imagination, and while its light makes all things beautiful, it is sometimes a sad, sometimes a smiling beauty. The sudden and horrible death of a young bride is indeed "a disagreeable subject," and so is any form of suicide. Yet the skillful literary artist may treat both so as not only not to repel the reader, but to give him a certain pleasure. For him who is not a skillful artist, however, and who must depend upon his subject, the best advice, whether in literature or painting, is to study Claude rather than Salvator Rosa.

Editor's Literary Record.

FIFTY years ago, when Hegel died, Germany was far in advance of other nations in intellectual activity, and this activity was largely metaphysical. There was then reason to expect that the nineteenth century would make its most memorable record, not as the epoch of democracy or of the practical arts, but as the epoch of speculative philosophy. This science of sciences was to define and to justify all the rest, to found them on its own principles, and to crown them with its aims. But soon after the July revolution it lost its throne

almost as suddenly as the Bourbon king. From that time the world has seemed to grow ever more indifferent to what Mr. Bowne calls "first principles"; the word "metaphysics" has become, in theology and education, a term of reproach; and even of thinkers who still look on this branch of inquiry with respect most are inclined rather to lament for it as a lost science than to seek its guidance as a progressive and living power. It might almost seem that Mr. Bowne's book[1] is an anachronism, that it ought to have appeared when the problems of rational ontology and cosmogony were felt to be living questions, and before the belief became general that they are merely an arena for mental gymnastics, in which no end can be reached but the discipline of the athletes. In fact, however, the book is itself one of the proofs that the eclipse of philosophy is but a passing phase of thought, that the human mind will not long rest in systems of knowledge which dare not test or explain their own foundations, and that amid the crass materialism of current science there is a strengthening aspiration toward a profounder insight into being than the modes of atomic combination give, and for a larger comprehension of the universe than the conception of the law of gravity. These proofs are nowhere more marked than in the United States. Speculative science is rapidly increasing in attractiveness to students in our colleges, and in influence upon our literature. Yet the contributions of America to this branch of culture have hitherto been insignificant, and an original work on metaphysical ground, important enough to be a real factor in cosmopolitan thought, is perhaps that which the world least expects from this country.

Such a work, we believe, is that before us. This is not the place for a detailed analysis of it, and we can but mention the characteristics which seem to justify this belief. Professor Bowne's training in his specialty has been historical. His method has been learned to a great extent in the school of Lotze, and his beliefs largely correspond in outline with those of Ulrici. Thus his effort lies in the direction in which alone our age can hope to find a philosophical basis for a positive faith or a positive morality. But we can trace in his pages no slavish dependence upon any master. He follows the development of philosophical thought through all the great epochs in which it has struggled for a foot-hold in reality, giving his closest attention, of course, to the great German schools, in which the central problems of being have been attacked with the greatest energy and persistency. His treatment of it, however, is critical rather than constructive, and his conclusions can hardly be said to form a system. His endeavor is rather to review the methods of predecessors, test their results, and select and bring into due prominence and proper relations the principles of thought which may be safely affirmed. His critical dissections of previous systems are largely independent of one another, and often show a grasp and vigor of sustained reasoning which will delight the intelligent reader of every school. The fiercest onsets of his destructive logic are made upon the materialistic notions of the day, and upon their idle attempts to resolve themselves into a consistent scheme of philosophy. His merciless exposure of the absurdities inherent alike in the prepossessions of every untrained mind, and in the abstractions of some of the mightiest school-men, will be acceptable and instructive to readers who are not yet ready for any system. In short, the book deserves the most cordial praise as the best existing introduction to philosophical thought. Its educational value as a discipline in abstract reasoning, and as a window opening upon a world of ideas in which every mind will find enlargement, must be recognized even by those who distrust the philosophical value of metaphysics in any form as a possible way to the discovery of truth.

While the thought of this book is its substance, and must in a brief notice be almost the only subject of attention, Mr. Bowne's style can not be left without remark. He has carefully and successfully studied the resources of the English tongue for his purposes. No previous interpreter of the German philosophies has ever presented their abstruse doctrines and reasonings in language at once so precise, so clear, and so familiar. We cordially recommend the work to all whose desire to understand something of this subject has been checked by the jargon in which it is commonly presented, assuring them that it offers no difficulties which are not inherent in the thought itself, and that the skillful and lucid presentation, often enlivened by apt illustration and by genuine humor, adds to the fascination which the subject must have for earnest and thoughtful minds.

On a superficial view, one of the most obvious features of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the Formation of the Constitution*[2] is the contrast that is manifest between its first and second volumes. To the careless reader the first volume will seem to be a collection of dissociated fragments, large and small, arranged in chronological sequence. And yet nothing would be more wide of the mark than the conclusion that these fragments are a heterogeneous array of unrelated facts and opinions. On the contrary, they are a collation of precious materials, either derived from original sources of authentic history, or from those secondary sources which are essential aids and helps to the ascertainment and interpretation of historical facts, knit and linked together in narrative form, and interwoven with Ban-

[1] *Metaphysics.* A Study in First Principles. By Borden P. Bowne, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University. 8vo, pp. 534. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States of America.* By George Bancroft. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 520 and 501. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

croft's own suggestive comments, reflections, and verifications. The nature and importance of these materials will be apparent when we say that they consist principally of excerpts, either paraphrased or summarized, from official documents and authoritative contemporaneous histories and memoirs; from the unpublished and hitherto inaccessible manuscripts, private letters, diaries, and papers of the best-informed and most influential actors in public affairs at the close of the last century; from the archives of the several States, of the Confederation, and of the United States; from the hitherto sealed archives of France and England; from the published and unpublished debates, proceedings, and journals of conventions, legislatures, and congresses; from the confidential official reports of resident foreign agents, consuls, and ministers; from the correspondence and reports of our own commercial or diplomatic representatives abroad; from contemporaneous pamphlets, gazettes, and other publications; and from various other sources—the whole bearing immediately and impressively upon the state of public opinion, the condition of the country in its political and national relations, and the formative events that occurred in that transitional era, when the weakness of the moribund Confederation was demonstrated, and when the steps that must be taken and the obstacles that must be removed to save the country from the impending perils of disintegration and anarchy were being worked out by the far-seeing patriots of that critical period. Instead, then, of looking upon this miscellaneous body of materials as a mere collection of fortuitous atoms, the thoughtful student of history will compare them rather to the diverse building materials—joists, beams, rafters, sills, and lintels, hewn and unhewn slabs and stones, prostrate pillars, columns, cornices, and the like—we sometimes see lying in apparent confusion but real order before a site on which an imposing edifice is to be reared, each of which, notwithstanding its isolation amid the seeming chaos of fragments, is destined to fill an allotted space in the future structure, and to contribute to its utility, or strength, or grace, or beauty, or grandeur. Every floating fact and opinion, every conflict and evolution of thought and interests and principles that Mr. Bancroft has industriously accumulated in his first volume, has its bearing more or less directly upon the history of the construction of the edifice of the Constitution, and in the second volume emerges from the disorder, and is fitted to its appropriate place. Thus in the second volume, which is a closely detailed history of the formation of the Constitution, first in its separate parts, and afterward as they are moulded into a symmetrical whole, the historian is enabled to trace clearly and point out confidently every step that was taken, and the part that was borne by the leading minds, in the Convention that formed the Constitution, and to note with accuracy the progress in national life in all the States, from the hour when Washington first broached the idea of a new constitution of government as a refuge from the anarchy and violence that was imminent, until that idea took form in the august instrument which established the Union, and the new nation was started on its career endowed with every element of permanent strength and greatness. Of the general merits of Mr. Bancroft's work it is difficult to speak in measured phrase. The event of which it treats was one of transcendent importance, marking an epoch in modern history not only because it added a new member to the family of nations, but also because it put in operation forces that exerted and continue to exert a powerful influence upon society, peoples, and governments in the Old World and in the New. It was an event worthy of the powers of the greatest historian; and it has been treated by Mr. Bancroft with a dignity and ability commensurate with its importance. From the circumstances attending it, its history was necessarily enveloped in darkness; the deliberations in which it was conceived were conducted in secrecy, the travail that attended its birth was concealed from curious or evil eyes, and faith was pledged that naught concerning it should be revealed till out of the diversity of opinion and conflict of interests unity should be evolved. Only a few scattered and uncertain rays of light escaped, proceeding from confidential letters interchanged between the delegates to the Convention, or addressed by them to intimate and influential friends or constituents, and from the inevitable leakages of private conversations, supplemented, after the event, by gleanings from the private papers and memoranda of members and officers of the Convention, from rough drafts of minutes, resolutions, referred papers, reports of committees, and the like, and from recollections and reminiscences of prominent actors, sometimes desultory, and sometimes (as in the Madison papers) reduced to form with scrupulous care and exactitude. It has been Mr. Bancroft's task to gather these scattered rays together, augmented by new sources of light, and to so converge them as to dissipate the darkness that enveloped the formation of the Constitution, and illuminate every stage of the process. And he has executed it with consummate skill. The work evinces all the patient and persevering industry in the investigation of historical facts, all the philosophical acumen in tracing and discriminating their value and bearings, all the faculty for energetic and incisive statement, that were conspicuous in the best of Mr. Bancroft's historical productions, together with unabated narrative and descriptive powers. But it is gentler and more urbane in its judgments of men and motives, more chastened in its estimates of conflicting political principles, less redundant in its style, and it is pervaded by a sedateness and elevation

of thought, and a ripeness and mellowness of tone, which invest it with an air of dignity that has been rarely equalled by any historian. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by a large collection of important original documents appended at the end of each volume, nearly all of which are now first published, and will be found invaluable aids in tracing the movement of the mind of the people and of Congress from a league of States to a perfected Union.

WITHIN the past few years great activity has been exhibited by actors in or students of the events of the war of the rebellion, in the direction of rendering more clear the operations and campaigns of the conflict. As early as 1876 the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts was formed with the object of investigating questions relating to the war, and already forty-one more or less elaborate papers have been read before it, six of them being devoted to the Peninsular campaign of 1862, eleven to General Pope's campaign of 1862, three to the campaign of Chancellorsville, three to the Antietam campaign, sixteen to the campaign of 1864, and one each to the battle of Mobile Bay and the Grouchy controversy—all, with the exception of the last two, bearing upon the operations of the Army of the Potomac in 1862 and 1864, and including discussions from different stand-points of the objects and general plans of the several campaigns and battles in which it participated, and of the controverted questions that have arisen concerning them. Judging from the first printed volume[3] of the Society, the substantial historical results that have been reached are sadly disproportionate to the activity its members have displayed. Its papers are confined to the Peninsular campaign of General McClellan in 1862, and the topics severally discussed are "General McClellan's Plans for that Campaign, and the Alleged Interference of the Government with them," by John C. Ropes, Esq.; the "Siege of Yorktown," by General John C. Palfrey; the "Period which elapsed between the Fall of Yorktown and the Beginning of the Seven Days' Battles," by General Francis W. Palfrey; "The Seven Days' Battles," and the "Battle of Malvern Hill," by the same author; and "Comments on the Peninsular Campaign," by General Charles A. Whittier. After a careful reading of the papers, we have been able to discover little, however plausible it may be as *ex parte* evidence, that throws additional light on the vexed questions which have divided public opinion on the merits or demerits of General McClellan in the Peninsular campaign, or the attitude of the government toward him before and during it. The old arguments are marshalled anew, the researches and investigations, with a few exceptions, traverse familiar ground, and both, together with such new evidence as has been adduced, are colored, as all the previous discussions have been, by the personal or political prepossessions or antipathies of the writers. Neither of the papers will be accepted as final or conclusive, but they still embody much valuable material for the historian who shall hereafter undertake to sift all the facts and render a cool and impartial judgment.—Inspired possibly by the labors of the Massachusetts Military Historical Society, at the instance of the Messrs. Scribner a number of gentlemen have prepared a series of monographs of the most important campaigns of the civil war, describing in minute detail the operations and actions that attended them, and expressing decisive opinions upon their plan and conduct. So far as relates to the great contending parties in the conflict, the writers have exhibited exemplary candor, and, except in unimportant matters of detail, their record has the impress of accuracy and substantial fairness. All have not been so successful, however, in liberating themselves from their predilections and antagonisms when dealing with some of the more prominent actors on the Union side; and though undoubtedly moved by an honest desire to arrive at the real facts and to do no intentional injustice, several of the writers exhibit an asperity toward individuals—in itself a suspicious indication—which many will pronounce unwarranted, or at least not sustained by satisfactory evidence. In one instance (that of General Doubleday's account of the battle of Gettysburg) the claim of an otherwise highly meritorious sketch to full credence is seriously impaired by the fact that its author sits in judgment on a case in which he is an interested party, and while defending himself, criticises another who has passed away without the opportunity for a hearing. Several of the volumes composing the series—more particularly Judge Force's *From Fort Henry to Corinth*,[4] a narrative of events in the West from the summer of 1861 to May, 1862, including the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and the battles of Shiloh and Corinth; General Webb's *The Peninsula*,[5] a sketch of McClellan's campaign, from his appointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac to the end of the Seven Days' Battles; General Cist's memoir of *The Army of the Cumberland*,[6] covering the peri-

[3] *The Peninsular Campaign of General McClellan in 1862.* Papers read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts in 1876, 1877, 1878, and 1880. Printed for the Society. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 249. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[4] *From Fort Henry to Corinth.* By HON. M. F. FORCE, late Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General U.S.V., etc. 12mo, pp. 204. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] *The Peninsula.* McClellan's Campaign of 1862. By ALEXANDER S. WEBB, LL.D., President of the College of New York, Assistant Chief of Artillery, Army of Potomac, etc. 12mo, pp. 219. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[6] *The Army of the Cumberland.* By HENRY W. CIST, Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.V., etc. 12mo, pp. 289. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

od from its formation to the end of the battles of Chattanooga; and a memoir of *The Army Under Pope*,[7] from the appointment of that officer to the command of the Army of Virginia to the appointment of McClellan to the general command in September, 1862—are special studies of great excellence both from a literary and a historical point of view, being vigorous and chaste in their style, full in their array of facts and in their collation of evidence, and impartial in their judgments on most essential points, bating, in the case of the able and incisive memoir by Mr. Ropes, the presence of occasional personal asperities that are as unnecessary as they are in questionable taste. The other volumes of the series, so far as they have been received, are *The Outbreak of the Rebellion*,[8] a sketch preliminary to the series, by John G. Nicolay, describing the opening of the war, the state of public feeling, North and South, that attended it, the immediate acts that precipitated it, and the political and military events that occurred in the interval from the election of Lincoln to the end of the first battle of Bull Run; *The Antietam and Fredericksburg*,[9] by General F. W. Palfrey, an account of the military situation and operations from the re-instatement of McClellan to the general command on September 2, 1862, to the end of the battle of Fredericksburg; and *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*,[10] by General Doubleday, a memoir of military events from the appointment of Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac, through the campaigns of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg to the retreat of Lee after the last-named battle. These are all respectable performances, but lack certain of the qualities that are essential to the dignity and impartiality of history. The series is a useful one for the careful accounts the several volumes give of the operations of which they treat, their minute descriptions of the handling of the contending armies in important battles, and their scientific discussion and exposition of vital strategic and military movements and operations.

THE increased attention that has been given to the study of English literature in our higher schools and colleges, and the increasing number of scholars in each who, under the impulse of this newly awakened interest, are engaged in studying the history of our language, and in tracing the origin and mutations of its verbal forms, have made a concise etymological dictionary or hand-book of the tongue an indispensable part of our educational apparatus. It is true that in our great American dictionaries large space is allotted to etymology, and that the eminent specialists who have had charge of this department have kept fully abreast of the latest researches by their new and valuable contributions to linguistic knowledge. But these have become so encyclopædic and inconveniently bulky as to be practically useless as hand-books for the student, however valuable they may be as books of reference for the library. The same is true, in a less degree, of the larger etymological dictionaries which, along with the etymologies of words, give the history of their use, accompanied by elaborate illustrative comments, references, and discussions. What has been needed is a compact and convenient hand-book of etymology, presenting the parent forms and stems, and the mutations of words, rightly spelled and accentuated, from which the use of words and the illustrative comments should be eliminated, save where some special point is necessary to be known for the sake of the etymology. Such a hand-book[11] has been prepared by Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge, on the basis of his larger etymological dictionary, and has been published in this country by the Messrs. Harper as a part of their excellent series for students. The present work is not a mere abridgment of the larger dictionary, such as might have been prepared by any diligent book-maker, but has been almost entirely rewritten by Mr. Skeat with the utmost conciseness compatible with clearness and utility, and with such corrections and additions as later research and experience suggest. A statement of the principles by which he has been governed in its preparation will best illustrate its scope. Among these the most important are the following: the omission of cognate forms when their sense agrees with that of the English word; the elimination of the history of the use of words, comments, etc., in conformity with the plan outlined in the earlier part of this notice; the arrangement of derivatives from influential Latin, English, and Scandinavian roots under the heading of the primary word, with cross-references to the words so grouped in their alphabetical order; and the enforcement of the scholar's attention upon the phonetic laws by which Anglo-Saxon sounds, in common with those of all the various Aryan languages, are regulated. As it is not a defining dictionary, meanings are not given in the case of common words, but explanations of original forms are inserted where they are necessary; and as it does not aspire to be an exhaustive vocabulary, its word-list is confined mainly to words of most frequent occurrence, together with a

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[7] *The Army Under Pope.* By JOHN CODMAN ROPES, of the Military Society of Massachusetts, etc. 12mo, pp. 229. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[8] *The Outbreak of the Rebellion.* By JOHN G. NICOLAY. 12mo, pp. 220. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[9] *The Antietam and Fredericksburg.* By FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY, late Colonel Massachusetts Infantry, and Brigadier-General U.S.V., etc. 12mo, pp. 228. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[10] *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.* By ABNER DOUBLEDAY, late Brevet Major-General U.S.A., etc. 12mo, pp. 243. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[11] *A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language.* By Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A. Students' Series. 12mo, pp. 616. New York: Harper and Brothers.

few that are remarkably prominent in literature, and those that are homonymous. Words are given in their alphabetical order, but those that are derivatives are only explained under some more primary form, the cross-references to which are supplied; the language to which each belongs is denoted by parenthetical letters; the order of derivatives is always from early to earlier forms; symbols are employed to distinguish such cognate forms as are adduced to illustrate or confirm the etymology, and also to denote original Aryan roots, derivative and theoretical forms, and certain influential Icelandic, Middle English, and Scandinavian forms. Care is uniformly exercised to distinguish the conjectural or speculative from that which is certain, and valuable tables are supplied of prefixes, suffixes, Aryan roots, and homonymous words, and showing the distribution of the words of the tongue according to the languages from which they are derived. This cursory outline will enable those who are engaged in instructing students in the history of the English language to estimate the value and convenience of the work as an etymological manual.

If Mr. Carlyle's *Reminiscences of My Irish Journey*[12] does not prove fatal to the enthusiasm of his admirers, it will at least put their endurance to a severe test. Nothing as little worth reading ever escaped from his pen. In a tacitly apologetic preface, Mr. Froude informs the reader that the manuscript of these reminiscences is not one of those which were intrusted to him by Mr. Carlyle, but that Mr. Carlyle gave it to his secretary, who gave it to Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, who sold it to a Mr. Anderson, from whom it came into the hands of its London publishers, who, being free to do with it as they pleased, asked Mr. Froude's opinion as to the propriety of giving it to the world, and he saw no objection to their doing so. Mr. Froude adds that the manuscript "consists merely of fragmentary notes to which Mr. Carlyle attributed no importance." Mr. Carlyle seldom underestimated his own work, and in this instance his valuation was a thoroughly just one. It is to be regretted that Mr. Froude did not confirm it, for the book has no importance. It is a mere medley of crude jottings, dyspeptic railings, and rumblings of self-conceit, with here and there a gleam of sane sense and keen observation, but, on the whole, to use one of Carlyle's own phrases, forming "an ugly, indistinct smear, full of noise and confusion, no figure distinct in it."

Mr. Longfellow died on the 24th of March last, and on the 27th of April Mr. F. H. Underwood had completed a biographical sketch[13] of the poet, which was followed on the 15th of May by a memoir[14] by Mr. W. Sloane Kennedy, and both volumes were in the hands of readers in the last weeks of May. As might be expected from such rapid work, both volumes bear evident marks of haste. A large amount of irrelevant matter is introduced; many crude opinions and rash criticisms are ventured that time and sober second thought would have mellowed or weeded out, and the large amount of miscellaneous material of which they are composed is often so carelessly dovetailed as to give a disjointed appearance to the narrative. These defects are less apparent in Mr. Underwood's book than in Mr. Kennedy's. Indeed, there are portions of the former which could scarcely be improved, especially where his recollections of his personal conversations and intercourse with Mr. Longfellow are introduced to illustrate the traits and habits of the man, the methods of the author, and the history of particular poems. Several of his studies of the poet's separate works are fine specimens of terse and vigorous criticism liberally qualified with panegyric. Mr. Kennedy seldom ventures upon original criticism, but is content to cite the opinions of others; and by his industry in collecting these from all quarters, covering the whole of Mr. Longfellow's career, he has done good service, notwithstanding that his defective arrangement of them is unpleasantly suggestive of the array of testimonials with which merchants are wont to commend their wares to the public. There is a remarkable uniformity in the plan of both volumes. Both observe the same order, and both derive the bulk of their materials, clothed in almost identical language, from the same authorities. In Mr. Underwood's sketch, however, these common materials are blended with other matter into a comparatively continuous narrative, while in Mr. Kennedy's they are merely so many detached clippings. Despite their imperfections, both volumes are valuable for their large accumulations of biographical and bibliographical fragments, and will perform a useful provisional office pending the publication of the more elaborate account of the life of Longfellow, including his correspondence, which is in course of preparation with the sanction of his family.

Mr. Nordhoff is to be taken quite literally when he says, in the preface to his new and revised edition of *California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence*,[15] that the book has been almost entirely rewritten. When it originally

[12] *Reminiscences of My Irish Journey in* 1849. By Thomas Carlyle. 12mo, pp. 227. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 32. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* A Biographical Sketch. By Francis H. Underwood. 12mo, pp. 355. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[14] *Henry W. Longfellow.* Biography, Anecdote, Letters, Criticism. By W. Sloane Kennedy. 8vo, pp. 368. Cambridge: Moses King.

[15] *California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence.* A Book for Travellers and Settlers. New Edition, thoroughly Revised. Giving Detailed Accounts of the Culture of the Wine and Raisin Grape, the Orange, Lemon, Olive, and other Semi-tropical Fruits, Colony Settlements, Methods of Irrigation, etc. By Charles Nordhoff. 8vo, pp. 206. New York: Harper and Brothers.

appeared, nine years ago, we read it with avidity, and since then it has been a familiar reference-book for information on a variety of subjects concerning which no other work on California is as full and explicit or as trustworthy; and on a comparison of the old familiar pages with the new, the extent of the fresh matter that has been introduced, necessitated by the important changes that have taken place in the State, is a continual surprise. Mr. Nordhoff has brought the record down to the present year, adapting the work to the needs of tourists, health or pleasure seekers, business men, agriculturists, and prospective settlers, and giving the precise information that each may require in satisfactory detail. The book is beautifully printed, copiously illustrated, and equipped with excellent maps showing the points of special interest to travellers.

Now that the fervid days are upon us, we are reminded of a budget of books on our table which are as suitable for summer reading as fresh fruits are for summer eating, like them being cooling, refreshing, grateful to the taste, light, and easy of digestion, and if not contributing materially to solid nourishment, yet ministering sensibly to relishing and healthful enjoyment. Lying nearest to our hand is a volume of genial and quiet sketches by Charles Lanman, *Recollections of Curious Characters and Pleasant Places*,[16] in which that pleasant writer, with the practiced hand of a literary veteran, revives the memory of by-gone manners and old-time modes of life and travel, describes the quaint or picturesque nooks-of-the-world of our hemisphere, and haunts beloved of the disciples of the rod and gun, depicts scenes and happenings in forest and clearing and farm, recounts adventures by sea and at the brook-side, and sketches the life-history of some noble or peculiar character, who is none the less worth knowing because hitherto all unknown to fame. The thoughtful reader of quiet tastes will find Mr. Lanman's book an agreeable and thoroughly cheerful summer companion.—There is just enough of the flavor of the past in a posthumous volume by Abram C. Dayton, entitled *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York*,[17] to commend it to those who have turned their backs on the New York of to-day to seek a respite in the country from its business turmoil and the furnace-like breath of its midsummer streets, especially if they are curious about old-time metropolitan men and manners, customs and localities, or old enough to find entertainment in comparing recollections. The volume is a series of desultory talks describing the surface features of the New York of half a century ago—its streets, hotels, churches, theatres, police and fire departments, its coffee-houses, newspapers, and modes of locomotion, its solid men, eccentric characters, and leaders in fashion and politics, its business, diversions, manners, dress, and church, society, and theatre life, and various other aspects of the past—combining a kaleidoscopic medley pleasantly provocative of conversation without entailing much mental exertion.—Taking for its basis his experiences of country life on a swamp farm in the barrens or brush country of South Jersey, Dr. J. E. Garretson (John Darby) has made a book[18] which, despite the occasional stiltedness and affected ease of its style, is a genial and spirited transcript of a phase of pioneer life that exists at the very heart of our civilization, as distinctive as any at the far West, though with a difference in its manifestation. Abounding in dry and caustic humor, shrewd observation, and keen commonsense, Dr. Garretson's descriptions of the steps in the process of transforming the swamp lands of New Jersey into rich gardens, fertile fields, lusty vineyards, and smiling villages of thrifty and industrious workers, and his sketches of the local, personal, and social environments of those who are engaged in the operation, combine the spice of novelty with the solid pudding of valuable information.—A pleasant book to take up for an occasional short browse is Mr. Wilson Flagg's *Halcyon Days*,[19] a collection of brief general descriptions of nature as revealed under New England skies through a New England atmosphere, interspersed with essays on the sentiments awakened by natural scenes and aspects. Several of Mr. Flagg's studies, notably those on way-side shrubbery, flowers and their haunts, old roads and wood paths, old orchards and houses, cloud phantasmagoria, weather signs, trout streams, and angling, are delightful tidbits.—Although it is primarily a record of artist life in Paris, Mr. Henry Bacon's *A Parisian Year*[20] is a vivacious cicerone for the non-professional visitor, introducing him to much that escapes the average traveller, and graphically picturing the city under its changing aspects from month to month throughout the year.—*Summer Gleanings*[21] is the title of a book to be used rather than read. In portfolio form, it is a combination of a diary, sketch-book, and book for the preservation of collections. Covering the three summer months, each page is appropriated to a day, a space being left on each for notes, another for a pen or pencil sketch, and a third for pressed ferns or flowers. The paper is of a texture suitable to all these uses, and the book is so bound that it will hold the pressed specimens without losing its shape. Aside from

[16] *Recollections of Curious Characters and Pleasant Places.* By CHARLES LANMAN. 8vo, pp. 351. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

[17] *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York.* By ABRAM C. DAYTON. 16mo, pp. 275. New York: George W. Harlan.

[18] *Brushland.* By John Darby. 16mo, pp. 219. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[19] *Halcyon Days.* By WILSON FLAGG. 12mo, pp. 311. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[20] *A Parisian Year.* By HENRY BACON. Illustrated by the Author. 16mo, pp. 225. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[21] *Summer Gleanings.* Compiled and Arranged by ROSE PORTER. Long 8vo. New York: White and Stokes.

its convenience, the book is an invitation to habits of observation and reflection.

ALTHOUGH the reader of Miss Woolson's *Anne*[22] knows that it is a novel, and may have been incited to read it because he knew it to be one, yet while he is engaged in reading it the thought that it is a *fiction* never enters his mind to disturb the genuine human interest he takes in its characters, and especially in its central figure the heroine. Nor is the reason for this far to seek. Miss Woolson's men and women are real. In her hands character is a growth, which does not need to be labelled in order to be comprehended, but reveals itself by admitting us to a sight of the processes of its evolution. We know the character of her actors by what they say and think and do. We see the traits that contribute to their individuality and create their personal identity. When they speak, we recognize their voices. Indeed, seldom has any biographer traced the personal and mental development of a real individual and the influences that contributed to it with greater minuteness and fidelity to life than they have been traced by Miss Woolson in the case of the ideal Anne. The result is a consistency and continuity of character that leaves us in no doubt as to her personal identity. Anne is always Anne. Strong, pure, loving, faithful, and true in her early girlhood, so she ever remains; self-sacrifice, self-surrender, and a protecting care for others were her earliest and her latest characteristics; the budding virtues that with her rare beauty and grand physique constituted the charm and promise of her childhood, grew with her years and expanded with her growth, and became the crown and glory of her noble womanhood. If we thus insensibly find ourselves thinking and speaking of Anne as if she were "a being breathing thoughtful breath," it is due to the glamour of Miss Woolson's art, which stamps the impression of reality on incident and character, and invests the persons of her creations with genuine human qualities and attributes.

THE limitations of this department will not permit extended reference to the novels that have accumulated during the month, and we announce the choicest of them by their titles only. Our selection comprises the following: *Marion Fay*,[23] by Anthony Trollope; *Mount Royal*,[24] by Miss Braddon; *Two Old Cats*,[25] by Miss Virginia W. Johnson; *Our Set*,[26] a collection of stories, by Mrs. Pender Cudlip (Annie Thomas); *The Revolt of Man*,[27] by an anonymous writer; *Dick's Wandering*,[28] by Julian Sturgis; *A Reverend Idol*,[29] by an anonymous author; *Aschenbroedel*,[30] an anonymous story in the "No Name Series"; *Guerndale*,[31] by J. S., of Dale; *The Eleventh Commandment*,[32] from the Italian of Barrili; *Barriers Burned Away*[33] (a cheap popular edition), by E. P. Roe; and *Gypsie*,[34] by Minnie E. Kenney.

THE late Dean Stanley displayed his personal characteristics as a man and a thinker more vividly in his sermons than in any other of his writings, and in none of these was his individuality so manifest as in his *Sermons on Special Occasions*,[35] just published by the Messrs. Harper. These sermons were preached in Westminster Abbey from the day following his installation as Dean of Westminster, in 1864, until May, 1876. Several of them are on historical subjects of antiquarian interest, suggested by incidents in English or ecclesiastical history, and there are others on the death of eminent statesmen and men of letters, on marked events in the lives of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family, and on the religious aspects of science, geology, and architecture. None of them are marked by intensity of religious feeling, but all teach a high and earnest morality, and are couched in manly and vigorous English.

ALTHOUGH they have been previously noticed in this Record, the publication of three volumes of the "English Men of Letters"[36] in a single number of the "Franklin Square Library" is a literary event of so great popular significance and importance as to warrant a brief announcement of the fact. The number comprises *John Milton*, *Alexander Pope*, and *William Cowper*. In connection with each of these poets a biographical sketch is combined with an account of his works and the history of his writings, copious enough to be profitable for knowledge and life, and yet brief enough to serve for those whose leisure is scanty.

[22] *Anne.* A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, pp. 540. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *Marion Fay.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 119. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *Mount Royal.* A Novel. By Miss M. E. BRADDON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 87. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *Two Old Cats.* By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 44. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *Our Set.* A Collection of Stories. By ANNIE THOMAS. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 52. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *The Revolt of Man.* "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 257. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[28] *Dick's Wandering.* By JULIAN STURGIS. 12mo, pp. 397. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

[29] *A Reverend Idol.* A Novel. 12mo, pp. 450. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[30] *Aschenbroedel.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 331. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[31] *Guerndale.*

[32] *The Eleventh Commandment.* A Romance. By ANTON GIULIO BARRILI. Translated by CLARA BELL. 18mo, pp. 377. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[33] *Barriers Burned Away.* By E. P. ROE. Paper, 4to, pp. 76. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[34] *Gypsie.* By MINNIE E. KENNEY. Sq. 16mo, pp. 313. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[35] *Sermons on Special Occasions.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., late Dean of Westminster Abbey. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[36] Three Volumes of the "English Men of Letters." Edited by JOHN MORLEY. 1. *John Milton*, by MARK PATTISON. 2. *Alexander Pope*, by LESLIE STEPHEN. 3. *William Cowper*, by GOLDWIN SMITH. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 98. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of June.—In Congress the following bills were passed: Geneva Award for the distribution of the unappropriated moneys, Senate, May 23; joint resolution appropriating $10,000,000 for deficiency in army pension appropriations for the current year, Senate, May 24, House, June 19; Army Appropriation, with section providing for compulsory retirement at the age of sixty-four, Senate, June 6; General Deficiency Appropriation Bill, House, June 8; Japanese Indemnity, Senate, June 13; Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation, House, June 14; River and Harbor Appropriation, $17,367,875, House, June 17; bill regulating the carriage of passengers by sea, Senate, June 19.—A bill to amend the Constitution so as to give the suffrage to women was favorably reported to the Senate June 5.—The House settled disputed election cases as follows: the Mackey-Dibble, in favor of Mr. Mackey; Bisbee-Finley, in favor of Mr. Bisbee; and the Eighth Alabama District, in favor of William M. Lowe.—The Tariff Commissioners nominated by President Arthur were confirmed June 20.

State Conventions nominated as follows: Alabama Democratic, Montgomery, June 8, General E. A. O'Neal, Governor; Arkansas Democratic, Little Rock, June 17, Clifton R. Breckinridge, Congressman at Large; Kansas Greenback and anti-Monopoly, Emporia, D. J. Cole for Congress from the Third District, and S. H. Wood for Congressman at Large; Maine Greenback, Bangor, Solon Chase for Governor, and William F. Eaton, Eben O. Gary, B. K. Kellock, and D. B. Averill, Congress; Maine Republican, Portland, June 13, Colonel Frederick Robie, Governor; North Carolina Liberal, Raleigh, June 7, and Republican, Raleigh, June 14, Oliver H. Dockerey, Congressman at Large; Ohio Republican, Columbus, June 7, Charles Townsend, Secretary of State (renominated); Ohio Greenback, Columbus, June 7, George L. Hoffer, Secretary of State; Pennsylvania Independent Republican, Philadelphia, May 24, John Stewart, Governor, L. B. Duff, Lieutenant-Governor.

The Utah Constitutional Convention, at Salt Lake City, June 7, adopted a memorial to Congress urging the admission of the Territory as a State.

The Oregon election, held June 5, resulted in an average Republican majority of 1800.

Henry B. Anthony was elected, June 13, United States Senator from Rhode Island for the fifth term.

The French Chamber of Deputies, discussing the Judiciary Reform Bill, June 10, voted, 284 to 212, in favor of choosing judges by election.—The Divorce Bill passed the Chamber of Deputies June 20.

A bill was introduced in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, June 10, providing for the immediate abolition of slavery in Cuba, and granting the slaves civil rights.

The Tobacco Monopoly Bill was rejected by the Prussian Reichstag, June 14, by a vote of 276 to 43.

The coronation of the Czar of Russia has been deferred a year, owing to a plot of the Nihilists against the imperial family.

Egyptian affairs have been greatly disturbed during the month. On May 25, England and France sent an ultimatum requiring the temporary removal of Arabi Bey from the country, with retention of rank and pay, and the resignation of the ministry. The ministry rejected the ultimatum, and then resigned. Complete anarchy followed, and great excitement prevailed. The army violently insisted on the reinstatement of Arabi Bey as Minister of War, and he was re-appointed. On Sunday, June 11, serious riots broke out in Alexandria between the hostile natives and the Europeans, in which 340 of the latter were killed. A panic ensued, and many hundred Europeans left the country. The Khedive left Cairo and went to Alexandria. Ragheb Pasha undertook the formation of a new ministry, and further time was allowed the Porte for consideration as to its acceptance of the Conference.

DISASTERS.

May 24.—Coal mine explosion, Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. Six men killed.

May 30.—Railroad collision near Heidelberg, Germany. Eight persons killed.

June 1.—Twenty paupers burned to death in the poor-house at Osthammer, Sweden.

June 4.—Schooner *Industry* capsized on Lake Michigan. All hands lost.

June 12.—Several persons killed by a terrific hail-storm in the Indian Territory.

June 14.—British steamer *Pera* foundered off Cape Race. Eleven men lost.

June 15.—Eleven persons drowned by the flood at Winchester, Kentucky.

June 18.—Cyclone passed over Grinnell, Iowa, destroying half the town, and killing more than one hundred persons. Very destructive storms also in Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois.

OBITUARY.

May 23.—In New York city, Moses Taylor, in his seventy-seventh year.—In Washington, D. C., Brevet Major-General George D. Ramsay, U.S.A., aged eighty years.

June 2.—At Caprera, General Giuseppe Garibaldi, in his seventy-sixth year.

June 5.—In New York city, Dr. John F. Gray, aged seventy-seven years.

June 15.—At Columbus, Ohio, ex-Governor William Dennison, in his sixty-seventh year.

June 16.—In Paris, France, General Ernest L. O. C. de Cissey, aged seventy years.

Editor's Drawer.

RAIN IDYLS.

I.—IN THE COUNTRY.

THE farmer stands at his honeysuckled portal, looking at the sky, while the expression floating across his features shows he is hungering for rain. His boy wants it to rain also, but for a different reason. The farmer wants rain to develop his vegetables; the boy wants it to enable him to stay at home from school. But it won't rain; it will only threaten, and look just as though it is going to burst forth at any moment. The clouds are purple; so is the farmer, and his face looks like an egg-plant frosted with fog. The clouds suddenly come up like a great army, and just as the agriculturist imagines they are going to burst, they retire, like a convention of delegates taking a recess previous to a fresh ballot, and the sun comes out, and makes everything bright, except the face of the farmer as he contemplates watering the farm with the pump, and the features of the small boy as he starts schoolward, his mind lined with unhappy thoughts and his trousers with shingles.

II.—IN THE CITY.

The book-keeper swings nervously about on his stool. You can easily tell he is a book-keeper, because he wears a long drab duster, has his hair faultlessly arranged, wipes his pen on his sleeve, and displays a poetic wanness that betrays an unrighteous affection for and relationship with ready-made apple-dumplings.

Is the young book-keeper unhappy?

Oh yes, the young book-keeper is unhappy.

Why is the young book-keeper unhappy?

Why, because it looks like rain.

That is the reason the young book-keeper is unhappy. That is the reason he gets off his throne and looks out of the window, and stops adding in the middle of a column to ask some one if it is going to clear up, and borrows all the morning papers to consult, and puts his hand out of the door, and feels all over the atmosphere for drops, and watches to see if pedestrians have their umbrellas up, down, with them, or at home.

It is plain that he doesn't care anything about the welfare of the crops. He doesn't care if carrots are worth twenty dollars a barrel next winter. He doesn't care if the country is prostrated by a paucity of parsnips in the autumn. He doesn't care if the sun burns the grass as yellow as a sunflower or the chaste envelope of a ham. What he wants is clear weather—at least for a few hours.

Why does he want clear weather for only a few hours?

Why, because his salary is eight weeks overdrawn.

What has that to do with the weather?

A great deal, and his anxiety is as follows: he can't draw any more; he is down to his final dollar; he is engaged to take his lady to the theatre, and if it doesn't rain, he sees just how he can manage the horse-car; but if it pours, he marvels much as to the manner in which he is to overcome a carriage, or rather a hackman.

And that is why the book-keeper doesn't want rain much more keenly than the agriculturalist does.

R. K. M.

HIS LOVE.

It was evening in the country. The moonbeams peeped softly between the leaves of the pulseless elm, and kissed the song-birds lost in happy dreams. The rose and the lily were asleep, so were the parsnip and the string-bean, and all the amorous air was toned with languid scent to the sublime altitude of a swell drug store.

They were walking up the shady avenue from the village whither he had taken her to prove his boundless admiration and love at a five-cent soda-water fountain.

"No," he commenced, for he knew they were getting near her vine-clad cottage, and he hadn't much time to lose, "my love for you shall never wane, wilt, or grow less. With you I shall sail through life as tranquilly as over a placid moon-lit lake in a flat-bottomed boat, with a virtuoso at the stern playing the 'Old Folks at Home' on an accordion. You are my evening star this evening and every other evening, and you shall have a seal-skin sacque every Christmas."

She clutched his ready-made coat—or rather its sleeve—in a wild ecstasy of ineffable delight, while he continued: "You are the sweet particular idol of my life, and I shall take you to the circus next week. My love for you is deep as the iceman's cunning and the plumber's pocket, which, like a spring, refills itself when drained. Mine is a wild enthusiastic passion that will withstand the rigors of the arctic butcher and milliner. The strawberry vender may lose the cunning of the hand that arranges the meaner specimens below the large ones in the three-quarter-pint measure which he guarantees to hold a quart; but my love you will never lose, even if you bet it on a horse-race. Ah, yes, fair Imogen, while life lasts you shall have in me a defender against all the trials and tribulations of this vexed, uncertain life. My love for you burns like a dollar in a poet's pocket; it also burns like you snowy star, and not till that goes out—"

"It has just gone out," she broke in.

"Alas, too true!" he sighed. "I have been swearing by a Fourth-of-July balloon."

And he didn't say another word until he goodnighted at the gate.

R. K. M.

FROM DANBURY.

THERE are people cynical enough to believe the world is wanting in gratitude. They never saw an undertaker hover around a doctor.

There are eleven thousand more females than males in Connecticut, but there are just as many shingle nails officiating as buttons in this State as in any other of its size. This can be shown by a reference to the record in the office of the Secretary of the State.

The spring poets have given way to the potato-bugs.

There was a hair-pin on the White Street Bridge this morning. It was a very little thing, was this hair-pin, and the thoughtless public passed unconsciously over it. But while it was a trifle on the bridge it was a power somewhere else. In some home on this bright summer morning there is a woman tearing around after that hair-pin, declaring, as well as a mouth full of hair will permit her, that it does beat all she can't lay anything down for a minute without somebody making off with it.

J. M. B.

DEACON MARK KIAH AND HIS MINISTER.

THE rhyming literature derived from Mark Twain's

"Punch, punch for the passenjaire"

had another source, doubtless unknown to that popular author, whom I would therefore by no means deprive of the credit of "finding out knowledge of witty inventions."

I listened to this peculiar refrain at least half a century ago from Deacon Currier, or, as it was and is still pronounced in Newburyport, Kiah, where he was also familiarly called Mark. One evening the good man was conducting a prayer-meeting in Parson Milton's vestry. Now his reading, which was all-sufficient for the occasion, was mainly confined to the Bible and the psalmody of Dr. Watts, whom he considered infallible in doctrine and in versification. Of course, to a mind like his, rhyme was the essence of poetry, and as he could not for a moment suppose that Dr. Watts would sacrifice the proper jingling of the ultimate to sentiment or expression, he made the last syllables of the lines strictly conformable:

"'Broad is the road that leads to dath,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path
With here and there a travellaire.'"

The deacon was somewhat deaf, and he, moreover, had a habit of sleeping at intervals through the sermon, sometimes even beginning his nap before the closing of the hymn that preceded the discourse. Thus it was that one Sunday Parson Milton failed to make himself understood by him when he related how an angel came down from heaven and took a coal from the altar, with which he touched the lips of Isaiah. Old Kiah called upon him the next day, and asked him "if he had found his colt."

"What colt?" demanded the parson.

"Why, that air colt o' yourn you give notice about in the sermon yesterday, that an Indian came down from Haverhill and took it by the halter," replied the sympathetic deacon.

"I'll tell you what, Mark," roared the minister, "I'll keep you awake in future, so that you'll know the difference between Bible and horse talk."

True to his intention, on the next Sunday he gave out an unusually long hymn, on which the bass-viol sawed away so long that at its close the top of the deacon's head had fallen back on the railing of his pew, and his mouth was set for a fly-trap. Quietly the parson then rose in the pulpit, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "'Mark!'"

In an instant Kiah jumped to his feet, and before he could realize where he was, answered the supposed call upon him with an equally loud "Halloo!"

Perfectly regardless of him, Parson Milton continued: "'Mark,' I say, 'the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.' You will find these words in the thirty-seventh Psalm and thirty-seventh verse."

During the sermon that followed, Deacon Mark Kiah, it need not be added, was wide-awake.

J. C.

MODERN FABLES.

THE CART AND THE HORSE.

AN Insane Teamster having placed the Cart before his Horse, the latter could not forbear a Horse-Laugh in his Collar as he beheld his Master standing up on his back, and belaboring the unfortunate Vehicle with the Whip. What, however, was his Surprise and Indignation when, the End of the Journey being reached, his Master backed him under a Shoot, and loaded him, from a considerable Height, with several tons of Rock Ballast which he had contracted to convey to a Vessel!

MORALS.—This Fable Teaches us—

1. That the Horse who boasts before he puts off his Harness is an Ass.

2. That Nothing is more to be Dreaded than Consistency where a Man is arguing from False Premises; and,

3. That Contracts for Public Works should never be awarded to Parties who are not Responsible.

THE DOGS AND THE SHADOW.

A Dog who was crossing a Stream on a narrow Plank, bearing a piece of Meat in his mouth, was met by another Dog, who, pointing to the reflection of the Meat, convinced him that gigantic Profits would accrue from his going into the Pool, and having thus attracted the simple Animal's Attention, unloaded him from their frail support into the Water, and trotted away with the coveted Prize.

MORAL.—This Fable warns us against specu-

lating in Watered Stocks on an Insufficient Margin.

THE AMBITIOUS SNAIL.

A Snail, with Shining Morning Face and Satchel, who was creeping unwillingly to School, was reproved for his Laziness by an elderly member of the Community, who did not fail to descant upon the Advantages of Education. "By applying yourself to Study, my young friend," said he, "you will learn that you are a Gasteropod Mollusk, whom it would not be the Basest Flattery but rather the Severest Truth to style a *Helix albolabris;* that our Ancestors were welcomed to the tables of the Roman Emperors; and that so important is the place which we occupy in the Universe that it would take you 211,000 Years to crawl round the World." Fired by this generous Reproach, the young Snail besought his Senior to instruct him at once in the art of Trigonometry; and while they were engaged in Triangulating the Highway, both became Martyrs to Science, being crushed by a passing Dray.

MORAL.—Thus we see the Futility of Teaching more than the Elementary Branches in the Public Schools.

THE WOLF AND LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

Little Red Riding-hood having made a Cake all by her own self, was sent by her proud and happy Mother to carry it to her Grandmother. Upon her way she encountered a Wolf, who, representing himself to the credulous Child as the old Lady's Newfoundland Dog, so won upon her confidence that she disclosed to him the Object of her Mission. "Then," said the crafty Wolf, "I will run on ahead and pull the Bobbin that the Latch may go up." The silly Child, being touched with Gratitude, accepted his services, and gave the Animal a nice big piece of her Cake, and the Wolf perishing miserably of indigestion long before he had reached the old Dame's Cottage, Little Red Riding-hood obtained a new Tippet and Muff from his Skin, and was enabled to soothe her Grandmother's declining Years with Comforts purchased with the Bounty paid for his Scalp.

MORAL.—This Fable Shows that Cunning Vice should never attempt to Take the Cake from Confiding Innocence.

THE LION AND THE TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

A Lion having been taken in the Snare of the Hunter, was visited by a Temperance Lecturer, and admonished with Severity for having fallen a Victim to the Gin. "I confess my Fall," meekly replied the King of Beasts; "but do you not think it would be more profitable for you to extricate me from this Trap, and show me all round the Country as an Awful Example?" Struck with the Force of this Proposition, the Lecturer released the Lion, when the ferocious Animal, being famished by his long Fast, tore him to pieces and devoured him, then made a Series of Tracks toward his Home in the Desert.

MORAL.—This Fable Teaches Public Speakers the Necessity of Carefulness in making a Choice of Illustrations. G. T. L.

A FLORIDA MADRIGAL.

'Tis the song of a Seminole maiden,
On the banks of the Hatchenaha,
Awaiting her lover, game laden,
Who has gone to the Istokpoga.

"Oh, why dost thou stay, Tustenugge,
My lover from far Hickpochee?
And hast thou no fear of Miccolugge,
Thy rival from Withlacoochee?

"Or others who gather around me,
Dusky heroes of chase and of war?
Oh, my love, hasten up the Kissimmee,
And together we'll wander afar.

"We'll go to the Pithlachestcoatee,
Seek hammocks on fair Waccasassa,
Ascend to its head, Chattahoochee,
Land on Sanibel, off Punta Rassa;

"Float swiftly down Caloosahatchie,
Escaping from Okeechobee
To the land of Halpatahtchie,
And prairies of salt Manatee;

"Dream dreams on Tahopekaliga,
Sing songs upon old Suwannee,
Skim the surface of Woyohokalpa,
Tuskawilla, and Okeehumkee,

"Wakulla, Wekiva, Homosassa,
Cheshowiska, and Ocklawaha,
The famous Lake Ichebucksassa,
And yellow Apalachicola;

"From Okeefinoke to Ocklocknee,
From Tallahasshee down to the sea,
Away from all scenes that might shock thee,
We'll float o'er smooth Apalachee;

"By the Tsala Apopka we'll roam,
Hie to haunts of the sweet alligator;
In the Southland we'll find us a home,
Breathe the breath of the torrid equator."

But, absorbed by the love of Wyomi,*
Sleek Iche,† and fat Pemmiwa,‡
He heeded not fair Miccosouki,
Nor again came to Hatchenaha.

C. K. M.

SIFTINGS FROM TEXAS.

"How in the name of common-sense did you come to buy so many eggs, when I told you to buy only one dozen?" said Mrs. McSpillkins to her colored "cook lady" Matildy.

"You tol' me ter git one dozen, but I understood you ter say two dozen, so I tol' de grocery man free dozen, but he understood me ter say four dozen, so he gimme five dozen."

A shabbily dressed tramp, driven south by the frigid wave last winter, applied to a merchant of Austin for a dime with which to purchase food. The merchant handed the tramp a quarter, with the request to give him back the change. Placing the quarter between his teeth for safe-keeping, the tramp went down

* Whiskey. † Deer. ‡ Turkey.

into his garments, and producing a double handful of small coin, gave the bewildered merchant his fifteen cents in nickels.

"I reckon you will soon declare a dividend," observed the merchant, with an unfeeling sneer.

"Yaas," drawled the tramp, through his nose. "I'm doin' better than when I first started out. Last year I lost more than fifty dollars by givin' folks back too much change."

A cow-boy was ejected with considerable violence from a fashionable church on Austin Avenue one Sunday. The clergyman, whose personal ugliness is only equalled by his deep learning and goodness of heart, was expounding a difficult point in theology, when the cow-boy, somewhat under the influence of whiskey, entered. Said the clergyman, impressively:

"Beloved brethren, let me make myself a little plainer."

"Yer can't do it, ole hoss-fly," responded the wretched creature.

Old Aunt Sukey, who is supposed to be the oldest living inhabitant of Austin, and who might pass for an Egyptian mummy, was a witness in an assault case before Justice Gregg.

"What is your age?"

"My memory am powerful feeble, jedge; but hit can't be less dan twenty-foah."

Not long since Judge Noonan, at San Antonio, asked a convicted horse thief the usual question as to why sentence should not be pronounced upon him according to law.

The candidate for the penitentiary looked up and asked: "Judge, do you think a man ought to be imprisoned on account of his belief?"

"Of course not," replied the judge.

"Then tell the sheriff to turn me loose, for it has always been my belief that other people's horses belonged to me."

"You look pale, Gus," said an Austin dandy to a friend.

"Yes; I'm so nervous I don't know what to do."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, you see, last night I dreamed I paid off my creditors, and I am worried to know where in the mischief I got the money from."

Two San Antonio ladies met on Commerce Street, and one of them exclaimed:

"Do you know what I heard about you?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, I declare I heard that when your child was sick, and not expected to live, you went off to a picnic."

"It's a vile slander; it was nothing but an excursion."

Just now the people of Austin are very much excited about burglars. For several successive nights houses have been entered mysteriously, and thus far the burglars have succeeded in eluding detection. The other morning a lady called on a newly married friend, and found her in a condition bordering on hysterics. The newly married lady, by-the-way, has a female pet lap-dog called Fanny, of which she is very fond.

"What is the matter?" asked the visitor.

"Burglars!—Fanny!" gasped the unfortunate lady.

"Did the burglars steal her?"

"No; they were in the room where she was sleeping. Just think what a shock it must have been to her to wake up and find a strange gentleman in the room!"

A gentleman living in Dallas, Texas, complained that he suffered a great deal from drowsiness and loss of appetite. The doctor examined his tongue, and finally said:

"You should ride on horseback at least three hours every day."

"Three whole hours! When am I to find time to eat and sleep?"

Uncle Mose met the Reverend Whamdoodle Baxter, the pastor of a colored church on Austin Avenue. Uncle Mose is inclined to be skeptical.

"Look heah, parson, am it a fac' what you preached, dat a man and his wife am one?"

"Dat ar am de Gospel troof."

"Ef you will come down to whar I libs, and listen to de racket Brudder Bones and his wife makes when dey has a fallin' out, you will be willing ter swar dat a man and his wife am not less dan ten or fifteen." A. E. S.

THE acutest of American politicians would find some difficulty in competing in ability—or, which is practically the same thing, impudence—with his Canadian cousin. Probably the Hon. T—— D——, a veteran Member of Parliament from Ontario, should be awarded the championship in this respect. He was noted for his irregularity, or rather his regularity, in financial affairs, borrowing, but paying not again, and had probably the largest clientèle of creditors of any resident of his county, which, it may be added, gave a considerable Opposition majority. When, therefore, our hero undertook to canvass it, his case was regarded as particularly hopeless. His method had the boldness and simplicity of true genius. The candidate on arriving at a village would promptly call upon his most furious creditor, and address him as follows:

"Now, my friend, you hold my note for four hundred dollars, borrowed money, don't you? It was protested two years ago, wasn't it? You never expect to get a cent, do you now? Very good. And you are an uncompromising Tory, while I am a Grit to the backbone. Exactly. Now let us understand each other. I am running for Parliament, and this is a critical stage in my affairs. If I am elected, I

may be able to pay my creditors. I don't say I will, mind you, but there is a chance that I may. If I am defeated, that's the end of it. I shall have to move out to Manitoba, and begin life over again, and deuce a penny of your money will you ever see. Come, now, what are you going to do?"

And to the horror of the other candidate, the minority, re-enforced by Mr. D——'s creditors, swept the constituency like a whirlwind.

THEY have a "Free Grant" district in the northwest of Ontario, of which entirely inconsistent stories are told by the Dominion immigration agents to the British emigrant, and by the British emigrant to his friends on his return from that Eden of isothermal lines. One of the most striking descriptions of the territory was given by an intending settler, who, having arrived at the house of his nearest neighbor, was hospitably entertained there, and after dinner sat upon the stoop in company with his host, admiring the majestic scenery surrounding his future abode. The house dog had been entertainedwith a liberal banquet of scraps, to which he had done ample justice, and the new-comer was surprised to see the animal finally seize a particularly tempting bone, gallop with it adown the valley, scale the lofty mountain that bounded the prospect in that direction, and disappear over the summit.

"Why, what ails the dog?" he asked of his neighbor-elect.

"Well," said the old resident, "I calculate that dog's gone to bury that bone."

"To bury that bone? But, man, he's some miles away, and he's running like a railroad train."

"Ye-es," replied the old resident; "but the fact is, the soil is kind of rocky 'round here, and that dog knows he has got to go a matter of ten or fifteen miles before he finds earth enough to cover that bone, and he wants to get back before dark."

The intending settler returned to England a week later, a madder and a wiser man.

CHICAGO boasts, or rather boasted a magistrate, one Justice O'Malley, whose eloquence and erudition made him the pride and delight of the city.

"So, sorr," he thundered to an old offender, who had often escaped what the judge always alluded to as "the butt end of the law"—"so, sorr, y'arre about to incurr the pinilty of your malefactions. Justice, sorr, may purshue wid a leaden heel, but she smites"—here the quotation eluded him—"she smites"—triumphantly—"she smites wid a cast-oiron toe!"

A SPECIMEN of youthful malappropriateness of expression was lately heard of in the experience of a medical practitioner whose district lies in or about the centre of Scotland. He was attending a boy of about four or five years of age, who was stricken with fever of some violent type. In the course of treatment he ordered the boy's head to be shaved. The little fellow must have been quite unconscious of the operation which had been performed upon his head-gear. The doctor some time afterward visited his patient, and in a short time the boy, now convalescent, crept timidly into the room beside him. Shortly after, he happened to lift his hand up to his head. His countenance changed into that of blank amazement, and it was only after a considerable interval that he was able to shriek, "Mither! mither! my head's barefoot!"

A pointed example of the influence of the "ruling passion" is recorded of one of the toll-keepers in Scotland. These tolls are gradually disappearing off the face of—if not of the earth, at any rate of Scotland. Many and varied are the recollections that linger around these toll-houses. In the case in question the lessee's wife had been taken sick, nigh unto death. The services and sympathies of the clergyman were called in. The reverend gentleman was asked to engage in prayer at the bedside. He did so, and began, "O Lord—"

"Whisht!" interrupted the feeble woman, "I think I hear a cart." C. T.

EVERY one has heard of the indignant sheep-stealer who announced his intention to kill any man's sheep that rushed out and bit him as he was travelling peacefully along the road, but it remained for an Irish defendant to produce a still more remarkable justification.

It was at a time when popular feeling in "sweet Cork" was particularly angry, and ferocious attacks on the police and soldiers were inevitably made, unless they were armed and in considerable force. An unfortunate soldier who had been cut off from his fellows was mercilessly chased down a narrow lane between tall buildings, fresh pursuers joining in the hunt, or starting up in front to head him off. In desperation at finding the way barred before him, the luckless man dashed into the first open doorway, and, closely followed by the relentless mob, rushed up to the roof. The leaders were at his heels, and he was either flung from the building or jumped from it in his terror, falling six or seven stories, and alighting, as chance would have it, on the wheel of a donkey-cart. He was instantly killed by the fall, but when the police came up they found the owner of the donkey-cart "leathering away" at the corpse and killing the slain thrice over, after the fashion of Alexander and generals generally.

The defense of the donkey driver, offered at the subsequent inquest, was sublime.

"Phwat did I bate him for?" he repeated, scornfully; "sure an' phwat hannest man wouldn't, whin the spalpeen jumped down from the house and tried to stale the linch-pin of me cart?"

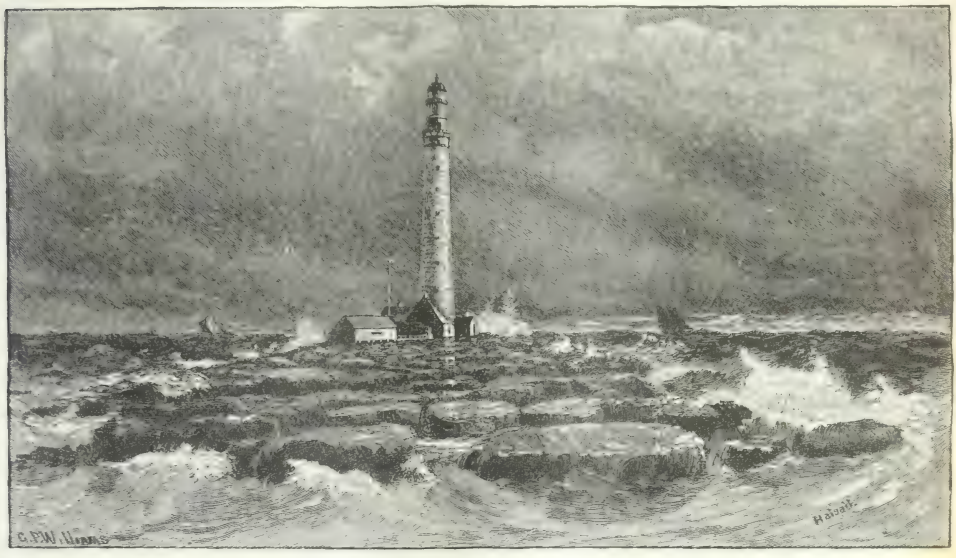


From a picture by Alfred Parsons.

A SUNDAY MORNING IN SURREY.

HARPER'S
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BOON ISLAND AND ITS BEACON.

A SUMMER AT YORK.

MY first sight of the quaint old sea-port of York was from the top of a stage-coach of a summer afternoon. York River, winding in and out like a blue feather through the salt-meadows, bears you company for nine miles from Portsmouth and Kittery until you reach the heart of the town.

Here meet four roads, with the usual adjuncts of a country village—post-office, variety store, town-hall, and school-house, with the smithy lighted by the dusky glow of its forge. Three white steeples, looking hopeful and shining, point the way to another and a longer road, while close by stands that monument of justice, the ruins of the old jail.

In the primitive days, two hundred years ago, when this jail was built, it was evidently not considered an imperative need, but under the favorable circumstances thrown in as a gratuitous adornment to the town, for the old record saith, "York being the Capital of the Provence, it was *accomodated* with a Jail." It was also obligingly placed upon the most beautiful knoll in the town, and the "Dungeon aboard" is delightfully located in the upper, sunny room of the building.

In a short ride over a low undulating road the coach brings you to York Harbor. On the left, at the foot of a small hill protecting them from the north winds, nestle three little old-fashioned houses about two hundred years old, whose small toy windows are battered and obscured by the sand blown against them by the pitiless winter storms. Here dwell some of the descendants of the old settlers, who have many a yarn to tell of foreign ports, in skeins that are sometimes rather difficult to unravel. Just at the turn in the road leading to the lane with its old-fashioned well-sweep stands the glory of the place,

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in the shape of two superb elms, whose heavy drooping branches overshadow and almost touch the chimneys of the three quaint little houses.

At the end of the lane stands our home of shade and pleasantness. An idyllic atmosphere, cool and refreshing, and a charming air of refinement, fill the rooms; and within the hallowed precincts of these pastoral walls one is very certain that no pipe save that of an Arcadian shepherd would be permitted.

From a window looking seaward a dozen canary-colored birds could be seen flying and chirping merrily in the boughs of the apple-trees, the blue band of the ocean glimmered through the green foliage, and its solemn harmony was distinctly heard. All was peaceful and quiet. Repose is the first quality you need, and it is the first you meet in York.

On the morning after my arrival I wandered over the house, as did Aboulfaouris around the palace in the Eastern tale; yet I met with more success and no vexation, for the doors not already open yielded at once to my touch. I found a kitchen running the whole length of the house, whose dainty tidiness would have satisfied St. Norah herself, who was so domestic that the gift she most desired and received was the ability to keep her house in neatness and order, and the accomplishment—so runs the story—much to be desired by some of her descendants, and given to her by St. Patrick out of his own head—of knowing how to boil a potato properly.

The parlor, with furniture exquisitely polished, was adorned with pictures. One—a warlike engraving of "Alexander visiting the Tomb of Achilles," with helmets and swords in mixed profusion, from an original picture owned by the Duke of Sutherland—is curious as well as classic.

The mantel-piece was decorated with an alabaster clock, made over the seas, not useful in works, but intended to be strictly ornamental. Foreign shells and stones, arranged with geometrical precision, gleamed like jewels when a stray sunbeam shone across the room from some unguarded crevice. Everything told in silent speech of thrift and order. In some of the houses, I was told, the housewives follow the Holland custom, and wash even their fences and gates.

To my surprise, in looking out of my window, I found a long ladder leading straight to the ground. With such advantages, the wonder is that burglary is not followed as a regular trade in the town. But the ladder was strictly in keeping with the simple and honest ways of the York people.



FOR EVIL-DOERS.

Just opposite, in queer proximity to the front door, stood a large hennery, comfortable at least to its occupants. Here Plymouth Rocks and well-fed Brahmas cackled, oblivious to all things terrestrial but themselves, and bold chanticleers piped with penetrating shrillness their approval of extremely early hours.

household words, whose hearts are mellow as a ripe peach, and whose faces are sweet and sunshiny as the spirit shining through them. Sometimes they may be seen standing hand in hand by the door whose steps lead down to the bank of the river, where they played long ago in their childhood, where still bloom in rustic pomp, as in



OUR LANE.

By degrees I soon heard of every object of interest, from the top of Mount Agamenticus to low-water mark—of the fame of the old garrison houses; of Bra'-boat Harbor; of Deborah, the sibyl of the town, who told fortunes three or four times over the same season, with a pleasing variety each time ; of the two old dames who still live in the "old house by the river," where they were born, whose names have become

those olden days, the purple marsh rosemary and the rich cluster of golden-rod.

The river is the favorite highway of the town; sometimes of a summer morning, for a quiet hour or two, it is so cool and blue it looks like a tideless lake; even the birds that fly over it then are songless, and the clamoring wild fowl are still; nature for a short season seems pausing at rest, as a quiet dream sometimes lulls



THE BLACK-ART IN YORK.

and refreshes the soul after a day of busy thought.

But a sunset at York! Ah, song-craft may try in vain fitly to describe it! Then the river, no longer cold and passionless, revels, dipped in a living sea of color, and only the eye that beholds it can keep it in memory forever.

This bit of New England meadow and water becomes a warm Venetian scene, each mimic skiff a gondola, gleaming with sails of crimson damask or purple camlet. Here float trading galleys loaded with bales of spices and butts of Malmsey. And here is a veritable Bucentaur, with the lion of St. Mark upon its black beak, huge, slow, moving to the broad bosom of the ocean. Now it glitters like a great Kantha jewel, but this morning, watching it in the blue light, it looked like a big sea-monster covered with sea-weed torn from the bed of the ocean.

Here once or twice came a solitary heron, with mournful visage and grave air, gazing into the waves in his sad heron fashion, the bright ensign of his beak reflected in the water. Occasionally a water-witch with swift motion would pass over the river on his way from the ocean. This bird is so quick it will often catch the flash of the gun and avoid the shot.

As the sunset deepens, the salt-meadows are clad in a golden green moss, each dry blade and bramble on the wind-swept hill gleams like a javelin, the red flowers burn in crimson flames, the cranberry swamp, too, is on fire, and the bridge in the distance looks as if it led to paradise. If love is a questioning of the soul of God, now are there many, many questions to be asked and answered!

Although Nature is so lavish of her charms on York, there is a most delightful vacuum in the way of shops, libraries, and indeed of almost all city incumbrances. Shopping may be pursued, but under severe difficulties.

Letters are usually promptly received, unless the milkman, to whose care they are sometimes intrusted, has been attending to his own affairs and not to those of other people.

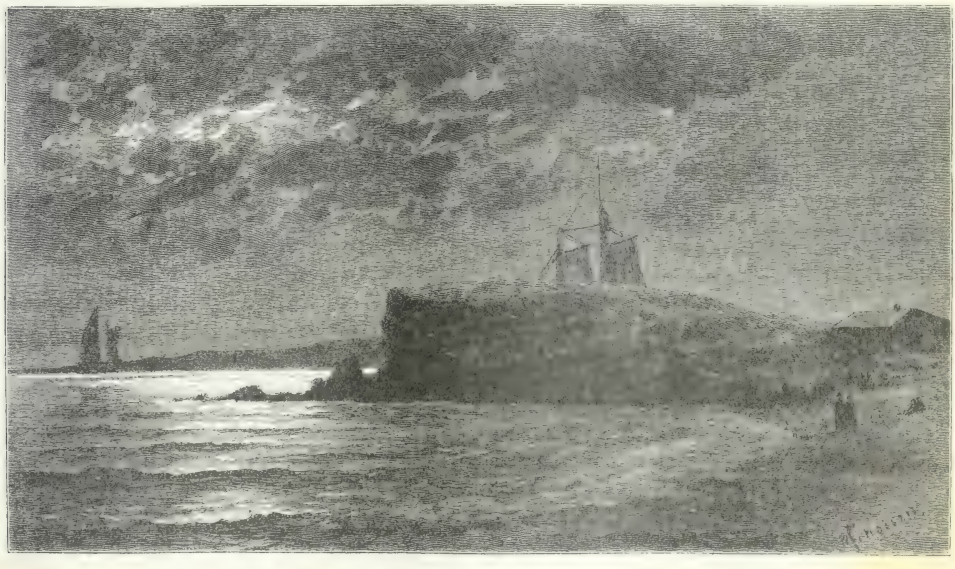
An ice-cream or fruit cart may sometimes be seen jogging along in an indifferent manner; but the fruit wagon on the beach, at eleven or twelve in the morning, the carnival hours of York, is well patronized, and as difficult of access as the ticket office of the Lowell Institute.

This beach, called the Short Sands, is firm and hard, and is so well sheltered by the projecting rocks that the heavy sea swells seldom interfere with bathing, although it is sometimes hazardous to attempt to land from a boat. Rounding the hotel cliff, the mariner passes at once from the rough, turbulent swell of the ocean into the delightful haven of rest—the river.



HOME OF THE SEERESS.

Eastern Point is a stretch of land a mile or two in length, lying between the Long and Short Sands. In some parts it is undulating and very picturesque, broken by groves and clumps of low willow-trees, within whose shade graze sheep and lambs. The turf is beautiful in color, and a royal purple heath covers the hill-tops. Here wander groups of happy maidens and lovers, both by sunlight and moonlight, and there is not a more romantic or beautiful spot upon the New England coast than the meadow leading to the Pine Grove, where patches of wheat, rye, and barley wave in the wind, completing the richness of the landscape. Wild flowers grow in



BY SHORT SANDS BEACH.



YORK RIVER.

brilliant beauty along the shore, braced by the air of the ocean into an intensity of color not found further inland. From this point may be seen the Whale's Back Light-house, at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, also the Isles of Shoals and Boon Island.

Half-way between the lane and the Short Sands stands a small store, whose interior suggests an East India caboose. Within its dusky walls may be found at need such commodities as nails, dried herring, apples, and fishing-tackle, interspersed with hard-tack, bar soap, and molasses. The owner of this small store gravely asserts that he has naught to sell of a fluid kind stronger than water, and this can not be gainsaid, as even the water has never been seen. But it has, nevertheless, a remarkably attractive door, for here do congregate all the fisher cronies of the town; and of a summer afternoon or evening they may be seen smoking their pipes for all the world like gossips around a hearth. They seem to be talking earnestly, but you may be sure, as you pass, they will not move so much as a hand to whittle a stick, for these people understand to perfection the art of "idling with all their might." Yet they, honest souls, are thinking, perhaps, as we walk cheerfully by, that we are talking about that "big haul" the "*Ann 'Lizer* hove in yesterday at Simpson's wharf, a ton or more," and that we take particular notice of "Cap'n Ben," and that we are saying one to the other, "Cap'n Ben owns the *Ann 'Lizer* more'n half—what good luck!" And we? we don't know the *Ann 'Lizer* from the *Ann Marier*. We only wish we did, and could see the "big haul," and congratulate the lucky fishers upon their good luck, as they deserve to be.

But there are some of the old York cap'ns we do know all about. There is Cap'n Jo, who gave up following the sea forty years ago. All York knows Cap'n Jo, with his honest, weather-beaten face, his brawny arms, and neck and chest exposed to the summer sun and wind. He is an old landmark, as sure to be upon Sunset Hill every evening with his spy-glass as is the red star in the Nubble Light-house to be rekindled. He is the owner of Sunset Hill, and it becoming known that he persistently refused all offers to part with his land, he was regarded as a shining example, as one who possessed a superb nobility and a rare appreciation of natural beauties. After a few conversations with him, I said, one evening, "Cap'n Jo, you

never seem to tire of these beautiful sunsets, and you have the prettiest place in all York to see them."

"Why, miss," said he, "I don't care nothin' 'bout the sunsets. I've seen the sun set afore. I like a place after work is done to come and smoke my pipe."

And it was true as the Gospel, for I afterward observed he invariably turned his back upon the west and all the glories it offered, and levelled his spy-glass away out to the eastern rim of the ocean, with the abstracted gaze peculiar to an old seaman, looking night after night as if he expected the approach of a sail that never appeared.

He had seen a good deal of the world, and thought he knew much more than we, who only came from "Boston." He said "he'd bin in Boston once on a time, an' didn't think much on't; it wuz all bricks." This was a severe blow to us, but we endeavored to bear it bravely. He liked to talk in a large way of his travels in "Yewrup," "Chiny," and "Injy," and had much to say about Liverpool.

"Why, what do you think I see once in Liverpool?" he said, in a communicative mood. "There wuz a lady there invited me to come and see her 'Merican velvit plant,' and what do you think the darned thing wuz? Why, this 'ere," pushing contemptuously with his foot a mullein stalk that had presumed to grow straight and tall upon his land.

Not far from Cap'n Jo's, down by the river, in the little house under the hill, lives Dame Dorcas, one of York's oldest inhabitants. She is one of the few yet left to us, who are fast passing away, who illustrate in their personality the ways and manners of a past generation; and it would be worth while to make a trip to York if only to see her for a few hours. Years have touched her lightly, and she is as keen-witted and sprightly as she was half a century ago.

Many a happy hour have we sat by her side, watching her beaming old face kindle as she would tell us, in her quaint speech and kindly voice, her strange tales of the olden time.



THE MOUTH OF YORK RIVER.

Upon some favored evening she would relate two of her stories, but seldom more, yet she had "stowed away," as she expressed it, a most surprising number of thrilling incidents that had happened from her youth upward. The dear old dame had made the most of her circle, and must have gone around it pretty constantly in her early days, for she had never even seen Boston, and been only once in a railway car, and her four visits to Portsmouth were constantly referred to, as a writer classifies his subject from some important historic event.

She knew by heart all the records of York from its early settlement two hundred years before, when it was the first English city upon the American continent; its history as a provincial city in the time of the three English kings and Cromwell; and all its numerous charters, given and revoked a dozen times over, until the people agreed to govern themselves, and lived much more peaceably. We found that York was once named "Gorgiana," from one Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who governed it under a charter from Charles I., until Massachusetts with her "refractory people," as Lord Dunmore called them, took charge of it.



LOW WATER IN THE RIVER.

In some of the houses where we were accustomed to make friendly calls, and where we were always most kindly welcomed, we found many precious relics in the form of old books, china, Delft-ware, and antique furniture. We came across, one day, a tattered, quaint old volume, carefully preserved by one of the descendants of Joseph, called:

"JOSEPH EMBALMED.

"An attempt to preserve the memory of that excellent and very useful servant of God, the Rev. Joseph Moody, of York, who deceased March 20th, 1753, aged 53. He set a most amaible Example of Love, Integrity and Faithfulness, Conscientiousness, Humility, Meekness, Gentleness, Condescension, Compassion, Self Denial, Weanedness from the World—of spiritual Savory edifying Discourse, of indefatigable Diligence, and of a most uncommon Disposition to improve all Opportunities of Serving God and his generation."

This is a remarkable category of virtues, when we consider that "Worcester's Unabridged" was not then published.

The last page of this queer volume is entitled:

"APPENDIX.

"BY ANOTHER HAND.

"YORK, *March 26th*, 1753.

"On the 20th of this Instant, died here, attended with Discomposure of Mind, the Rev. Joseph Moody, at the House of Mr. Bragdon, his uncommon friend and Benefactor. But his conscience being very tender, his Work lying with Uncommon Weight on his Mind, he was taken off his Work for several years, yet he gradually emerged out of these Difficulties, and was very serviceable."

This "Joseph Embalmed" was the son of the Rev. "Father Moody," of whom so many eccentricities are told.

In those days Baptists were whipped and Quakers hanged, and the sternness of legal supervision is shown in these "Certain Presentments of Grand Juries":

"We present the Selectmen of the town of Kittery, for not taking care that these children and youth be taught their catechism, and education according to law."

"We present Charles Potum for living a lazy life, following no settled employment; Major Bryant Pembleton joined with the Selectmen of Cape Porpus to dispose of Potum according to law, and to put him under family government."

If all the Charles Potums of this generation were disposed of in the same way, we should be compelled to have a new kind of family government.

At Eastern Point, near Roaring Rock, lives a fisherman known as "Old Samp." He had been christened "Samphire," if such can be called a Christian name, and its terminal was Piper. He was

"Long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand,"

with long hair of a sea-weed color, and eyes blue as turquoise stones. He told us he "knew a thing or two not sot down in the books." Roaring Rock, he said, in a winter storm, "hollered like all natur let loose."

He said, as early as 1692, the Reverend Mr. Dummer lived within a stone's-throw of his house, and so small was the number of his brethren in the ministry, he was obliged to preach his own ordination sermon.

Roaring Rock, that he described in so graphic a manner, is also able, as we can testify from frequent visits, to sing a song as gentle as an infant's lullaby. It is the most musical rock upon the New England coast. The crevice is filled with innumerable pebbles, rising and falling with the waves, and it is these that make the music. In a storm it is glorious, the sea breaking in immense snowy sheaves high over the ground, sounding like the windy horns of a thousand angry Tritons blown among the rocks.

There is a story that this cave once reached far inland under Sentry Hill, that pirates have been sheltered in it, and lights burned blue when torches were carried into the inner recesses.



EASTERN POINT.

"Old Samp" had once lived upon Boon Island, and he told us, with an air of innocence, that with a stiff breeze he had gone over many a time in the *Charming Betty* in less than forty minutes.

In 1700, the *Nottingham Galley* was wrecked upon Boon Island. After this shipwreck some benevolent persons deposited barrels of provisions upon the rock, thus providing a "boon" in case of another shipwreck, from which incident it takes its name.

The light-house was built in 1811. The island is a huge stone-quarry set in the



THE NUBBLE.

ocean, without even a tuft of grass. Only one solitary plume of golden-rod was found in a cleft of a rock.

The keepers thrive well, and at certain seasons their larder is well stocked with ocean birds that dash themselves against the light—the death-signal to them. The light-house keepers are always most friendly to visitors, and no wonder. They must hail with delight an approaching sail to relieve the monotony of their life, yet, strange to say, no office is more eagerly sought.

The cricket on the hearth that made the life of "Old Samp" cheery was his son, nine years of age, Josephus Grimmer Piper. He was always called by his whole name without any abbreviation. His father would say, "What's the use of givin' a boy a han'some handle to his name, then splittin' it in tew?" He would shout, in his briny voice, "Josephus Grimmer Piper, you'll be off that spanker-boom an' drownded, an' your hull new suit spoiled. Come in, I say, an' take this 'ere fish home by the gills, an' go with the wind, an' don't make no tacks." But Josephus Grimmer came not in from the spanker-boom, and took not home the fish by the gills; neither went he with the wind, either at that time or at any other when he was so ordered.

In the winter Josephus lived with his aunt Polly in the village. In her garden grew some gold-colored hollyhocks with rich saffron centres. As we were admiring them one day, she asked us to walk in, and said she thought herself the flowers "was consider'ble queer."

As we entered the best room, opening the closely shut blinds, she apologized for the scanty appearance of ornaments. She had put away her "chicken fixin's," she said, when the summer boarders were round. "Three's 'nuff," she said, with a little sniff; for "Frank" and "Henery," as Josephus called them, with their mother, composed her household.

This room was adorned with a chair at each of the four windows, meeting accurately the red flower at the head of the green sprig upon the carpet, and two large bony rocking-chairs, with stuffed calico seats in large pattern prints, formed a parallelogram upon the opposite side.

One work of art alone graced the walls; this was a portrait of the "late cap'n." He is represented in a very near foreground, dressed in his best Sunday suit of a bright blue set off with shining brass buttons. His right hand held a span-new spy-glass, and the expression of his face was one of superhuman delight. In the distance loomed Vesuvius in full blast; the intermediate space was filled with a few small earthquakes, and some helpless-looking craft pitching about at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The air at the cliff has a racy saltness about it which is rarely found save upon the ocean. We went far out beyond the chasm, and only the aroma of the penny-royal crushed beneath our footsteps reminded us that we were still upon the land.

The colors of the strata of this rock, in rich layers of red, yellow, and brown, are exquisitely harmonious, and the massive rampart is a delight to the eye. One of the rare beauties of Bald-head Cliff is at its base, in the tint of the water as it rushes in over the brown sea-weed and white sand until it reaches the colored pebbles. The waves take their hues, chameleon-like, from the different beds, and roll in in rich olives, emerald-greens, and a delicate ash and cinnamon, quite up to the ledge of the rock. Although it was a quiet day, the surf was high, and made us feel its power, and how sternly magnificent it would be in a winter storm.

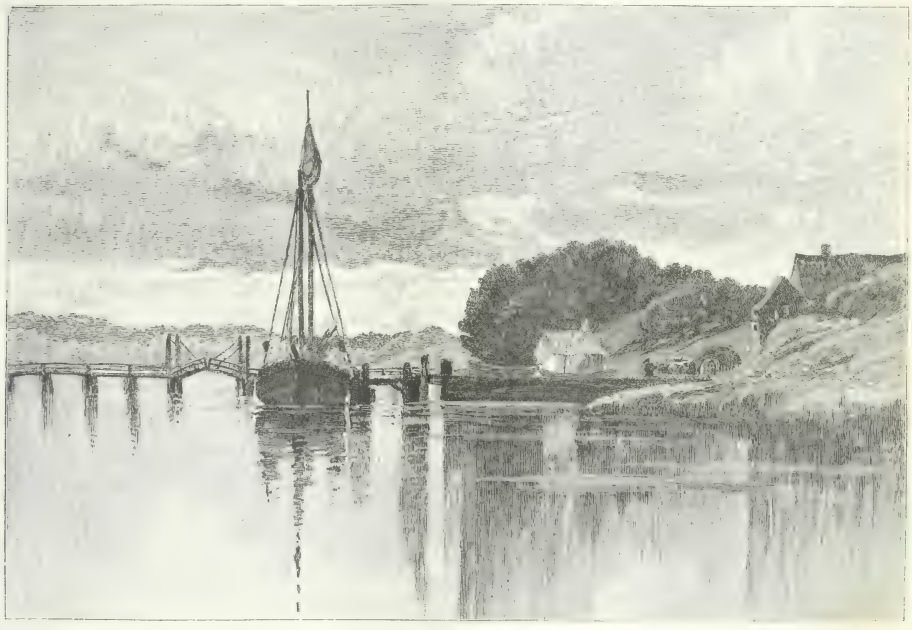
At the extreme end of Cape Neddock, about three miles from York Centre, lies the small ledgy island known as "the Nubble." It is barely separated from the mainland by a narrow rocky channel, through which the tide rushes like a mountain torrent; and yet a captain not long since, to prove his skill, ran his vessel through this passage without injury.

Off the Nubble is the celebrated ducking ground of sportsmen, widely known as such in several States.

The mouth of the river at the harbor is narrow and tortuous and very difficult of navigation; the ocean rushes in with a swift tide, bearing a ponderous body of water, dividing the rocky cliffs upon one side from the long stretch of upland and meadow upon the opposite shore. Here lies the lovely pastoral stretch of land known as Swett's Point, which is also a famous place for sportsmen.

There is a peculiar lightness and spring to the turf that makes it delightful to tread upon. It is a lonely spot, with a silence unbroken, save now and then by the voice of an old-wife or river coot heard far, far away. The road turns in and out along the seaward side, presenting bits of ocean views and romantic pictures of poetic beauty.

As we rowed up the river at flood tide we were soon taken by the current up to the celebrated Pile Bridge. We glided up beyond the "Pines" and second bridge, until we came in sight of the old garrison houses, just above Swing Bridge, upon the northeasterly side of the river. The McIntire house is well preserved, and will probably last for many years, a curious monument of the past. It was built by the first McIntire, who emigrated to America during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. McIntire was a firm ad-



YORK'S PILE BRIDGE.



THE JUNKINS GARRISON HOUSE.

herent of the King, and was banished from the kingdom. The country in that region is called Scotland, from having been settled by Scotch emigrants.

The other garrison house, bearing the euphonious name of Junkins, is further up upon the brow of the hill, overlooking the lowlands of the river. This is very much out of repair, and fast going to decay.

Brigadier-General Preble married for his first wife Martha, daughter of Alexander Junkins. After twenty years of wedded life Martha Preble died, and was buried in Falmouth, the grandfather of Longfellow the poet officiating as one of the pall-bearers.

We landed at the old warehouse, the summer anchorage for our boat. This old storehouse is one of the few left to tell of those stirring days, nearly a century ago, when fleets of vessels came and went through the mouth of the harbor, when valuable cargoes were received and discharged with business alacrity by the busy merchantmen, who traded with foreign ports, and were largely engaged in West India commerce. Tanneries flourished in those days; also, bakers', carpenters', harness, and even barbers' shops were thriving, and shipbuilding very extensive.

Although the voice of the merchantman is heard no more, upon the stillness breaks another and a deeper voice. It sweeps over the ocean and the windy hill; it is heard among the rocks, and gives its enchantment to the river. And so long as it thrills the world of beauty and the heart of man, so long will many a tired soul seek rest and many a joyous heart find inspiration upon the sunny cliffs and in the quiet paths of the beautiful old town of York.



BALD-HEAD CLIFF.



THE NOBLE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

"THE WEIBERTREUE."*

"Zu Weinsberg, der gepriesenen Stadt,
Die von dem Wein den Namen hat,
Wo Lieder klingen, schön und treu,
Und wo die Burg heisst Weibertreu':
Bei Wein und Weib, und bei Gesang,
Wär Luthern dort die Zeit nicht lang,
Auch fänd' er Herberg und Gelass
Für Teufel und für Tintenfass,
Denn alle Geister wandeln da;
Hört, was zu Weinsberg jüngst geschah."
—Uhland.

SUABIA, with its rich folk-lore, its records of chivalrous prowess, its splendid literature, becomes to the historian like a grand dramatic poem in which rhythm and plan are constantly changing. Roman emperors have led their conquering armies through Suabia's forests and villages; enraged peasants have sacked and burned her fairest cities, and laid low her stateliest castles; devoted women have offered their lives as a ransom for husbands whose hearts had seldom known any passion gentler than that for war or the chase; the boldest pioneers of the Reformation have here worked and lived; and here, upon their native soil, philosophers have fought in the old battles that will never cease until human reason is no longer circumscribed by human conditions. Suabian poets, languishing in prison, or revelling in the gladness of their native forests and vine-covered hills, have sung the passionateness, the striving, the idyllic peace of life; ruins lend to hills and river-banks the charm of antiquity; and bishoprics, abbeys, principalities, imperial cities and villages, castles of mayors and knights, are eloquent reminders of the political relations of mediæval Germany. Such is the Suabia of to-day. Its first annals we have gleaned from Julius Cæsar. From this warrior-historian we learn that the Suabians are one of the three principal branches into which the Germans were divided. The tribe dwelt along the Kocher and the Neckar, and extended to the Main; they were in the army of the German King Ariovistus, and were driven back over the Rhine by Cæsar. They led an unsettled (*schwebende*) mode of life; hence their name—schwebende—Sueven—Suabian. They had golden hair, which the

* The illustrations of this article were expressly prepared for *Harper's Monthly Magazine* by Herr B. Schlesinger, of Stuttgart.

free-born among them wore in curls upon their shoulders, and confined in a knot. The defiant deep blue eyes that flashed out beneath this coiffured hair had in them something so terrible that the Gauls under Cæsar declared they could not endure the glance of the soldiers in the Ariovistean army. "Even the gods," said Cæsar, "can not withstand the Sueven." The common costume was generally a square piece of cloth, sometimes the skin of an animal, negligently hanging over the back, and fastened with a clasp, or, in the absence of the latter, with a thorn. Only the most distinguished among them wore close-fitting clothing. The women wore a kind of sleeveless linen smock, which was ornamented with a purple border, and woven by themselves. War was the element of the early Suabians. During the intervals of peace they devoted themselves to the chase, and to the recovery of whatever strength they had lost in previous warfare. They lived chiefly by the raising of cattle and poultry, especially geese, and farmed a little; but they led a nomadic life, seldom owning the fee in farm lands, the portion which they cultivated being yearly allotted to them by the masters whom they served. The dwellings were erected upon that spot from which the farm could best be managed. The buildings were simple huts, and consisted of cross-beams or hurdle-work covered with a straw roof.

The tribe gave war service for land, and quickly responded to any call that promised them more fruitful fields. Disunited and scattered, they settled wherever a river, a spring, or a forest invited them, and thus they possessed no incorporated villages. The care of the house, herds, and fields was left to the women, the old men, and the disabled members of the family, while the warlike, in times of peace, devoted themselves to the chase, or gave themselves up to idleness. They planted grain, and from wheat and barley brewed beer. Their food consisted of fruits of the field, fresh game, curdled milk, oatmeal porridge (and this, with the addition of kraut, is at the present day the common food of the Suabians). In times of need they lived upon herbs. They were moderate in all things except in drinking. Tacitus applauds their conjugal faithfulness, their hospitality and honesty, and concludes, "There [in Suabia] good manners pass for more than elsewhere do good laws." There was something of a pagan-like freedom in their religion. They could not worship within walls, nor could they worship any object in the likeness of man. The rustling forests and the four elements concealed their deities.

Thus do the Roman historians picture ancient Suabia, and back in this gray antiquity must we search for the origin of the castle and town of Weinsberg. An old chronicle affirms that Weinsberg was one of the Roman castles that the Emperor Probus built on German ground. The curious ornamentation in the old Weinsberg church, the traces of heathen mythology on the walls, and the marks of Roman antiquity that have been lately discovered in the castle, confirm this statement. The castle, now in ruins, and known as "the Weibertreue," was formerly in close communication with the round watch-tower on the Wartburg, and with the Roman fortresses in the Kocher and Hohenstaufen valleys. Weinsberg is in the northwestern part of Würtemberg, about thirty miles from Stuttgart. It is early mentioned as a capital city of the bishopric of Würzburg, and later we read that in the year 814 Emperor Louis I. established the Freiherrshaft of Weinsberg. About 1129, Freiherr Wolfram von Weinsberg transferred the castle to the Rhenish Palgravine, Gottfried of Caled. The latter gave it as a marriage gift with his daughter Uta to Duke Welf VI., who regarded it as a part of the allodial estate of his wife, and refused to deliver it to Konrad III. when this emperor claimed it as a reversionary fee. An intense hatred existed between the Hohenstaufens and Welfs. It began in the time of the unfortunate Emperor Henry IV., and culminated when in 1079 Henry sent for Frederic of Hohenstaufen, and, in a solemn speech in which he acknowledged his loyalty, gave him his daughter Agnes in marriage, and the Dukedom of Suabia as dowry. The death of Henry in 1139 brought new complications and feuds, and Konrad welcomed any event that might make the Welf feel his power. He accordingly appeared with his army before the castle, having in the mean time defeated the forces of Welf at Esslingen as they were hastening to the help of the besieged Weinsberg. The attack upon the castle was begun. After a determined struggle, Welf fell, wounded, and the surrender seemed now to be inevitable. "Without

grace or mercy" were the words of the emperor, and the town was to share the fate of the castle. The greatest terror prevailed. Then the high-born duchesses and the wives of the town officers held a council, and determined to go in procession to the emperor, implore him to let them escape, and also allow them to carry away with them their most precious possessions. The emperor, who had no wish to wage war with women, received them kindly, gave them permission to leave the besieged town, and to take with them all



THE PROCESSION OF THE "WEIBERTREUE."

that they could carry upon their shoulders. The women went away, night passed, and the morning came. At an early hour Konrad's army was drawn up in file, the gates were opened at command of the emperor, when Duke Frederic, the emperor's brother, turning, espied, down in the village street and along the steep path that led from the castle, a long line of women, carrying on their backs, not clothing, jewels, and silver, but each her husband; and, behold, Uta, the stately duchess of the castle, leads the procession, the wounded Duke Welf upon her back! Had not the emperor distinctly said, "Take with you all that you can carry upon your shoulders"? When Duke Frederic beheld this sight, the like of which had never before been witnessed since the world began, he cried out angrily to the emperor, "That was not in the compact!" but the emperor, whose face showed quite plainly that he was not displeased by this exhibition of womanly faithfulness, answered, "A king's word is not to be broken"; and while the emperor and his army looked on in mute surprise, the strange procession wended its way, patiently and silently, down the steep hill-side, out into the country road, carrying away the men, and leaving the castle and town to the troops. The emperor generously ordered that all the treasures of the women should at once be collected and carried out to them.

To perpetuate this instance of womanly fidelity, the ruins have ever since borne the name "Weibertreue"—woman's faithfulness. It is said that an account of this

event was once read to Lorenzo de' Medici when he was suffering from a severe illness, and that the story produced such an effect upon him that from that moment he became well. In a well-preserved part of the ruins there hangs an oil-painting which was presented in 1659 to the old Weinsberg church. Above the picture is the inscription, "Ihres Mannes Herz darf sich auf sie verlassen."—Prov., xxxi. 11.

The political history of the castle involves continuous changes. Originally a Roman castle, it passed into the possession of the Hohenstaufens, and about the year 814 the Freiherrshaft was established. These free lords, among whom were Konrad IV., Konrad, Archbishop of Mainz, and Konrad IX., were connected with some of the most powerful families of their time. In 1440 the town was conquered by the nobles, and both it and the castle were sold to the electors. In the Bavarian war of succession Ulrich of Würtemberg conquered Weinsberg, and it remained in his possession from 1512 until 1520. It was during the siege by Ulrich that the high castle tower known as the Mantel, near the old knights' house, was destroyed. From 1520 until 1534 Weinsberg was under Austrian sway, and in this interval came the Peasants' War, which laid the castle in ruins. For many years after this date the annals of the town of Weinsberg reveal a sad and changeful history. From 1806 until the present it has remained under the control of the King of Würtemberg.

The year of 1525 was a tragical one for all Würtemberg. The people of Germany had suffered much under the feudal pressure of the Middle Ages, and the pitiableness of their condition increased with every decade. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the whole country was ripe for a revolution that should bring a new era of thought and action. The best minds were busy with political and religious problems, and it lay in the nature of things that the newly awakened life should pulsate even in the lowest ranks of German society, where oppression had been most felt. The prelude to that great tragedy the Peasants' War was in the middle of the fifteenth century, when Hans Böheim, a shepherd of Niklashaufen, announced himself as the herald of a new "kingdom of God," in which neither emperor nor pope, temporal nor spiritual power, should be supreme, but all should be brothers, and all, with their own hands, should earn their daily bread. From all parts of the Rhine region, from Suabia and Bavaria, people flocked to hear the new doctrine. Finally the Bishop of Würzburg ordered the young prophet to be brought in chains to Würzburg, where he was burned, and his ashes thrown into the Main. The flame thus kindled steadily increased; political and religious contests kept side by side, and at last the peasants bound themselves by an oath to pay neither to spiritual nor temporal princes, duty, tribute, rents, nor tithes, until the evils against which they rebelled were removed. In 1519 the Peasants' League numbered ninety thousand armed members. The insurrection culminated in Southern Germany in 1525. In Würtemberg the uprising of the peasants had gained rapidity and force with deadly certainty.

The insurgents were divided into two bodies—the Black troops, headed by two knights, Florian von Geyer and Götz von Berlichingen; and the Light troops, led by Hans Wunderes, of Stocksberg, and Jäcklein Rohrbach, of Heilbronn. The peasants had inscribed the year "1525" upon their seals and banners. Their coat of arms was a ploughshare from which hung a boot, and besides these were a dung-fork and flail, arranged in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. The Light troops marched in full force to Weinsberg, having paused in their course to plunder the cloisters of Schönthal, Lichtenstein, and Löwenstein, and take possession of Neckarsulm.

In the castle of Weinsberg lived the Count von Helfenstein, a young knight, twenty-seven years old, and his beautiful wife, Margarethe, the daughter of the deceased Emperor Maximilian I. The peasants had determined to celebrate the Easter festival in the Weinsberg castle. The night before Easter a friendly peasant from Heilbronn made his way in the darkness to the castle, and gave warning of the coming danger. The gray dawn of the Easter morning found the knights prepared, their horses in the stalls saddled and bridled, and five knights and as many horsemen detached to defend the castle. Count von Helfenstein held the peasants in such contempt that he refused to entertain the thought that the castle could be stormed. He therefore assembled his knights, horsemen, and peasantry in the



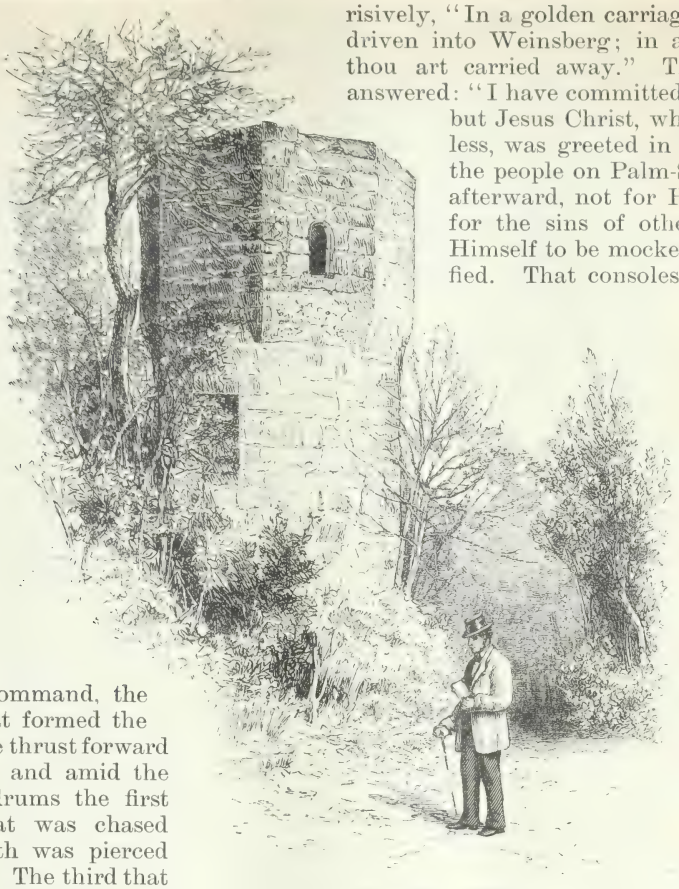
THE BRIDGE AT HEILBRONN.

market-place down in the town, and exhorted them to a courageous defense. The ramparts, gates, and weapons were all in order. Still no peasants appeared. The time for the morning service approached. Many of the burghers and horsemen went to the church to receive the sacrament; the count and a brother knight were attending mass. It was nine o'clock; the count was still in the church, when a messenger approached him and whispered to him that the peasants had come. The insurgents, drawn up in line of battle on the Schmelsberg, had sent down into the town two heralds, who were recognized as such by a long pole surmounted by a hat which they carried. They appeared before the lower gate, and demanded the surrender of the town. "Open castle and town to the Light Christian troops!" they cried, "or else, in God's name, send away your women and children, for both castle and city are to be stormed, and no man is to be spared." The knights in command knew not what to do, and sent a messenger to the count, but before he could reach the heralds, the haughty Dietrich von Weiler had commanded the guard to fire upon the heralds. One of them fell, severely wounded. "Dear friends," cried Dietrich, "they will not come; they only intend to frighten us, believing that we have the

hearts of hares." But the count thought otherwise. During the parley which they supposed was going on between their heralds and the besieged, the peasants quietly remained in order of battle, with their ranks three lines deep. In front was the Black division, the treacherous Von Geyer at its head. The shot from the walls and the fall of the wounded herald was the signal for movement. Geyer led his Black troops toward the castle, the line behind him moved down into the town, while the third line, lying off toward Erlenbach, rushed forward with tempest-like fury. The Black Höfmännin, an old hag from Böckingen, muttered an incantation over the peasants to preserve them from the guns of the enemy. Now suddenly from the town are seen two banners floating over the towers of the castle. They are peasants' banners, the signal of victory, from Florian Geyer and his Black troops. Down in the town the courage of the people was fast sinking; the two outer gates were already hewn down; battering-rams, beams, hammers, and axes were battering at their innermost gate; the fiend Jäcklein was leaping and shouting like one mad, calling down vengeance upon the resisters. A crowd of women and children had gathered about Dietrich, and with shrieks and sobs they were begging him to surrender; but the haughty old knight would not yield.

At last Count von Helfenstein ordered a burgher to mount the walls with a pole surmounted by a hat, and cry, "Peace!" The peasants shot the hat from the pole, and answered that all the knights must die. Count von Helfenstein offered thirty thousand florins as a ransom for himself; but they mocked him, saying though he were made of gold, yet should he die.

The hour now had come. The shrieking women held the keys ready to open the gates. The knights threw themselves upon their horses. From four sides at once the enraged peasants rushed into the city. Then through the streets resounded the cry, "Go into your houses, ye burghers, with your wives and children, and no harm shall befall you!" The burghers fled into their dwellings, making fast their doors, while Jäcklein shrieked out to the knights that they should be hunted to the death. The nobles and horsemen now sought to reach the church; the count also fled thither, and a priest showed him and a few others a secret staircase by which they might reach the tower. Onward rushed the peasants; the church door was broken down; the horsemen that were concealed in the nave were pierced through with the spears of the assailants, and the few that were hidden in the vault were dragged out and stabbed. The secret staircase was quickly discovered. A wild cry of joy rang through the church. "Here," cried the fiendish leader, "we have found the whole nest of them. Strike them dead!" Dietrich now gave up all hope, and going out upon the balustrade of the tower, he called out that the knights would surrender, and offered in their name a heavy ransom of gold. But the cries of "Revenge!" only became the louder. Dietrich fell backward, pierced through the neck by a ball. The peasants that had just mounted the tower ran their swords through his body, and before he was yet dead they tossed him over the tower wall into the church-yard below. The count and his companions were dragged down from the tower, and the peasants thrust their swords at them as they were led through the crowd. Wounded and bleeding, the prisoners were thrown into one of the city towers, there to await the verdict of the peasants. Within an hour this terrible desolation had swept over Weinsberg and its castle, and at ten o'clock all was over. The rest of the day was given up to plundering, eating, and drinking, and at the close of the Easter-day, 1525, the old castle of Weinsberg went down in flames. In the early morning of the next day Jäcklein led out the captive knights, and placed them in a circle to await their doom. There was an old custom in practice at that time among bondsmen, and which even among them was applied only to such as had violated their honor. It was to kill the accused by stabbing, and this was the death allotted to the knights. "They were to become a disgrace to the nobility." Just as the sentence was pronounced, the Countess von Helfenstein suddenly appeared before the assembled crowd. She carried in her arms her little two-year-old son, and was followed by her waiting-women. The countess threw herself at the feet of Jäcklein, and implored him to spare the father of her child; but neither her beauty nor her tears moved the blood-thirsty peasant. He pushed aside the emperor's daughter, and his attendants thrust their spears into "the little lord" that she held in her arms. At



THE ROUND TOWER.

Jäcklein's command, the peasants that formed the narrow defile thrust forward their spears, and amid the beating of drums the first prisoner that was chased into the path was pierced on all sides. The third that followed was Count von Helfenstein. A piper of Ilsfeld, who on this day was playing the cornet, had formerly been in the count's service, and had played for him at table.

He went up to the count and took his plumed hat from his head, saying: "Thou hast worn this long enough; now I will be a count;" and added: "I have played long enough for you to dance and eat; now, for the first time, I will play for you the right kind of a dance." Then loudly blowing his cornet, he led the way before the count to the entrance of the defile. The count fell, pierced by many spears, and the dead body was reviled and insulted by the rabble. Jäcklein put on his doublet and damask breast-piece, and stepping up to the countess, asked, "And how do I please you now, lady, in the damask trapping?" Rough hands took from the countess her ornaments and robes, and placing her, with her child and maid, upon a dung-cart, sent her to Heilbronn. As she was driven away, they called out, derisively, "In a golden carriage thou wert driven into Weinsberg; in a dung-cart thou art carried away." The countess answered: "I have committed many sins; but Jesus Christ, who was spotless, was greeted in triumph by the people on Palm-Sunday, but afterward, not for His own but for the sins of others, allowed Himself to be mocked and crucified. That consoles me." The countess then solemnly vowed that if God would protect her little son, his life should be dedicated to His service. She died twelve years afterward at Lüttich, where her brother was bishop, and where her son, as she had wished, afterward became a priest.

There came a day of reckoning for the peasants. Truchses von Waldburg hastened to Weinsberg. On his way he discovered the piper of Ilsfeld, who had concealed himself in a pigeon-house. Truchses ordered him to be taken into camp not far from Maichingen, and bound to a tree with an iron chain two feet long, in order that he might move at this distance about the stake. He then ordered that around the tree should be placed one cord and a half of good wood, which he and the knights helped to carry, and when all was ready the wood was lighted. It was night, and far and wide over the fields were scattered deserted wagons, carts, cannon, tents,

and weapons. Among these lay the silent dead, while the wounded and dying groaned in their agony. From the distant camp came sounds of the drunken revels of the victors; around the chained piper stood the exultant knights, and the eager flames leaped into the air from the lighted wood. The torture was slow; the victim uttered the most piteous shrieks, at one time calling upon God, at another upon the Evil One; now running to and fro around the tree, now springing into the air, while the other prisoners watched the appalling scene with faces blanched with horror. At last all was silent: the charred form had sunk in the flames.

On the 20th of May the fate of the captured Jäcklein was sealed. Truchses ordered him to be bound with an iron chain to a willow-tree, and a fire to be lighted, and amid the piping of cornets and the beating of drums, Jäcklein paid his debt to the incensed knights.

After the siege of the castle, hundreds of families had fled from the Weinsberg Valley. On the Sunday before Ascension Truchses ordered a nobleman to go to Weinsberg, drive out the women and children, and burn the town. A few women refused to go, and these, together with the cattle, were burned. Terrible shrieks filled the air, and in the distance rose the light of five neighboring burning villages. The heavens above the Weinsberg Valley appeared like a sea of fire. Only ten small houses remained in Weinsberg after this awful night. Weinsberg—so read the edict—was to become a village; no one could vote or hold office; whether winter or summer, its court of justice must meet under the free heavens, where this cruel deed had been committed; all persons, young and old, must, at the rising of the sun on Easter-day, go to the spot designated, receive the sacrament, hold mass, pray for the souls of the murdered knights, and give two florins' worth of bread for poor widows. The burghers must, upon the same spot, at their cost, build a chapel, set up a stone cross, and upon the latter inscribe the bloody deed in golden letters. Henceforth, the burghers were to have no armor, and wear no weapons except a dagger and a long knife. They begged for some palliation of these cruel conditions, but the Austrian government was inexorable, and for nine years the people of Weinsberg lived without their town revenues.

We must give a passing glance at Florian von Geyer. In the councils of the peasants he had maintained that if the German people would be *free*, they must meet upon equal terms, and that nobles and peasants must live alike. When the peasants held their session to decide upon the death of the knights, nothing was ever known of their debate except through the act of Jäcklein, and from the hour of that session Florian Geyer's name was never again mentioned in the assemblies of the peasants. He was not to be found at the storming of Weinsberg, and after that terrible event he and his Black troops withdrew from the League. On the 9th of June, 1525, he was overtaken not far from Hall by his brother-in-law, W. von Grumbach. Geyer fought bravely, but he and his followers fell in a hopeless combat.

In 1522 the Dukedom of Würtemberg had been wrested by the Suabian League from Ulrich I., and sold for 22,000 guldens to the Emperor Charles V. To Ulrich had been left only Mömpelgarde and Hohentweil, and to his sons the castles of Neuffen and Tübingen. Ulrich fled to Switzerland, but in 1534 he appeared in Neckarsulm with an army, which had been equipped by his friend Philip of Hesse, and was supported by French money, for which the duke had pawned Mömpelgarde. When Ulrich appeared in Neckarsulm, the people of Weinsberg hastened to send to him an ambassador, who described to him the pitiable condition of the fallen town. Ulrich listened patiently, and soon after, in the presence of the Landgravines and many of the nobility and people, he formally restored to Weinsberg its old privileges. This was the day before the victorious battle of Lauffen, which freed Würtemberg from the galling bondage of Austrian rule, and from that day Ulrich and his son Christoph were foster-fathers to the desolated valley.

The castle lay for many years in ruins; the heavens were its roof, and the birds of the air built nests in its dark nooks and corners. To the Suabian poet Justinus Kerner belongs the honor of its restoration. In the year 1824 he effected the organization of a "Woman's League" for the restoration and care of the ruined castle. An appeal was made to the women of Germany for assistance. The Queen of Würtemberg at once lent her influence to the enterprise, and a fund was also established for the help of destitute women who



THE KERNER TOWER, 1879.

had been distinguished for wifely devotion and peculiar sacrifices. Quick and generous responses came from all parts of Germany; the King of Würtemberg presented the ruins to the League, and the court architect, Von Thouret, was appointed to superintend the restoration. The hill upon the central part of which the castle stands was bought by the League. The old castle path was cleared out, and trees were planted upon each side, and now one enters into the inner court through the shade of a beautiful woody pathway. Steps and walls occur at regular intervals, and resting-places of soft greensward beneath great overarching trees combine to make the ascent one of pure delight. The last flight of steps brings us in front of the ruins. Here, on the outside of the old round tower, cut into the stones, is the inscription:

"Getragen hat mein Weib mich nicht, aber ertragen
Das war ein schwerer Gewicht als ich mag sagen.
" JUSTINUS KERNER."

("Carried me, my wife has not, but has endured that which was a heavier burden than I can tell.")

Surrounding the ruins is a circular wall so wide that the chivalric Duke Alexander of Würtemberg once rode over its entire length on horseback. On the inside of

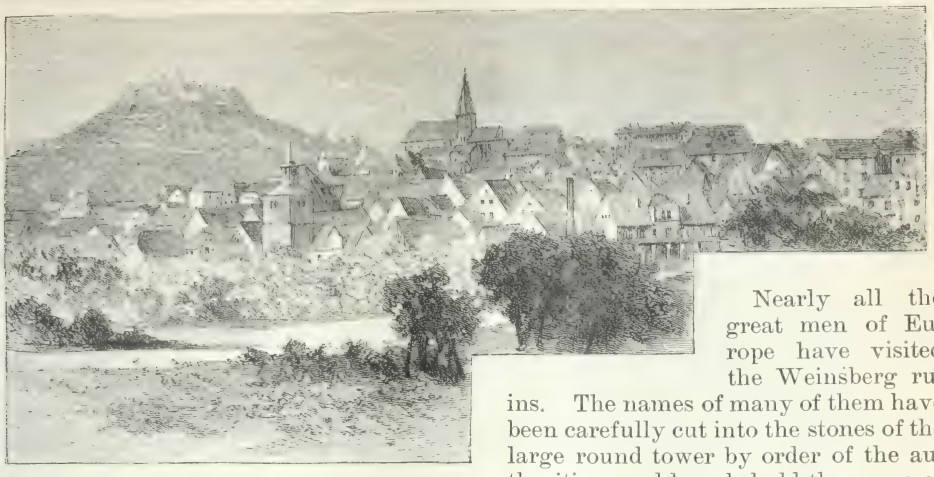
the wall, near the entrance, are the following names, also cut into the stone, and painted black: "K. [King] Karl v. Würtemberg." "K. [Queen] Olga v. Würtemberg." "F. [Prince] Hohenlohe." "K. [King] Franz I, 1815." "J. S. Potter. U. S. Consul. Juli 4. 1879." These names have been cut into the wall by order of the Frauen-Verein, the League mentioned above, which is responsible to the government of Würtemberg for the condition of the ruins.

From the wall one enters through a narrow wicket into the interior of the castle. The southwestern part has suffered most from the ravages of time and warfare. In the foreground there is a round tower which lacks the parapet, but is still quite well preserved.

From this tower one obtains the best views of the ruins. From this point also a slightly curved gravel-walk leads to a large strong tower which probably guarded the approach to the castle dungeon. The entrance into the dungeon reveals a splendid arched hall, which Thouret declares to be a Roman work. The opening to this subterranean chamber long remained obscured by rubbish. The guides formerly had a weird story about a robber knight, who was the terror of the whole valley, but who was finally captured by one of the lords of the castle, thrown into this chamber, and there left to die of starvation. It was believed that his wraith dwelt in this cavernous place, and at night rolled the stones from their places in the wall, and tormented the passing traveller. In the earlier days there was no means of ascent from the dungeon. The walls were eighteen feet thick, and the victim whose fate it was once to be lowered into this dismal place well knew that he had entered into a hopeless captivity. The ascent is now easily made by means of steps, placed there by order of the League. Westward from this point there is a great mass of stones, probably the remains of a quadrangular tower, and it may be of the tower known as the Mantel. The old house of the knights is supposed to have joined it, but of the latter no trace now remains. This part of the castle was most severely shattered in the siege, and in a later period ruthless hands have completed its destruction. It is said that the opposite Weisenhof is entirely built with stones which were carried away from the castle. Many remains of the Roman period, such as urns and vases, have been found among the ruins. Near the mass of stones there is a deep excavation, walled in with rock, and covered with an iron grating. This was probably a cistern used in time of siege, for there were no springs upon the hill. It appears to have been the duty of a neighboring village to keep a donkey, which was to drag water every day up the hill to the castle, and in return for this service certain privileges were accorded to the village. To the second division of this part of the ruins there belongs no other roof than that of the blue heavens, and one can easily walk about the upper edge of the half-destroyed tower. Vines have been trained into cupola-shape over the roofless top, and stone seats for the convenience of visitors have been placed in various positions in the interior. In the thick walls are four embrasures, each of which serves as a frame for a magnificent landscape view. The first aperture to the left of the entrance looks out upon the famous Wartburg, and over a part of the Neckar region, while away in the distance, through a gorge in the mountain, there is obtained a glimpse of Steinsberg, near Sinzheim. From the northern aperture may be seen the Scheuerberg, near Neckarsulm, and Erlenbach with its renowned vine-covered hills. The highest of the mountains that are seen from this opening is the Schimmelsberg, over which rushed the terrible tempest that in 1525 completed the destruction of Weinsberg Castle. The northeast embrasure affords the most beautiful view of the Weinsberg Valley. Below is the village of Weinsberg, and in the distance the cloister of Lichtenstein, which was so closely connected with the old dynasties of Weinsberg; and yonder knob of the blue mountain ridge is the Steinglöckle, near Mayensfels, which affords one of the most beautiful views in Würtemberg. In this part of the tower Justinus Kerner placed a number of Æolian harps, which send wailing through the ruins the saddest melodies. Cut into the stone near one of the harps are the following verses by Lenau, before the poet entered upon his sad life in the mad-house:

"Leise werd' ich hier umweht
Von geheimen frohen Schauern,
Gleich als hätt' ein fromm Gebet
Sich verspätet in den Mauern.
Hier ist all mein Erdenleid
Wie ein trüber Duft zerflossen.
Süsse Todesmüdigkeit
Hält die Seele hier umschlossen.

"LENAU."



WEINSBERG.

("Softly am I breathing here
Of mysterious, gladsome awe,
As if a pious prayer
Had lingered in the walls.
Here is all my earthly grief
Like a vapory mist dissolved.
The sweet weariness of death
Here holds the soul in its embrace.")

Near another harp are these lines, also by Lenau:

"Winde hauchen hier so leise,
Räthselstimmen tiefer Trauer.
"N. L."

("Winds breathing here so softly,
Mystical sounds of deep sadness.")

Under an arch beside another harp are these lines, by Eduard Möricke:

"Du, einer Luft-geborenen Muse,
Geheimnissvolles Saitenspiel, fang' an, fang'
Wieder an, deine melodische Klage."

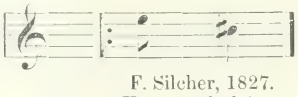
("O wind-begotten Muse,
Mystical instrument,
Begin, begin again,
Thy plaintive melody.")

On the walls, among other names cut into the stone by order of the League, are: "Varnhagen," and beneath it, "Rahel, 1832"; "Von Arnim, 1822." In a beautiful sheltered niche of the ruins is a stone seat; this was the frequent and beloved resort of the poet Uhland. In the wall above the seat are these lines:

"Wand'rer, ziemet dir wohl in den
Burg-Ruinen zu schlummern;
Träumend baust du vielleicht herrlich
Sie wieder dir auf. UHLAND."

("Wand'rer, it becomes thee well in the castle ruins to slumber;
In dreams, perchance, thou'rt rearing them anew for thyself in splendor.")

Nearly all the great men of Europe have visited the Weinsberg ruins. The names of many of them have been carefully cut into the stones of the large round tower by order of the authorities; and here behold the name of *Florian Geyer*, 1525! Here also are the names of Bretano, Meissner, Liszt, 1822, Schiller, 1793, Schubarth, 1770, Olivia Wildermuth, and many others—some accompanied by a line or couplet. Silcher has left this:



F. Silcher, 1827.
Ku - - - kuk!

And this autograph of the musician has furnished the subject of one of Theobald Kerner's most graceful poems. The coat of arms of the house (not the town) of Weinsberg in 1270 was a red field with three silver shields; the helm was of gold, and upon this was the bust of a young woman, half red, half white, and without arms. Her hair was golden, and she wore a golden crown. On the right (white side) was a white fish, whose head was placed toward the side, but the tail was turned upward; on the left (red side) was a red fish in the same position. Heraldry must decide whether this young woman was in any wise connected with the Weibertreue. The arms are still to be seen upon the monuments of Theodoric in the Stifts-Kirche at Aschaffenburg, and on the tomb of Count Georg of Erbach, in Michelstadt, in the Odenwald.

Leaving the interior of the ruins, the visitor pauses once more beside the outer circular wall. Yonder rises the old tower of the Wartburg, the famous pleasure resort of the Heilbronners. Beneath him the scene is ever changing—gardens, meadows, fields, vineyards, forests, innumerable villages scattered along the banks of

the Neckar, and in the distance an encircling line of mountain ridges. The town at the foot of the castle hill is Weinsberg—whether bearing the original name or that of the castle we know not. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, and is quaint and picturesque.

Besides sharing the fortunes of the castle, it has had varying experiences of its own. It has suffered from sieges, droughts, famines, and many pestilences. It has been the asylum of foreign troops; it has been taxed for the support of invading armies; and has been in the possession now of one government, now of another. Even the elements seem to have conspired with other hostile forces against it; for we read in an old chronicle of a frightful tempest that in 1760 swept over the town, during which two great balls of fire fell, one into the town, the other into the church. A portion of the old town walls still remains. The tower of the northeastern corner, formerly a prison, is now the Kerner Tower. In the northwest corner stood the Welf Tower, and between these formerly stood a third, which was used as a prison for women. South of the old hospital stood the triple gate that was stoned by the peasants in 1525. This gate formed the means of exit from the lower part of the town, and was connected with a strong tower. The upper gate, the only means of exit from the upper part of the town, was on the east side, and from this gate the walls stretched around to the Kerner Tower, engirting the entire town. Outside the walls the town was encircled by a trench. Beyond this, and entered through the lower gate, lies the meadow in which the captive knights awaited their doom from the lips of the peasants, and where afterward the chapel of atonement was built. This chapel remained until the last century. The old church is supposed to have been built about the ninth century; its stones are blackened with age, and a grave-like silence enshrouds it. In its yard stands a monument to Œcolampadius, who was born in Weinsberg in 1482, and died there in 1531. The church has always been an object of great interest to the archæologist. The frieze is ornamented with lilies, masked faces, and grotesque animals. Its style is a mixture of pagan and Christian architecture; the greater part is probably Byzantine. The symbols of Comus, Silenus, and Bacchus are plainly seen in its decorations. It is known that the Emperor Probus introduced the culture of the grape into the Roman colonies. He probably gave the name Weinsberg—Vinomontanum—to the castle, and dedicated the temple to these gods of pleasure. Below the frieze are low, narrow, embrasure-shaped windows. Similar windows are in the church itself, although modern ones have been added. The weapons of Weinsberg and Würtemberg appear together upon the walls, and there are inscriptions in uncial letters upon the arches and doorway.

In the southeast corner of the tower hall is the narrow stairway where the furious peasants overtook the escaping knights. On the north and south sides are arches for the town archives. The upper story of the tower is supposed to be different from the original, as it now lacks the part upon which Dietrich von Weiler received the shot, and from which he was hurled down into the church-yard below. The three bells date from 1625. A part of the church was entirely destroyed when the castle fell. The foot-path from the castle leads past the old church, directly to the home of the dead poet and ghost-seer, Justinus Kerner.

Kerner, the restorer of the Weibertreue, was a true child of the enthusiastic, passionate-hearted Suabian land. He was born in Ludwigsburg, September 18, 1786. This city was then the gay capital of Karl Eugen, who once, within five minutes, spent 50,000 thalers for ornaments which he gave to the ladies present at one of his fêtes. The city owes its existence to the nightingales that once inhabited its woods. Long ago Eberhard Ludwig, delighted by the melodies of these forest songsters, ordered some rooms to be fitted up in a palace that stood in the midst of the forest. Here the duke and his retinue spent their nights when they came to the forest to hunt. A hunting castle was afterward built, and finally a city was laid out. A ducal order was issued commanding that all the cities and magistracies of the country should, at their own expense, erect a house in the newly laid-out city. It fell to the lot of Weinsberg to build the chief government-house, and this was the building in which Kerner was born. "And thus," writes Kerner, "Weinsberg, without knowing it, lent me a place for my cradle, as it soon will give me a place for my coffin." Kerner's father was one of the government councillors. His mother

possessed many graces of character, and her wonderful beauty has been celebrated by Schubarth in a poem which the latter dedicated to her when she came as a bride to Ludwigsburg. His grandfather was ennobled by the Emperor Maximilian. Kerner was still a boy when his father died, and the widowed mother discussed with her friends many projects for her son's future. The boy objected to all that was proposed to him, and when it was suggested that his poetic and artistic talent might be made available in a sugar bakery, where original designs would be very welcome, his opposition was stronger than ever. He finally entered the ducal cloth manufactory at Ludwigsburg, where, between the cutting and sewing of cloth goods, he wrote poetry, read the German poets, and studied works on natural science. In 1804 he entered the Tübingen University, where he formed a lasting friendship with Varnhagen von Ense and his gifted wife Rahel. Varnhagen describes Kerner as being a handsome, slender, well-developed youth, who lived in familiar intercourse with animals, reptiles, and insects, of which he always had a great number in his rooms. About this time began his experiments in animal magnetism, which probably led to his ultimate belief in spiritualism. He took his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Tübingen in 1808. In 1812 he was married to his "Rickele," and in 1819 went as chief physician to Weinsberg; and here began, at the foot of the old Weibertreue ruins, that rich poetic life which ended only with his death. Here, too, he entered, first as a poet, afterward as a physician and investigator, into the realm of somnambulism. His work, *The Prophetess of Prevorst*, published in 1822, quickly found its way over land and sea. In it Kerner refers to no less than twenty apparitions that had been seen by himself. The "seeress," Frederike Hauffe, was born in 1801 at Prevorst, a village near Löwenstein, and died there in 1829. At a very early age she professed to be in communication with the spirit world, and later she appeared to be constantly in a magnetic condition. Life became a torture to her, and finally, when she had become wasted almost to a skeleton, and was in such a nervous condition that she appeared more like a spirit herself than a human being, she was taken to Kerner's home in Weinsberg, and remained there under his medical care for two years.



JUSTINUS KERNER.

Kerner wrote a number of works bearing upon the phenomena of the spirit world, and his influence upon the superstitious and imaginative was felt throughout Southern Germany.

Kerner's power is said to have been in his personality. Strauss tells us that he possessed a poetic charm which is not to be described, but which was felt by every one that came into his presence. "People," he says, "of every class in life, from the king to the beggar, of every age and every degree of culture, people of all civilized countries, felt and acknowledged it. If the annals of the Kerner house in Weinsberg had been kept during the forty years of Kerner's life there, what would they not reveal to us of the men that have passed in and out of its doors, of the conversations that were held there, of the impressions that were mutually wrought upon the gifted beings so often assembled there?.... The traveller," continues Strauss, "scarcely believed himself to have been in Suabia, if he had not visited the Kerner home, and once having been there, he went up again, if possible, or sent others, whose curiosity had been aroused by his account; and thus the little house became a place of pilgrimage, an asylum where stimulus for spirit and heart, consolation for grief, and refreshment for weariness of life, were sought and found."

The presiding genius of the house was the wife, whom Kerner called the most precious gift that God had ever bestowed upon him. Her serene, practical nature was a counterpoise to the enthusiasm and active imagination of her husband. She



SPIRIT FACE.

was as hospitable as he, and the guest that came to remain a day sometimes spent weeks, even months, in the little home, loath even then to go away. Kerner numbered many persons of rank among his friends—Garibaldi, the fugitive Gustav IV. of Sweden, Queen Catharine, the Queen of Naples, King Max II., Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, and many of the nobles of Germany.

The wife, "Rickele," died in 1854, and then the delights of this beautiful home were at an end. The health of the bereaved poet began to fail, and gradually the beloved out-door life was given up, and for two years he was confined to his room. People still visited him, and he was glad to hear and even feel them about him, for in the last months of his life he became almost blind. During these visits he became master over his suffering and pain, the old spirit and humor flashed out, and those that had come to him in tears went away in smiles. On the 24th of February, 1862, the restorer of the Weibertreue—the physician, poet, scientist, *friend*—was laid away in a beautiful grove at the base of the ruins that he had loved so well, and in sight of the house in which he had entertained the great of the earth.

The house is now occupied by Hofrath Theobald Kerner, the gifted son of Justinus Kerner. The grounds are very beautiful, and are full of weird sounds, for here and there, suspended among the overarching limbs of great trees, are glass or so-called spirit bells. Attached to the end of their muffled clappers is a feather that is moved by the slightest breeze, causing the bell to be touched with a gentle or hard blow, according to the force of the wind, but always producing tones that vibrate through the dense and sombre foliage with sweet and plaintive sadness. In many places about the grounds there are Æolian harps, whose wailing sounds distinctly strike the ear, then die away into faintest moans, only to return again like notes borne by varying winds over hill and dale from some distant trumpeter. A winding pathway under the thick foliage of black spruce-trees leads to the Kerner Tower, which stands at a short distance behind the house, and is nearly hidden by a net-work of ivy. Upon the top of the tower are stationed storm-trumpets, which, in weird strains, give warning of rising winds and coming storms. It was in this tower that Count von Helfenstein was confined by the peasants until his sentence was pronounced.

On one side of the tower, partly hidden among the trees, stands a statue of Ulrich of Lichtenstein, and on the other side a weather-beaten statue, more than a thousand years old, of a court fool. Within the tower is a library, mouldy with age, and containing the works of Paracelsus and other like authors. On the walls there are quaint inscriptions and many famous names. Among the latter one reads: "Uhland, 1863," and "Lenau, August 22, 1850." The Kerner house was the last one which Lenau visited before he sailed for America, in 1833, and when he returned from that journey through "those fearfully strange lands," he straightway went to Kerner, and in the upper room of this old tower he wrote, in 1834, the greater part of his "Faust." Beneath this room is a dungeon, into which offenders were thrown in the knightly days of long ago.

The descent from the tower brings us face to face with the Kerner house. A bust of Justinus Kerner adorns one end, and over the doorway of the back part of the house is this inscription: "In der Welt habt Ihr Angst, aber seyd getrost, ich habe die Welt überwunden." ("In the world ye have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.") The house is a series of chambers, each imaging a poet's dream, too beautiful to be fantastic, too characteristic to be affected. One room is fashioned into a grotto, and filled with tropical plants and birds; another is a miniature studio, and contains the works of Theobald Kerner—poet and artist. There, on the table, the work of his own hands, stands a bust of himself, and around it lie marble models of the hands and fingers of his wife, also his own work. The forms of two fourth fingers —his own and his wife's—lie side by side, wrought together on one block of marble. On the wall hangs a superb picture of his author-friend Häckländer. From this room we enter the billiard-room, and here are rare old pictures, a portrait of Lenau, a crystal drinking-glass a thousand years old, and pictures in handsome frames of the ghosts seen by Justinus Kerner. Very beautiful are these spirit faces, with their strange, far-away look.

Along the side of the house, and looking out upon the Kerner Tower, is a narrow room. This is fitted up as a kind of shrine, and called the "grandmother's room." The walls of the stairway are lined with old pictures, and little panes of antique painted glass serve as windows. Set in the wall near the upper landing is a tablet bearing the name of Mesmer and an inscription. Of the rooms upstairs the southernmost one is the Marien-Zimmer—Madonna-Room—so called from its chief ornament, a large alabaster figure of the Madonna holding the infant Saviour. This figure formerly stood in the Pilgrim's Church on the Heerberge, near Gaildorf, and was supposed to possess miraculous power. A lamp is now always kept burning before it, and beside it stands a great carved door of unknown antiquity. A soft rich light shimmers through the painted windows, and fills the room with a mysterious glow. It seems for the moment as if one were standing in a crypt of some mediæval cathedral. A central room leads from the Madonna-Room into a rose-colored boudoir.



OLD ROMAN DOOR IN WEINSBERG CHURCH.

On one side of this room is a long prismatic-tinted window, through which the light falls in a changeful way, glorifying everything that it touches. Beneath the window is an Oriental couch; on this is spread the skin of a white bear, and here the beautiful wife of Theobald Kerner is accustomed to sit. The softest lights fall upon her through the tinted window, play upon her golden hair, and reveal every tint of her exquisite complexion. Above the couch hangs a life-size oil-painting of the young wife, which represents her as she appears when reclining on this couch, bathed in opaline light.

Here at the base of the Weibertreue the life of the poet and his young wife passes like an idyl. For them the months and years go by unclouded, it is said, by any shadow. In the days when the stately castle, filled with knights and lords, crowned the Weinsberg, it was the women that said, "Let us give our own lives, if need be, for those of our husbands." To-day, on the spot where this offering was made, the poet-husband sings,

> "Allgewaltig, vielgestaltig,
> Dringt die Liebe auf mich ein,"*

* "To my Elsa," by Theobald Kerner.

and in his devotion perpetuates the deed that has made the ruins immortal, and proves the ultimate equipoise of the relations of life. It is truly a strange coincidence that this anomalous life should be lived out here under the friendly shadow of the Weibertreue ruins.

The white road that winds around past Weinsberg leads to Heilbronn, the railway station at which we take carriages for the Weibertreue. Heilbronn has shared many calamities with Weinsberg. It is a quaint old town, and Schubarth wrote of it, "He that would make life free, good, and beautiful, should go to Heilbronn." The Romans made an early settlement on the banks of the Neckar, near to Heilbronn, but about the year 680 the missionary Kilian came to this part of the Neckar country, and near a beautiful up-gushing fountain—the subsequent Siebenröhrenbrunnen—founded a little church, which he dedicated to the archangel Michael.

The inhabitants of the whole region were converted to Christianity by this missionary, and were baptized in the fountain. After Kilian's martyrdom, which occurred in 689, the place was hard pressed by the pagan priests. One day, a hundred years later, the Emperor Charles, wearied by the chase, encamped with his retinue beside the sparkling fountain. A pious settler, whose hut was near, implored the emperor to help the oppressed Christians. Charles willingly gave the desired help, and ordered the half-destroyed Michaelis Church to be restored, and a palace for himself to be erected near it. Many persons had early found their way to the little settlement, and in memory of the first baptism in the fountain it was called "Heiligenbrunnen," or Heilbronn (Holy Fountain). The French kings regarded Christianity as the lever of culture, and never neglected to make a church the central point of their settlements. With these temples large markets were always connected. In 747 Charlemagne endowed the bishopric of Würzburg with the Michaelis Market in his "villa Heilbrunna." One hundred years later the Emperor Louis the Pious visited Heilbronn, as we learn from one of his letters, dated, "De Heilbruno, Palatio regio." The Hohenstaufens surrounded Heilbronn with walls, and Emperor Rudolph gave to it the same laws and rights as those possessed by the city of Speyer. Heilbronn was partly destroyed by the French in 1688; in 1802 it became subject to the government of Würtemberg. The great Kilian Church was begun in 1013. In the tower hang eight bells, one of which was cast in the year 1497 by the son of the reformer Lachmann, and weighs 8000 pounds. The altar is of marble, and is one of the most celebrated in Europe.

The ascent of the winding staircase on the outside of the great tower brings us upon the statue of an infant boy, whose head is surmounted by a cabbage leaf. The legend says that many years ago a woman who was performing some duties in the church discovered her little child standing on one of the balustrades of the tower. Having slipped away from her while her attention had been absorbed in her work, the child had crawled up the tower steps, and was pausing on this giddy height. Almost in the same moment that it was discovered it fell to the ground—a distance perhaps of two hundred feet—but alighting on a cabbage that was growing in the little vegetable plot beneath the church, it was uninjured, and laughed gleefully as the terrified mother sprang forward and caught it up. To commemorate this wonderful escape, the image of a child crowned with a cabbage leaf was placed upon that part of the tower from which the child fell.

Upon the site of the old Michaelis Church there now stands the St. Joseph's Church. The chapel beneath the tower, as well as a part of the latter, are remains of the primitive church. Of another beautiful old church only the tower remains, and this is now used as a shot manufactory. On the tower, probably inscribed by some barefoot Franciscan monk, is this verse:

"I live, and know not how long;
I die, and know not when;
I journey, and know not whither.
Should I think of death and eternal pain,
I should not be so gladsome."

The Rath-house, built in the sixteenth century, contains a clock that was made in 1550 by Michael Müller, the maker of the clock in the Strasburg minster. The whole region about Heilbronn is wonderfully beautiful, and during the carriage drive of an hour from this quaint town to the Weibertreue the mind is prepared for the enjoyment of the dreamy beauty and silence that await it amid the ruins of the lonely Weinsberg.



THE DIGHTON ROCK.

THE VISIT OF THE VIKINGS.

THE American antiquarians of the last generation had a great dislike to anything vague or legendary, and they used to rejoice that there was nothing of that sort about the discovery of America. The history of other parts of the world, they said, might begin in myth and tradition, but here at least was firm ground, a definite starting-point, plain outlines, and no vague and shadowy romance. But they were destined to be disappointed, and it may be that nothing has been lost, after all. Our low American shores would look tame and uninteresting but for the cloud and mist which are perpetually trailing in varied beauty above them, giving a constant play of purple light and pale shadow, and making them deserve the name given to such shores by the old Norse legends, "Wonderstrands." It is the same, perhaps, with our early history. It may be fitting that the legends of the Northmen should come in, despite all the resistance of antiquarians, to supply just that indistinct and vague element which is needed for picturesqueness. At any rate, whether we like it or not, the legends are here.

I can well remember, as a boy, the excitement produced among Harvard College professors when the ponderous volume called *Antiquitates Americanæ*, containing the Norse legends of "Vinland," with the translations of Professor Rafn, made its appearance on the library table. For the first time the claim was openly made that there had been European visitors to this continent before Columbus. The historians shrank from the innovation: it spoiled their comfort. Indeed, Mr. George Bancroft to this day will hardly allude to the subject, and sets aside the legends, using a most inappropriate phrase, as "mythological." And it so happened, as I shall show by-and-by, that when the claim was first made it was encumbered with some very poor arguments. Nevertheless, the main story was not perma-

nently hurt by these weak points. Its truth has never been successfully impeached; at any rate, we can not deal with American history unless we give some place to the Norse legends. Picturesque and romantic in themselves, they concern men in whom we have every reason to be interested. These Northmen, or Vikings, were not merely a far-away people with whom we have nothing in common, but they really belonged to the self-same race of men with most of ourselves. They were, perhaps, the actual ancestors of some living Americans, and kinsfolk to the majority. They were the same race who conquered England, and were known as Saxons; then conquered France, and were known as Normans; and finally crossed over from France and conquered England again. These Norse Vikings were, like most of us, Scandinavians, and so were really closer to us in blood and in language than was the great Columbus.

What were the ways and manners of these Vikings? We must remember at the outset that their name implies nothing of royalty. They were simply the dwellers on a *vik*, or bay. They were, in other words, the sea-side population of the Scandinavian peninsula, the only part of Europe which then sent forth a race of sea-rovers. They resembled in some respects the Algerine corsairs of a later period, but, unlike the Algerines, they were conquerors as well as pirates, and were ready to found settlements wherever they went. Nor were the Vikings yet Christians, for from the time when Christianity came among them their life became more peaceful. In the prime of their heathenism they were the terror of Europe. They carried their forays along the whole continent. They entered every port in England, and touched at every island on the Scottish coast. They sailed up the Seine, and Charlemagne, the ruler of Western Europe, wept at seeing their dark ships in sight of Paris. They reached the Mediterranean, and formed out of their own number the famous Varangian guard of the later Greek emperors, the guard which is described by Walter Scott in *Count Robert of Paris*. They reached Africa, which they called "Saracens' Land," and there took eighty castles. All their booty they sent back to Norway, and this wealth included not only what they took from enemies, but what they had from the very courts they served; for it was the practice at Constantinople, when an emperor died, for the Norse guard to go through the palaces and take whatever they could hold in their hands. To this day Greek and Arabic gold coins and chains are found in the houses of the Norwegian peasants, and may be seen in the museums of Christiania and Copenhagen.

Such were the Vikings, and it is needless to say that with such practices they were in perpetual turmoil at home, and needed a strong hand to keep the peace among them. Sometimes a king would make a foray among his own people, as recorded in this extract from the *Heimskringla*, or *Kings of Norway*, written by Snorri Sturleson, and translated by Laing:

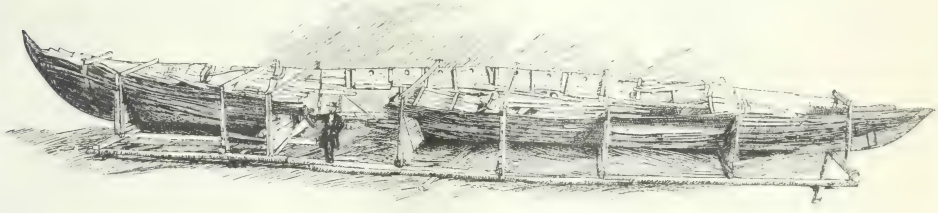
"King Harald heard that the vikings, who were in the West Sea in winter, plundered far and wide in the middle part of Norway, and therefore every summer he made an expedition to search the isles and outskerries on the coast. Wheresoever the vikings heard of him they all took to flight, and most of them out into the open ocean. At last the king grew weary of this work, and therefore one summer he sailed with his fleet right out into the West Sea. First he came to Shetland, and he slew all the vikings who could not save themselves by flight. Then King Harald sailed southward to the Orkney Islands, and cleared them all of vikings. Thereafter he proceeded to the Hebrides, plundered there, and slew many vikings who formerly had had men-at-arms under them. Many a battle was fought, and King Harald was always victorious. He then plundered far and wide in Scotland itself, and had a battle there."

We see from the last sentence that King Harald himself was but a stronger Viking, and that, after driving away other plunderers, he did their work for himself. Such were all the Norsemen of the period; they were daring, generous, open-handed. They called gold in their mythology "the serpent's bed," and called a man who was liberal in giving "a hater of the serpent's bed," because such a man parts with gold as with a thing he hates. They were cruel, treacherous, unscrupulous. Harald, when he commanded the emperor's body-guard at Constantinople, and was associated with Greek troops, always left his allies to fight for themselves and be defeated, and only fought where his Northmen could fight alone and get all the glory. While seeming to defend the Emperor Michael, he enticed him into his power and put out his eyes. The Norse chronicles never condemn such things;

there is never a voice in favor of peace or mercy; but they assume, as a matter of course, that a leader shall be foremost in attack and last in retreat. In case of need, he must give his life for his men. There is no finer touch in Homer than is found in one of the sagas which purport to describe the Norse voyages to Vinland. It must be remembered, in order to understand it, that the Northmen believed that certain seas were infested with the teredo, or ship-worm, and that vessels in those seas were in the very greatest danger.

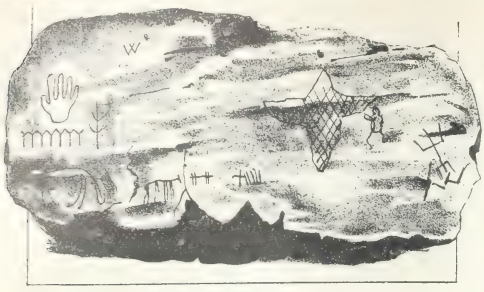
"Bjarni Grimalfson was driven with his ship into the Irish Ocean, and they came into a worm-sea, and straightway began the ship to sink under them. They had a boat which was smeared with seal oil, for the sea-worms do not attack that. They went into the boat, and then saw that it could not hold them all. Then said Bjarni: 'Since the boat can not give room to more than the half of our men, it is my counsel that lots should be drawn for those to go in the boat, for it shall not be according to rank.' This thought they all so high-minded an offer that no one would speak against it. They then did so that lots were drawn, and it fell upon Bjarni to go in the boat, and the half of the men with him, for the boat had not room for more. But when they had gotten into the boat, then said an Icelandic man who was in the ship, and had come with Bjarni from Iceland, 'Dost thou intend, Bjarni, to separate from me here?' Bjarni answered, 'So it turns out.' Then said the other, 'Very different was thy promise to my father when I went with thee from Iceland than thus to abandon me, for thou saidst that we should both share the same fate.' Bjarni replied: 'It shall not be thus. Go thou down into the boat, and I will go up into the ship, since I see that thou art so desirous to live.' Then went Bjarni up into the ship, but this man down into the boat, and after that continued they their voyage until they came to Dublin, in Ireland, and told there these things. But it is most people's belief that Bjarni and his companions were lost in the worm-sea, for nothing was heard of them since that time."

Centuries have passed since the ships of the Vikings floated on the water, and yet we know, almost as if they had been launched yesterday, their model and their build. They are found delineated on rocks in Norway, and their remains are still dug up from beneath the ground. One of them was unearthed lately from a mound of blue clay at Sandefjord, in Norway, at a point now half a mile from the sea, and it had plainly been used as the burial-place of its owner. The sepulchral chamber in which the body of the Viking had been deposited was built amidships, being tent-like in shape, and made of logs placed side by side, leaning against a ridge-pole. In this chamber were found human bones, the bones of a little dog, the bones and feathers of a peacock, some fish-hooks, and several bronze and lead ornaments for belts and harness. Round about the ship



NORSE BOAT UNEARTHED AT SANDEFJORD.

were found the bones of nine or ten horses and dogs, which had probably been sacrificed at the time of the burial. The vessel was seventy-seven feet eleven inches at the greatest length, and sixteen feet eleven inches at the greatest width, and from the top of the keel to the gunwale amidships she was five feet nine inches deep. She had twenty ribs, and would draw less than four feet of water. She was clinker-built; that is, had plates slightly overlapped, like the shingles on the side of a house. The planks and timbers of the frame were fastened together with withes made of roots, but the oaken boards of the side were united by iron rivets firmly clinched. The bow and stern were similar in shape, and must have risen high out of water, but were so broken that it was impossible to tell how they originally ended. The keel was deep, and made of thick oak beams, and there was no trace of any metallic sheathing, but an iron anchor was found almost rusted to pieces. There was no deck, and the seats for row-



HIEROGLYPHICS ON ROCK IN NEW MEXICO.

ers had been taken out. The oars were twenty feet long, and the oar-holes, sixteen on each side, had slits sloping toward the stern to allow the blades of the oars to be put through from inside.

The most peculiar thing about the ship was the rudder, which was on the starboard or right side, this side being originally called "steerboard" from this circumstance. The rudder was like a large oar, with long blade and short handle, and was attached, not to the side of the boat, but to the end of a conical piece of wood which projected almost a foot from the side of the vessel, and almost two feet from the stern. This piece of wood was bored down its length, and no doubt a rope passing through it secured the rudder to the ship's side. It was steered by a tiller attached to the handle, and perhaps also by a rope fastened to the blade. As a whole, this disinterred vessel proved to be anything but the rude and primitive craft which might have been expected; it was neatly built and well preserved, constructed on what a sailor would call beautiful lines, and eminently fitted for sea service. Many such vessels may be found depicted on the celebrated Bayeux tapestry; and the peculiar position of the rudder explains the treaty mentioned in the *Heimskringla*, that Norway could claim all lands lying west of Scotland between which and the mainland a vessel could pass with her rudder shipped.

The vessel here described is preserved at Christiania, and is here represented from an engraving, for which I am indebted to Professor R. B. Anderson, of Madison, Wisconsin. It was not one of the very largest, for some of them had thirty oars on each side, and vessels carrying from twenty to twenty-five were not uncommon. The largest of these ships were called Dragons, and other sizes were known as Serpents or Cranes. The ship itself was often so built as to represent the name it bore: the dragon, for instance, was a long low vessel, with the gilded head of a dragon at the bow, and the gilded tail at the stern; the moving oars at the side might represent the legs of the imaginary creature, the row of shining red and white shields that were hung over the gunwale might look like the monster's scales, and the sails striped with red and blue might suggest his wings. The ship preserved at Christiania is described as having had but a single mast, set into a block of wood so large that it is said no such block could now be cut in Norway. Probably the sail was much like those still carried by large open boats in that country—a single square sail on a mast forty feet long. These masts have no standing rigging, and are taken down when not in use; and this was probably the practice of the Vikings.

In case of danger these sea-rovers trusted chiefly to their oars. Once, when King Harald's fleet was on its way back to Norway with plunder from Denmark, the vessels lay all night at anchor in the fog, and when the sun pierced the fog in the morning it seemed as if many lights were burning in the sea. Then Harald said: "It is a fleet of Danish ships, and the sun strikes on the gilded dragon-heads: furl the sail, and take to the oars." The Norse ships were heavy with plunder, while the Danish ships were light. Harald first threw overboard light wood, and placed upon it clothing and goods of the Danes, that they might see it and pick it up; then he threw overboard his provisions, and lastly his prisoners. The Danes stopped for these, and the Norwegians got off with the rest. It was only the chance of war that saved the fugitives; had they risked a battle and lost it, they would have been captured, killed, or drowned. Yet it was not easy to drown them; they rarely went far from shore, and they were, moreover, swimmers from childhood, even in the icy waters of the North, and they had the art, in swimming, of hiding their heads beneath their floating shields, so that it was hard to find them. They were full of devices. It is recorded of one of them, for instance, that he always carried tinder in a walnut shell, inclosed in a ball of wax, so that, no matter how long submerged, he could make a fire on reaching shore.

How were these rovers armed and dress-



STONE WINDMILL AT CHESTERTON.

ed? They fought with stones, arrows, and spears; they had grappling-irons on board, with which to draw other vessels to them; and the fighting men were posted on the high bows and sterns, which sometimes had scaffoldings or even castles on them, so that missiles could be thrown down on other vessels. As to their appearance on land, it is recorded that when Sweinke and his 500 men came to a "thing," or council, in Norway, all were clad in iron, with their weapons bright, and they were so well armed that they looked like pieces of shining ice. Other men present were clad in leather cloaks, with halberds on their shoulders and steel caps on their heads. Sigurd, the king's messenger, wore a scarlet coat and a blue coat over it, and he rose and told Sweinke that unless he obeyed the king's orders he should be driven out of the country. Then Sweinke rose, threw off his steel helmet, and retorted on him:

"Thou useless fellow, with a coat without arms and a kirtle with skirts, wilt thou drive me out of the country? Formerly thou wast not so mighty, and thy pride was less when King Hakon, my foster-son, was in life. Then thou was as frightened as a mouse in a mousetrap, and hid thyself under a heap of clothes, like a dog on board of a ship. Thou wast thrust into a leather bag like corn into a sack, and driven from house to farm like a year-old colt; and dost thou dare to drive me from the land? Let us stand up and attack him!"

Then they attacked, and Sigurd escaped with great difficulty.

The leaders and kings wore often rich and costly garments. When King Magnus landed in Ireland, with his marshal Eyvind, to carry away cattle, he had a helmet on his head, a red shield in which was inlaid a gilded lion; and was girt with the sword "Legbiter," of which the hilt was of tooth (ivory), and the hand-grip wound about with gold thread, and the sword was extremely sharp. "In his hand he had a short spear, and a red silk short cloak over his coat, on which, both before and behind, was embroidered a lion in yellow silk, and all men acknowledged that they had never seen a brisker, statelier man. Eyvind had also a red silk coat like the king's, and he also was a stout, handsome, warlike man." But the ascendency of the chief did not come from his garments; it consisted in personal power of mind

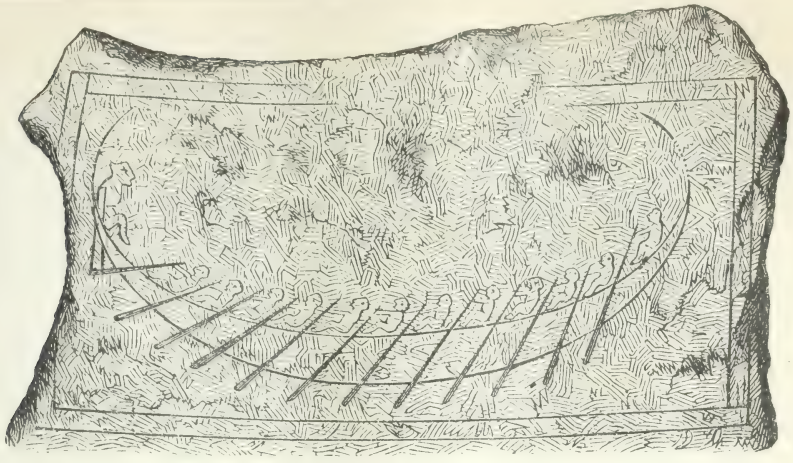
and prowess of body, and when these decayed, the command was gone. Such were the fierce, frank men who, as is claimed, stretched their wanderings over the western sea, and at last reached Vinland; that is to say, the continent of North America.

What led the Northmen to this continent? A trivial circumstance first led them westward, after they had already colonized Iceland and made it their home. Those who have visited the Smithsonian Institution at Washington will remember the great carved door-posts, ornamented with heads, which are used by the Indians of the northwest coasts. It is to a pair of posts somewhat like these, called by the Northmen *setstokka*, or seat-posts, that we owe the discovery of Greenland, and afterward of Vinland. When the Northmen removed from one place to another, they threw these seat-posts into the sea on approaching the shore, and wherever the posts went aground, there they dwelt. Erik the Red, a wandering Norseman who was dwelling in Iceland, had lent his posts to a friend, and could not get them back. This led to a quarrel, and Erik was declared an outlaw. He went to sea, and discovered Greenland, which he thus called because, he said, "people will be attracted thither if the land has a good name." There he took up his abode, leading a colony with him, about A.D. 986, fifteen years before Christianity was established by law in Iceland. The colony prospered, and there is much evidence that the climate of Greenland was then milder, and that it supported a far larger population than now. The ruined churches of Greenland still testify to a period of civilization quite beyond the present.

With Eric the Red went a man named Heriulf Bardson. Biorni, or Bjarni, this Heriulf's son, was absent from home when they left; he was himself a rover, but had always spent his winters with his father, and resolved to follow him to Greenland, though he warned his men that the voyage was imprudent, since none of them had sailed in those seas. He sailed westward, was lost in fogs, and at last came to a land with small hills covered with wood. This could not, he thought, be Greenland; so he turned about, and leaving this land to larboard, "let the foot of the sail look toward land," that is, sailed away from land. He came to another land, flat and still wooded. Then he sailed seaward with a southwest wind for two days, when they saw another land, but thought it could not be Greenland because there were no glaciers. The sailors wished to land for wood and water, but Bjarni would not—"but he got some hard speeches for that from his sailors," the saga, or legend, says. Then they sailed out to sea with a southwest wind for three days, and saw a third land, mountainous and with glaciers, and seeming to be an island; and after this they sailed four days more, and reached Greenland, where Bjarni found his father, and lived with him ever after.

But it seems that the adventurous countrymen of Bjarni were quite displeased with him for not exploring farther; and at last a daring man named Leif bought Bjarni's ship, and set sail, with thirty-five companions, to explore southward and westward. First they reached the land which Bjarni had last seen, the high island with the glaciers, and this they called Helluland, or "Flat-stone Land." Then they came to another land which they called Marckland, or "Woodland." Then they sailed two days with a northeast wind, and came to a land with an island north of it; and landing on this island, they found sweet dew on the grass, which has been explained as the honey-dew sometimes left by an insect called *aphis*. This pleased them, like great boys, as they were; then they sailed between the island and the land; then the ship ran aground, but was at last lifted by the tide, when they sailed up a river and into a lake; and there they cast anchor, and brought their sleeping-cots on shore, and remained a long time.

They built houses there and spent the winter; there was salmon in the lake, the winter was very mild, and day and night were more equal than in Greenland. They explored the land, and one day a man of their number, Leif's foster-brother, named Tyrker, came from a long expedition and told Leif, in great excitement, that he had some news for him; he had found grape-vines and grapes. "Can that be true, my foster-brother?" said Leif. "Surely it is true," he said, "for I was brought up where there is no want of grape-vines and grapes"—he being a German. The next day they filled their long-boat with grapes, and in the spring they sailed back to Greenland with a ship's load of tree trunks—much needed there—and with the news of the newly discovered land, called



VIKING'S WAR SHIP, ENGRAVED ON ROCK IN NORWAY.

Vinland, or "Wine-land." Leif was ever after known as "Leif the Lucky," from this success.

But still the Norsemen in Greenland thought the new region had been too little explored, so Thorwald, Leif's brother, took the same ship, and made a third trip, with thirty men. He reached the huts the other party had built, called in the legends Leifsbudir, or "Leif's booths." They spent two winters there, fishing and exploring, and in the second summer their ship was aground under a ness, or cape, to the northward, and they had to repair it. The broken keel they set up on the ness as a memorial, and called it Kialarness. Afterward they saw some of the natives for the first time, and killed all but one, in their savage way. Soon after, there came forth from a bay "innumerable skin boats," and attacked them. The men on board were what they called "Skraelings," or dwarfs, and they fought with arrows, one of which killed Thorwald, and he was buried, with a cross at the head of his grave, on a cape which they called Krossaness, or "Cross Cape." The saga reminds us that "Greenland was then Christianized, but that Erik the Red had died before Christianity came thither."

Thorwald's men went back to Greenland without him, their ship being loaded with grape-vines and grapes. The next expedition to Vinland was a much larger one, headed by a rich man from Norway named Karlsefne, who had dwelt with Leif in Greenland, and had been persuaded to come on this enterprise. He brought a colony of sixty men and five women, and they had cattle and provisions. They found a place where a river ran out from the land, and through a lake into the sea; one could not enter from the sea except at high water. They found vines growing, and fields of wild wheat; there were fish in the lake, and wild beasts in the woods. Here they established themselves at a place called Hóp, from the Icelandic word *hópa*, to recede, meaning an inlet from the ocean. Here they dwelt, and during the first summer the natives came in skin boats to trade with them—a race described as black and ill-favored, with large eyes and broad cheeks, and with coarse hair on their heads. On their first visit these visitors passed near the cattle, and were so frightened by the bellowing of the bull that they ran away again. The natives brought all sorts of furs to sell, and wished for weapons, but those were refused by Karlsefne, who had a more profitable project, which the legends thus describe: "He took this plan—he bade the women bring out their dairy stuff for them [milk, butter, and the like], and so soon as the Skraelings saw this they would have that and nothing more. Now this was the way the Skraelings traded: they bore off their wares in their stomachs, but Karlsefne and his companions had their bags and skin wares, and so they parted." This happened again, and then one of the Norsemen killed a native, so that the next time they came as enemies, armed with slings, and raising upon a pole a great blue ball, which they swung at the Norsemen with

great noise. It may have been only an Eskimo harpoon with a bladder attached, but it had its effect; the Norsemen were terrified, and were running away, when a woman named Freydis, daughter of Erik the Red, stopped them by her reproaches, and urged them on. "Why do ye run," she said, "stout men as ye are, before these miserable wretches, whom I thought ye would knock down like cattle? If I had weapons, methinks I could fight better than any of you." With this she took up a sword that lay beside a dead man, the fight was renewed, and the Skraelings were beaten off.

There is a curious legend of one "large and handsome man," who seemed to be the leader of the Skraelings. One of the natives took up an axe, a thing which he had apparently never seen before, and struck at one of his companions and killed him. Upon which the leader took the axe and threw it into the sea in terror, and after this they all retreated, and came no more. Karlsefne's wife had a child that winter, who was called Snorri, and the child is believed to have been the ancestor of some famous Scandinavians, including Thorwaldsen the sculptor. But in spring they all returned to Greenland with a load of valuable timber, and thence went to Iceland, so that Snorri grew up there, and his children after him. One more attempt was made to colonize Vinland, but it failed through the selfishness of a woman, who had organized it—the same Freydis who had shown so much courage, but who was also cruel and grasping; and after her return to Greenland, probably in 1013, we hear no more of Vinland, except as a thing of the past.

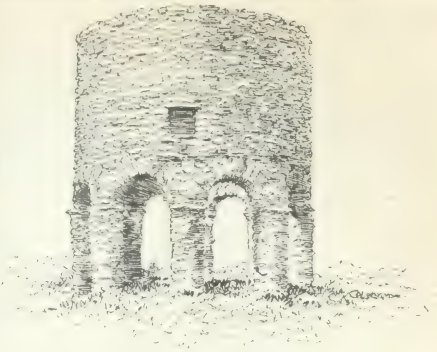
There are full accounts of all these events, from manuscripts of good authority, preserved in Iceland; the chief narratives being the saga of Erik the Red and the Karlsefne saga, the one having been written in Greenland, the other in Iceland. These have been repeatedly translated into various languages, and their most accessible form in English is in Beamish's translation, which first appeared in London in 1841, and has lately been reprinted by the Prince Society of Boston, under the editorship of Rev. E. L. Slafter. This version is, however, incomplete, and is also less vivid and graphic than a partial one which appeared in the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* for March, 1849, by James Elliot Cabot, of Brookline, Massachusetts. There are half a dozen other references of undoubted authority in later Norse manuscripts to "Vinland the Good" as a region well authenticated. Mingled with these are other allusions to a still dimmer and more shadowy land beyond Vinland, and called "Whiteman's Land," or "Ireland the Mickle," a land said to be inhabited by men in white garments, who raised flags or poles. But this is too remote and uncertain to be seriously described.

Such is the Norse legend of the visit of the Vikings. But to tell the tale in its present form gives very little impression of the startling surprise with which it came before the community of scholars nearly half a century ago. It was not a new story to the Scandinavian scholars: the learned antiquary Torfæus knew almost as much about it in 1707 as we know to-day. But when Professor Rafn published, in 1837, his great folio volume in half a dozen different languages, he thought he knew a great deal more about the whole affair than was actually the case, for he mingled the Norse legend with the Dighton Rock, and the Old Mill at Newport, and with other possible memorials of the Northmen in America—matters which have since turned out to be no memorials at all. The great volume of *Antiquitates Americanæ* contains no less than twelve separate engravings of the Dighton Rock, some of them so unlike one another that it seems impossible that they can have been taken from the same inscription. Out of some of them Dr. Rafn found no difficulty in deciphering the name of Thorfinn and the figures CXXXI., being the number of Thorwald's party. Dr. T. A. Webb, then secretary of the Rhode Island Historical Society, supplied also half a dozen other inscriptions from rocks in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which are duly figured in the great folio; and another member of the Danish Historical Society, taking Dr. Webb's statements as a basis, expanded them with what seems like deliberate ingenuity, but was more likely simple blundering. Dr. Webb stated, for instance, that there were "in the western part of our country numerous and extensive mounds, similar to the tumuli that are so often met with in Scandinavia, Russia, and Tartary, also the remains of fortifications, etc." Mr. Beamish, with the usual vague notion of Europeans as to American geography,

first reads "county" for "country," and then assigns all these vast remains to "the western part of the county of Bristol, in the State of Massachusetts." And the same writer, with still bolder geography, carrying his imaginary traces of the Northmen into South America, gives a report of a huge column discovered near Bahia, in Brazil, bearing a colossal figure with the hand pointing to the north pole. It was more than suspected from certain inscriptions, according to Mr. Beamish, that this also bore a Scandinavian origin. Such was the eager temper of that period that it is a wonder they did not attribute a Scandinavian origin to Trenton Falls or the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

For some reason or other the Old Mill at Newport did not play a prominent part in the great volume of Professor Rafn, but he published a pamphlet at Copenhagen in 1841, under the name of "Americas Opdagelse," containing a briefer account of the discoveries, and this contains no less than seven full-page engravings of the Newport structure, all intended to prove its Norse origin. But all these fancies are now pretty thoroughly swept away. The Norse origin of the Old Mill has found no scientific supporters since Dr. Palfrey showed there was just such a mill at Chesterton, England, the very region from which Governor Benedict Arnold came, who, in his will, of the year 1678, spoke of it as "my stone-built windmill," and who undoubtedly copied its structure from the building remembered from his boyhood. A mere glance at two recent photographs of the two buildings will be enough to settle the question for most readers.

And in a much similar way the Norse origin claimed for the Dighton Rock has been set aside. So long as men believed with Dr. Webb that "nowhere throughout our wide-spread domain is a single instance of their [the Indians] having recorded their deeds or history on stone," it was quite natural to look to some unknown race for the origin of this single inscription. But now when the volumes of Western exploration are full of inscriptions whose Indian origin is undoubted, this view has fallen wholly into disuse. If we put side by side a representation of the Dighton Rock as it now appears, and one of the Indian inscriptions transcribed in New Mexico by Lieutenant Simpson, we can hardly doubt that the two had essentially a common origin. There are the same crudely executed and elongated human figures, and the same series of crosses, easily interpreted when horizontal into letters and figures.

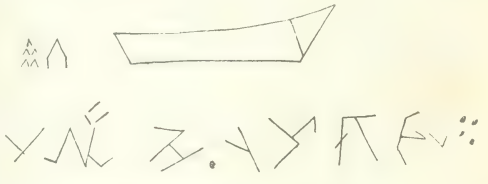


THE OLD MILL AT NEWPORT.

A striking proof of the complete change which has taken place in the minds of careful observers may be found in a single fact. That very careful and eminent scholar, the late Professor J. L. Diman, a native of that very county—now a part of Rhode Island—to which Mr. Beamish attributes ancient tumuli, was sufficiently carried away by the early enthusiasm of Norse discovery to write in 1845 as follows:

> "The only trace which has been left by the Northmen of their wintering in Bristol is a rock situated near the 'Narrows.' This rock was said to have been covered with characters in an unknown tongue, but was unfortunately destroyed by a heedless hand. This circumstance can never cease to be regretted."

It now appears that this supposed loss never took place, for the rock has recently been rediscovered, described and figured. It lies upon the shore, on the farm of Dr. C. H. R. Doringh, within the township of Bristol, Rhode Island. Mr. W. J. Miller, of Bristol, a well-known antiquarian, gives a representation of it in his little book entitled *The Wampanoag Indians*. The rock is of graywacke, and is ten and a half by six and a half feet in length, and twenty-one



THE MOUNT HOPE BAY INSCRIPTION.

inches thick. It is only bare at low tide, and the surface is much worn by the waves. There is inscribed on it a boat, with a series of lines and angles, the whole being claimed as an inscription, the theory of Mr. Miller being that it was carved by some sailor left in charge of a boat and the Norse sagas themselves. On this part of the subject, also, there is now a general consent of experts. There can scarcely be a doubt that the Norsemen at an early period not only settled in Greenland, but visited lands beyond Greenland, which lands could only have been a part of the



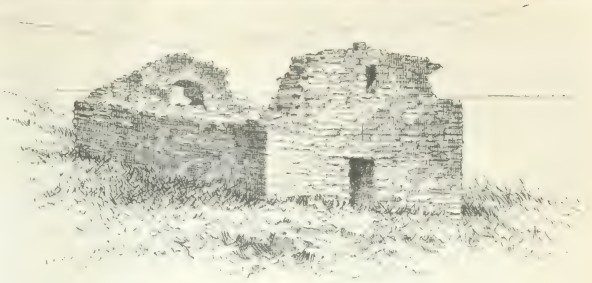
HIEROGLYPHICS ON INSCRIPTION ROCK, NEW MEXICO.

awaiting his companions. Had the account been printed in 1840, it would have furnished the whole Danish Society of Antiquarians with a great argument, and even now it well deserves attention. Yet whoever will compare the outline of the boat with the Norse ship already figured will see that they have little in common; and almost any New Mexican inscription will show in different places very much the same idle combination of lines and angles. But the remarkable fact is that Professor Diman, in giving a memorial address at Bristol in 1880, after the rediscovery of this very rock, absolutely ignored its existence, and took pains to say that if the Norsemen ever were in that bay, they left no trace behind them; adding also that to call the name of Mount Hope a Norse name was "to carry credulity beyond the limit of commonsense." This verdict ought to be final, in regard to all alleged remains in Rhode Island.

All these supposed Norse remains must therefore be ruled out of the question, and we must draw our whole evidence from continent of North America. This Mr. Bancroft himself concedes as probable. It is true that this rests on the sagas alone. and that these were simply oral traditions, written down perhaps two centuries after the events, while the oldest existing manuscripts are dated two centuries later still. Most of the early history of Northern Europe, however, and of England itself, rests upon very similar authority; and there is no reason to set this kind of testimony aside merely because it relates to America. But when we come to fix the precise topography of their explorations, we have very few data left after the Dighton Rock and the Newport Mill are struck out of the evidence.

We can argue nothing from their rate of sailing, for we do not know how often they sailed all night, and how often they followed the usual Norse method of anchoring at dark. Little weight is now attached to the alleged astronomical calculation in the sagas, to the effect that in Vinland, on the shortest day, the sun rose at half past seven and set at half past four, which would show the place to have been some-

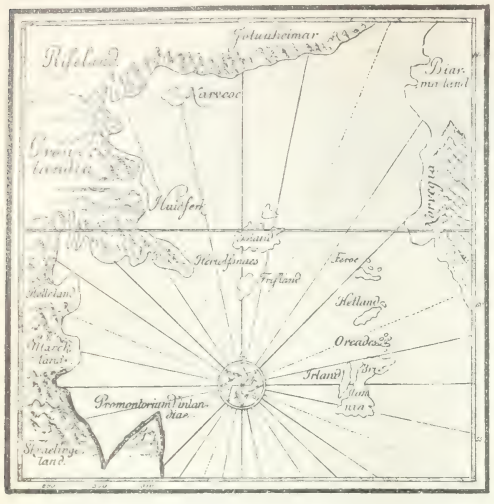
where in the neighborhood of Mount Hope Bay. In view of the fact that Dighton Rock is to be found in that vicinity, this calculation seemed at one time of great importance. But closer observation has shown that no such assertion as that here made is to be found in the Norse narrative. The Norsemen did not divide their time into days and hours, but, like sailors, into "watches." A watch included three hours, and the legends only say that the sun rose within the watch called "Dagmalastad," and set in that called "Eyktarstad" (*Sol hovdi thar Eyktarstad ok Dagmalastad um Skamdegi*). This fact greatly impressed the imagination of these Northmen, as in Iceland it rose and set within one and the same watch. But this gives no means for any precise calculation, inasmuch as there is a range of six hours between the longest and the shortest estimate that might be founded upon it. As a consequence, Rafn's calculation puts Vinland about the latitude of 47°, or Mount Hope Bay, while Torfaeus places it about 49°, or near Newfoundland. It is, after all, as has been remarked by Dr. William Everett, about as definite as if the sagas had told us that in Vinland daylight lasted from breakfast-time till the middle of the afternoon.



OLD NORSE RUINS IN GREENLAND.

The argument founded on climate is inconclusive. Wild grapes grow in Rhode Island, and they also grow in Canada and Nova Scotia. The Northmen found no frost during their first winter in Vinland; but it is also recorded that in Iceland during a certain winter there was no snow. If the climate of Greenland was milder in those days, so it may have been with Labrador. Coincidences of name amount to almost as little. The name of Wood's Hole, on the coast of Massachusetts, has been lately altered to Wood's Holl, to correspond to the Norse name for hill. The height known as North Chop, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, has been claimed to be simply the *Nordkop* of the Vikings, the phonetic change being merely that which occurs in making kirk into church. Mount Hope Bay, commonly derived from the Indian *Montaup*, must be carried farther back, and must represent the Hóp where Leif's booths were built, although the same Indian word occurs in many other places! All history shows that nothing is less to be relied upon than these analogies. How unanswerable seemed the suggestion of the old traveller Howells, that the words "elf" and "goblin" represented the long strife between Guelf and Ghibelline in Italy, until it turned out that "elf" and "goblin" were much the older words!

There are scarcely two interpreters who precisely agree as to the places visited by the Northmen, and those who are surest in their opinions are usually those who live farthest from the points described. Professor Rafn found Vinland along the coast of New England; Professor Rask, his contemporary, found it in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, or Labrador. The latter urged, with much reason, that it was far easier to discover wild grapes in Nova Scotia than Eskimo in what is now Rhode Island, and that the whole story of the terror of the Skraelings before the bull indicates an island people like those of Newfoundland or Prince Edward Island, and certainly not the New England Indians, who were familiar with the moose, and might have seen the buffalo. He might also have added, what was first pointed out by Mr. J. Elliot Cabot, that the repeated voyages from Greenland to Vinland, and the perfect facility with which successive explorers found the newly discovered region, indicate some spot much nearer Greenland than Mount Hope Bay, which would have required six hundred miles of intricate and dangerous coast navigation, without chart or compass, in order to reach it. Again, Rafn finds it easy to place the site of Leif's booths at Bristol, Rhode Island, and M. Gravier, a Frenchman, writing so lately as 1874, has not a doubt upon the subject. But a sail from Fall River to Newport, or indeed a mere study of the map, will show any dispassionate man that the description given by the sagas has hardly anything



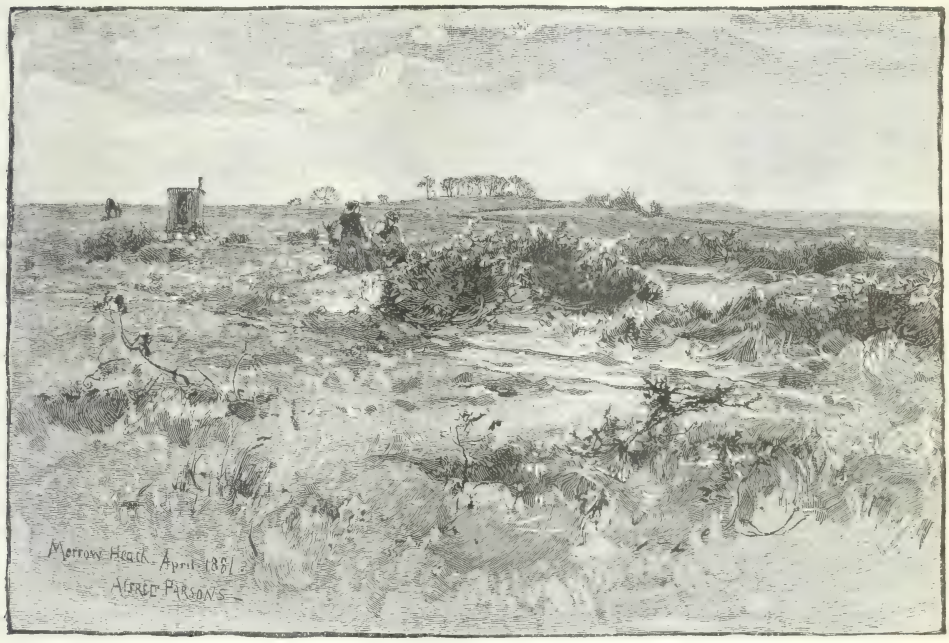
NORTH ATLANTIC, BY THE ICELANDER SIGURD STEPHANIUS, IN THE YEAR 1570.

in common with the Rhode Island locality. The sagas describe an inland lake communicating with the sea by a shallow river only accessible at high tide, whereas Mount Hope Bay is a broad expanse of salt-water opening into the still wider gulf of Narragansett Bay, and communicating with the sea by a passage wide and deep enough for the navies of the world to enter. Even supposing the Northmen to have found their way in through what is called the Seaconnet passage, the description does not apply much better to that; and if it did, these hardy sailors must have recognized, the moment they reached the bay itself, that they had come in at the back door, not at the front; and the main access to the ocean must have instantly revealed itself. It suffices to say that the whole interpretation, which seemed so easy to transatlantic writers, is utterly rejected by Professor Diman, who was born and bred in Bristol, and lived all his life within easy reach of it. Having myself lived for fourteen years in that region, I may venture modestly to indorse his conclusions; and they have the weightier indorsement of Professor Henry Mitchell, of the Coast Survey, in a manuscript report which lies before me. And the same vagueness and indefiniteness mark all the descriptions of the Northmen. Nothing is more difficult than to depict in words with any accuracy in an unscientific age the features of a low and monotonous sea-shore; and this, with the changes undergone by the coast of southern New England during nine hundred years, I think, renders the identification of any spot visited by the Northmen practically impossible.

The Maine Historical Society has reprinted a map of the North Atlantic made by the Icelander Sigurd Stephanius in the year 1570, and preserved by the Scandinavian historian Torfaeus in his *Gronlandia Antiqua* (1706). In this map all that is south of Greenland, including Vinland, is a part of one continent. Helluland and Marckland appear upon it, and Vinland is a promontory extending forth from the land of the Skraelings. But whether this abrupt cape is meant to represent Cape Cod, as some would urge, or the far more conspicuous headlands of Newfoundland or Nova Scotia, must be left to conjecture. The fact that it is in the same latitude with the southern part of England would prove, if it proves anything, the more northern situation; and it is to be noted that all these promontories are depicted as mountainous—a delineation which the Northmen, accustomed to the heights of Iceland and Greenland, could hardly have applied to what must have seemed to them the trivial elevations of Cape Cod or Mount Hope Bay. A sand-hill two hundred feet high would hardly have done duty for a mountain on a map made in Iceland. But the chaotic geography of the whole map—in which England is thrown out into mid-ocean, Iceland appears nearly as large as England, one of the Shetland Islands is as large as Ireland, and the imaginary island of Frisland is fully displayed—affords a sufficient warning against taking too literally any topography contained in the sagas. If learned Icelanders were so utterly unable five centuries later to depict the Europe which they knew so well, how could their less learned ancestors have given any accurate topography of the America which they knew so little? They did not give it; but the same activity of imagination which enabled Professor Rafn to find the name of Thorwald in an Indian inscription might well permit him to identify Krossaness with Sound Point, and Vinland with Nantucket.

Let it be admitted, then, that there is very little hope of ever identifying a single spot where the Vikings landed, or a

single inlet ever furrowed by their keels. But that these bold rovers in sailing westward discovered lands beyond Greenland is as sure as anything can be that rests on sagas and traditions only—as sure, that is, as most things in the earliest annals of Europe. They discovered America: what part of America is of little consequence. They discovered it without clear intention, and by a series of what might almost be called coasting voyages, stretching from Norway to Scotland, from Scotland to Iceland, and thence to Greenland, and at last to the North American continent, each passage extending but a few hundred miles, though those miles lay through stormy and icy seas. They made these discoveries simply as adventurers. There is nothing in their achievement worthy to be compared with the great deed of Columbus, when he formed with deliberate dignity a heroic purpose, and set sail across an unknown sea upon the faith of a conviction. As compared with him and his companions, the Vikings seem but boys beside men.



IN SURREY.

First Paper.

WHEN we planned our first trip in Surrey, Dorking suggested itself as a pleasant and convenient head-quarters; but I never knew quite how or why we changed our minds, and settled upon the old town of Guildford instead; but we were very glad afterward, for no centre could have been more harmonious than Guildford; and the town, crowded with quaint suggestions and remnants of the past, filled up every gap, and made rainy days, when we could not drive or walk, full of active interest. We never acquired much guide-book information about Guildford, although its history is quite intricate and romantic; and the faithful chronicler of the town bids you here to "stop, full of awe," and then to exclaim, "This is indeed beautiful!" We just roamed about, picking up fragments of picturesque knowledge, learning how the shadows and the sunlight fell on old bricks and mortar, where the trees showed best against the spring and summer sky, what roofs came in the quaintest jumble, and where the lanes or fields led out to the most smiling

or blossoming country. There was so much of all this to see and feel that someway the past rolled too far away to be entertaining, except in so far as its story illumined certain places unexpectedly.

I don't know of anything pleasanter than to reach the old town on a spring evening as we did, when there has just been a light fresh rain for an hour or so, that seems to wake things up with a little start toward the greener season. The old High Street looked very fine and full of mellow tones, with a dignified quiet about its brick walls, irregular windows, and fine old sign-boards, and here and there as we walked along, turning to the left, we caught sight of pale colors rising over garden walls, some almond-trees hung heavily with their pink blossoms; and inside a certain gateway, before which we often later paused to look and watch for "effects" of light and shade, there was a quiet garden full of preparation for the summer — marigolds and daffodils and some little white sprigs were blooming in among the pale green shrubs.

There was a doorway hung with a red vine, and a gardener was moving about in his shirt sleeves very carefully tying up things, and watering plants, with that peculiar manner the gardener has when he can look up and down and around about him and say his flowers will take care of themselves now out-of-doors.

The hawthorn was newly springing, and as we sauntered along we all said how very *newly* glad we were each season for the hawthorn and the lilac and all the old-fashioned, courteous blossoms that never desert us. Why this is I wonder, but do not these old friends come with a peculiarly dignified certainty of welcome? I don't think I feel with the poets who immortalize them simply as growth for bowers. Goldsmith saying,

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,"

is not, to my mind, half as grateful or appreciative as Chaucer, to whom the "May" is a blossom loved for itself, or as Shakspeare, to whom the well-known beauties of the earth had their places just for themselves.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,"

is worth all the sedate politeness toward things that can "grow and wreath themselves to shelter from the wind" which Goldsmith, or Moore, or Miss Edgeworth, can show us.

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And all this first freshness of the spring made the old town put on a sort of welcome for us. We had a lodging in a house dignified by age, and the shelter of a brick-walled garden, in which a doorway was rather abruptly cut, a tall narrow entrance, with a box walk leading to the house door, within which everything was cool and quiet—a little dim where the oak staircase turned away to the right, but cheery enough in our sitting-room, which had windows and a glass door opening directly upon a very pretty, orderly garden, with the prospect of fowls to the left.

This was in April; and although it rained fitfully at times, for the most part the sun had a generous time of it. And those who have not seen a Surrey spring-time come and deepen into a summer can scarcely tell how bright and happy, how cool and soft, how tremulous with many changes and fair lights, it can be, nor how it makes one wish for an Arcadian life, not lotus-eating nor idle with the sense of "noonday barbaric splendor," but for a life in which one may feel fresh breezes blow from the heather, soft sunlight come across fields in which the corn-flower and the poppy will soon wake, and all about cool damp beds of violets and mosses, with fruit trees pink and white and daintily green above you.

When we first walked about the town of Guildford, I remember that we were struck by the strongly provincial air of everything—the independent business interests of the town, its "smart" shops, old-furniture repositories, and court-house, market-place, etc.—yet all so near to London. Here were none of the listless evidences of a trade too near a big centre which one finds in America. It was clearly evident the "county people" shopped in Guildford; the Surrey farmer bought and sold within it, and the Surrey villain could do his deadliest and be as quickly brought to book as if he lived under the shadow of St. Giles. Would this impress any but an American wanderer? I liked to feel, as we went up and down the High Street, we were in a settled, prosperous old town, to which London was as remote as if it had been five hundred miles further away,



THE TOWN-HALL, GUILDFORD.

and which enjoyed the patronage and support of its inhabitants quite as comfortably as if those lovely roads which lead one on every side to the open country were only avenues to a quiet Arcadia in which town smoke "was not." Perhaps this feeling was urged on by the sweeping look of the country round about. The town is not in a valley, yet the green undulations are so many, at so many points



ABBOT'S HOSPITAL, OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

we can feel the sense of endless space which level meadows and faintly rising and falling lands afford, that we learned to believe ourselves in a town set among hills and vales, and that were we but to turn westward or eastward for a little space, we should be far enough from the madding crowd.

The habits of such a town interest all American visitors. I think, after a little time, we grew accustomed to the prim variations in the day's routine—the shops open for marketing, with their various customers; the coming and going of the boys who belonged to the Grammar School which Evelyn talks about in his Diary; the carriages of the "county people," with their smart liveries and big wheels and well-dressed occupants; the clatter of one inn yard and the solemnity of the other; the coming and going of the London coach, with its rattle and horn and look of jollity; and finally the concentration of market-day when countrymen went about in smock-frocks, and the Corn Exchange was a lively centre. That old Grammar School became quite fascinating, though I believe none of our party ever went further than the court-yard; but its gray walls and heavy doorway and well-trodden steps were very interesting when we remembered that lads of Evelyn's day went there and found it "commendable." Midway down the hilly High Street is a building devoted to the maintenance "of thirteen brothers and thirteen sisters," people of Guildford who in their respectable old age need such a friendly, home-like shelter. There is no suggestion of dismal need about these people; on the contrary, the vacancies in the old hospital are sought for by tradesmen who are well-to-do and well known to their neighbors. It is one of the old institutions of earlier English days, when lands and buildings were not so valuable as now, and there is a good income to keep it up, and maintain a master and chaplain. It was founded by Archbishop Abbot in the seventeenth century. We had passed this Abbot Hospital several times, in different seasons, before we paid it a satisfactory visit. The old pensioners were fond of coming to the outer doorway of a summer's evening, where they would stand still with an air suggestive of Father Time, and look up and down the town High Street, exchanging calm remarks upon the weather and passers-by, and the way the birds flew, with the air of people to whom personalities in those about them were of no consequence whatever.

We had noticed two or three of the old men several times before they noticed us, but one morning a tall, fine-looking old pensioner said, as we sauntered by, "Aren't you coming in?" We said, hesitatingly, that we should like very much to see the hospital. He turned very readily and led the way into the quadrangle, where everything wore the peaceful look that old brick and stone, deeply set windows, and a space untouched by any growth or step, are so cer-

tain to possess. The rooms of the pensioners surrounded the court. There were low doorways, and many windows blooming with plants. The lower side, facing the fine old entrance, contained the refectory and a heavy staircase, besides the chapel, in which Archbishop Abbot, the founder of the hospital, prayed.

As soon as we were in the quadrangle the old man began to do his duty as a guide. We went into the refectory first—a fine oak-panelled room, with a huge fireplace, several settles, and some curious old paintings. The light came in through the windows in large gray patches, so that nothing really seemed illumined, and several spots were rather solemn-looking and obscure.



THE REFECTORY.

The old brother told us of the fine Christmas dinners the pensioners had here, and detailed the *menu* with evident satisfaction, dwelling upon the names of the dishes very tenderly. His pride in the room seemed less historical than personal.

"Here's where I usually sit," he said, dusting off a corner of one of the settles; and he looked so well sitting there that a sketch seemed obvious, and we made an appointment for the next day, which pleased him greatly.

There hangs in this old refectory a picture which for generations has remained unexplained, and so it has taken on itself the charm and dignity of mystery, especially as it has the human interest which the picture of a house, a garden, and some strolling people can give. It is evidently seventeenth-century. It depicts a prim house of the unornamental type which one sees often in old English towns, a garden and lawn, and one or two unanimated people in Charles II. costume. Whence or why this old picture no one knows, and yet there must have been at some time a reason for hanging it there. The chapel has its own charm of oak and high-walled pews and prim desks; but nothing marks it but this air of old-fashioned dignity, and the stained glass, which is attributed to Albert Dürer, and certainly is German in color and design. The pictures detail the story of Jacob and Esau quaintly, and the deeper blues are exqui-



CORNER OF ABBOT'S HOSPITAL.

sitely fine. Some curious old rules are hung up in the chapel, illustrating well the ideas and principles of the founders. We learned that the master must be a "God-fearing man." How broadly that is interpreted to-day we know not, but everything seemed well-conducted, simple, and full of peace. The master must likewise be fifty years old, unmarried, and a native of Guildford.

Our guide seemed to feel that we ought to be very much impressed, and so we lingered as long as we felt we could, and spoke to each other in low tones. He told us about the obligatory services, and how it was his duty to ring the bell summoning the brothers and sisters to morning prayer. "And they must come," he said, wagging his head, and puckering his mouth into a funny smile; "got to do it. One day was a holiday, and, bless ye, I'd got so used to that bell that I come and pulled it for service. We had an old man here then who just *couldn't* a-bear to be rung out of his rooms, and out he popped, lookin' at me as if he'd kill me if he could. 'What's that?' sez he. 'Service,' I sez. '*Service!*' he sez. 'Tummus, if you don't remember the holidays,' he sez, 'you ain't fit to be here.' 'He! he! I thought he'd hev a fit; and then I remembered as how there weren't no service; but that old man he owed me a mortal grudge for that till 'e died."

The old pensioner took us into his own room, which was in one sunny corner of the wing, and a pleasant abode it was for lonely old age. The walls were hung with various souvenirs of his past, from engravings of some village to photographs in very black frames, and somehow the pathos of these simple things touched us deeply. It seemed as if, coming in here, the brethren resolved to take in every memento, and yet shut out the past. The walls told of a family divided by death or time, of old associations with active village life, of periods when individual aims



STAIRCASE IN OLD HOUSE, GUILDFORD.

and schemes were many; yet here it all was a memory only, peacefully closed in by four walls, with a life regulated for the occupant, the service bell across the court ringing the little community together, the Christmas dinners being a solemn festivity in which no special part was emphasized, no one brother more or less than his neighbor—a gentle, kindly term of waiting for the Finis to be written, and a new name entered on the list.

In the sisters' rooms I was greatly interested by two old women who were rather aggressive though ardent friends. Their rooms adjoined, and I went two or three times to see them. One of them was inclined to scorn her surroundings, and called her good-sized room "narrerer than no place at all"; but it was so overfull with souvenirs of the past that we could not wonder at her sense of being cramped for space, and she made so much tea that I suppose it told upon her nerves. Her friend was a very, very old person, small and brown-faced, but with a capacity for conversation almost greater than her neighbor's. She gave me the impression of belonging to Guildford, as she told me, among other reminiscences, that she well remembered the news of George IV.'s death being sent to the town, and how she ran up a hill after a coach to get some details of the startling event.

"And I seed William," she said, very

laconically, "and some of the princesses."

"The Queen's daughters?" I said.

"No," she answered; "George III.'s daughters: good-looking young woman, one of them, but stout."

"Then you belong to Guildford," I said once, after she had given me an anecdote of the market-place in 1840. It was only interesting, I think, because she told it.

"No, ma'am," she said, "I don't. But I've been here some time—*just seventy-four years last month.*"

In those first Surrey days we used to drift about idling over things, and sometimes pulling ourselves up with a sense that we ought to see and hear more of the country and the people, and looking back, I find that going over and over the same bits of country, either walking or in our phaeton, produced the most permanent sense of Surrey characteristics. How, for instance, should we have learned to thoroughly know Merrow Heath, with all the spring tenderness upon it, but for just this sort of vagabondizing? The days were so warm and sunny at noon that everything woke up with little spring-time laughter when we would start out, and then before our return that lovely purple and gray which I think spring twilights share with those of autumn would lay the land all under a sort of veil, and the bareness of tree or field showed with a rich, deep tone against the sunset and the quiet evening sky. To reach the heath we could take one or two routes, but came to prefer a long fine road which stretched from the town to the little village of Merrow, which has a very fine, gaunt-looking old inn, and something peculiarly fascinating in its smaller houses and gardens. There is an old church there, just in the corner of the road leading to the heath, which has its permanent association in the Onslows who lie buried there. The Onslows represent old England in these parts, and all about are evidences of their wealth and state, and there are prim old traditions which ought to be remembered and treasured in these intensely realistic days, when people stop to analyze the root of any impulse before acting upon it, and then define the consequences upon their "temperaments" and natures. Were the old modes of thought and action the more comfortable, I wonder? Much of all this smiling Surrey country once was held by the Knights Templar, and one fancies the quiet lanes and by-paths ought to be full of suggestion of the past.

In the Merrow church there is a quaint old tombstone, the epitaph of which is worth remembering:

"In memory of SARAH BATTAY, wife of Thomas Battay, who died the 6th of June, 1799, aged 103 years:

"By St. David's rule our age is when
We're numbered threescore years and ten,
But if to fourscore years we gain,
Our labor then's but grief and pain.

"At ninety years I do depend
To make a good and holy end,
But at one hundred years and three,
The grave's the bed that best suits me."

It always seemed that Merrow would repay one for a long ramble, yet the heath lying to the right became a sort of magnet to us, and we liked to spend quiet hours of reflection or work there. I think we Americans enjoy no bit of English country more than a heath, or moor, or down. There must be some peculiar reason for this aside from the associations of fiction. The Merrow downs are wide and sunny stretches, with a roadway going up and down and zigzag across the downs, and out to an open space, whence you can see all the loveliness of Leith Hill, vales and meadows, church and manor-house, lying below you, but the portion of the heath I learned to care for most was just where the road "lifted" a little between the furze bushes, and where, when we were first in Surrey, the traditional furze-cutter was at work. It was delightful one morning to come upon a little caravan with smoke rising from it, and a flapping curtain, and to see its owner—a tall figure in corduroys, and a jacket belted in, and long gauntlets—cutting away at the furze. The man used a sort of scythe, and bent and swayed very picturesquely as he worked. The occupation looked a noble sort of one, because, I suppose, it was so useful, and, besides, it was out-of-door employment, which to my mind always has a grand suggestion of ownership of all nature. This furze-cutter was a far more enviable figure than Millet's concentrated dark peasants sowing the earth with a dogged persistence. Yet on the windy April moor the man suggested Millet's palette and brush. While we were looking at him across the road-side, he broke out into a rough, light-hearted sort of singing, tuneless rather, but inspiring, and in keeping with the

honest sunshine of the morning. The words did not reach us, but there was something about "up, ye boys—up, ye boys," in it which I liked to listen to, and which made me feel sure the man was healthy and contented. He had a big sunburned face and a stubby light beard, and when he looked up from his work his eyes had the glance of one new to meeting strong sunlight. The furze-cutters were not the only figures on the heath. One day when our party chanced to feel particularly alone, and inclined to lotus-eating, for everywhere there seemed a balm in the pale spring lights about us—we looked up, and crossing a ridge was a strange procession. The figures toiled into prominence one after another, descended, drew nearer, gathering together separate identities, and then resolved themselves into a troop of wandering or travelling gypsies, by far the most picturesque I have ever seen. First came two very swarthy-looking men, all blacks and browns, until they drew nearer, and certain yellow lights spotted them here and there; they were followed by a young woman and two children; then two more women and a youth; the next one, a sorry-looking horse drawing a cart with a curtained top, and when the procession drew nearer, we saw that this contained a young woman with a very tiny black-haired baby, evidently newly born, for the only anxiety of the party seemed to be about the well-being of these two. Perhaps the last two figures were the most entertaining. These were a donkey, and an old woman whose nut of a face was tied up in a gay bandana. The donkey proceeded, as donkeys will, with various aggravating little halts and attempts to nibble at the road-side, and as the little procession curved past where we sat, we could hear the old woman talking to it in the most absurdly conversational tone.

"Just *you* wait till we be to Dorking," she said, in a low monotone. "*You'll* see if you can act so." A pause, during which the donkey became calmly contemplative of the scene to his right—Leith Hill, St. Katherine's, a rich and changing line of meadow-lands, with gray spires in the faint spring foliage. "What you waitin' for *now*?" the old woman went on. "Never seen a walley before, I'd suppose." The donkey slowly moved on. "Oh, you *are* a beast," she continued, monotonously, beating him with a short stick —"a beast—a beast—a beast." No opposition being offered to this criticism, she seemed to feel it worth renewing, and as the troop descended the hilly slope toward Dorking, we could hear the thwack of her stick and the same remark, "A beast—a beast."

Turning to the right one day, before we left the downs, we found a wonderful walk, which led us through various furzy bits up and down to the famous yew-trees, of which I had heard so much that it was with a little feeling, half of bewilderment, half of familiarity, that we came upon the groupings of old trees, rich with the color and shade of centuries. The light lay very tenderly yet golden on the ground under those great branches, and one of the party began reciting poetry, and then speculating as to how great is the advantage of the tramp over the fire-side creature. Certainly on this soft May morning one felt in sympathy with the Arab.

"If," suggests K——, dubiously, "one could always be a clean and an honest tramp."

"Perhaps not exactly a tramp," murmurs the one who knows nature best of us all, "but an Ardenite."

And here somebody begins to do Rosalind under those stately yews, and we all realize that we are trying to feel we had rather be somebody else or something else in this life.

It was this day that, as our ponies' heads were turned down the long road from Merrow to Guildford, we remembered some old spots worth hunting up in that region. Aubrey, that dear old chronicler of the seventeenth century, made Clandon church interesting, although the building is nothing. The roads about are fine and solemn-looking, and we thought of Aubrey's account of Thomas Goffe, the poet, who was once rector here. One could fancy him trotting about those lanes with that Mistress Goffe of whom old Aubrey tells this story:

"Thomas Goffe, the poet, was rector here [Clandon]: he was buried in the middle of the chancel, but there is nothing in remembrance of him. His wife, it seems, was not so buried. I find by the Register-book that he was buried July 27, 1629. His wife pretended to fall in love with him by hearing him preach, upon which, said one Thomas Thimble, one of the Squire Beadles in Oxford, and his confidant, to him, '*Do not marry her;* if thou

dost, she will break thy heart.' He was not obsequious to his friend's sober advice, but for her sake altered his condition, and cast anchor here. One time some of his Oxford friends made a visit to him. She looked upon them with an ill eye, as if they had come to eat her out of house and home, as they say. She provided a dish of milk and some eggs for supper, and no more. They perceived her niggardliness, and that her husband was inwardly troubled at it (she wearing breeches), so they were resolved to be merry at supper, and talked all in Latin, and laughed exceedingly. She was so vexed at their speaking Latin that she could not hold, but fell out a-weeping and rose from the table. The next day Mr. Goffe ordered a better dinner for them, and sent for some wine. They were merry, and his friends took their final leave of him. It was no long time before this Xantippe made Mr. Thimble's prediction good, and when he died the last words he [Goffe] spake were: 'Oracle! oracle! Tom Thimble!' and so he gave up the ghost!"

Poor old Goffe! I do not think the immediate neighborhood of his little church could have cheered him very much. Some of the roads just here are very solemn. There is a certain point where I remember our seeing a pond staring with dark waters under the moonlight, a row of pollards, and a yew hedge, and some one said it looked just the fitting place for a murder. Did Goffe, riding by, I wonder, ever think how much good those waters might do his Xantippe? I doubt if his soul was always untroubled by such fancies.

One day the rain seemed to have swept away almost the last remnants of cold weather, and as we strolled down the High Street of Guildford, about six o'clock, we decided on making a long journey the next day—and shall we soon forget our interview with an honest hostler, who declared he must know just "*where* we was a-goin'." I can see him now, a comfortable, good-humored figure, in the courtyard near his stables, his head on one side, his mouth shrewdly puckered as he inquired, "His it for a *business* houting, so to speak, sir, or may hi consider hit's just the ladies as wants a day's hairing—for *business* is, so to speak, *one* thing, and the gentry just a-goin' around to look and henjoy theirselves is most certainly another."

Our little group searched each other's faces. What could we say? Were we gentry wishing for to henjoy ourselves, or *was* it business? We were *both*, we explained. At all events we wanted a capacious carriage at half past four the next morning for a long, long day—down to Dorking, around by Mickleham, back by the Silent Pool, and over the downs.

"At four and a half, sir?" says the hostler. "Well, sir, the hintentions hof the hevening his not *halways* borne hout by the hactions hof the morning' —with which really fine sentence he bowed us away, and we went out into a street full of soft spring light. There had been a regatta, or something, on the water: there was a troop of boys coming up the hill, shouting and laughing, evidently newly victors in some sport. Up and down the long street seemed to be pulsating, while the red roofs to the left held all the color of the moment. It was, I have always believed, the implied doubt in the hostler's farewell remark which roused us to decisive "haction" in the morning, for the fair, quiet sunrise saw us all ready for our start, and we set off around by Merrow and across the downs, where there was less effect of the morning than we had hoped for. The gorse came out too strongly; the dainty little blossoms on the hedges looked startled under some great streaks of sunrise; but away to the left the sky was flaming above a dark rich country, and seemed to have waked the day up with a burst of harmony all its own. Our road wound away to the left, and we were soon going through the usual country lanes and sheltered roads common to all Surrey, skirting the walls of one fine "place" after another, and finally into the little village of Shere, where we stopped for breakfast.

It was only about half past six, but every one was up and stirring. The inn yard was busy; there was a tidy-looking parlor, with some one ready to prepare our breakfast, and just facing its windows was a crooked street, with a church and church-yard to the left, and we decided, while waiting, to go over there. The street was a curious one. It seemed to have tried various turnings before it decided to have a definite mind of its own, and even then it soon lost itself in very vagrant greens. I wonder why some churchyards look so much happier than others! This one at Shere, in the early morning light, with birds singing everywhere, looked most inviting; and we sat down on one



SHERE

of the old tombs, feeling that he who had died and been laid there four hundred years ago must have been having a very happy time of it. Children were playing contentedly, coming up to the rail now and then to peer in and look at the strangers. "He's makin' a picter of it," we heard one boy's stifled whisper. "No, 'em ain't; um's *prayin'*," said another, the artist in question having momentarily descended on his knees to look for a missing tube. But to the people, great or small, of Shere and Gomshall and Godalming, the artist at his work is a familiar spectacle, for so much is this region sought in spring and summer by the guild that a common saying is that "the bushes grow paint rags"; and I question if a fairer field could be discovered. Not far away is an old mill, with a meadow stretching near it, some idle-looking rushes, and a line of trees to the left, which has appeared on the Academy walls so often that one stops in sight of it, puzzled by all that it brings back. It seems to one to suggest a succession of sunny May days when Burlington House opens, and one feels how near the painter brings you to understanding God's wide green earth and its every variation.

We were certainly ready for breakfast, which was a good one, of bacon and eggs and coffee and water-cresses; and then, the sun being fairly up, and all suspicion of chill gone, we sauntered out to see the other side of the little village, where there

was a delightful street—old houses jutting out on one side, and a green bank and little stream on the other—and then cottage windows were being opened, and a blacksmith had started his forge with a very gay sound, and we had a talk with a nice old woman and two sturdy boys.

The old woman had a cottage, into which she kindly invited us. In all my wanderings English cottages retained their fascination for me. From the first to the last which I saw, the long latticed windows, with their bit of clean curtaining and pots of flowers, the tall clocks, the prim chairs and big fire-places and corner cupboards, all retained their hold on my imagination as something to be thought of picturesquely, and as a part of the England of my childish wondering fancy. This old woman was making ready for lodgers from London. "Them there painter folks," she said, knowingly, "they've about done up this country; seems as if they've painted every stick and stone round here;" and then suddenly beholding the "painter folk" of our party plying his craft under a tree, she added, in a whisper: "That's what they do—sit right down and drawer anything they see!"

She kindly showed us her lodgings, which looked as if one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines were expected. Neat dimity, and old chairs and furniture with brass handles. She expected to get a pound a week, she said, for the rooms "in the season." Everything in the little village was so peaceful and shining, the gray walls of some gardens seemed to shut in so much calm content, that we were loath to drive away even in so attractive a direction as Gomshall, Abinger, and Dorking; but our work was finished, and we went on, stopping for a view of a pond lovely with marsh-marigolds, and to enjoy an old house which seemed suddenly to make one part of our gay road solemn.

It was precisely the sort of house to tell ghost stories about—tenantless, and yet stately, with innumerable windows, and ivy hanging dejectedly about; but who could feel anything spectral on such a soft spring morning, with everything inviting one to think of life and happiness and youth? We dismissed all the suggestions of the dismal old house with scorn as we drove up a long peaceful road on our way to Dorking. We stopped to look at an old church and a curious specimen of stocks. The latter decorated one side of the road, rather unpleasantly, when one thought of the uses they were put to a century ago. Just how long it is since stocks "went out" I don't know, but in some parts of England they died a lingering death. One of our party said he could just remember as a tiny boy seeing a man in the stocks in the south of England. The culprit was there for drunkenness; and our friend said it was quite encouraging to see the manner in which his compassionate friends brought him beer and other drinkables, all of which he received with the air of a martyr.

Something like Keats seemed surely in the air as we drove by Burford Bridge, where he wrote, in 1817, the last part of "Endymion." He finished it in November, when Burford must have looked finely, even if wintry, for from my own experiences of a Surrey winter I know how inspiring the cold fair country about there may look, and Keats enjoyed the moonlight effects with all his poet's nature.

"I like this place very much," he wrote from the little inn near the bridge. "There is a hill and dale and a little river. I went up Box Hill this evening after the moon—'you 'a seen the moon'—came down and wrote some lines."

Everywhere the hand of spring was coming tenderly here. The orchards were exquisitely fair, and some hedges were a tangle of blackthorn and tiny blossoms, with primroses coloring the banks, and, above all, that flower so dear to Wordsworth's soul, the celandine.

"Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will bare their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

"Ere a leaf is on the bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal,
Telling tales about the sun
When we've little warmth or none."

Down by a little turn of the stream we found some of the celandines "spreading out" in this brave way, richly yellow, the leaves heart-shaped and shining; and is it not strange that so venturesome and bonny a little flower, coming out before the thrush's nest, should shrink away from the touch, and seem almost to die in your

hand? Strange and yet not insignificant, it shows how perfect a thing of nature it is, how entirely dependent on mother earth, and the soothing power of the sky —the rain or the sun of these later April days. We may look at it and love it and be grateful to it, but we ought to come away, and not try to carry it with us among the wild flowers we have gathered—the primroses, and violets, and strong fair daisies, and the first bits of the "May" that we could find.

"Dorking," says a didactic person in the party, as we enter that busy town—"Dorking is celebrated for fowls. The kine hereabout are of sandy color; the women, especially those about the hill, have no roses in their cheeks. They are not strong, nor of so warm a complexion as in Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, or—"

"May we inquire," remarks a calm individual opposite, "to what we are indebted for this sudden inspiration? Is it guide-book, or Martin Tupper, or—"

"It is an effort of remarkable memory, if you would only think so," is the answer. "It is a quotation from Aubrey. He was very naïve over the town of Dorking in those days; and I could be even more interesting if I chose. In the last century Dorking was a great resort for the gentry of London. They went thither to feast on water-lousee. And, as you may remember, it was to Dorking Sam Weller went on his famous visit to his father."

It is hard to say why, but in that party of ours facts of mere historical importance were always scorned as worthless contributions to our pleasure, and whatever satire existed in our hearts concentrated when attempts of this instructive kind were made.

"I am sorry you rose so early," is the comment after the statement about the water-lousee. "You must have studied so hard last night!" And then the most derisive member of the party becomes dreamily fascinated by the name of that eighteenth-century dish.

"Water-lousee," he repeats. "That's good, isn't it? Can't one fancy a party of old fellows in ruffles and embroideries sitting down to their supper in the inn down there—"

And I am afraid that it was in this idly speculative manner those spring and summer journeyings of ours were always made, so that these records can not hope to enlighten any mind bent on geographical or historical information.

But the personal interests were always welcomed. We knew that Dorking had once been full of the people of our "book world," and as we drove up the High Street we began to recall all the names—the Aikens and Barbaulds, and the French colonists, and last, but decidedly the dearest, Madame D'Arblay, the Fanny Burney of Dr. Johnson's adoration, who wrote *Evelina*, and served Queen Charlotte so many years before she came down here to pleasant happy friends near Dorking. Dorking itself is a roomy-looking town, with wide streets and solid-looking houses. Everything looks much as it might have in Fanny Burney's day. There is an air of great respectability about the shops; everything seems to be conducted on a quiet, well-bred principle. The people do not seem to live in much expectation of Londoners, or strangers generally, though the inns are cheerful enough; but, on the contrary, they look as if they knew by sight or name every person driving or riding or walking into the town, and are not prepared to be startled by anything showy or ostentatious belonging to other parts of the country. It was in Dorking, I remember, one winter's night long ago, that we went to the theatre, and saw a travelling company of medium ability perform a well-known drama. The play was not particularly entertaining, but I remember our noticing how very thoroughly the audience seemed to understand each other. They came in with that air of perfect self-possession which goes with the sense of being thoroughly at home, and expecting no intruders, and after a time we felt almost as if we had no right to sit there, laughing, or applauding, or looking interested. We knew that we were looked down upon as strangers, and when the manager came out and said a few quiet words of thanks to his patrons, we had a guilty sense of overhearing something, and crept away through the respectable calm audience with as little movement as possible.

This spring day, as we lunched in the old inn parlor, we felt so keenly one with nature that all such sense of intrusion was gone. Were we not a set of idle, fanciful vagabonds just "taking in" Dorking, on our way to see more of the earth and sky, the running water and bloom-

ing lanes? Dorking was only an item, as it were, but we certainly enjoyed it. Nothing, it seems to me, is much more interesting than watching stray travellers at an English inn. They come in, presenting so many types, and always do or say something entertaining. I don't doubt that our own party, sitting at a large table and doing ample justice to a good luncheon, might have afforded any amount of entertainment to the other occupants of the room. Perhaps the tall, slim, whiskerless young man in the window, whom I solemnly declare I beheld eat six eggs, found our ways very absurd, but at all events he was out of the common in his appetite. He had three eggs first, then he summoned the waiter, and said, briskly: "Just bring me some eggs, will you?—boiled not too hard."

The man looked at him a little blankly. "Eggs, sir?"

"Eggs, I said."

"You had 'em, sir." The mind of the waiter refused to grasp the idea of an appetite for more than three at once.

"I know I had 'em," retorted the youth, with a little glare, "and I ate 'em, and want more of 'em."

And while the waiter, dreamily communing with himself, went away, the youth read the Dorking paper, and seemed thoroughly satisfied with things about him.

Before we went away, there came into the room an elderly pair—a man and woman of the farming class evidently, who must have had some special reason even for coming to the town, for the woman seemed to be startled by everything about her. She was a large faded person, who seemed entirely unaccustomed to her best clothes, and while her husband went out to the bar, she sat in a corner of the room with a dismayed air, casting furtive glances at the mirror over the mantel at the other end of the room. Finally, as with a desperate effort, she rose and went over to the glass, where she looked earnestly at the reflection of her pallid face and black and purple bonnet. Poor soul, she had only wanted to satisfy the usual feminine desire to see if her hat was straight and her hair tidy. She stood there an instant, and then stroked her hair with a nervous manner, her expression seeming to indicate that she felt her coming out dressed up like this for any purpose was all a mistake. Her husband found her there on his return, and she started, and looked at him with a sort of mute apology in her eyes. He said nothing for a moment, but looked her all over—the large frame and the timid nature—and then he said, in a sad voice,

"What do you want, Maria?"

Maria glanced around her for an instant. "Why, something to eat, I s'pose," she said, with a very tired look.

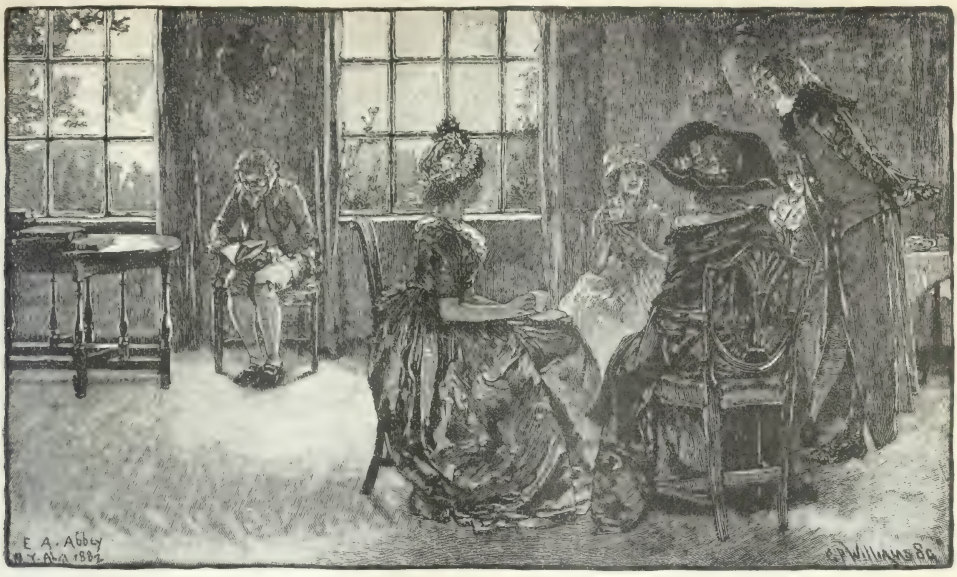
"Well, but *what*?" he said, persistently. She seemed to feel that this necessity of choosing her dinner, added to everything else, made the journey a complete failure.

"Oh, I *can't*," she said, desperately. "*Anything—anything*, Peter."

And she went back to her seat in the corner, while Peter ordered the usual cold-meat lunch, with beer instead of tea. They ate in a depressed sort of silence, and indeed I would have supposed that the journey was an errand of grief, but that later I heard her telling the barmaid in a very spiritless way that "she'd come over to Dorking to buy her daughter's wedding dress—a brown silk she'd about decided." And we also saw her in one of the shops, looking stolidly if not sadly at the rolls of silk opened before her. One could fancy her disheartened return home, and the relief with which her Paisley shawl and large bonnet and black silk gown were laid away for as long a time as possible.

It was with a strange and sudden sense of old literary associations that we found ourselves in Madame D'Arblay's neighborhood. How all the fascinations of her Diary came back, when some one said, "We can go around to Mickleham"! And then we were presently driving away from Dorking, and down to the little quiet village where the authoress of *Evelina* spent so many happy days.

It was by her married name of D'Arblay that the genial authoress was best known in Mickleham, but as Fanny Burney she had often visited the Locks, of Norbury Park, and her sister, Mrs. Phillips, who lived near by. Fanny was the daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, and her life in her father's house had been full of social interest, for those were the days when conversation was a fine art, and hospitality cordial and unrestrained by the necessity for great expenditure. The doctor's circle was a large one, varied enough to give Fanny rare opportunities for studying



TEA IN JUNIPER HALL.

character, and her first novel, *Evelina*, was full of keen discernment, wit, and, above all, extremely pure in tone and suggestion. What Fanny Burney might have done with her skillful pen one can scarcely say, had not a position at court been offered her. As we read her court Diary, the life she led as lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte seems the cruelest of sacrifices; but the Burneys and their friends were greatly elated by Fanny's position. Her father's triumph was excessive; only Fanny herself seems to have felt what she was resigning. In July, 1786, she left her charming circle of friends, her position as one of the most notable and courted and respected young women in English society, and buried herself at Windsor. She records her sensations, her dread of the new way of life, in which she would have to forego "all my most favorite schemes, and every dear expectation my fancy had indulged of happiness adapted to its taste." Yet it seems never to have occurred to the conventionally bred English girl that she could resist a royal command, or go contrary to her father's wishes in the disposal of her youth, for that was certainly what the service at court implied. The Queen, Fanny writes, "received me with a most gracious bow of the head, and a smile that was all sweetness. She saw me much agitated, and attributed it, no doubt, to the awe of her presence. Oh, she little knew my mind had no room in it for feelings of that sort! She talked to me of my journey, my father, my sisters. . . .any, everything she could suggest that could best tend to compose and make me easy."

All this was very well, but during the many years which followed we can but ask what had the gifted Fanny Burney in return for what she gave? "Sweet smiles," "condescending glances," a "soft look of interest"—these compensations for a life of toil and seclusion, during which her health and spirits completely gave way, are all that we can find marked in the pages of her vivacious and amusing Diary. Her honors at court were few, since the lady-in-waiting over her, Mrs. Schnellenberg, was a woman of violent temper, coarse mind, and a very cruel, jealous disposition, so that Fanny's modest honors were constantly being taken from her, and except for occasional chats with the princesses, her only social relaxation was among the rather dull equerries of the King. The routine of her life soon was fixed. She rose at six, dressed, and waited the Queen's first summons, about half past seven, when, on going to her Majesty's dressing-room, she found her always alone with her wardrobe woman. "No maid," she writes her sister Phillips, "ever enters the room while the Queen is in it." Mrs. Thickly, the wardrobe woman, handed Queen Charlotte's garments to Miss Burney, and she

put them on, and her delight is great that she had not to choose from among the things, for were that the case, she says, she "should run a prodigious risk of taking the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neckerchief." This first onerous duty over, little Fanny had a quiet hour in her own room, with her breakfast and a book: sometimes she had poetry, sometimes travels, occasionally a book of sermons. But how arid an intellectual life was hers is evidenced in her noting this breakfast hour as the "most pleasant part of the day."

After breakfast came a "serious examination" of her own wardrobe, as she had always to prepare special toilets for all court days or royal birthdays. Twice a week she had to have her hair "curled and craped." At mid-day the grand toilet of the Queen demanded her attention, and here she writes of the sweet royal consideration in sending her away "during the powdering," so that her clothes may not be injured. Miss Burney's only real leisure—a short two hours—followed this; then dinner at five with the terrible Mrs. Schnellenberg, after which followed tea with the equerries in the older lady's parlor, and a long and irksome evening, during which Mrs. Schnellenberg usually tormented poor Fanny, so that cards were her one resource. Between eleven and twelve came her last summons to the Queen's dressing-room, after which she might retire when she liked. She had her own apartments, and the rather inefficient attendance of a page and a maid. But what a life was it to lead! the only diversions being the changes in the equerries, and the occasional exchange of visits among the ladies-in-waiting; some of the princesses coming in for half an hour's talk; the Queen selecting some partially enlivening book for Fanny to read aloud, or "gently detaining" her to discourse on some subject a little more interesting than the latest sermon she had read. From Kew to Windsor, Windsor to St. James, so Fanny's life went on for five years, when escape came just in time to save the overworked woman's health and vital forces. She quitted court service with a modest pension, the regard of all the royal family, and a devout sense of having fully done her duty. As we drove down the lanes about Mickleham we could not but think how great a relief it must have been to little Fanny to find herself there among dear friends and relatives, to whom her court bondage had become a thing almost as dreadful as it had to her, and who welcomed her to their midst most lovingly.

Mickleham was full of soft May loveliness that day. There is a long leafy road with little breaks showing bits of running water, a bank of pale willows, and primroses lying in tufts on either side.

Just a typical small village was this Mickleham of Fanny Burney's, and around it Juniper Hall, and Norbury Park, where her "dearest Fredy" (Mrs. Lock) lived, and finally Camilla Lacey, where her happy married life was spent, and about which she chats so pleasantly in the Diary.

Juniper Hall chanced to be to let, and so we had an opportunity of going over it. And it was not hard to fill the rooms with these people of the past. It must have been a simple, happy, although somewhat anxious, life the *emigrés* of Fanny Burney's time led in it. During the final horrors of the French Revolution several notable people escaped from France, and joining forces in Surrey, they established their little colony in Juniper Hall—a fine solid-looking mansion set in good grounds, with beautiful cedar-trees and a prim garden.

When the French people arrived, so strong was the provincial horror of "papishes" that it was with difficulty the Duchesse de Broglie and her daughter found an abode. It was Fanny's friend Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park, who generously arranged matters at last for the frightened, anxious ladies, who for the most part had escaped in open boats, and knew nothing of English ways or customs, or of the country itself. The Juniper Hall colony included Madame De la Châtre (a vivacious, sparkling brunette of about thirty-three, about whose husband the others used secretly to sneer as they took their snuff), M. and Madame De Narbonne, Talleyrand, M. D'Arblay (whom Fanny married later), and Madame De Staël, with others of less social importance. Fanny Burney was visiting in Essex when the party fairly took little Mickleham by storm; but her sister, Mrs. Phillips, who lived close to Juniper, wrote vivaciously of them. Wandering among the lofty and now silent rooms, we found it easy to people them with those sparkling, animated, though anxious figures of '92. In the large drawing-room overlooking the

lawn and cedar-trees we tried to fancy the various groupings, the breakfast and dinner parties of which Mrs. Phillips and Fanny wrote. "Madame De la Châtre received us with great politeness," writes Mrs. Phillips, on one occasion when she and Mrs. Lock had driven over from beautiful old Norbury to pay a morning call. One can fancy the little French lady in her brocade and laces, and the two sweet quiet English gentlewomen, while around about them are grouped "les messieurs," as Madame De la Châtre called the splendidly attired noblemen who carried the most feverish patriotism and monarchical feeling into quiet Surrey. "A gentleman was with her," the letter continued, "whom Mrs. Lock had not yet seen—M. D'Arblay. She introduced him, and when he had quitted the room, told us he was adjutant-general to M. Lafayette, maréchal de camp. . . . He is tall and a good figure, with an open and manly countenance; about forty, I imagine." On this occasion there is a quaint suggestion of one of the party: "A little man who looked very *triste* indeed in an old-fashioned suit of clothes, with long flaps to a waistcoat embroidered in silks, no longer very brilliant, sat in a corner of the room. I could not imagine who he was, but when he spoke we immediately conceived he was no Frenchman. I afterward heard he had been engaged by M. De Narbonne for a year to teach him and all the party English. He had had a place in some college in France, but was now driven out, and destitute."

Madame De Staël joined the party, and some others, who kept Mickleham society varied and fascinating for Fanny Burney when she returned. In the interval of English study, and reading their French correspondence or the newspapers, then teeming with revolutionary accounts, the party walked about, dined at Norbury, drove in and out of Dorking, where Madame De Staël's quick eyes and M. D'Arblay's large sedate countenance were soon familiarly known, although from first to last the towns-people were alertly curious and fascinated by their unusual guests. Everything French in those days was considered by the English provincials a little dubious, but Fanny Burney felt only enthusiasm.

The romantic side of her nature was strongly moved by the picturesque misfortunes of the colony, especially by the stately elegance, cultivation, and broken fortune of M. D'Arblay, whose fate had been to win distinction in the service of the King, but to lose his possessions, and find himself in England and nearly penniless.

Fanny possessed a somewhat precarious income of £100 a year, the reward of her labors as lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte; but both she and M. D'Arblay shared many tastes and feelings. Above all, both liked a quiet, homely life; perhaps because each had seen enough of court gayety to weary of it. Fanny was over thirty at the time, and M. D'Arblay forty. Except the question of money, there was nothing unsuitable in the marriage, and the French colony were enthusiastic over it, while little Fanny broke out into many rhapsodies of delight, and the hope of a blessed union. But her father absented himself from the little wedding in Mickleham church in July of '93, not feeling sympathy to give his daughter and the husband of her choice. "Many indeed have been the miserable circumstances," she wrote a friend, "that have from time to time alarmed and afflicted me, and seemed to render a renunciation indispensable. Those difficulties, however, have been conquered. My sister and Captain Phillips, and my brother, Captain Burney, accompanied us to the altar in Mickleham church."

Certainly the D'Arblays proved the most contented and idyllic pair.

They remained in "modest apartments" near Mickleham until they could build. "We are about a mile and a half from Norbury Park," writes Fanny, "and two miles from Mickleham. I am become already so stout a walker by use, and with the help of a very able supporter, that I go to those places and return home on foot without fatigue when the weather is kind; at other times I condescend to accept a carriage from Mr. Lock, but it is always reluctantly. I so much prefer walking where, as here, the country and prospects are inviting." Here Fanny's only child was born, and soon after she and M. D'Arblay set about building a little home, the "Camilla Lacey" so well known to readers of her Diary. *Camilla*, her third novel, was in progress, and anxiously waited for, so with her work, M. D'Arblay's incessant and rather unsuccessful gardening, her "darling boy," and the society of a few chosen friends, it is not strange Mickleham seemed to her a little bit of paradise.



SUNSET ON THE DOWNS.

"We have resumed our original plan," she writes, "and are going immediately to build a little cottage for ourselves. We shall make it as small and as cheap as will accord with its being warm and comfortable. We have relinquished, however, the very kind offer of Mr. Lock, which he has renewed, for his park. We mean to make this a property saleable for our Alex."

The spot chosen was on a lovely bit of rising ground near Norbury and Bookham and Westerville. The idea of a garden seems to have inspired the married pair as much as that of a house. "Imagine," says Fanny, "but the ecstasy of M. D'Arblay in training all in his own way an entire new garden! He dreams now of cabbage walks, potato beds, bean perfumes, and pea blossoms."

The building went on, while Fanny varied her domestic occupation with royal visits, returning from Windsor always newly charmed by her simple home life. There is in the Diary the most naïve account of the final installment in Camilla Lacey.

"We languished for the moment of removal with almost infantile fretfulness at every delay that distanced it; and when at last the grand day came, our final packings, with all their toil and difficulties and labor and expense, were mere acts of pleasantry. So bewitched were we with the impending change that, though from six to three we were hard at work without a kettle to boil the breakfast, or a knife to cut bread for luncheon, we missed nothing, wanted nothing, and were as insensible to fatigue as to hunger. M. D'Arblay set out on foot loaded with remaining relics of things to us precious, and Betty afterward with a remnant of glass or two: the other maid had been sent two days before. I was forced to have a chaise for my Alex and me, and a few looking-glasses, a few folios, and not a few other oddments: and then with dearest Mr. Lock our founder's portrait, and my little boy, off I set, and I would my dearest Susan could relate to me as delicious a journey.

"My mate, striding over hedge and ditch, arrived first, though he set out after, to welcome me to our new dwelling; and we entered our new best room, in which I found a glorious fire of wood, and a little bench borrowed of one of the departing carpenters: nothing else. We contrived to make room for each other, and Alex disdained all rest. His spirits were so high, upon finding two or three rooms totally free for his horse (alias any stick he can pick up), and himself unencumbered by chairs and tables and such like lumber, that he was as merry as a little Andrew and as wild as twenty colts. Here we unpacked a small basket containing three or four loaves, and with a garden knife fell to work: some eggs had been procured from a neighboring farm, and one saucepan had been brought. We dined, therefore, exquisitely, and drank to our new possession from a glass of clear water out of our new well."

How many thoughts of the happy, simple-hearted pair we had as we entered the now fine grounds of Camilla Lacey, where Fanny's "dear gardener" used once to work! The house has undergone various changes, being larger and in every way more of a villa than in the D'Arblays' day; but the hospitable owner, well knowing our interest in the old landmarks, showed us the older part—the staircase up and down which Fanny's feet had so often trodden; the rooms that were doubtless hers, all in one side of the beautiful house, and now used for the housekeeper and servants.* There was a narrow corridor, and the staircase was very simple; the rooms were fairly well proportioned, but all in keeping with Fanny's strictly honorable ideas of economy. We get many pictures in the Diary of visitors to the little household at Camilla Lacey. Rogers, the poet, made a journey expressly to see the cottage, and the Barbaulds and Aikens and many others were fond of coming to Fanny's hospitable fireside. The home was broken up in 1802, when the D'Arblays were obliged to go to Paris, and from that date, although always full of the happiness of her married life, Fanny's Diary presents fewer pictures of quiet and content. Her husband was through all the excitement of that period—the hundred days and Bonaparte's downfall—and finally he returned to England to end his days at Bath with his wife and their only child. As we were leaving Camilla Lacey, in the pleasant spring afternoon, we thought how hard it must have been for Fanny D'Arblay to see that door closed for the last time when she and her little boy journeyed to France—the peaceful, homely life, almost in sight of "dear Norbury," and environed by the deep green country, with its well-known undulations, all at an end, though Fanny's restless life was not over until nearly forty years had divided her from Camilla Lacey.

What charm the sunrise lacked was assuredly made up for in the drive homeward when the sun set in the most wonderful way beyond the downs. The lines of color seemed at first to flash through the young leaves of the trees, to glorify all our path as we turned up the hill and curved around toward the heath. And then, in that strangely symbolical way, it died slowly, leaving trails of shadow, and beyond the rows of pollards and barer trees came a full purple and yellow tone that seemed to hold all the quivering intensity latent in the spring.



BUDDING BLACKTHORN.

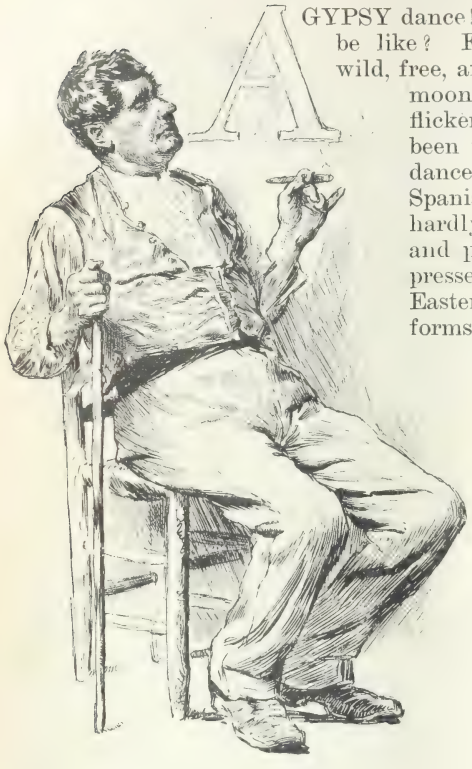
The heath itself deepened, as the soul of one full of something new and unutterably passionate might deepen, while the waves of light and color and ineffable meaning swept it by. The growing things seemed to speak; the rich bosom of the moss seemed full of life. That hedge of blackthorn and vagrant blossoms we had passed in the morning seemed to look at us with a new story. It too had lived the day—grown twelve hours nearer to the warmth of June; and the stars as they came out shone above a country instinct with the message of the summer.

* Camilla Lacey is not shown to visitors generally, and we were indebted for our inspection of it to the very kind courtesy of its present owners and occupants.

SPANISH VISTAS.

Fifth Paper.

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS AND GARDENS.



A GYPSY dance! What does one naturally imagine it to be like? For my part, I had expected something wild, free, and fantastic; something in harmony with moonlight, the ragged shadows of trees, and the flicker of a rude camp fire. Nothing could have been wider of the mark. The *flamenco*—that dance of the gypsies, in its way as peculiarly Spanish as the church and the bull-ring, and hardly less important—is of Oriental origin, and preserves the impassive quality, the suppressed, tantalized sensuousness belonging to Eastern performances in the saltatory line. It forms a popular entertainment in cafés of the lower order throughout the southern provinces, from Madrid all the way around to Valencia, in Sevilla and Malaga, and is gotten up as a select and expensive treat for travellers at Granada. But we saw it at its best in Malaga.

We were conducted, about eleven o'clock in the evening, to a roomy, rambling, dingy apartment in the crook of an obscure and dirty street, where we found a large number of sailors, peasants, and *chulos* seated, drinking at small tables with a very occasional well-dressed citizen or two here and there. In one corner was a stage rising to the level of our chins when we were seated, which had two fronts, like the Shakspearean stage in pictures, so that spectators on the side might have a fair chance, and be danced to from time to time. On this sat about a dozen men and women, the latter quite as much Spanish as gypsy, and some of them dressed partially in tights, with an affectation of sailors' or pages' costume in addition. At Madrid and Sevilla their sisters in the craft wore ordinary feminine dresses, and looked the possessors of more genuine Romany blood.

But here, too, the star *danseuse*, the chief mistress of the art *flamenco*, was habited in the voluminous calico skirt which Peninsular propriety prescribes for this particular exhibition, thereby doing all it can to conceal and detract from the amazing skill of muscular movement involved. A variety of songs and dances with guitar accompaniments, some effective and others tedious, preceded the gypsy performance. I think we listened nearly half an hour to certain disconsolate barytone wailings which were supposed to interpret the loves, anxieties, and other emotions of a *contrabandista*, or smuggler, hiding from pursuit in the mountains. Judging from the time at his disposal for this lament, the smuggling business must indeed be sadly on the decline. The whole entertainment was supervised by a man precisely like all the chiefs of these troupes in Spain. Their similarity is astounding; even their features are almost identical, when you have seen one, you have seen all his fellows, and know exactly what they will do. He may be a little older or younger, a little more gross or less so, but he is always clean-shaven like the other two sacred types—the bull-fighter and the priest—and his face is in every case weakly but good-humoredly sensual. But what does he *do*? Well, nothing. He is the most important personage on the platform, but he does not pretend to contribute to the programme beyond an exclamation of encouragement to the performers at intervals. He is a Turveydrop



GYPSY DANCE.

in deportment at moments, and always a Crummles in self-esteem. A few highly favored individuals as they come into the *café* salute him, and receive a condescending nod in return. Then some friend in the audience sends up to him a glass of camomile wine, or comes close and offers it with his own hand. The leader invariably makes excuses, and without exception ends by taking the wine, swallowing a portion and gracefully spitting out the rest at the side of the platform. He smokes the cigars of admiring acquaintances, and throws the stumps on the stage. All the while he carries in his hand a smooth, plain walking-stick, with which he thumps time to the music when inclined.

At last the moment for the *flamenco* arrives. The leader begins to beat monotonously on the boards, just as our Indians do with their tomahawks, to set the rhythm; the guitars strike into their rising and falling melancholy strain. Two or three women chant a weird song, and all clap their hands in a peculiar measure, now louder, now fainter, and with pauses of varying length between the emphatic reports. The dancer has not yet risen from her seat; she seems to demand encouragement. The others call out, "Ollé!" (a gypsy word for "bravo!") and smile and nod their heads at her to draw her on. All this excites in you a livelier curiosity, a sort of suspense. "What can be coming now?" you ask. Finally she gets up, smiling half scornfully; a light comes into her eyes; she throws her head back, and her face is suffused with an expression of daring, of energy, and strange pride. Perhaps it is only my fancy, but there seems to creep over the woman at that instant a reminiscence of far-off and mysterious things; her face, partially lifted, seems to catch the light of old traditions, and to be imbued with the spirit of something belonging to the past which she is about to revive. Her arms are thrown upward, she snaps her fingers, and draws them down slowly close before her face as far as the waist, when, with an easy waving sideward, the "pass" is ended, and

the arms go up again to repeat the movement. Her body too is in motion now, only slightly, with a kind of vibration; and her feet, unseen beneath the flowing skirt, have begun an easy, quiet, repressed rhythmical figure. So she advances, her face always forward, and goes swiftly around a circle, coming back to the point where she began, without appearing to step. The music goes on steadily, the cries of her companions become more animated, and she continues to execute that queer, aimless, yet dimly beckoning gesture with both arms, never remitting it nor the snapping of her fingers, in fact, until she has finished the whole affair. Her feet go a little faster; you can hear them tapping the floor as they weave upon it some more complicated measure. But there is not the slightest approach to a springing tendency. Her progress is sinuous; she glides and shuffles, her soles quitting the boards as little as possible, something between a clog dance and a walk, perfect in time, with a complexity in the exercise of the feet demanding much skill. She treats the performance with great dignity; the intensity of her absorption invests it with a something almost solemn.

Forward again! She gazes intently in front as she proceeds, and again as she floats backward, looking triumphant, perhaps with a spark of latent mischief in her eyes. She stamps harder upon the floor; the sounds follow like pistol reports. The regular *clack, clack clack*, of the smitten hands goes on about her, and the cries of the rest increase in zest and loudness.

"Ollé! ollé!"

"Bravo, my gracious one!"

"Muy bien! muy bien!"

"Hurrah! Live the queen of the ants!" shouts the leader. And the audience roars at his eccentric phrase.

The dancer becomes more impassioned, but in no way more violent. Her body does not move above the hips. It is only the legs that twist and turn and bend and stamp, as if one electric shock after another were being sent downward through them. Every few minutes her activity passes by some scarcely noted gradation into a subtly new phase, but all these phases are bound together by a certain uniformity of restraint and fixed law. Now she almost comes to a stand-still, and then we notice a quivering, snaky, shuddering motion, beginning at the shoulders and *flowing* down through her whole body, wave upon wave, the dress drawn tighter with one hand showing that this continues downward to her feet. Is she a Lamia in act of undergoing metamorphosis, a serpent, or a woman? The next moment she is dancing, receding—this time with smiles and with an indescribable air of invitation in the tossing of her arms. But the crowning achievement is when the hips begin to sway too, and, while she is going back and forward, execute a rotary movement like that of the bent part of an auger. In fact, you expect her to bore herself into the floor, and disappear. Then all at once the stamping and clapping and the twanging strings are stopped, as she ceases her formal gyrations: she walks back to her seat like one liberated from a spell; and the whole thing is over.

Velazquez and I came to Malaga direct from the Alhambra. The transition was one from the land of the olive to that of the palm. When we left Granada, an hour after daybreak, the slopes of the Sierra Nevada below the snow-line were softly overspread with rose and gold upon the blue, and the unmatchably pale bright yellow-white of the grain fields along the valley was spotted with the dark clumps of olive-trees, at a distance no bigger than cabbages. The last thing we saw was a sturdy peasant in knee-breeches and laced legs, with a tattered cloak flung around his chest and brought over the left shoulder in stately folds, that gave him the mien of a Roman senator, and put to shame our vulgar railroad plans. As the day grew, the hills in shadow melted into a warm citron hue, and those lifting their faces to the light were white as chalk, with faint blue shadows down in the clefts.

It was in this same neighborhood that we saw peasant women in trousers doing harvest-work. To the enormity of donning the male garb they added the hardihood of choosing for the color of their trousers a bright sulphur yellow. My friend the artist, I believe, secretly envied them this splendor denied to men; and in truth they would make spirited and effective material for a painter. Their yellow legs descended from a very short skirt of blue or vermilion, a mere concession to prejudice, for it was mostly caught up and pinned in folds to keep it out of the way. Above that the dress and figure were feminine; the colored kerchief around the throat, and the gay bandana twisted

around the dark loose hair under a big straw hat, finishing off the whole person as something dashing, free, novel, and yet quite natural and not unwomanly.

An old man at Bobadilla offered us some *palmitos*—pieces of pith from the palm-trees, tufted with a few feathery young leaves, and considered a delicacy when fresh. It had a bitter-sweet, rather vapid taste, but I hailed it as a friendly token from the semi-tropical region we were approaching. So I bought one, and Velazquez presented the old man with some of the lunch we had brought; whereupon the shrivelled merchant, with a courtesy often met with in Spain, insisted upon his taking a palmito as a present. Thus, bearing our victorious palm leaves, we moved forward to meet the palms themselves. The train rumbled swiftly through twelve successive tunnels, giving, between them, magnificent glimpses of deep wild gorges, fantastic rocks piled up in all conceivable shapes like a collection of giant crystals arranged by a madman, amid mounds of gray and slate-colored clay pulverized by the heat, and reduced absolutely to ashes. The last barrier of the Alpujarras was passed, and we rushed out upon lower levels, immense and fertile vales dense with plantations of orange and lemon, interspersed with high-necked, musing palms and brilliant thickets of pomegranate. Through the hot earth in which these plantations are placed ran the narrow canals, not more than two feet wide, containing those streams of milky water from the snow fields on which all the vegetation of the region depends.

It is of this and the neighboring portions of Spain that Castelar, in one of his recent writings, says: "The wildest coasts of our peninsula, those coasts of Almeria, Alicante, Murcia, where the fruits of various zones are yielded, compensate for their great plenty by years of desolation comparable only to those described in the chronicles of the Middle Ages, and suffered in the crowded lands of the Orient. . . . The mountains of those districts, which breathe the incense of thyme and lavender, are carpeted with silky grasses, and full of mines, and intersected by quarries. The *honduras*, or valleys, present the palm beside the pomegranate, the vine next to the olive, barley and sugar-cane in abundance, orange orchards and fields of maize; in fine, all the fruits of the best zones, incomparable both as to quantity and quality. The azure waves of their sea, resembling Venetian crystals, contain store of savory fish; and the equality of the temperature, the purity of the air, the splendor of the days, and the freshness, the soothing calm, of the nights, impart such enchantment that, once habituated to them, in whatever other part of the world you may be, you feel yourself, alas! overcome by irremediable nostalgia." The eloquent statesman has something to say, likewise, of the people. "Nowhere does there exist in such vitality," he declares, "the love of family and the love of labor. . . . .Property is very much divided; the customs are exceedingly democratic; there exist few proprietors who are not workers, and few workers who are not proprietors." Democratic the country is, no doubt; too much so, perhaps, for peace under monarchical rule. These fervid, fertile coast lands, containing the gardens of Spain, are also the home of revolution.

The north was the Carlist stronghold; the south furnished in every city a little Republican volcano. Nor is the simple, patriarchal state of society which Castelar indicates quite universal. Here, as in other provinces, we found luxurious wealth flourishing in the heart of pitiable poverty. The Governor of Malaga was on our train, and a delightfully honest and amiable old gentleman in our compartment, seeing him on the platform surrounded by a ring of dapper sycophants who laughed unreasonably at his mild jokes, began to exclaim, in great wrath: "So many cabals!—so many cabals! Unfortunate nation! there is nothing but cabal and intrigue all the time. Those men have got some sugar they want to dispose of to advantage, and so they fawn on the Governor. It is dirty; it is foul," etc.

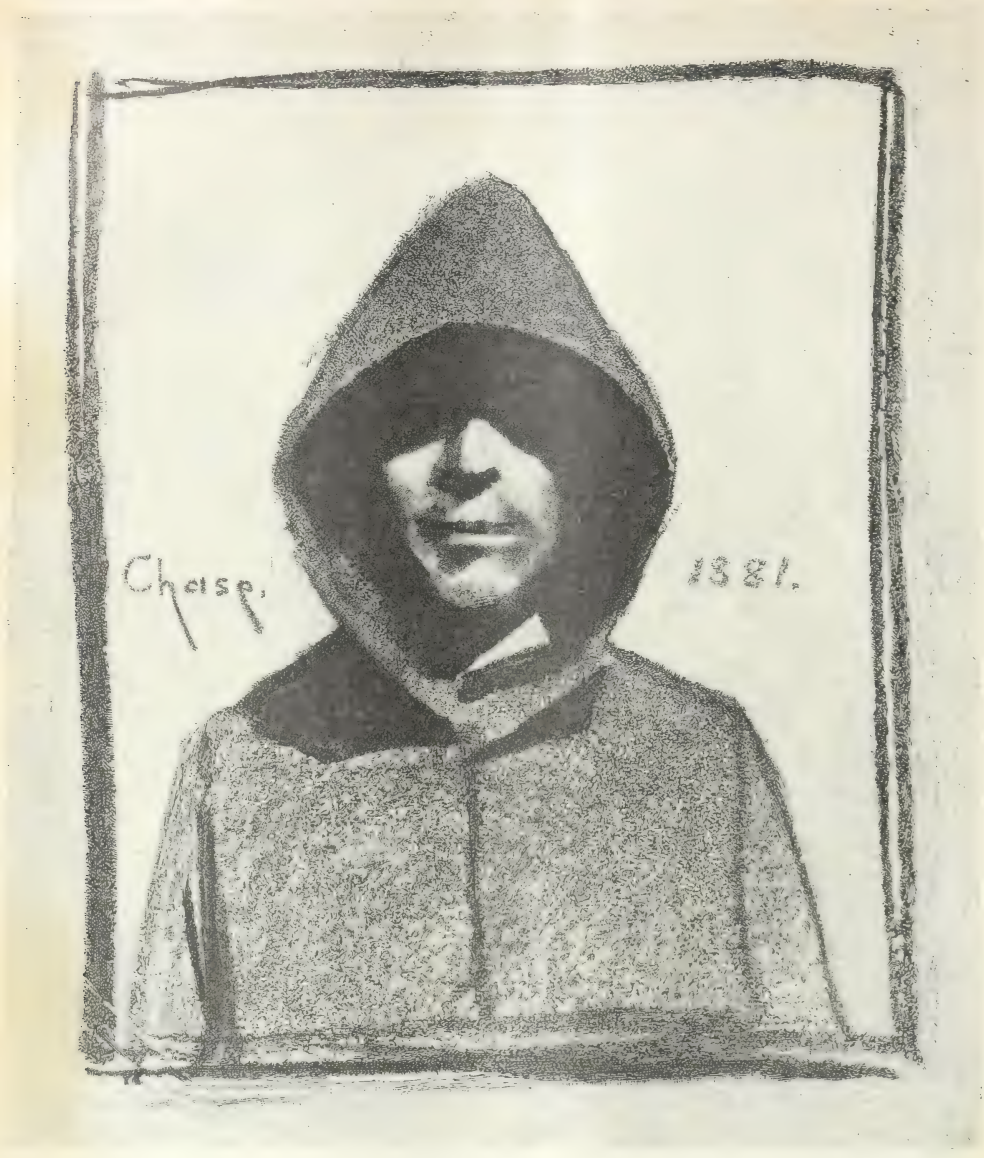
At Malaga there was a coast-guard steamer lying in the harbor, and as we were looking at it, I asked our companion —a resident—whether they caught many smugglers.

"Oh, sometimes," was the answer. "Just enough to cover it."

"Cover what?"

"Oh, the fraud. Out of twenty smuggling vessels they will take perhaps one, to keep up appearances." And he made the usual significant movement of the fingers denoting the acceptance of bribes.

The heat at Malaga surpassed anything we had encountered before. The horses of the cabs had gay-colored awnings



A SPANISH MONK.

stretched over them on little poles fixed to the shafts, so that when they moved along the street they looked like holiday boats on four legs. The river that runs through the city was completely dry, and as if to complete the boat similitude, the cabs drove wantonly across its bed instead of using the bridges. These equipages, however, are commonplace compared with the wagons used for the transportation of oil and water jars (*tinajas*) in the adjoining province of Murcia. A delightful coolness was diffused from the sea at evening, when the fashionable drive—the half-moon mole stretching out to the light-house—was crowded with stylish vehicles, and the sea-wall all along the street was lined with citizens, soldiers, priests, and pretty women, who dangled their legs from the low parapet in blissful indolence. Then, too, the lamps were lighted in the floating bath-houses moored in the

harbor, and one of them close to the mouth of a city drain seemed to be particularly well patronized. The streets, almost forsaken by day, were crowded after night-fall. The shops were open late. By eight or nine o'clock life began.

The Café de la Loba (the Wolf)—an immense building, where there is a court entirely roofed over by a single grape-vine, spreading from a stem fifteen inches in diameter, and rivalling the famous vines of Hampton Court and Windsor—was well filled, and in many small *tiendas de vino* heavy drinking seemed to be going on. But the Malaguenese do not imbibe the rich sweet wines manufactured in their vicinity. These are too heating to be taken in such a climate, as we were able to convince ourselves on tasting some fine vintages at one of the *bodegas* the next day. Nevertheless the lower class of the inhabitants find no difficulty in attaining to a maximum of drunkenness on milder beverages. Even the respectable idlers in the café under our hotel drank a great deal too much beer, if I may judge from their prolonging their obstreperous discussion of politics into the small hours, while we lay feverish in a room above listening to their voices, blended with the whistle of a boatswain on some ship at the neighboring quay, ourselves meanwhile enduring with Anglo-Saxon reserve the too effusive attentions offered by mos quitoes of the Latin race.

In justice to the Spaniards it should be said that excessive drinking is a rare fault among them. As a nation they surpass all other civilized peoples in setting an example of temperance as to potations (excepting water), and of remarkable frugality in eating. The Mediterranean ports, through their commerce with the outside world, are tinged by foreign elements; license creeps in, with notions of liberty; the sailors, and that whilom powerful fraternity the smugglers, have likewise assisted in fostering turbulent characteristics.

To me the best part of Malaga was the view of it from the deck of a Segovia steamer, on the eve of a cruise along the coast. Behind the plain sandy-colored houses rose a background of mountains fantastic in outline as flames; the cathedral, in no way striking, towered up above the roofs, and was in turn overshadowed by an ancient fortress on the eastern height, which was one of the last to fall



TRANSPORTATION OF POTTERY.



GARLIC VENDER.

before the returning tide of Spanish arms, and still claws the precipitous ridge with innumerable towers and bastions, as if to keep from slipping off its honorable eminence in the drowsy lapses of old age. Below this, close to the water, stood the inevitable Plaza de Toros, an immense cheese-shaped structure of stone, where a friend of mine, Spanish by birth, tells me he was once watching the game of bulls, when part of the crowd were struck by the happy thought of starting a revolution. They acted at once on this bright idea; they "pronounced" in favor of something, and attacked the military guard. In an instant a battle had begun; the place resounded with musketry, and the populace tore away pieces of the masonry to hurl at the troops below. But that was in the good old days, and such things do not happen now, though there is always a strong detachment of soldiers on hand at the arena, ready for any sudden revival of these freaks. The water around us shone with a lustre like satin, and fluttering over the bright green surface played incredibly vivid reflections of blue and red from the steamers, while the pure white light, striking back from the edges of the undulations, quivered and shimmered along the black hulk of a vessel, and looked like steam or mist in constant motion.

Highly effective, too, was the carbineer (all custom-house officers in Spain, whether armed or not, are called *carabineros*), who stood on deck with a musket at rest, a living monument to the majesty of the revenue laws. We had been solemnly warned beforehand of the risk we ran in carrying a basket of ale on board in the face of this functionary, and the importance of giving him a *peseta* (twenty cents) had been urged upon us; but we at first looked for him in vain, and when we found him, he appeared so harmless that we kept the peseta. I noticed that he laid his gun aside as much as possible. Part of the time he smoked a short pipe under cover of his huge mustache, and eyed people sternly, as if suspecting that they might take advantage of this temporary relaxing of vigilance; but he studiously avoided seeing any merchandise of any description.

The steamer was to start at four in the afternoon, and we made great haste to get on board in time; but there had evidently never been the smallest intention of dispatching her until an hour and a half later. This was in accord with the national trait of distrust. No one was expected to believe the announcement as to the time, and if the real hour had been named, no one *would* have believed it. Aware of this, the more experienced natives did not even begin to come aboard until toward five o'clock. Spanish clocks are the most accommodating kind of mechanism I have ever had the fortune to encounter. They appear to exist rather as an ornamental feature than as articles of use. You order a carriage, and it is promised at a certain time; you are told that something is to be accomplished at a fixed hour; but this is only done out of deference to your outlandish prejudices. The hour strikes, and the thing is not done. You begin to doubt whether the hour itself has arrived. Is it not a vulgar illusion to suppose so? Your Spaniard certainly thinks it is. He knows that time is

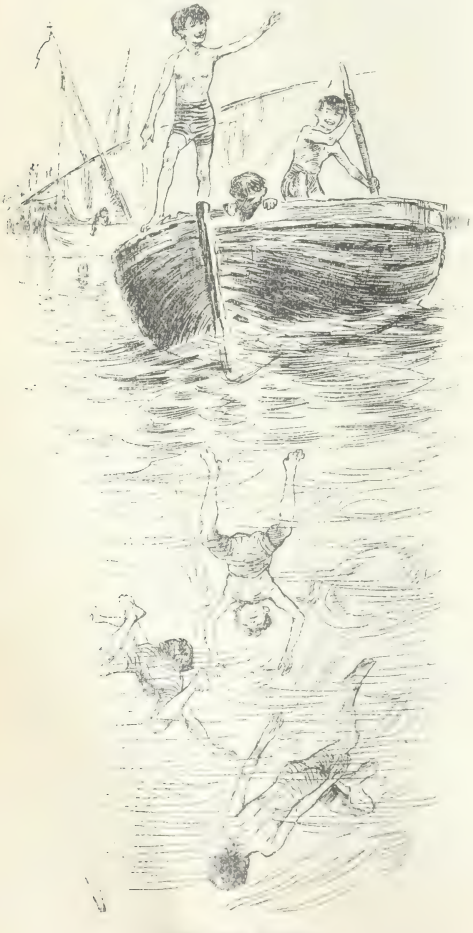
an arbitrary distinction, and prefers to adopt the scale of eternity. The one exception is the bull-fight. That is recognized as a purely mundane and temporal institution; it must not be delayed a moment; and to make sure of punctuality, it is begun almost before the time announced. But anything like a sea-voyage, though it be only along the shore, comes under a different heading, and must be undertaken with as much mystery and caution as if it were a conspiracy to erect a new government.

To tell the truth, we were glad to get away from the tyranny of the minute-hand, and were not displeased at the lazy freedom of the steamer. The stewards came up and shut the skylights, spread a table-cloth over them, laid plates, and formed a hollow square of fruits and olives in the centre. Those of the passengers that listed took their places at this improvised banqueting board, and by the time the *puchero* was served—a savory stew composed of chopped meat, beans, carrots, spices, and any little thing the cook's fancy may suggest—we were moving out of the basin, past the curved mole and the light-house and toy battery at its end. The sunset had thrown its glow over sky and mountains as if it were an afterthought to make the surroundings perfect. We glided smoothly over a floor of blue, deep, solid-looking, and veined with white, a pale golden dome above us, and a delicious wind playing round us, like the exhalation of some balmy sub-tropical dream. On these coast steamers one buys a ticket for the transport, and then pays for what he eats. This rule reduced the company at our deck table to a choice and pleasant circle, the head of which was Señor Segovia, one of the owners of the line, a benignant, comfortable Spaniard—"an Andalusian to the core," as he proudly said. We had, as usual, early chocolate at six or seven; breakfast not so near eleven as to admit any suspicion of subserviency to the base time-keeping clock; and dinner—a second but ampler breakfast—between five and six. Some of the first-cabin passengers brought their own provision, or purchased it at the towns where we touched every day, and fed secretly in out-of-the-way places. As for the second-class, consisting mainly of peasants swathed in strange garments edged and spotted with fantastic color, they were never seen to eat; but I think that privately they gnawed the pride of ancient race in their hearts, and found it sufficient provender. We would come upon them when we went forward in our night patrol, lying on the deck in magnificent unconcern, enveloped by stately rags wound round and round their bodies, and lifting toward us a stern, reproachful gaze at our interruption of their tranquillity.

The Mediterranean was calm as a pond, and we roused ourselves to a serene morning, under which the hills gleamed pale and clear along the margin of the waves, the huge sides seamed with dry water-courses, like the creases in a human palm. Beyond the first line of peaks we could descry for a while the soft ghostly whiteness of an inland snow range, glimmering above the faded green, the violet shadows, the hard streaks of white and powderings of red earth in the lower series. No sign of life was seen upon the puckered, savage coast. It was the bulwark of that Tarshish to which Solomon sent his ships for gold, new to us as it was new to him, yet now unutterably old; silent, yet speaking; uncommunicative, yet vaguely predicting a future vast and unknown as the vanished ages. It would be hard to tell how awful in its unchanged grandeur was the face of those mighty hills, so unexpectedly eloquent.

It was a relief to find that we were approaching Almeria. A road cut in the rock; a stout arched bridge carrying it over an indentation of the sea; a small, square edifice on a rock to guard the road; then the distant jumble of low houses along a sheltered bay, and an empty fortress on the sharp hill-crest over it—these were the tokens of our progress toward another inhabited spot. We had on board a two-legged enigma in a white helmet-hat, who wrote with ostentatious industry in a note-book, played fluently on the cabin piano, and now emerged upon the quarter-deck in a pair of bulging canary leather slippers which gave his feet the appearance of overgrown lemons. He afterward proved to be an English colporteur. We also had a handsome, gay, talkative, and witty Frenchman, who, with a morbid conscientiousness as to what was fitting, insisted on being seasick, although the sea was hardly ruffled; and him we succeeded in resuscitating, after the boat had come quietly to anchor in the harbor, so far that he began to long audibly for Paris and the café on the bou-

levard, "*et mon absinthe.*" We watched with these companions the naked boys who surrounded the vessel in a flotillá of row-boats, offering to dive for coppers thrown into the water, precisely as I have seen young Mexican Indians do at Acapulco. Near by lay another steamer just in from Africa, disembarking a mass of returned Spanish settlers, fugitives from the atrocities of the Arabs at Oran: a pathetic sight as they dropped silently into the barges that bore them to shore, some utterly destitute, with only the clothes in which they had fled before the fanatic murderers, and others accompanied by a few meagre household goods. Did they feel that "irremediable nostalgia," I wonder, of which Señor Castelar speaks? The sun was as hot as that which had shone upon them just across the strait, on the edge of the Dark Continent; and the low-roofed glaring houses huddled at the feet of the Moorish stronghold, the Alcasaba, were so Oriental that I should think they must have found it hard to believe they had left Africa at all.



DIVING FOR COPPERS.

Almeria, like other towns of this southern shore-line, is more Eastern than Spanish in appearance. Only the long winding or zigzag covered ways, traced on the steep hills like swollen veins, indicated the presence of the lead mines which give it an existence in commerce. These conduct the poisonous smoke to a point above the air inhaled by the towns-folk, and it is seen puffing from tall chimneys at the crest of the steep, as if the mountain were alive and gasping for breath. The town, faintly relieved against its pale dusty background as we first saw it, almost disappeared in the blinding blaze of light that swept it when we got closer. We landed, and attempted to walk, but the dry, burning heat made us shrink for shelter into any narrow thread of shadow that the houses presented. Even the shadows looked whitish. It was impossible to get as far as the weed-grown cathedral, which, as we could see from the water, had been provided in former times with fortified turrets for defense against piratical incursions. So we sank gratefully into a restaurant kiosk at the head of the *alameda*, where we could look down the hot, yellow street to a square of cerulean sea, and sipped lemonade while tattered, crimson-sashed peasants moved about us. We had barely become reconciled to the Granadan women in trousers, when we were obliged to notice that the men in this vicinity wore short white skirts in place of the usual nether garment. How is Spain ever to be unified on such a basis as this? The local patriots had seemingly wrestled with the problem, and been defeated, for a dreary memorial column in front of the kiosk recorded how they had fallen in some futile revolutionary struggle.

On a promontory, passed as we sailed away, the drought and dust of the town yielded suddenly to luxurious greenness of sugar-cane and other growths. Almeria was once surrounded by similar fertility, but the land has been so wastefully denuded of forest that all through this region, the old kingdoms of Murcia and Valencia, only certain favorable spots retain their earlier plenty by means of constant care and assiduous watering. Car-

tagena, one of the chief naval stations of the country, can not exhibit even such an oasis. It is unmitigated desert. Not a tree or shrub shows itself amid the baked and calcined stone-work and blistering pavements of the city; and the landscape without looks almost as arid. The place is considered impregnable to a foreign foe, and I can't imagine that foe wanting it to be otherwise, if conquest involves residence. Entered by a narrow gap commanded by batteries, the harbor is a round and spacious one, scooped out of frowning highlands that bear on the apex of their cones unattainable forts thrown up like the rim around volcanic craters. There is but one level access to the city on the land side, and that is blockaded by a stout wall with a single gate. Such was our next goal, reached after a quiet night, which Velazquez and I spent in the open air, having carried our rugs and pillows up from the state-room on its invasion by new passengers. At two o'clock in the morning our vessel stole into the port. There was one pale amber streak in the east, over the gloomy, indistinct heights studded with embrasured walls and mine chimneys. By-and-by a brightness grew out of it. Then the amber was reflected in the glassy harbor. An arch of rose cloud sprang up after this, and was also reflected, the hills lightening to a faded gray and brown. All this time the stars continued sparkling, and one of them threw rings of dancing diamond on the broken wave. Suddenly the diamond flash and the rose tint vanished, and it was broad golden-white day, with calorific beams beating strongly upon us, instead of the crepuscular chill of dawn that had just been searching our veins.

Cartagena has its war history of course. A Commune was established there by Roque Barcia in 1873, which declined allegiance to the republican government at Madrid, and the city was accordingly besieged. Barcia had been living on forced loans from the inhabitants, and was loath to go; but the army of the republic made a few dents in the stone wall with twenty-pounders, and that decided him. He got on board the Spanish navy in the harbor, and ran away with it to Africa. Perhaps that accounts for the slimness of the naval contingent now. There is an academy for cadets in the place, but only two small ships of war were anchored in the noble bay. The town of Cartagena is remarkable for big men and very minute donkeys. The men ride on the donkeys with incredible hardihood. You see a burly Sancho Panza flying along the main street at a rapid pace, with his sandaled feet some



A MODERN SANCHO PANZA.

three inches from the ground, and wonder what new kind of motor he has discovered, until you perceive beneath his ponderous body a nervous, vaguely ecstatic quivering of four black legs attached to a small spot of head, from which two mulish ears project.

There is not much to see in Cartagena. Blind people seem to be numerous there—a fact which may be owing to the excessive dazzle of the sunlight and absence of verdure. But I couldn't help thinking some of them must have gone blind from sheer *ennui*, because there was nothing around them worth looking at. Our visit, however, was in one respect a success: we found a broad strip of shade there. It was caused by the high city wall inter-



STREET BARBER.

cepting the forenoon light. Out of the shadow some enterprising men had constructed, with the aid of two or three chairs and several pairs of shears, a barber's shop *al fresco;* and asses and peasants as they travelled in and out through the city gate stopped at this establishment to be shaved. For it is an important item in the care of Spanish donkeys that they should be sheared as to the back in order to make a smoother resting place for man or pannier. So while the master held his animal, one of the barbers plied some enormous clacking shears, and littered the ground with mouse-colored hair, leaving the beast's belly fur-covered below a fixed line, and for a small additional price executing a raised pattern of star points around the neck. The tonsorial profession is an indispensable one in a country where shaving the whole face is so generally practiced among all the humbler orders, not to mention *toreros* and ecclesiastics. But the discomfort to which the barber's customers submit is astonishing. Instead of being pampered, soothed, labored at with confidential respectfulness, and lulled into luxurious harmony with himself, as happens in America, a man who courts the razor in Spain has to sit upright in a stiff chair, and meekly hold under his chin a brass basin full of suds, and fitting his throat by means of a curved nick at one side. One individual we saw seated by the dusty road at the gate with a towel around his shoulders and another in his hands to catch his own falling locks. He looked submissive and miserable, as if assisting at his own degradation, while the barber was magnified into a tyrant exercising sovereign pleasure, and might have been expected, should the

whim cross him, to strike off his victim's head instead of his hair.

The voyage continued as charmingly as it began. Quiet transitions from the deep blue outside to the pronounced green within the harbors were its most startling incidents. The colporteur gave tracts to the sailors, or traded Bibles for melons with the fruit boys; and the Frenchman, who was making a commercial tour through the provinces, bestowed a liberal



BIBLES VERSUS MELONS.

and cheerful disparagement on the nation which afforded him a business. We continued to eat meals in holiday fashion on the skylight hatches, and slept there through the balmy night, occasionally seeing the sailors clambering on the taffrail or in the rigging, always with cigarettes, the glowing points of which shone in the darkness like fire-flies. The gravity with which they stuck to these *papelitos* while knotting ropes or lowering a boat was fascinating in its inappropriateness. The headlands grew less bold before we tied to the dock at Alicante in the hush of a sultry night. We could see nothing of the town except a bright twinkle of lamps along the quay, contrasting gayly with the blood-red light on a felucca in the harbor, its long vivid stain trickling away through the water like the current from a wound; and the rules of the customs would not admit of our landing till morning.



CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Our trunks had been on the dock two or three hours when we debarked in a small boat, and some fifteen men had gathered around them, waiting for the owners, like sharks attracted by floating fragments from a ship, and wondering what manner of prey is coming to them. They all touched their caps to us as we bumped the shore. These cap touches are worth in the abstract about one real—five cents. The grand total of speculative politeness laid out upon us was therefore more than half a dollar; but on our selecting two porters, values rapidly declined, and the market "closed in a depressed condition." The customs officers wore a wild, freebooters' sort of uniform —blue trousers with a red stripe, blue jeans blouses with a belt and long sword, and straw hats. They were also very lazy; and while we were awaiting their attentions we had time to observe the manner of unloading merchandise in these latitudes. Every box, barrel, or bale hoisted out of a lighter was swung by a rope to which twenty men lent their strength; there were three more men in the lighter, and three others arranged the hoisting tackle: in all, twenty-six persons were occupied with a task for which two or three ought to suffice. Each time, the crowd of haulers fastened on the cable, ran off frantically with it, and then in a simultaneous fit of paralysis dropped it as the burden was landed.

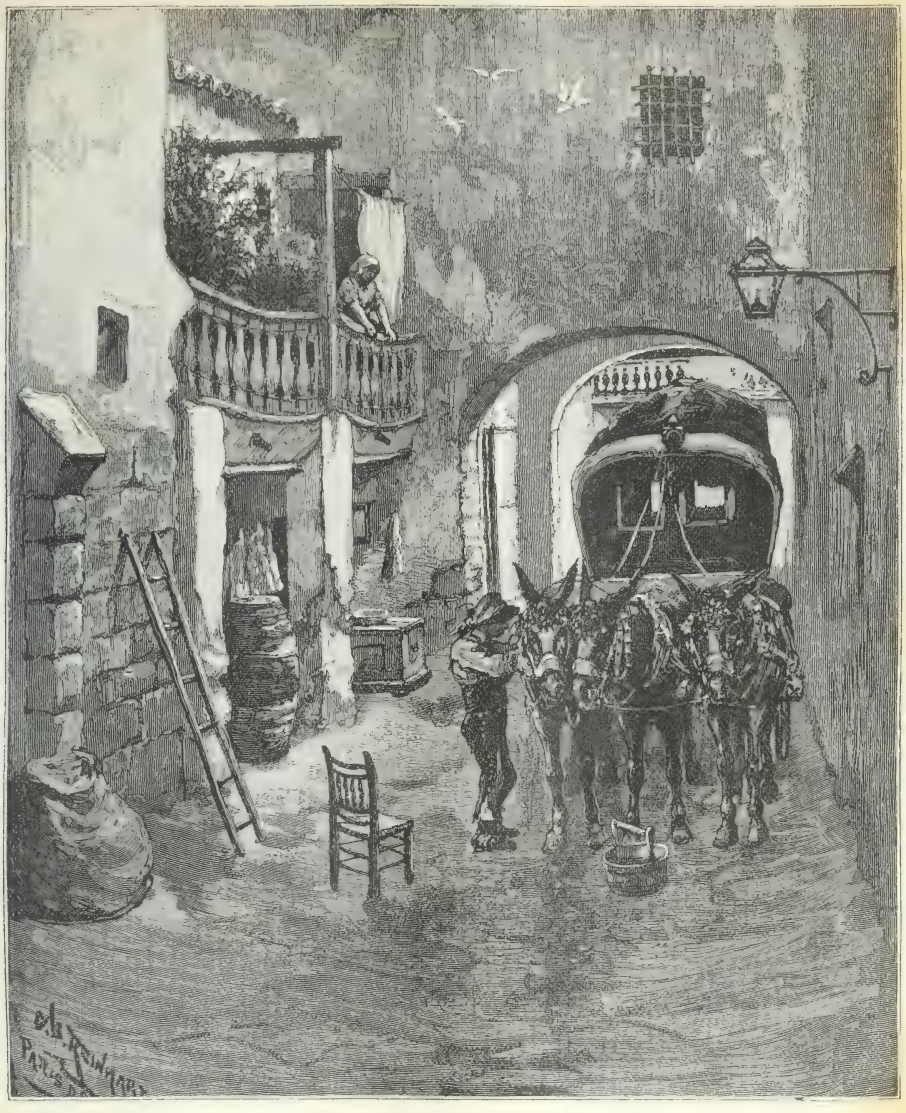
These laborers wore huge straw hats, on the crown of which was fitted a *birrete*, the small ordinary blue cap of the country. They had a queer air of carrying this superfluous cap around on top of the head as a sort of solemn ceremony. The wharf was alive, too, with small wagons, roofed over by a cover of heavy matting made of *esparto* grass, and furnished with a long, rough-barked pole at the side, to be used as a brake. Above this busy scene towered a luminous sienna-tinted cliff, sustaining the castle of Santa Barbara poised in the white air like a dream-edifice; though a rift high up in the hill marks the spot where the French exploded a mine during the Peninsular war. All these Mediterranean towns are guarded by some such eagle's eyrie overlooking the sea, and the old monarchs showed a fine poetic sense in granting them for municipal arms their local castle resting on a wave. Close to the lapping waters lay the serried houses, bordered by an esplanade planted with rows of short palms. When the carbineers had looked vaguely into our trunks, and shut them again, the porters tossed them into a little cart, and plunged into the town at a pace with which we could compete only so far as to keep them in sight while they twisted first around one corner, and then another, and then up a long chalky street to the Fonda Bossio, which has the name of being the best hotel in Spain. It has excellent cookery, and some furlongs of tile-floored corridor, which the servants apparently believe to be streets, for they water them every day, just as the thoroughfares are watered, out of tin basins. We were overwhelmed with courtesy. For instance, I would call the waiter.

"Command me, your Grace," was his reply.

"Can you bring me some fresh water?" ("Fresh" always means cold.)

"With all the will in the world."

When he came with it I tried to rise to



POST INN, ALICANTE.

his standard by saying, "Thanks—a thousand thanks."

"They do not merit themselves, señor," said he, not to be outdone.

I asked if I could have a *garspacho* for breakfast. The garspacho is an Andalusian soup salad, very cooling; made of stewed and strained tomato, water, vinegar, sliced cucumber, a dash of garlic, and some bits of bread; served frost-cold.

"I don't know: it is not in the list. I feel it, señor. It weighs upon my soul. But I will see, and will return in an Ave Maria to let you know."

He never left me without asking, "Is there anything wanting still?" The waiters and chamber-maids ate their meals at little tables in the hall, and whenever I passed them, if they were eating, they made a gracious gesture toward their *pillau* of rice. "Would your Grace like to eat?"

This offer to share their food with any one who goes by is a simple and kindly



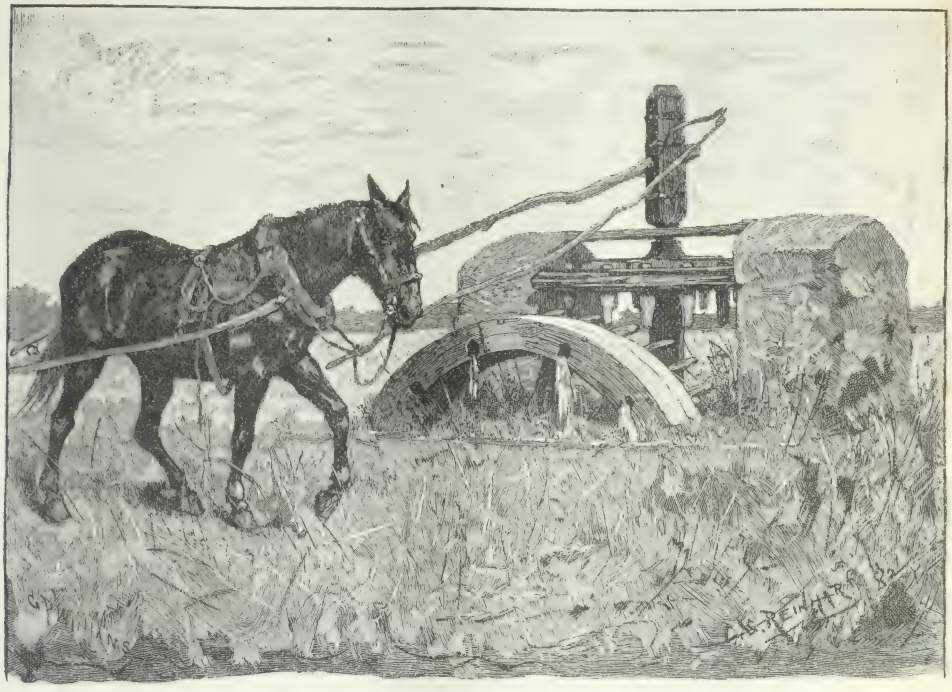
ALICANTE FRUIT SELLER.

inheritance from the East; but it becomes a little embarrassing, and I longed for a pair of back stairs to slink away by, without having to decline their hospitality every time I went out.

To go out in the middle of the day was like looking into the sun itself. Everybody staid in-doors behind thick curtains of matting, and dozed or dripped away the time in idle perspiration; but hearing unaccountable blasts of orchestral music during this forced retirement, I inquired, and found them to proceed from the rehearsal of a Madrid opera company then in Alicante. Our attendant at table proved to be a duplex character—a serving-man by day and a fourteenth lord in the chorus by night, with black and yellow stockings, and a number of gestures indicating astonishment, indignation, or, in fact, anything that the emergency required. We had the pleasure of seeing him on the stage that very evening, and of listening to an extravagant performance of *La Favorita*, between two acts of which an usher came in and collected the tickets of the

whole audience. The theatre was remarkably spacious for a town of thirty thousand inhabitants; but Alicante is a favorite winter resort, and even maintains a "Gallistic Circus"; that is, a place for cock-fights.

The Garden of Alicante is a luscious spot, hidden away some two or three miles from the town, and owned by the Marques de Venalua, a young man of large wealth, who spends all his time at Alicante, and is a public benefactor, having introduced water in pipes at his own expense. The carriage and consumption of water, indeed, seemed to be the chief business of the population. They have a system of fountains for distributing sea-water from which the salt has been extracted, and women and children are kept going to them with huge jars to satisfy the local thirst. To be born thirsty, live thirsty, and die so is a privilege enjoyable only in countries like Southern Spain. One can form there, too, a vivid idea of the desert, from the delight with which he hails the green *Huerta*, or Garden. The road and fields on the way thither were like a waste of cinders and ashes. The almond and fig trees, the pomegranates and algarrobos, beside the way, were coated with dust that lay upon them like thin snow; and the almond-nuts where they hung in sight resembled plaster casts, so pervasive was the white deposit. But all at once we mounted a low rise, and the wide stretch of verdant plantations lay before us, thick-



METHOD OF IRRIGATION NEAR VALENCIA.

foliaged, cool, sweet, and refreshing, with villas embowered among the oranges and palms, a screen of dim mountains beyond, and the silent blue sea brimming the horizon on the right. It was a spectacle delicious as sleep to tired eyes: it brought a cry of pleasure to my lips and grateful life to the heart.

But this spot, lovely as it is, becomes insignificant beside the glorious Huerta of Valencia, which stretches for more than thirty miles from the olive-clad hills to that city which is the pleasantest in Mediterranean Spain, and the most characteristic of all, after Toledo, Granada, and Sevilla. There one travels through an unbroken tract of superb cultivation. It is a garden in exact literalness, yet a territory in size. Miles of carefully tended growth, thousands of orchards linked to-



CHURCH OF SANTA CATALINA, VALENCIA.

gether in one series, acres upon acres of fields every square inch of which is made to yield abundantly—such is the Huerta of Valencia. We passed endless orange groves, every tree of which had its circle of banked earth to hold the water when let on from the canals of tile that coursed everywhere in veins of silver, carrying life to the harvests. Then came vast fields dotted with the yellow blossom of the pea-nut, on low vine-like plants. Again breadths of citron and lemon, followed by extensive rice farms. The cultivators stood dressing the unripe plantations, up to their ankles in the water of a feathery green swamp. Not a rood of earth is unimproved, excepting where some thriving red-roofed village is hemmed in by the fragrant paradise. In one place you will see perhaps a mouldering red tower like those of the Alhambra, or a church spire lifted amid the trees, and, high above the other greenery, clusters of

date-palms leaning together, as if they whispered among themselves of other days. No wonder that the Cid fought gallantly to win this land from the infidel, and when he had gained it, sent for his wife and daughter from distant Burgos to come and see the prize! Its fertility to-day, however, is due to the irrigation introduced by the Moors, and since maintained. The same thing could be done with the Tagus and Ebro rivers, but the Spaniard having had the example before him for only about six centuries, has not yet found time to do it. The water supply is so precious that proprietors are allowed to use it for their own crops only on fixed days, and for so many hours at a time. Disputes of course arise, but they are settled by the Water Court—a tribunal without appeal, consisting of twelve peasant proprietors, who meet once a week in Valencia; and I saw them holding their session in very primitive style, on a long pink sofa set in an arched doorway of the cathedral.

Valencia was in the midst of its annual festival when we arrived; a bright, gay, spirited, and busy town, more cheerful than ever just then. There were to be three days of bull-fighting—"bulls to the death" —with eight taurian victims each day; the best swordsmen in Spain; and horses and mules displaying gilded and silvered hoofs. The theatres were perfumed; there were match games of *pelota*—rackets—the national substitute for cricket or base-ball; and a week's fair was in progress on the other side of the river Turia, with bannered pavilions, thousands of painted lanterns; lotteries, concerts; and booth shows to which the admission was "half price for children and soldiers." Trade was brisk also in the city; brisk in the Mercado, that quaint business street crowded with little stalls, and with peasants in blue, red, yellow, mantled and cothurned, their heads topped with pointed hats or wrapped with variegated handkerchiefs deftly knotted into a high crown; brisk, likewise, in those peculiar shops behind the antique Silk Exchange, which are named from the signs they hang out, representing the Blessed Virgin, Christ, John the Baptist, or the Bleeding Heart. One had for its device a rose, and another, distinguished by two large toy lambs placed at its door, was known without other distinction as The Lamb of God. But in the more modern quarter the shopkeepers ventured on a Parisian brilliancy which we did not encounter anywhere else. Their arrangement of wares was prettily effective, and the fashion prevailed



A VALENCIA CAB.

of having curtains for the show windows painted with figures in modern dress done in exceedingly clever, artistic style, well drawn, full of humor and fine realistic characterization.

Altogether, Valencia is the cheeriest of Spanish cities, unless one excepts Barcelona, which is half French, and in its present estate wholly modern. Moreover, it abounds in racy and local traits, both of architecture and humanity. The Street of the Cavaliers is lined with sombre, strange, shabbily elegant old mansions of the nobility, with Gothic windows and open arcades in the top story; the new houses are gayly tinted in blue and rose and cream-color; and the gourd-like domes of the cathedral and other large buildings glisten with blue tiles and white, set in stripes. You find yourself continually, as you come from various quarters, bringing up in sight of the octagonal tower of Santa Catalina, strangely suggestive of a pagoda, without in the least being one. The Silk Exchange, from which the shining web that wealth is woven with has long since vanished, contains one of the most beautiful of existing Gothic halls under a roof sustained by fluted and twisted pillars, themselves light as knotted skeins; and from the outer cornice grotesque shapes peer out over the life of to-day, a grinning monk, an imp playing a guitar, a crumbling buzzard, serving as gargoyles. Just opposite is the market, where you may buy enormous bunches of luscious white grapes for a penny, or pry into second-hand shops rich in those brilliant mantles with the "cat" fringe of balls for which the town is as noted as for its export of oranges. The old battlemented walls of



VALENCIA FISHERMEN.

the city, it is true, have been torn down: it was done simply to give employment to the poor a few years since. But there are some fine old gates remaining: those of Serranos and Del Cuarte. We drove out of one and came in by the other, about half a mile away—a diversion that brought us under a rigid examination from the customs guard, which levies a tax on every basket of produce brought in from the country, and was inclined to regard us as a dutiable importation.

One may go quite freely to the port, however, the Grao, which is two miles distant. A broad boulevard hedged with sycamores leads thither, and in summer it is crowded by *tartanas*—bouncing little covered wagons lined with crimson curtains, usually filled with pretty señoritas—and by more imposing equipages adorned with footmen in the English style. Everybody goes to the shore to bathe toward evening, for Valencia is the Brighton of the Madrileños. The little bathing establishments extend for a long distance on the sands, and are very neat. Each has its fanciful name, as "The Pearl," or "The Madrid Girl," and the proprietors stand in front vociferously soliciting your custom. Between these and the water are refreshment sheds, with tables, and every one eats or drinks on coming out of the sea. Farther down the shore the women have their own houses, and a fence of reeds protects them from intrusion while they are running to or from the surf; but it is my duty to record that the men formed a line at this fence, and systematically gazed through the breaks in it, which was the more embarrassing, perhaps, because the fair Valencians bathe in very plain, baggy, and ugly gowns. On the streets or in the Glorieta Garden, and in their proper habiliments, they are the noblest-looking and most beautiful of Spanish women, often possessing flaxen hair and dark blue eyes which recall a Gothic ancestry, together with something simple and regular about the features that is perhaps due to Greek colonists. At still another part of the beach horses were allowed to go into the waves; and this was another sight eminently Greek in its suggestion. Naked boys bestrode the animals, and urged them forward into the spray-fringed tide. The arched necks,

the prancing movement of the horses, the sportive shock of foam against their broad chests, and the pressing knees of the nude riders in full play of muscle to keep their seats, were like a breathing and stirring relief on some temple frieze, clear-cut in the pure and sparkling sunlight. There was a Valencian school of painters, but we saw nothing of this in their work. The museum offers what our newspapers would call a "carnival" of rubbish, but it also contains some striking, shadowy, startlingly lighted canvases of Ribalta—saints and martyrs and ascetics vividly but not joyously portrayed; a few wonderful portraits by Goya, fresh as if only just completed; and one of Velasquez's three portraits of himself.

All along the coast, from Valencia to Barcelona, the valleys are fertile. Vineyards, spreading their long files of green over a warm red soil that seems tinged with the blood of the grape, vie with the olive in that picturesque, productive belt between the hills and the blue swelling sweep of the Mediterranean. Here is Murviedro, the old Saguntum, once the scene of a terrible siege and horrible sufferings, now basking quietly in the hot light—a time-worn, sun-tanned, beggared old city, which is not ashamed to make a show of its decayed Roman theatre; and farther on Tarragona, which professes to have had at one time a million inhabitants, and is now a little wine-producing town. Churches and castles, rich in delicate workmanship and all manner of historic association, crop up everywhere. The very shards in the fields, you fancy, may suddenly unfold something of that full and varied past which was once as real as to-day's meridian glow. Yet at any moment you may lose sight of all this in the brilliant, stimulating, yet softly modified beauty of the landscape's colors, and your whole mind is absorbed by the vague neutral hues of a treeless hill-side, or the rich, positive blue of the sea, in which the white sail of a *chalupa* seems to be inlaid like a bit of ivory.

All the while, as you go northward, Spain—the real Spain—is slipping from you. The palms disappear as if a noiseless earthquake had swallowed them up; even the olive becomes less frequent, and by-and-by you are in piny Catalonia. You reach Barcelona, the greatest commercial city of the kingdom, and you find it the boast of the citizens that they are not Spaniards. They are Spanish mainly in their love of revolt. They are prompt to join in every uprising, and the garrison quartered there has to be kept as high as ten thousand men. But for the most part it is rather a French maritime dépôt than a thing of ancient or peculiar Spain. There is a large and artificial park on one side, and the fort of Monjuich on the other, and a lot of shipping in the harbor, and a glorious embowered avenue called the Rambla, where pale-faced, long-lashed, coquettishly smiling women walk in great numbers, carrying out the usual national custom of a peripatetic reception and conversation party. It was the feast of Santiago when we came—it is always a feast of something everywhere in that pious country—and the theatres were doing a great business with trifling plays and charming ballets. Barcelona is not only the industrious city, it is also the cultivated one, of the Peninsula. The opera there is one of the best in the world, and was once carried off bodily to Madrid by an ardent manager, who for his pains received the scorn of the envious Madrid people: they would not come to his performances, and he was almost ruined in consequence.

The old cathedral, moreover, is a temple singularly impressive by simple means—a sober Spanish-Gothic structure bathed in a perpetual gloom, through which the stained windows show with a jewelled splendor almost supernatural. The weirdness of the interior effect is further intensified by the dark pit of St. Eulalia's shrine opening under the altar, and set with a row of burning lamps, on which the darkness seems to hang like a cloak depending from a chain of gold. It was in the choir of this church that the order of the Golden Fleece was convened by Charles V., and the panels over the stalls are blazoned with the bearings of the various nations and nobles represented in that body. Being discovered only after one has grown accustomed to the dark, these fading glories of heraldry steal gradually upon us, as if through the obscuring night of time. The custom of the "historical giants" at Corpus Christi is maintained in Barcelona as we had seen it at Burgos, and those effigies are stowed away somewhere in the sacred precincts. There is a curious mingling of the naïve and the sophisticated in the fact that some of the giants, wearing female attire, have

new dresses for each year, and thereby set the fashions for the ensuing twelvemonth for all the womankind of the city. And however advanced the urban society may be, with its trade, its opera, its books, gilded cafés and superb clubs, the spirit of progress does not spread very far into the country. When a piece of railroad was built, not very long ago, opening up a new rural section in the neighborhood, the peasants watched the advance of the locomotive along the rails with profound interest. Finally one old man asked, "But where is the mule kept?—inside of it?"

He was willing to admit that the engine worked finely, but no power could convince him that it was possible for it to go by other impulsion than that of a mule's legs.

Well, the morning came when we were to depart. With its usual fatuity, the railroad obliged us to start so early that at the first dusky gray streak of dawn we were dismally taking our coffee in the *patio* of the hotel. The *dueño* was sleeping by sections on two hard chairs, considerately screened from us by a clump of orange shrubs, and murmuring now and then some direction to the half-invisible waiter floating about in a dark arcade; but he roused himself and woke up wholly for a minute or two while perpetrating a final extortion. Otherwise the silence was profound. The sickly light of day above the court struggled feebly and dividedly with the waning yellow of the candle flame on our table.

"After all," said Velazquez, "I'm glad to be going; for this is no longer Spain."

And yet, at the instant of leaving, we discovered that it was; and a pang of regret followed those words.

But as we issued from the hotel we saw, crossing the street in the increased dawnlight, and striding toward the dépôt, the two civil guards. It looked as if we should be captured on the very threshold of liberty. The thought lent wings to our haste. . . . Some hours afterward, when we were passing through the tunnels of the Pyrenees, we congratulated ourselves on our escape; and indeed, as we looked back to the mountain-wall from France, we could fancy we saw two specks on the summit which might have been our pursuers. But they were too late. Their own excess of mystery had baffled them. They had dogged us every league of the way, and yet we had traversed Spain without being detected as—what? I really don't know, but I'm sure those civil guards must. If not, their military glare, their guns, and their secrecy are the merest mockeries.



LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

IN August, last year, fifty people were assembled within Mrs. Bassett's walls, at Sahara, a village in the White Mountains; her house was, in fact, a hotel, without a sign, a bar, barber, boot-black, or bells. I was among the fifty, with my niece Lucy. We were all in search of something we lacked at home. Changing the air and situation, we might meet it. The sequel of the month proved that most of our pilgrims returned as they came. Dr. Chandon's rheumatism was about the same; Miss Ann, his elder daughter, repacked her trunk with the old sense of responsibility and weariness. It was Ellen only whose destiny had been changed. Fat Mrs. Bangs had climbed the mountains in vain; every ounce of flesh which she had brought from home she was compelled to carry back, and her party of three young women added but tan and freckles to their store. Still, it was something to be hungry all the time, and wear one's company manners from morn to dewy eve. For people to smile and salute each other in the early morning is excellent discipline. The pall of silence generally wraps the mind when it first escapes from sleep; only children sing when they wake up. Do man and wife ever hold sweet converse when dressing for breakfast? When I arrived with my niece Lucy, the company were tolerably fused; that is, the choice and genteel part of it—*we*, you know. Nobody could remain a day at Mrs. Bassett's with her antecedents unknown. Birth, property, and position were defined by that remarkable little bird that does the whispering gossip for Good Society, always hovering over it and beside it, as the zik-zak and the sword-fish accompany the crocodile and the whale.

There were seven or eight of us friendly old women—wives, widows, and old maids—some quiet husbands, a flock of girls, noisy, saucy, and chattering as sparrows, but with very gay plumage. Lucy and I got in late of a Saturday evening, and we had but a dusky view of the set we were about to join. But the next day what a charming spectacle we saw in the garden, the croquet ground, on the veranda, and about the house! As many as fifteen handsome girls, dressed in white, covered with embroidery, flounces, and flutings, story upon story; wide sashes of every color, enormous chignons, the jewelry of the period, and fantastic hats most tempting to organ-grinders owning monkeys. I saw my heroine then in a rocking-chair on the veranda—Ellen Chandon, the younger daughter of Dr. Chandon, a handsome, refined girl, wide-browed, with sensitive blue eyes, a fair complexion, flecked with a bright color which spread and paled constantly, a slender figure, with fairy hands and feet. Her expression was loveliness itself; smiles rippled in her sweet eyes and about her sweeter rosy lips. It was as much as I could do to prevent my hands from resting on her blonde hair and giving her thanks for being so beautiful. She rose from her chair at my approach, and offered it to me. We entered into conversation at once. I saw that the winds of heaven had never been allowed to visit her cheek roughly, that she was as innocent as a young robin regarding the ways of our wicked world, but that she had a strong will and decided opinions. While we were talking, a young man, turning the corner of the house, passed us.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bassett," said Ellen, without looking at him.

He returned her salutation with an easy nod and a faint smile, displaying remarkably fine teeth and a tolerably wide mouth.

"One of the boarders?" I asked.

"Oh no; Mrs. Bassett's brother. I hardly know what we should do without him. Do you think you shall like Sahara, ma'am?"

A pink cloud rose in her cheek, matching the sunset flush above a mountain range. She twisted the bracelet on her wrist, and then turned her head toward the road, down which Mr. Bassett was now rapidly walking, and vigorously lashing the way-side weeds with a rough stick.

"I am sure that I shall like Sahara very much," I answered.

"Mrs. Bassett told us you were coming, and so we may feel acquainted already. The absence of ceremony is very pleasant here. At home we must practice it, of course; but I hate it. I often contradict father and sister Ann about conventionality, though I see that it must be."

She sighed, gave a queer little laugh, and hurriedly walked away. I was assured that my lines had fallen into a pleasant place, and took out my Bible and knitting with the serenest satisfaction. My niece Lucy was a good girl,

irreproachable in style and behavior—just the one to be called upon for the fourth hand in whist, or the last member in any play; she gave me, therefore, little or no trouble. Single gentlemen were at a discount with us. Mr. Yale, a student with a meerschaum, Mr. Brown, a city clerk, Mr. Bangs, son of Mrs. Bangs, and Colonel Jones, with a cork foot, were at our disposal. George Sand has said that the impunity of life in a French château is incredible. In the opportunities of love, she meant. Life at Sahara might have been put to the same proof had there been lovers, but not one of our young gentlemen had a thought of establishing a flirtation even. They came to the mountains to have a good selfish time, catch trout, ride over the country daytimes, and go from hop to hop in the evenings at the various hotels among the mountains. No serious hope nor regret did they intend to return home with; so poor John Bassett was alone in his lover's glory. Mrs. Bassett was a widow—an energetic, lively lady, determined to make her house pleasant, and to make money also. She was a Yankee, and possessed the distinguishing traits of an apparent frankness, a confiding simplicity, which appealed to one's sympathy and generosity. We all felt that she must be sustained and encouraged. When her help fled to their mountain homes, tired of chamber-work and waiting upon folks, how we tried to please her by helping ourselves, and how kindly she took our money in spite of any small short-comings on her part! John Bassett was her brother, and younger by ten years. My acquaintance with him began over a box. I was in the hall waiting to have it taken into my room.

"Where can my brother be?" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett. "I have been looking for him a long time. Anyhow, it shall go upstairs in no time, Miss Green."

I stepped into the parlor, where some ladies were with work, and in a full tide of chat.

"How Mrs. Bassett depends upon her brother!" said one. "How good he is to her! He is my ideal of a Christian, and comes as near to the primitive apostles as any man can in these civilized days, when our first-class saints preach in full dress."

"He is not ashamed to engage in any menial occupation. He sawed wood one day for somebody that had trouble in getting it done. He said he couldn't see why he should not undertake the job, especially if he was paid for it. I saw the blister on his hand afterward, when he drove us to Sugar Hill."

"A little of the New England element cropping out," remarked a lady from Massachusetts. The second speaker, Mrs. Castle, frowned upon her, and continued: "He has determined to be a minister, and it is a hard struggle with him to obtain an education. The New England element crops out in his father, who would not sell an acre of his farm to further his boy's intellectual advancement. To be sure, he is allowed to remain at home; his father's doors are not closed upon him, although he has passed the legal age for parental support. He who wrestles with our unrelenting soil and defying climate for sixty or seventy years, and whose finest, most subtle transactions are connected with the raising and selling of cattle, can not have sympathy with a silent, obscure endeavor which holds in view only spiritual welfare. No one knows in how many ways that young man takes up his cross. I presume he is called mean-spirited and a Betty. Whenever Mrs. Bassett is out of help or out of sorts, she sends for him. He leaves his books or work, walks over from his father's farm, a few miles from here, and goes on with any immediate occupation as if he had never done anything else, nor expected to. There he is now."

Mrs. Castle turned to me. There was a flush in her face; her eyes sparkled. She was a fine lady, with an enormous chignon, and wore a pink striped dress trimmed with Cluny lace, and pink morning slippers; but she was very much in earnest about the farmer's son, and I liked her for it. Afterward, when there was danger of broken caste through him, she spoke differently. I looked into the hall; Mr. Bassett was going upstairs in his shirt sleeves; my box was on his back. I followed him.

"Thank you, Mr. Bassett," I said, as he put the box down. "I am sorry it is so heavy."

"It does not match in weight with some of our young ladies' trunks—the Saratoga affairs, for instance. I have had the pleasure of taking several up and down stairs this summer. Can I do anything more for you?"

I wished to talk with him, and did not know how to begin. Apostle or not, a genuine New England character stood be-

fore me unabashed as De Foe in the pillory. Easy, smiling, self-contained, but not self-conscious; nothing presuming nor familiar; on the contrary, I felt that he had an extraordinarily reticent nature, and that it would be no light matter to break into its depths. He was no beauty certainly, but manly-looking; cheerfulness, amiability, and a constitution at peace with itself were evident in his expression. Shirt sleeves became him very well, also his blue silk cravat very carefully tied. He wore side whiskers, clerical fashion, and there was a sort of pulpit style about his chestnut-colored hair. "How nicely a poor man can look!" was my thought, which I might have spoken if Lucy had not rushed into my room at this moment with her hands full of ferns and mosses.

"Oh, aunt, look! I must take these home, and how can I?"

"Mr. Bassett, Lucy. He may suggest a plan."

She had neither seen nor heard of him, and though surprised to find a stranger there, she saluted him as if he wasn't one. He shot a queer glance at me as he said "Good-morning," which I understood afterward. He had never been introduced to any visitor in the house before, not being entitled to introductions any more than the servants, or the other drivers of Mrs. Bassett's teams. He said he should be very glad to oblige my niece, and would get some wood mould to set the ferns in.

"What priggish youth is that?" asked Lucy. "Somebody attached to the premises?"

"Yes, and a hero at that."

"Why, aunt, have you found him so soon? I was for giving you a week to develop one in. This one looks very safe and mild. Is he selling wares, photographs, baskets, history of all religions, recipes?"

I told her what I had heard of him, and she laughed; but then Lucy always laughed at me and my enthusiasms. She too changed her tune, and, I am happy to say, came out in so womanly a manner that I could not help giving her a new dress.

Dr. Chandon was an indulgent father. His two daughters, Ann and Ellen, went their own way pretty much; but then their way had never differed from his, and apparently the girls were agreed in a non-interference with each other. Miss Ann was proud, and never dreamed that her pride might be assailed, and Dr. Chandon took it for granted that the path he had started his girls on would never be overstepped. Ellen was petted by both, still considered something of a child, to be humored or managed, as the case might be. Before either noticed it, an indefinable acquaintance commenced between John and Ellen. Ann first detected shy, doubtful, inquiring glances, which astounded her; and then the doctor declared that the young man was outrageously officious, if he was studying for the ministry. But rheumatism was hot in the doctor's foot when he said so, and the remark went for nothing. Ellen was silent, even with herself. Her pride, too, was on the alert, and could make no humiliating admission. Why, on the very last Sunday, the one before Lucy and I came, John Bassett had waited at dinner! The coolness with which he handed Mrs. Bangs a glass of spring water, sweetly remarking that it was better than Croton, made her cheeks burn with anger. He appeared to be devoid of a sense of propriety. A man with his sense and taste waiting at a boarding-house table! Till the last plate of dessert he staid, but took good care to let some other waiter attend to the wants of the Chandon party. It was as much of a puzzle to him why he avoided duty there as Ellen's feelings were to herself. He called himself a small, pitiful creature for shirking ignoble work, but he could not carry plates for the Chandons. As they passed out of the dining-room, somehow he forgot his place. He stood against the wall with his teeth set, his hands thrust into the depths of his pockets. A curious watery feeling rushed into his eyes; he saw only a mist. Then he sat down to his own dinner. Mrs. Bassett had her eye on him, while he swallowed his food with a desperate quickness.

"John, it is too bad. You shall not wait at my table again. It is not the thing. But what could I do? Jane Betts went last night, and Sarah Holmes is sick."

"It is all right, sister — all right. I don't like it, though; neither do Jane and Sarah, I surmise."

"Not with the purse-prouds round. But it is the last time."

And it was. Mrs. Bassett, however, could not spare his general attendance; consequently he and Ellen were continually thrown together. In all the ways devised for passing the time they met. John drove our parties to the various

points of interest in the mountains. If we stopped to lunch or dine, of course he lunched and dined with us. The young ladies preferred his open wagon, in which a dozen could be comfortably packed, while we elders went in covered carriages. It happened that John and Ellen sat side by side during these drives. No comment was made on this circumstance. It never occurred to one of the girls at this time that any relation could arise between them. Going down a steep mountain road one evening when it had come on to rain, and the girls were all tucked under their water-proofs, one of the horses slid on a rolling stone and came down on his haunches. The heavy wagon lurched forward enough to jerk John from his seat; for he had instinctively put out his left arm before Ellen, and tugged at the reins with his right hand. He was back on his seat instantly, but his cheek was cut by the dasher, and bled.

"What's the matter?" screamed the girls. "Are we upsetting?"

"All right," he replied.

Ellen caught him with both hands, and gave a little scream.

"Hush!" he whispered; "they will hear you. It is nothing."

"I know you are hurt: you are wiping your cheek this minute. Oh!"

She put her hand up to his face. Human nature can not stand everything, and John was human. He wrenched off his buckskin glove and imprisoned her hand tightly; presently his arm crept round her waist; her head drooped against his breast. If foolish they were, the darkness hid their foolishness — their happiness. Would that they might jog along that mountain path forever, Innocence, Joy, and Faith their angelic guides! When the moon pushed her silver arm above the dark mountain peaks, and the woods grew heavy with pungent dew, John whispered, not words of love, but words of adoration for nature. Had she been older and experienced, she might have felt an emotion of anger at his passive acknowledgment of the situation; as it was, she felt strangely submissive. Indeed, his gentle spirit could teach and lead hers in such moments.

"Our hereafter," he said, "how much more beautiful it may be! So fixed then; not the vision of a night, the splendor of a day, for us poor mortals; not one tempest of emotion for us to be tossed in like a helpless atom, and thrown away upon some solitary shore, crushed; but a steadfast current flowing on forever, all its changes, light and shade, color and motion, within itself!"

Poor John! no nearer than heaven did he dare approach Ellen—by words; and what will lovers not avail themselves of?

As submissive as she appeared through this little crisis, John did not succeed in meeting her eyes for two days afterward. Sister Ann asked her that night, after they had gone up to their room, what she was looking at her hand so rigidly for. Was she moon-struck?

"Perhaps so."

And her sash, how could she crush that so? Ellen looked at it, and was compelled to own that it was much tumbled.

"The wagon joggles so, Ann."

"*I* think Mr. Bassett joggles too. I heard him muttering. Why don't he take up preaching at once? I am tired of his everlasting attendance, shawl-carrying, basket-holding, driving, touring explanations. He seems to have very little enterprise. One would not give him a thought if he were not so continually in one's eyesight, and so irreproachable too."

Ellen's blue eyes blazed, the rose in her cheek deepened to the red of a royal velvet, her blonde hair seemed to sparkle, her white throat swelled like a dove's, and Ann quailed; she saw that Ellen was in a rare rage, as blue-eyed, amiable persons are sometimes.

"Well, well, sissy, come to bed. I don't care for the sash, if you don't; and I don't care for Mr. Bassett; do you?"

"No," said Ellen, angrily; "how can I? Where is your pride when such suggestions creep into your mind? For shame, Ann! Mr. Bassett is a good man. I trust him. Isn't everybody friendly with him?"

The poor child punished her secret heart cruelly; the effort was too much. She laughed and cried, pulled her beautiful hair, and refused to go to bed. Ann was obliged to give her red lavender, and coax her to quietness, wishing all the time that Sahara had never been heard of.

Neither by word nor act did John and Ellen learn that they loved each other, but at last they knew the fact. There was no sense, nor reason, nor hope, in the fact, but so it was. There is such a capacity for pain in love—a refinement which

adds to it an anguish of sweetness. John was tortured with the knowledge that Ellen loved him. He prayed that she might come to the day when she would laugh at her love as the illusion of an idle day; and although he nearly shed tears of self-pity at the idea of being forgotten by her, he was sincere in his prayer. And Ellen, woman-like, shivered at the prospect beyond these short days at Sahara, and would not contemplate it. How important, how doubtful, how fascinating, grew these short days! Each one rounded so much. When I say much, I mean in the vocabulary of lovers: meeting each other on the dusty road between the house and the croquet ground, finding one or the other on a bench under the old apple-trees gracing the same, the bringing of a letter from the post-office, and the exchange of a few words on the momentous subject of a clear or cloudy day for mountain views. John was both hero and martyr, never permitting himself the indulgence of voluntarily seeking Ellen, and she too only did not keep herself out of his way.

Well, the cloud unawares gathered over us, and at last was seen by everybody. We went up Strawberry Hill one late afternoon, after being in the house all day because it threatened rain; a band of yellow cloud appeared in the west, and some of us thought it safe to venture out. Strawberry Hill was near the house. A clean path led to its summit, which was covered with birches and firs; rocks answering for seats were scattered about; lovely ferns grew in dark crevices there; patches of gray moss like minute leafless tree boughs; pale beds of the rose-shaped everlasting—the ghost among the wild flowers—and all the weeds which color and adorn a graceless soil. Only six or seven of us started, Ellen Chandon and myself among the number. We soon climbed to the top, and found places to suit us. Ellen chose to remain with me, while the rest wandered elsewhere to gather moss and birch bark.

"What have you been doing to-day, Miss Ellen?" I asked. "I have not seen you till now."

"I have kept my room, amusing myself with embroidering on papa's slippers against Christmas. Oh dear! autumn is at hand. Are you sorry, Miss Green? The fall of the year, the fall of the year," she repeated, absently.

"'The woods decay, the woods decay and fall.'"

"But not yet, my dear. You speak as if you were sad about it.

'Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn,'

while I am

'A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream';

but I am not sorry. I am past the point of the ever-growing crop of sorrows which spring up before the young."

"I read 'Tithonus,' Miss Green. Could he be in earnest about forgetting Aurora, when he had loved her so?"

"It is only a poem, you know."

"Why shouldn't things be as really beautiful outside of poems and novels as in them?"

"What things?"

"Living, life, love, events, circumstance, fortune, fate, destiny—anything you choose to give a name to in the whole world."

"Mercy! you take away my breath! The things written of must have begun as truths in somebody's life, of course. Nothing can be created without the background of actual experience."

"Good."

The creature crept close to me, and laid her pretty head against my shoulder. She was pale and sad, but very sweet—a pure, delicate bud longing to burst into flower, to be open to dew and sunshine, to feel the summer wind, to bend and mingle with all splendid blossoms preparing for fruition.

"I think you are very kind, Miss Green. Does not Lucy love you so very, very much?"

"She will, when she falls in love with some young man. Then she will aggravate me, if possible. I shall have the selvedge and crumbs, and a photograph of her feelings."

"Why, how funny you are! *I* do not love Ann any better, nor papa. On the contrary—"

Happily we were interrupted by the return of one of the party, who went away again, finding us glum and silent. I was thinking how to escape from her confidence, and possibly she was thinking how to give it to me. Again we were interrupted—this time by the growl of distant thunder.

"I really believe it will rain, after all," I said, starting up. "We must hurry back. How dark it grows!"

We heard laughter and cries from our party, who hurried to the spot where we were. It grew very dark instantly; a vio-

lent gust was predicted, which came upon us at once. Presently we heard a shout down the hill.

"Mr. Bassett is coming!" all cried, with a sense of relief. "We won't move till he gets here."

"But it will rain. I feel the splash of big drops already," I said. "We must run."

In an instant he appeared, loaded with cloaks and several umbrellas. The force of the gust made him stagger under their weight, and he was nearly out of breath as he threw over my shoulders a shawl.

"We must go into the hollow for a few minutes," he said, handing the wraps. "Here is yours," I heard him say to Ellen; "I do not know the rest." He led us down the hill a little way, and turned aside into a hollow, where there was a thick clump of birch-trees and a group of granite bowlders.

"It is of no use to attempt the path just now, the wind blows so," he remarked; "besides, we shall have the thunder upon us soon."

The tempest rose all round us. I never saw such terrific lightning, blue and ghastly. The crest of the mountain range behind Strawberry Hill stood out in the glare, black and threatening, like formless approaching monsters; the wind hurtled round us, and outside among unsheltered trees we heard the crashing of boughs. Now and then the rain trickled upon us, but we were tolerably well protected. We huddled near each other, and were still. Some of us were frightened, some awed, some absorbed with the idea of getting wet and taking cold. One prolonged flash of lightning, which ringed and illuminated the entire horizon, revealed to us a strange picture. John and Ellen stood against a tree. He held her shawl over her head; their faces, pale and serene, were turned toward each other; in hers was a rapt expression not to be mistaken; her eyes, brilliant and burning, devoured his, asking him for his heart, his life, and he gave them to her with a wonderful peace. He bent over her and kissed her lips; her hands were clasped about his arm. Then pitch-darkness fell again; but we all saw the kiss, and felt it, or was it the electric chain of the lightning which bound us in a spell? When I reached Mrs. Bassett's I was glad to go to bed and have a hot cup of tea.

"Such a time, Lucy!"

"Aunt, if you will go up hills at sunset, of course *such* a time must come off, especially when a thunder-storm is coming on. Whom did you see, the Old Man of the Mountain?"

"A young man of the mountain."

"I see, or rather saw. I smelled a rat when I beheld Mr. Bassett hunting wraps. Ingenuous youth! How attentive he is to you nowadays?"

"Lucy, your language is not pleasant. Good-night."

Dr. Chandon was driving the widow Bangs Mount Washington way when the storm happened. They took refuge in a hotel, and did not get home till everybody had retired, consequently our adventure did not reach them, and the doctor's growl was postponed. Ellen could not come to breakfast the next morning; she had a cold, sister Ann said, and must keep her bed a few hours. She eyed us severely as she took her seat, and ate her breakfast with silent dignity. There were plenty of significant smiles and covert speeches about her had she chosen to perceive them. Mrs. Castle was very busy all the morning. She could not believe her senses, she said; she never was so disappointed in her life in a man. He had been led away, that was the long and short of it, and Ellen Chandon was a sly, selfish little puss; she hoped her father would see into things, and take his daughters home before anything further happened. Mr. Bassett was a poor young man, whose whole future depended upon his present behavior. There was considerable uprooting of the Chandon antecedents also. The Chandons were the first people in Salem, that old town of witches, camel's-hair shawls, and crooked Chinese crockery. Sir John Chandon had sent his younger brother to Salem in early times from England, and the younger brother had founded a fortune, the remains of which exist to this day. Mrs. Chandon, the mother of Ann and Ellen, had left the small fortune in her own right to them: they could not be cut off with a shilling if they should go against their father's wishes.

Mrs. Bangs, though immensely astonished at what she called the *eclairsismong*, declared that she had expected something of the kind all along. Ministers invariably tried to appropriate the prettiest girls; the attempt being unfortunate, their affections were properly alienated

from the world, and the gloom of their Calvinistic views deepened. In short, no mercy, but much curiosity, was shown in regard to the unhappy pair. The day wore on. Ellen did not appear below-stairs; Ann remained with her. Dr. Chandon meditatively smoked cigar after cigar, his fingers in the leaves of an unread book: he was evidently perplexed. Mrs. Bassett flitted about the premises with more activity than usual, wearing a frown between her eyebrows. Troubled at the troublesomeness of this weary world, I walked out alone, "my thoughts to render," and took my way to the old orchard below the house—a dilapidated place, lonely and silent when the croquet players were absent. On a bench John Bassett was seated, his head drooping, his hat pulled over his forehead. He brightened when he saw me coming, and reached out his hand, speaking abruptly:

"You were kind enough to have a friendly feeling for me, Miss Green, when you first came. Can you continue it? I am in great trouble; indeed, I am tried too much. Why have I come to that pass when my ideas of duty are confused and obscure? I never thought one could come to such dark and ignorant terms with one's self as I exist on. Must I be punished for simplicity? My theories have been constructed according to my light: now they are knocked from under my feet, and I stand upon nothing. A single, abstract, involuntary feeling has taken entire possession of me: so far as my desire and hope are concerned, they are centred in Ellen. Yes, I really want to throw up every plan and purpose for the sake of belonging to her, for I can make her happy. She may resist me, as she is very proud and willful, but I know that if I should go this minute to the door of her chamber, she would fly to open it at the sound of my voice, though a dozen sister Anns were beside her. Neither to her door nor to her shall I go with any avowal."

His gentle eyes were moist with tears, which he was not ashamed to wipe away boldly.

"I can not help you," I said. "I know how you feel, and will listen to you. Only your own and Ellen's words can be of comforting avail."

"Thank you; I must speak to some one. My sister is angry with me. Her foolish pride is in arms. She calls me a stupid, childish, green boy, and says Miss Chandon amuses herself with me, sending me this way and that to try her power. What shall I do?—run away or stay? speak or be silent? Last night, impious as it was, I was willing to die out in the storm. Fibre by fibre has the beautiful girl drawn me to her, and she finished the work last night. I kissed her, she clung to me so. I heard her heart beat with love for *me*."

"Foolish children! Let me tell you that these emotions are short-lived; very unimportant in the long drama of actual life, if you could be made to think so."

"I shall act that way; I shall not depend on these emotions enough to induce me to ask her to join her fortunes with mine. Did you ever go by, in the course of your rides, the little lopsided church where I have hoped to preach my Master's precepts while following His example? Did you look over the sterile country, and at the poor abodes of our hard-fisted, thick-skinned population? Could Ellen, even with love enduring, pass a happy life among such? Where is she? Could you see her? My poor girl, why must her heart be broken? Can't you comfort her? Silence may crush her, as it does me. Go to her—do."

He grasped my hand, and looked at me with appealing eyes. I thought him ill too, burning with fever. A terrible inroad was this into his peaceful life—the life he had so simply and unselfishly arranged. What was the meaning of that fate which had thrown him into the sea of passion, to struggle with its roaring, turbulent waves, or to be cast a wreck on its shores, dim with mists and solitary as an unpeopled world?

"It is a dreadful mess. But we do outlive messes even. Patience, patience. Now, having been of no service, I will leave you."

He rose, shook hands with me, and smiled with a sadness which brought tears to my eyes. It seemed to me as if he were taking a farewell of all that gave life beauty and pleasure, and that the operation was very painful. I could have scolded him too. Where was a lover's energy and enterprise? How tamely he submitted to the situation!

He turned away, and I left him. Like sister Ann, for a moment I wished that Sahara had never been heard of. Marriage was almost impossible between them, I owned, and I did not believe that mar-

riage would bring them permanent happiness, they were so unlike in circumstance, education, and position; to remove either into the other's sphere would destroy the individuality of both, and however easy self-sacrifice might appear for love's sake, the result would not bring union. Dr. Chandon was still smoking on the veranda. I stopped and looked at him more intently than I was aware.

"What is it, Miss Green? Have you been wool-gathering?"

"There are no sheep here, only foolish lambs, not fit to shear. I have just left one."

"Frisky in his pasture, I hope; or is it one of Mary's lambs, sure to go, and so forth?"

"Ellen's lamb, Dr. Chandon — determined not to follow her."

He grew very red, and threw his cigar ever so far into the road.

"Your sentimental cap is on, I take it, Miss Green. Women, when past being made love to, get up a vicarious business; and when they no longer have babes of their own, will coddle other women's. Now what is in the wind? What is the matter with Ellen? Ann is sniffing with ugliness, and Ellen is crying her pillow-case wet. Your lamb is in it, I suppose. Does he expect to fleece us, the young Presbyterian wolf?"

I was shaking inwardly at the temerity, so unexpected to myself.

"It is none of my business, of course, Dr. Chandon."

"Therefore you take it up with the more zest. But go on: I am glad to be enlightened."

"But there is heart-rending trouble between the young people—Mr. Bassett and Ellen, I mean. I am sure I had not the slightest idea of speaking to you five minutes since."

"Out with it, please."

"They are terribly attached to each other, and are unhappy because they have the same opinion—that marriage is out of the question."

"I did not think my Nell had so much sense. She is going to save me trouble. But Ann shall not be cross to my pet; I'll see to that; she is too infernally hard-hearted."

"Can nothing be done? John Bassett is an uncommonly fine young man."

"So I hear; I have not been so blind as you think, and have asked a few questions about him. I learned that he was to be trusted. It would spoil him to marry beyond his condition and intentions; he is no husband for Ellen, my dear madam."

"Why not, sir?"

"I don't object because he comes of an ignorant and obscure family, and is poor, with no possible faculty for rising into power and prosperity, but because his whole nature and aspirations are pitched on a low, humble key. He *never* could assimilate with our atmosphere. Is it not so? I put it to your veracity. He agrees with me, no doubt, for he has sense, and is an honorable man. But we must take care of little Nelly. Pooh! plague on't! What nonsense! I am ashamed of her softness!"

"There is so little love in the world that I think we should foster every genuine case, to keep the thing from being a lost art. Those children love each other; my heart bleeds for them."

"So does mine, dreadfully; but they must be separated. There is a great deal of sensible, wholesome love in the world, let me tell you, Miss Green."

"Yes—without bolstering? How much have you seen of genuine, isolated love?"

To my surprise, John sauntered by us, with head erect and a cheerful face.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Bassett," said the doctor.

"Good-afternoon, Dr. Chandon."

He went to the stable, harnessed his horse, and drove off. That night was dull at Mrs. Bassett's. It was reported that Ellen Chandon was worse; her father feared a fever would set in, as a consequence of her exposure to the storm. Mrs. Bassett told me that John had gone home: he was needed, probably, and might not return for some days. Midnight found me awake in my bed. A storm arose of wind and rain; the walls trembled, the windows rattled. I got up, lighted my candle, threw on my dressing-gown, and sat down to read myself sleepy. Lucy was in her little bed, sound in her slumbers. A faint knock came on my door, and the handle softly turned. Ann Chandon opened the door.

"Oh, I am glad you are up. Ellen is possessed to see you. I fear the child is very ill. She is wandering a little."

Of course I followed her into the room instantly. Ophelia with fallen and flower-bestrewed tresses never looked more wildly beautiful than Ellen did now; her

eyes were brilliant with fever, her face flushed, the long braids of her hair lay on the pillow like bands of twisted gold. She stretched out her little trembling hands and pulled me toward her.

"Is my dear out in the storm?" she whispered. "I think the rain beats on him, my head feels so. Won't you ask him to come to my door a moment? Ann said he shouldn't, and papa said, 'To-morrow, pet.' Now to-morrow may never come."

My heart beat with terror at the sight of her. "Surely she is dreadfully ill," I whispered to Ann.

"Light-headed from fever only. If she would but sleep, papa said, but she won't. I thought you might soothe her."

"When it rains and lightens," Ellen went on, "he must always kiss me, because I am frightened."

"Hush, dear," entreated Ann. "Shut your eyes; we will watch by you."

"He may come when I am asleep. Has he far to ride, Miss Green?"

"You can not see him to-night. He was compelled to go to his father's. Try to rest, my love; afterward I will tell you of the chat we had in the orchard."

"He has gone! he has gone! Ann has driven him away. Papa has sent him from me. They have a right over my life, but they can not keep me here; I am escaping them. Must I die without seeing him once? Let me whisper to you, Miss Green."

I put my face down to hers, and she whispered, with a wild exultant smile:

"It was so heavenly out there when the storm fell. All at once I knew, he knew, that a divine love descended and enfolded us. With it came a strange despair, and I was driven wild. What was the matter, dear friend? Oh, let me meet him one moment! Hark! he is walking with his face this way; the light in it quiets me."

She lay very still after this, with her hand clasped in mine; so still, and with her eyes closed, that we thought she slept; but when I stirred she tightened her clasp, and I remained. Toward morning she appeared so exhausted, was so pale and unnaturally calm, that we called Dr. Chandon. His countenance fell when he saw her; his mouth quivered when he spoke to her.

"Papa," she said, with a smile, "I am very weak. I should not give way so, being your daughter, but I have had a shock. I am in fault. Ah! I have no true greatness of soul, only a weak, loving heart, torn so between you all."

"My dear, what do you wish for? I must give in."

She looked at him earnestly, with penetrating inquiry in her eyes.

"You can not live without him, then? Silly child, what are a few days of suffering to youth?"

"Let him come to me. May he not be my friend? Ann dear, consent to respect him. Ah! you hurt me." Ann dropped on her knees by the bed, utterly contrite. Ellen's voice was broken; great chilly tears trickled down her marble face. I cried so that the doctor got angry and scowled at me.

"This is no time for tears. I am ashamed of you, Miss Green—a woman of your years." He stopped to get at his own handkerchief. "I will send for that Mr. Bassett," he said. "Mind, now, he is to be well received. Will you drink this wine, pet, now?"

She put out her arms and tried to draw his rough head against her cheek.

"Oh, Pussy, how you plague me!" he groaned. "I can not bear to have all my purpose thwarted. It is too bad."

"Then I had rather die," she moaned. "Only a few days of suffering for you, papa. What is for the best? which is the right?"

With anguish and weakness the poor child fainted.

"There! there!" said both Ann and her father.

"Why have you conducted so? You have killed her at last. I hope you are satisfied with this selfish opposition."

They were so distracted they were scarcely aware of what was said. We soon restored her. Never, never should a bitter word be spoken to their darling. It should all end like a fairy tale. The doctor sent for John. I do not know what the style of his note was; I merely heard him swear terribly while writing it; but it brought John immediately. I saw him first.

"For Heaven's sake tell me what the matter is?"

"Ellen has had a dreadful shock. I thought she would die last night; now I know that she will recover."

"What am I to do? See her, and rend my heart? See her, and deceive her some way?"

"Have you slept much since you left?"

"Slept none. I walked half the distance this way in the night, and got wet through; then forced myself to return like a beaten hound. Why do you ask?"

"Ellen felt that you came toward her. I was with her all night."

"You were!"

He took my poor old fingers in his and kissed them. "I shall never forget you, Miss Green."

"You should be grateful. I have been a sort of chemical in the affair; but you must go to Dr. Chandon."

"I hate to see him. I have nothing to say. It is impossible for me to meet him on any ground of his choosing."

"Ellen loves you with her whole heart. Do you fully deserve that love? I believe you are arrogant, after all. You the meek young man fond of house-work, and idling the summer away in small offices! Here is Dr. Chandon."

"Your shot has nicely prepared me," he muttered. "Gracious me! how much more am I to face?"

"So you ran away, sir," said the doctor.

"Well, I did leave my sister suddenly."

"Anybody else?"

"Yes, your daughter."

"Your ideas and mine differ. When I was young, I never ran away from a woman."

"I not only ran from her, but from myself."

"There is no help for it—you must return to both. I promised Ellen that she should see you. The poor child is smitten, anyway. A visitation, I call it."

John hung his head. What alloy was mixed with the prospect of the meeting! There was no chance for a proper self-assertion. He must drift down the stream as circumstance directed.

"I love your daughter with all my heart. The question of marriage I have entertained precisely as you would entertain it. I am convinced that your daughter loves me. We have not discussed the subject. I never intended to."

"I fancy her intention was the same as your own. I can demand nothing further. I am old-fashioned, and do not very well comprehend these refinements."

"No! What do you trust to?—not to the simplicity of nature. If you had trusted in my natural powers—had I done so myself—we should not have come to this chaos and distress. These refinements mean sheer worldliness—a want of faith in the dignity and truth of human passion."

"Go to her, and stay ten minutes. Make the most of your time. Leave the rest to that Providence which heeds the witless sparrows."

I was in Ellen's room when he entered, calm in mien and gesture, but beads of sweat stood on his forehead. He stood before her, silent, all his tender heart in his pale face. Like a swift tide, the blood surged into Ellen's face; she was dyed in vital blushes.

"Will you stay with me, John?" And her arms rose like a snow wreath to clasp him.

"I never will leave you, darling. I was cruel, but I did not know it; but it almost killed me too."

He kissed her, and cooed over her, and gently put her back on the pillows, and knelt beside her. Neither of them paid the least attention to Ann and me. The ten minutes passed; they were still now. The doctor crept into the room, and John made him a sign to be still. Ellen was asleep at last, her hands in John's, her head pillowed on his breast.

"You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight;
But if she whom love doth honor
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way."

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IT is impossible for those who only knew Emerson through his writings to understand the peculiar love and veneration felt for him by those who knew him personally. Only by intercourse with him could the singular force, sweetness, elevation, originality, and comprehensiveness of his nature be fully appreciated; and the friend or acquaintance, however he might differ from him in opinion, felt the peculiar fascination of his character, and revolved around this solar mind in obedience to the law of spiritual gravitation—the spiritual law operating, like the natural law, directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance. The friends nearest to him loved and honored him most; but those who only met him occasionally felt the attraction of his spiritual power, and could not mention him with-

out a tribute of respect. There probably never was another man of the first class, with a general system of thought at variance with accredited opinions, who exercised so much gentle, persuasive power over the minds of his opponents. By declining all temptations to controversy he never raised the ferocious spirit which controversy engenders; he went on, year after year, in affirming certain spiritual facts which had been revealed to him when his soul was on the heights of spiritual contemplation; and if he differed from other minds, he thought it ridiculous to attempt to convert them to his individual insight and experience by *arguments* against their individual insights and their individual experiences. To his readers in the closet, and his hearers on the lecture platform, he poured lavishly out from his intellectual treasury—from the seemingly exhaustless Fortunatus' purse of his mind—the silver and gold, the pearls, rubies, amethysts, opals, and diamonds of thought. If his readers and his audiences chose to pick them up, they were welcome to them; but if they conceived he was deceiving them with sham jewelry, he would not condescend to explain the laborious processes in the mines of meditation by which he had brought the hidden treasures to light. I never shall forget his curt answer to a superficial auditor of one of his lectures. The critic was the intellectual busybody of the place, dipping into everything, knowing nothing, but contriving by his immense loquacity to lead the opinion of the town. "Now, Mr. Emerson," he said, "I appreciated much of your lecture, but I should like to speak to you of certain things in it which did not command my assent and approbation." Emerson turned to him, gave him one of his piercing looks, and replied, "Mr. ——, if anything I have spoken this evening met your mood, it is well; if it did not, I must tell you that I never argue on these high questions;" and as he thus somewhat haughtily escaped from his would-be querist, he cared little that this gossip and chatterer about philosophy and religion would exert all his influence to prevent Emerson from ever lecturing again in that town.

Indeed, everybody who intimately knew this seer and thinker had the good sense never to intrude into the inward sanctities and privacies of his individual meditations, and vulgarly ask questions as to the doubts and conflicts he had encountered in that utter loneliness of thought, where his individual soul, in direct contact, as he supposed, with the "Oversoul," was trying to solve problems of existence which perplex all thoughtful minds. He would do nothing more than make affirmations regarding the deep things of the spirit, which were to be accepted or rejected as they happened to strike or miss the point of inlet into the other intellects he addressed.

This austere reticence was consistent with the most perfect sincerity. Indeed, Emerson preached sincerity as among the first of virtues. He never hesitated to tell the poets, prose writers, reformers, "fanatics," who were his friends and acquaintances, exactly what he thought of them, and there was never a doubt of his mental and moral honesty in their reception of his criticism. He could afford to be sincere, for everybody felt that there was no taint of envy, jealousy, or malice in his nature. When he frankly told such men as Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier that in a particular poem they did not come up to his high ideal of what a poet should be and do, they assented to the criticism, and never dreamed that his judgment was influenced by the failure of his own poetry to attract that public attention which was righteously due to its vital excellence; for they all cordially agreed in thinking that he was the greatest poet the country had produced. There is not a solitary instance of his hesitating, kindly disapprobation of a writer who ranked among his associates which did not make the writer grateful to Emerson for his criticism, and which did not make him sensible that nothing base or mean could have prompted it. So it was with the ardent reformers. Garrison and Phillips, not to mention others, instinctively felt that Emerson was a man not to be assailed when he differed from them in their method of applying to affairs the moral sentiment of which Emerson was the most eloquent and authoritative spokesman; not, indeed, a voice crying in the wilderness, but a voice which seemed to utter eternal decrees, coming from the serene communion of the speaker with the very source of moral law.

The native elevation of Emerson's mind and the general loftiness of his thinking

have sometimes blinded his admirers to the fact that he was one of the shrewdest of practical observers, and was capable of meeting so-called practical men on the level of the facts and principles which they relied upon for success in life. When I first had the happiness to make his acquaintance I was a clerk in a banking house. I have a faint memory of having written in a penny paper a notice of his first volume of Essays which differed altogether from the notices which appeared in business journals of a higher rank and price. The first thing that struck me was the quaint, keen, homely good sense which was one of the marked characteristics of the volume; and I contrasted the coolness of this transcendentalist, whenever he discussed matters relating to the conduct of life, with the fury of delusion under which merchants of established reputation sometimes seemed to be laboring in their mad attempts to resist the operation of the natural laws of trade. They, I thought, were the transcendentalists, the subjective poets, the Rousseaus and Byrons of business, who in their greed were fiercely "accommodating the shows of things to the desires of the mind," without any practical insight of principles or foresight of consequences. Nothing more amazed me, when I was a clerk, recording transactions in which I incurred no personal responsibility, than the fanaticism of capitalists in venturing their money in wild speculations. The willingness to buy waste and worthless Eastern lands; the madness of the men who sunk their millions in certain railroads; and the manias which occasionally seize upon and passionately possess business men, surpassing in folly those fine frenzies of the imagination which are considered to lead to absurdities belonging to poets alone; all these facts early impressed me with the conviction that a transcendentalist of the type of Emerson was as good a judge of investments on earth as he was of investments in the heavens above the earth.

As far as my memory serves me at this time, I think to me, in my youthful presumption, belongs the dubious honor or dishonor of calling him our "Greek-Yankee—a cross between Plato and Jonathan Slick." I am less certain as to the other statement that he was "a Hindoo-Yankee—a cross between Brahma and Poor Richard"; and there are so many competitors for the distinction of originating these epigrammatic impertinences that I should no more dare to present my claims to priority in inventing them than to re-open the controversy respecting the authorship of "Beautiful Snow," or "Rock me to sleep, mother." But I always wondered that the Franklin side of his opulent and genial nature did not draw to him a host of readers who might be repelled by the dazzling though puzzling sentences in which his ideal philosophy found expression. It is to be supposed that such persons refused to read him because they distrusted his constant tendency to combine beauty with use. The sense of beauty, indeed, was so vital an element in the very constitution of his being that it decorated everything it touched. He was a thorough artist, while inculcating maxims of thrift far beyond those of Poor Richard. His beautiful genius could not be suppressed even when he discoursed of the ugliest sides of a farmer's life; he shed an ideal light over pots and cans, over manure heaps and cattle-raising; and when he announced that maxim of celestial prudence, "Hitch your wagon to a star," the transcendentalist was discovered peeping through the economist, and it became hard to believe that he was in ordinary affairs a really practical man. He should have stuck, the economists said, to the wagon, and left out the star, though the introduction of the star was really the most practical thing in his quaint statement of the vital dependence of individual thrift on directing and all-embracing law.

The raciest testimony that ever came within my knowledge as to the soundness of Emerson in practical matters was delivered by a sturdy, stalwart Vermonter in a car on the Fitchburg Railroad. My journey was to be a tedious one of three hundred miles, and when I took my seat in the car, I felt that my fellow-passengers would give me no such glimpses into their characters as would be afforded by a ride of ten miles in a stage-coach. In a railroad car the passengers are gloomily reticent, as if they expected to be launched into eternity at any moment; in a stage they indulge in all the fury of gossip, and reveal themselves while praising or censuring others. There were two persons in front of me, mighty in bulk, but apparently too much absorbed in their own reflections to speak to each other. The train, as usual, stopped at Concord. Then one of the giants turned to the other, and

lazily remarked, "Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town."

"Ya-as," was the drawling rejoinder; "and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he is a man of *con-sid-er*-able propity."

This apposite judgment was made when Emerson's essays had been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and when the recognition of his genius was even more cordial abroad than it was among his few thousands of appreciative admirers at home; but the shrewd Yankee who uttered it was more impressed by his thrift than by his thinking. He belonged to the respectable race of *de*scendentalists, and was evidently puzzled to understand how a *trans*cendentalist could acquire "propity."

On one occasion, in my early acquaintance with Emerson, I was hastily summoned to lecture at a country town some five miles from Boston, because Emerson, who had been expected to occupy the desk, had not signified his acceptance of the invitation. He either had neglected to answer the letter of the committee, or his own note in reply had miscarried. About ten minutes before the lecture was to begin, Emerson appeared. Of course I insisted on having the privilege of listening to him, rather than compel the audience to listen to me. He generously declared that as the mistake seemed to have arisen from his own neglect, I had the right to the platform. When I solemnly assured him that no lecture would be heard that evening in that town unless he delivered it, he, still somewhat protesting, unrolled his manuscript, and took his place at the desk. The lecture, though perhaps not one of his best lyceum discourses, was better than the best of any other living lecturer. When it was over, he invited me to take a seat in the chaise which had brought him from Boston. I gladly accepted. The horse was, fortunately for me, one of the slowest beasts which ever had the assurance to pretend to convey faster, by carriage, two persons from one point to another than an ordinary pedestrian could accomplish in a meditative walk. The pace was, I think, about two miles an hour. As soon as we got into the chaise, I began to speak of the lecture, and referring to what he had said of the Puritans, I incidentally alluded to the peculiar felicity of his use of the word "grim," and added that I noticed it was a favorite word of his in his published essays. "Do you say," he eagerly responded, "that I use the word often?" "Yes," I replied, "but never without its being applicable to the class of persons you are characterizing." He reflected a minute or two, and then said, as if he had experienced a pang of intellectual remorse, "The word is probably passing with me into a mannerism, and I must hereafter guard against it—must banish it from my dictionary."

By this time we had passed out of the town into the long country road which led to Boston. Emerson was in his happiest mood. He entered into a peculiar kind of conversation with his young companion, in which reverie occasionally emerged into soliloquy, and then again became a real talk between the two, though ever liable to subside into reverie and soliloquy if his interlocutor had tact enough to restrain his own tendency to self-expression. I shall never forget that evening. The moon was nearly at its full, undisturbed by a cloud, and the magical moonlight flooded the landscape and skyscape with its soft, gentle, serene, mystical radiance, making strangely unreal all things which seem so substantial when viewed in the "insolent," revealing glare of the sun. Astronomers tell us that the moon is a dead body, all its central fires burned out, and swinging in space as a lifeless mass of matter, good for nothing except to give us light for about half the nights of every month in the year, or to illustrate the operation of the law of gravitation; but of all the lights in the solar or stellar system it is pre-eminently the idealist and transcendentalist of the tenants of the sky; and I never felt its mystical charm more profoundly than on this ride of two hours with Emerson. The lazy horse seemed to be indulging in the luxury of his own reflections, and was only kept from stopping altogether and setting up as a philosopher on his own account, renouncing his ignominious bondage to harness and bridle, by the occasional idle flap of Emerson's whip on his hide—a stimulant to exertion which was so light that I thought its full force could not have broken the backbone of an ordinary fly. So we "tooled on." The conversation at last drifted to contemporary actors who assumed to personate leading characters in Shakspeare's greatest plays. Had I ever seen an actor who

satisfied me when he pretended to be Hamlet or Othello, Lear or Macbeth? Yes, I had seen the elder Booth in these characters. Though not perfect, he approached nearer to perfection than any other actor I knew. Nobody, of course, could really satisfy a student of Shakspeare. Still I thought that the elder Booth had a realizing imagination, that he conceived the nature of the person he embodied in its essential individual qualities, that so firm and true was his imaginative grasp of a character that he preserved the unity of one of Shakspeare's complex natures while giving all the varieties of its manifestation. Macready might be the more popular actor of the two, at least in all "refined" circles; but the trouble with Macready was that, while he was gifted with a good understanding, he was strangely deficient in impassioned imagination, and that he accordingly, by a logical process, inferred the character he wished to impersonate by a patient study of Shakspeare's text, and then played the inference.

"Ah," said Emerson, giving a tender touch of his whip to the indolent horse—an animal who, during the three minutes I consumed in eulogizing Booth, showed a natural disposition to go to sleep—"I see you are one of the happy mortals who are capable of being carried away by an actor of Shakspeare. Now whenever I visit the theatre to witness the performance of one of his dramas, I am carried away by the poet. I went last Tuesday to see Macready in *Hamlet*. I got along very well until he came to the passage:—

> 'thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon;'

and then actor, theatre, all vanished in view of that solving and dissolving imagination, which could reduce this big globe and all it inherits into mere 'glimpses of the moon.' The play went on, but, absorbed in this one thought of the mighty master, I paid no heed to it."

What specially impressed me, as Emerson was speaking, was his glance at our surroundings as he slowly uttered, "glimpses of the moon"; for here above us was the same moon which must have given birth to Shakspeare's thought, its soft rays of consecrating light insinuating a skeptical doubt of the real existence of the world of matter, which, in the fierce glow of the noontide sun, appears so imperturbably conscious of a solid, incontestable reality.

Afterward, in his lecture on Shakspeare, Emerson made use of the thought suggested in our ride by moonlight. He said: "That imagination which dilates the closet he writes in to the world's dimensions, crowds it with agents in rank and order, as quickly reduces the big reality to be the 'glimpses of the moon.'" It seems to me that his expression of the thought, as it occurred to him when he felt the enchantment of the moonlight palpably present to his eyes and imagination, is better in my version than in the comparatively cold language in which he afterward embodied it. But in the printed lecture there is one sentence declaring the absolute insufficiency of any actor, in any theatre, to fix attention on himself while uttering Shakspeare's words, which seems to me the most exquisite statement ever made of the magical suggestiveness of Shakspeare's expression. I have often quoted it, but it will bear quotation again and again, as the best prose sentence ever written on this side of the Atlantic. "The recitation begins; one golden word leaps out immortal from all this painted pedantry, *and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes.*"

Emerson's voice had a strange power, which affected me more than any other voice I ever heard on the stage or on the platform. It was pure thought translated into purely intellectual tone, the perfect music of spiritual utterance. It is impossible to read his verses adequately without bearing in mind his peculiar accent and emphasis; and some of the grandest and most uplifting passages in his prose lose much of their effect unless the reader can recall the tones of his voice;—a voice now, alas! silent on earth forever, but worthy of being heard in that celestial company which he, "a spirit of the largest size and divinest mettle," has now exchanged for his earthly companions. There was nothing sensual, nothing even sensuous, nothing weakly melodious, in his utterance; but his voice had the stern, keen, penetrating sweetness which made it a fit organ for his self-centred, commanding mind. Yet though peculiar to himself, it had at the same time an impersonal character, as though a spirit was speaking through him. Thus in his lecture on Swedenborg he began with a compact statement of the opinions of the Swedish sage—opinions which seemed to be wide enough to compel all men, pagans and

Christians, to assent to his dogmatic statements. The exposition was becoming monotonous after the lapse of a quarter of an hour. The audience supposed that he was a convert to the Swedenborgian doctrines. At the conclusion of his exposition he paused for half a minute, and then, in his highest, most piercing tones, he put the question, "*Who is* EMANUEL SWEDENBORG?" his voice rising as he accented every syllable. The effect was electric. Many persons in the audience who had begun to betray a decided disposition to go to sleep waked up. The lecturer then proceeded to give, in short, flashing sentences, a criticism of the Swedenborgian ideas, which seemed to have bored him as they undoubtedly bored many of his hearers, and everybody present eagerly listened to the objections which rendered it reasonable for them to recognize Swedenborg as a very great representative man, without making it necessary for them to abandon the churches to which they were attached and swell the congregations of those of the New Jerusalem.

Again, after reciting the marvels of Shakspeare's genius, placing him above all other writers, he came to the consideration of the serious side of this greatest of poets. What did he teach? "He converted the elements, which waited on his command, into entertainments. He was master of the revels to mankind. Is it not as if one should have, through majestic powers of science, the comets given into his hand, or the planets and their moons, and should draw them from their orbits to glare with the municipal fireworks on a holiday night, and advertise in all towns, 'very superior pyrotechny this evening'?" All this was delivered in an intense and penetrating yet somewhat subdued tone, and it is hardly possible to convey by printers' ink and types the gradual rise of his voice as he added: "One remembers again the trumpet text in the Koran, 'The heavens and the earth, and all that is between them, *think ye we have* CREATED THEM IN JEST?'" It is only by a typographical rise from italics to capitals that the faintest indication can be conveyed of the upward march of his voice as it finally pealed forth in "jest."

In another lecture he had occasion to refer to what Mr. Choate had called "the glittering generalities of the Declaration of Independence." If a printer could put it into the smallest type possible to be read by the aid of the microscope, he could not fitly show the scorn embodied in the first part of the sentence in which Emerson replied; nor could the same printer's largest types suggest an idea of the triumphant tone, shot as from a vocal ten-inch gun, in which he gave the second portion of it: "Glittering generalities!—*rather* BLAZING UBIQUITIES!"

Emerson's generous and thorough appreciation of the genius and character of Henry D. Thoreau was shown in many ways and on many occasions. At my first or second visit to Concord, as a lecturer before its Lyceum, he said to me, in the quaint condensed fashion of speech in which he always sketched an original character: "You should know Thoreau. He became disgusted with our monotonous civilization, and went, self-banished, to our Walden woods. There he lives. He built his own hut, cooks his own food, refuses to pay taxes, reads Æschylus, abjures models, and is a great man." From my first introduction, Thoreau seemed to me a man who had experienced Nature as other men are said to have experienced religion. An unmistakable courage, sincerity, and manliness breathed in every word he uttered. I once met him and Mr. Alcott in State Street, in the busiest hour of the day, while I was hurrying to a bank. They had paused before a saloon to get a glimpse of the crowds of merchants and brokers passing up and down the street. "Ah!" I laughingly said, after shaking hands, "I see it is eleven o'clock, and you are going to take a drink." Mr. Alcott, in his sweetest and most serene tones, replied for both: "No; vulgar and ordinary stimulants are not for us. But if you can show us a place where we can drink Bacchus himself, the soul of the inspiration of the poet and the seer, we shall be your debtors forever." There is hardly any biography recently published more interesting than Mr. Sanborn's life of Thoreau; for Mr. Sanborn knew him so intimately that he gives us an "interior" view of the remarkable person he has taken for his subject. Indeed, what can be more interesting than the spectacle of a man whose independence was so rooted in his nature that he coolly set up his private opinion against the average opinion of the human race, and contrived so to incorporate his opinion into his daily life that he came out in the end a victor in the contest? And in respect to the sympathy

that Nature had for *him*, in return for his sympathy with *her*, one feels that he must have been in Emerson's mind when he celebrated, in "Wood Notes," his "forest seer":

"It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.
Many haps fall in the field,
Seldom seen by wishful eyes;
But all her shows did Nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods;
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
He found the tawny thrush's broods;
And the shy hawk did wait for him;
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come."

Miss Fredrika Bremer, in her book recording her tour in the United States, took unwarrantable liberties in describing the households of those persons whose hospitalities she enjoyed. Emerson was specially annoyed at her chatter about him and his family. What vexed him most, however, was her reference to Samuel Hoar, a man whom Emerson, as well as all other citizens of Concord, held in distinguished honor as the living embodiment of integrity, intelligence, wisdom, piety, and benevolence. Emerson's well-known quatrain, with the simple title "S. H.," is a monument to this good and wise man's memory:

"With beams December's planets dart
His cold eye truth and conduct scanned;
July was in his sunny heart,
October in his liberal hand."

Yet this venerable sage, whose native dignity should have shielded him from the impertinence of even a gossip so incorrigible as Miss Bremer, was represented in that lady's book as a garrulous old gentleman who, at his own table, to which she was an invited guest, had made in lieu of the ordinary grace a prayer which she considered so long as to be tiresome. "As if," said Emerson to me, in his deepest indignant tone—"as if Mr. Hoar was expected to pray for her entertainment!"

He had, from the start, a strong antipathy to "spiritism." When departed spirits, by "knockings" and moving furniture, first began to inform us poor mortals that they were still alive—alive, however, in a world which appeared, on the whole, to be worse than that from which death had released them, the great question of immortality was considered by many pious persons to have obtained new evidences of its truth from these materialistic manifestations. Emerson's feeling was that so exquisitely expressed by Tennyson:

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

"They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest."

Emerson's impatience when the subject came up for discussion in a company of intelligent people was amusing to witness. He was specially indignant at the idea of women adopting spiritism as a profession, and engaging to furnish all people with news of their deceased friends at a shilling a head. The enormous vulgarity of the whole thing impressed him painfully, especially when he was told that some of his own friends paid even the slightest attention to the revelations, as he phrased it, of "those seamstresses turned into sibyls, who charged a pistareen a spasm!" Brougham's well-known remark that the idea of Campbell's writing his life added a new horror to death, was a just anticipation of a terrible fact; for Campbell did write his life, and made a dreadful wreck of Brougham's reputation. Happily, Emerson's last days were clouded by a failure of memory, or he might have mourned that his spirit would be called by "mediums" from "its golden day" to furnish the public with information detailing his present "gossip about the celestial politics," translated from the terse and beautiful language in which he was accustomed to speak his thoughts on earth into the peculiar dialect which uneducated mediums generally use in their rapt communion with the spirits of such men as Bacon, Milton, Webster, and Channing—spirits who, as far as their style of expression and elevation of thought are concerned, appear to have found their immortality a curse—spirits who have dwindled in mental stature just in proportion as they have ascended into the region of incorporeal existence—spirits not made perfect but decidedly *im*perfect in heaven.

After his return from his second visit to

England, in 1847, I had a natural wish to learn his impressions of the distinguished men he had met. His judgment of Tennyson was this, that he was the most "satisfying" of the men of letters he had seen. He witnessed one of Macaulay's brilliant feats in conversation at a dinner where Hallam was one of the guests. The talk was on the question whether the "additional letters" of Oliver Cromwell, lately published by Carlyle, were spurious or genuine. "For my part," said Emerson, "the suspicious fact about them was this, that they all seemed written to sustain Mr. Carlyle's view of Cromwell's character; but the discussion turned on the external evidences of their being forgeries. Macaulay overcame everybody at the table, including Hallam, by pouring out with victorious volubility instances of the use of words in a different meaning from that they bore in Cromwell's time, or by citing words which were not in use at all until half a century later. A question which might have been settled in a few minutes by the consent of a few men of insight opened a tiresome controversy which lasted during the whole dinner. Macaulay seemed to have the best of it; still, I did not like the arrogance with which he paraded his minute information; but then there was a fire, speed, fury, talent, and effrontery in the fellow which were very taking." When Emerson, on his return, made in his *English Traits* his short, contemptuous criticism on Macaulay as a writer representing the material rather than the spiritual interests of England, it is evident that the verbal bullet hit the object at which it was aimed in the white. "The brilliant Macaulay, who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity; that the glory of modern philosophy is its direction or 'fruit'; to yield economical inventions; and that its merit is to avoid ideas and to avoid morals. He thinks it the distinctive merit of the Baconian philosophy, in its triumph over the old Platonic, its disentangling the intellect from theories of the all-Fair and the all-Good, and pinning it down to the making a better sick-chair and a better wine-whey for an invalid; this not ironically, but in good faith; that 'solid advantage,' as he calls it—meaning always sensual benefit—is the only good." This criticism, though keen, is undoubtedly one-sided. Macaulay felt it. In the height of his fame, in January, 1850, he writes in his diary: "Many readers give credit for profundity to whatever is obscure, and call all that is perspicuous shallow. But *coragio!* and think of A.D. 2850. Where will your Emersons be then?" Well, it may be confidently predicted, they will at least march abreast of the Macaulays.

In all Emerson's experience as a lecturer there was only one occasion when he received that tribute to a radical orator's timely eloquence which is expressed in hisses. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Law stirred him into unwonted moral passion and righteous wrath. He accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture in Cambridgeport, called for the purpose of protesting against that infamous anomaly in jurisprudence and insult to justice which had the impudence to call itself a law. Those who sympathized with him were there in force; but a score or two of foolish Harvard students came down from the college to the hall where the lecture was delivered, determined to assert "the rights of the South," and to preserve the threatened Union of the States. They were the rowdiest, noisiest, most brainless set of young gentlemen that ever pretended to be engaged in studying "the humanities" at the chief university of the country. Their only arguments were hisses and groans whenever the most illustrious of American men of letters uttered an opinion which expressed the general opinion of the civilized world. If he quoted Coke, Holt, Blackstone, Mansfield, they hissed all these sages of the law because their judgments came from the illegal lips of Emerson. It was curious to watch him as, at each point he made, he paused to let the storm of hisses subside. The noise was something he had never heard before; there was a queer, quizzical, squirrel-like or bird-like expression in his eye as he calmly looked round to see what strange human animals were present to make such sounds; and when he proceeded to utter another indisputable truth, and it was responded to by another chorus of hisses, he seemed absolutely to enjoy the new sensation he experienced, and waited for these signs of disapprobation to stop altogether before he resumed his discourse. The experience was novel; still there was not the slightest tremor in his voice, not even a trace of the passionate resentment which a speaker under such circumstances

and impediments usually feels, and which urges him into the cheap retort about serpents, but a quiet waiting for the time when he should be allowed to go on with the next sentence. During the whole evening he never uttered a word which was not written down in the manuscript from which he read. Many of us at the time urged Emerson to publish the lecture; ten or fifteen years after, when he was selecting material for a new volume of essays, I entreated him to include in it the old lecture at Cambridgeport; but he, after deliberation, refused, feeling probably that being written under the impulse of the passion of the day, it was no fit and fair summary of the characters of the statesmen he assailed. Of one passage in the lecture I preserve a vivid remembrance. After affirming that the eternal law of righteousness, which rules all created things, nullified the enactment of Congress, and after citing the opinions of several magnates of jurisprudence, that immoral laws are void and of no effect, he slowly added, in a scorching and biting irony of tone which no words can describe, "but still a little Episcopalian clergyman assured me yesterday that the Fugitive Slave Law must be obeyed and enforced." After the lapse of thirty years, the immense humor of bringing all the forces of nature, all the principles of religion, and all the decisions of jurists to bear with their Atlas weight on the shoulders of one poor little conceited clergyman to crush him to atoms, and he in his innocence not conscious of it, makes me laugh now as all the audience laughed then, the belligerent Harvard students included.

Emerson's good sense was so strong that it always seemed to be specially awakened in the company of those who were most in sympathy with his loftiest thinking. Thus, when "the radical philosophers" were gathered one evening at his house, the conversation naturally turned on the various schemes of benevolent people to reform the world. Each person present had a panacea to cure all the distempers of society. For hours the talk ran on, and before bed-time came, all the sin and misery of the world had been apparently expelled from it, and our planet was reformed and transformed into an abode of human angels, and virtue and happiness were the lot of each human being. Emerson listened, but was sparing of speech. Probably he felt, with Lamennais, that if facts did not resist thoughts, the earth would in a short time become uninhabitable. At any rate, he closed the *séance* with the remark: "A few of us old codgers meet at the fireside on a pleasant evening, and in thought and hope career, balloon-like, over the whole universe of matter and mind, finding no resistance to our theories, because we have, in the sweet delirium of our thinking, none of those obstructive facts which face the practical reformer the moment he takes a single forward step; then we go to bed; and the pity of it is we wake up in the morning feeling that we are the same poor old imbeciles we were before!"

A transcendentalist is sometimes compelled, by what Cowley calls "the low conveniencies of fate," to subordinate the principles of his system of thought to the practical exigency of the hour. A curious illustration of this fact occurred, some fifteen or twenty years ago, in the early days of the "Saturday Club." After some preliminary skirmishing, Emerson asked Agassiz to give him a short exposition of his leading ideas as a naturalist in respect to what was known of the genesis of things. Agassiz, in his vehement, rapid way, began at the microscopic "cell," beyond which no discovered instrument of investigation could go, and proceeded to show the gradual ascent from this "cell" to the highest forms of animal life. He took about half an hour in making his condensed statement, and then Emerson's turn began. "But, Mr. Agassiz, I see that all your philosophy is under the law of succession; it is genealogical; it is based on the reality of time; but you must know that some of us believe with Kant that time is merely a subjective form of human thought, having no objective existence." Then suddenly taking out his watch, and learning that he had only fifteen minutes to get to the Fitchburg Railroad in order to be in "time" to catch the last train to Concord on that afternoon, he took his hat, swiftly donned his overcoat, and as he almost rushed from the room he assured Agassiz that he would discuss the subject at some other "time," when he was less pressed by his engagements at home. For years afterward, when the transcendentalist met the naturalist at the club, I watched in vain for a recurrence of the controversy. I do not think it was ever re-opened between them.

Many of Emerson's friends and acquaint-

ances thought that his sense of humor was almost as keen as his sense of Beauty and his sense of Right. I do not remember an instance in my conversations with him, when the question came up of his being not understood, or, what is worse, misunderstood by the public, that he did not treat the matter in an exquisitely humorous way, telling the story of his defeats in making himself comprehended by the audience or the readers he addressed as if the misapprehensions of his meaning were properly subjects of mirth, in which he could heartily join. This is the test of the humorist, that he can laugh *with* those who laugh *at* him. For example, on one occasion I recollect saying that of all his college addresses I thought the best was that on "The Method of Nature," delivered before the Society of the Adelphi, in Waterville College, Maine, August 11, 1841. He then gave me a most amusing account of the circumstances under which the oration was delivered. It seems that after conceiving the general idea of the address, he banished himself to Nantasket Beach, secluded himself for a fortnight in a room in the public-house, the windows of which looked out on the ocean, moving from his chamber and writing-desk only to take early morning and late evening walks on the beach; and thought, at the end, he had produced something which was worthy of being listened to even by the Society of the Adelphi. At that time a considerable portion of the journey to Waterville had to be made by stage. He arrived late in the evening, travel-worn and tired out, when almost all the sober inhabitants of Waterville had gone to bed. It appeared that there was some doubt as to the particular citizen's house at which he was to pass the night. "The stage-driver," said Emerson, "stopped at one door; rapped loudly; a window was opened; something in a night-gown asked what he wanted; the stage-driver replied that he had inside a man who *said* he was to deliver the lit-ra-rye oration to-morrow, and thought he was to stop there; but the night-gown disappeared, with the chilling remark that he was not to stay at *his* house. Then we went to another, and still another, dwelling, rapped, saw similar night-gowns and heard similar voices at similar raised windows; and it was only after repeated disturbances of the peace of the place that the right house was hit, where I found a hospitable reception. The next day I delivered my oration, which was heard with cold, silent, unresponsive attention, in which there seemed to be a continuous unuttered rebuke and protest. The services were closed by prayer, and the good man who prayed, prayed for the orator, but also warned his hearers against heresies and wild notions, which appeared to me of that kind for which I was held responsible. The address was really written in the heat and happiness of what I thought a real inspiration; but all the warmth was extinguished in that lake of iced water." The conversation occurred so long ago that I do not pretend to give Emerson's exact words, but this was the substance of his ludicrous statement of the rapture with which he had written what was so frigidly received. He seemed intensely to enjoy the fun of his material discomforts and his spiritual discomfiture.

Emerson had some strange tastes and some equally strange distastes in regard to poets. Usually his criticism was wonderfully acute and accurate, compressing into a few significant words what other critics would fail to convey in an elaborate analysis. He darted by a combination of insight and instinct to the exact point in a poet's writings where the poetry in him was best embodied and expressed; and his reading of the passages which had most impressed him excelled that of the most accomplished professional elocutionist I ever listened to. But he never could endure Shelley, and declared that if the objections of practical men to poetry rested on such poets as Shelley, he should cordially agree with them. He admitted, of course, the beauty of "The Skylark" and "The Cloud"; but as an apostle of hope and health and cheer, he could not pardon the note of lamentation which runs through Shelley's poetry, and thought that his gifts of imagination and melody, remarkable as they were, were no atonement for his unmanly wailing and sobbing over the ills of existence. A poet, he said, should invigorate, not depress, the soul. It was in vain to tell him that such ethereal powers of imagination and sentiment as Shelley possessed should be considered apart from the direction they happened to take, owing to the unfortunate circumstances of his life. No; he would discard such sick souls from his sympathy, as he would discard all sick bodies. He showed always a comical disgust of sick

people generally. Everybody who heard his lecture called "Considerations by the Way," must remember the peculiar force and bitterness with which he described sickness "as a cannibal, which eats up all the life and youth it can lay hold of and absorbs its own sons and daughters. I figure it as a pale, wailing, distracted phantom, absolutely selfish, heedless of what is good and great, attentive to its own sensations, losing its soul, and afflicting other souls with meanness and mopings, and with ministrations to its voracity of trifles. Dr. Johnson severely said, 'Every man is a rascal as soon as he is sick.'" And then he went on to say that we should give the sick every aid, but not give them "ourselves." Then followed a cruelly wise remark, which shocked many in the audience, and the real import of which was taken only by a few. "I once asked a clergyman in a country town who were his companions? what men of ability he saw? He replied that he spent his time with the sick and the dying. I said he seemed to me to need quite other company, and all the more that he had this; for if people were sick and dying to any purpose, we would leave all and go to them, but, as far as I had observed, they were as frivolous as the rest, and sometimes much more frivolous." Every one who has observed how many conscientious clergymen are converted into nerveless moral valetudinarians, losing all power of communicating healthy moral life, by constantly acting as spiritual nurses to the sick, complaining, and ever-dying but never dead members of their parishes, must acknowledge the half-truth in this apparently harsh statement.

The feeling that it is the duty of the teacher of his fellow-men, whether preacher, poet, romancer, or philosopher, to console by cheering and invigorating them, entered into all his criticism. When *The Scarlet Letter*, in many respects the greatest romance of the century, was published, he conceded that it was a work of power; "but," he said to me, with a repulsive shrug of the shoulders as he uttered the word, "it is ghastly." It seemed to me that "ghostly" would be a more truthful characterization of it; but it was impossible to remove from his mind the general impression any book had left on it by arguments. "Ghastly!" he repeated—"ghastly!" He seemed quietly impregnable to any considerations respecting the masterly imaginative analysis which Hawthorne had displayed in depicting the spiritual moods of his guilty hero and heroine, and his keen perception of the outlying spiritual laws which, being violated in their sin, reacted with such terrible force in their punishment. The book left an unpleasant impression on him; that was enough, as it was enough to lead him to condemn Goethe's "Faust."

In judging of works of immensely less importance, which only excited his ridicule, his irony was often delicious. Then there were popular books whose daily sale exceeded that of all his own volumes in ten years; these he spoke of with admirable humor and good-humor. Talking with him once on the character of the first Napoleon, I asked him if he had read the Rev. Mr. Abbott's history of the exploits and objects of the Emperor. "Yes," he dryly answered; "and it has given to me an altogether original idea of that notable man. It seems to teach that the great object of Napoleon in all his wars was to establish in benighted Europe our New England system of Sunday-schools. A book like that is invaluable; it revolutionizes all our notions of historical men."

In such recollections of Emerson as I have here recorded there has been, of course, no attempt to portray his character as a whole, but simply to exhibit some aspects of it. There was a side of his nature, or rather the very centre of his nature—his "heart of heart"—on which I suppose even his intimate friends—with whom I do not presume to rank myself—would speak with a certain reserve. Dr. Bartol, one of these friends, whose beautiful tribute to Emerson has been published, hints of the loneliness of thought in which a large portion of his life was probably passed. The incommunicable elements in Emerson's spiritual experience must, indeed, have exceeded what he felt himself capable of communicating, not to speak of that portion he was indisposed to communicate. In one of his most characteristic essays there is a pregnant sentence in which he declares that, in its highest moods, "the soul gives itself, alone, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it." This mystic communion of the soul with its source had, with him, a solemnity so sacred that it must needs be secret; it either exalted his mortal nature into a "beati-

tude past utterance," or depressed it with ominous misgivings and "obstinate questionings" which could find no adequate outlet in words; and though we detect in the noblest passages of his writings traces of this immediate personal communion with the Highest and the Divine, it is doubtful if he ever spoke of it to his nearest relations and friends. In this he differed from most men of profound religious genius, who are sometimes garrulous on those points where he was inexorably mute. He never exclaimed, as other pious souls have exclaimed, "See what the Lord has done for *me!*" His reticence was the modesty of spiritual manliness. What he felt on such high matters he felt to be ineffable and unutterable; but how awful must have been at times his sense of spiritual loneliness, his lips austerely shut even when the closest, dearest, and most trusted companions of his soul delicately hinted their wish he would speak; but he died and made no sign.

Still, at just one remove from the sacred secrecy of his inmost individual consciousness and experience, he is ever found to be the frankest of writers. Matthew Arnold has revived a phrase originally used by Swift in his "Battle of the Books," and made it stand as a mark of the perfection of intellectual character. It is curious that this phrase, "sweetness and light," should have been uttered by the greatest cynical apostle of bitterness and gloom who has left a record of his genius in English literature, and also uttered, as far as the side he took is concerned, in an ignominious literary brawl, in which he was the champion of Temple, Boyle, and Atterbury, against Bentley, the greatest scholar in Europe. Bentley was, of course, victor in the contest, even in the opinion of all candid scholars at first opposed to him.

But "sweetness and light" are precious and inspiring only so far as they express the essential sweetness of the disposition of the thinker, and the essential illuminating power of his intelligence. Emerson's greatness came from his character. Sweetness and light streamed from him because they were *in* him. In everything he thought, wrote, and did we feel the presence of a personality as vigorous and brave as it was sweet, and the particular radical thought he at any time expressed derived its power to animate and illuminate other minds from the might of the manhood which was felt to be within and behind it. To "sweetness and light" he therefore added the prime quality of fearless manliness.

If the force of Emerson's character was thus inextricably blended with the force of all his faculties of intellect and imagination, and the refinement of all his sentiments, we have still to account for the peculiarities of his genius, and to answer the question, why do we instinctively apply the epithet "Emersonian" to every characteristic passage in his writings? We are told that he was the last in a long line of clergymen, his ancestors, and that the modern doctrine of heredity accounts for the impressive emphasis he laid on the moral sentiment; but that does not solve the puzzle why he unmistakably differed in his nature and genius from all other Emersons. An imaginary genealogical chart of descent connecting him with Confucius or Gotama would be more satisfactory. At the time he acquired notoriety but had not yet achieved fame, it was confidently asserted in all Boston circles that his brother Charles, the "calm, chaste scholar" celebrated by Holmes, was greatly his superior in ability, and would, had he not died early, have entirely eclipsed Ralph; Emerson himself, the most generous and loving of brothers, always inclined to this opinion; but there is not an atom of evidence that Charles, had he lived, would have produced works which would be read by a choice company of thinkers and scholars all over the world, which would be translated into all the languages of Europe, and would be prized in London and Edinburgh, in Berlin and Vienna, in Rome and Paris, as warmly as they were in Boston and New York. What distinguishes *the* Emerson was his *exceptional* genius and character, that something in him which separated him from all other Emersons, as it separated him from all other eminent men of letters, and impressed every intelligent reader with the feeling that he was not only "original but aboriginal." Some traits of his mind and character may be traced back to his ancestors, but what doctrine of heredity can give us the genesis of his genius? Indeed, the safest course to pursue is to quote his own words, and despairingly confess that it is the nature of genius "to spring, like the rainbow daughter of Wonder, from the invisible, to abolish the past, and refuse all history."

A DOCTOR SPOILED.

I.

IT was a narrow wharf and a dilapidated one. When built, many a year before, it had a fair water-front, but the piling on both sides had rotted away. It was a littered, dirty, and, on that sultry August morning, an offensive wharf. An early steamer had landed boxes of fish for future railroad transportation, and the ice packing had melted, so there were many lagoons and puddles on the flooring. A deck-load of brick for a menhaden oil-works had been dumped there, and blocked the way. Against an anchor, with its sprawling flukes, trucks were leaning, with crooked handles, just as they had been dropped by the wharf hands. The hawser of a coal barge was stretched waist-high across the wharf. You could get to the end of the wharf by removing some obstacles, and by climbing over others, always providing you were wary, had a steady head, and some powers of equilibrium. You might walk in a balancing way on the string-piece, and so gain the water-front.

A young woman reconnoitred the exact conditions, standing on an upset lime barrel. She walked steadily along the outside framing, ducked gracefully under the hawser, pushed aside a brick or so with her foot, and had almost reached the objective point, when she stopped short; for, propped up against one of the piles, a man was sleeping, his legs dangling over the wharf. He was right in her track. "Is he tipsy?" she asked herself. He looked disreputable enough. There was a scratch across his nose, a discoloration under his eye, and his arm was in a sling. He was harmless, evidently, because disabled.

She hesitated, drew in her skirts, and it looked as if she were inclined to step over him. If he were asleep, she would let him alone. Some course of action, and a prompt one, had to be taken. She could scale the pile of bricks, but that might cause an avalanche. To turn round, pirouette as it were, although her nerves were steady, was risky. From a wharf below—the wharf, in fact, of the little New England fishing town—she could hear the noisy bursts of a brass band on the excursion boat, and just then a salute shook the air. That explosion awakened the man with a start. He half opened his eyes, and was conscious that there was a shadow between him and the sun glare. Had he perception enough, for he did look upward, he would have noticed that on the young woman's face there was an expression of supreme disgust.

"You will let me pass," she said, in an authoritative voice.

The man looked dazed; then rose very slowly, piece by piece, as it were, as if not very sure of his legs; then leaned in a limp way against his wooden prop. She, without word of thanks or nod of head, went trippingly by him, and gained her place of vantage. She was just in time to see the boat, gay with bunting, noisy with music and steam-whistlings, sweep past her. Some one waved a handkerchief to her from the boat, and she returned the salute with her parasol. She watched the boat until the handkerchief flutterer was no longer seen—an interval of but a few minutes, for a sea-fog had drifted in, which quite shut out the view.

Now the young woman retraced her steps, and seemed decided not to take the way she had come, for she saw that the interloper had assumed his former position. She made a careful reconnoissance. "I am not going to climb that mountain of bricks, and ruin my boots. Oh! those filthy puddles! I might lift those truck handles out of the way, but I should soil my clothes scraping past those disgusting fish boxes. That man in the way? Must I wake him up again?" She must needs take, then, after all, the same road back. There was no help for it.

"I would like to pass," she said, touching him this time with the end of her parasol.

"You want the right of way?" inquired the man, not budging. "I rather think I gave it you some few minutes ago."

"You did, and as I want to get back, please move."

"Are you Juggernaut?"

"What?"

"Or the Shereef of Mecca, who rides rough-shod over the bodies of the faithful?"

"What can the man be talking about?" she said to herself. She retreated a step or two. She would have to scale the brick pile after all, so she thought.

"You need not be afraid, only it takes an effort on my part to rise. I have to think about it first, how it ought to be done, then try and do it. The co-co-o-o-

ordination seems all wrong." He muttered something she could not follow.

"Co-ordination," she said, however, repeating this. She knew what that meant. Then she felt just a little interested. "Are you hurt?" she inquired, as she propped her parasol against the bricks.

"I think I can manage it; only I do hope you are not going to run backward and forward on this particular edge of the wharf any more."

"Of course not."

"Because it is so very annoying." Here he closed his eyes, and took no further heed of her.

"Can he be drunk, or delirious? It is one of the two." She took off one of her gloves. The man's head had sunk on his breast, with his sound arm the nearer to her. His hand, she noticed at once, was that of a working-man. As he did not budge, she took this hand, slipped hers up to his wrist, felt his pulse, and in a very matter-of-fact way counted the beats. It was very irregular. Now it lagged, and now it galloped. "Alcoholic excitement, possibly," she said, with an almost imperceptible shrug of her shoulders.

She could pass him now, but still she lingered. She bent down, low down, and with a slight grimace approached her own sweet face close to that of the sleeper. "Let me not forget the most practical of all, the ground-work, in fact, of a diagnosis." She looked steadily in the face of the young man now, and noted that it was rather livid, save for the bruises, than flushed. After a moment's deliberation, she said: "Not a drop. It is disgusting to have had to do it, but there is no alcohol here. It might be his arm, fever, or something. How he twitches!"

Now the man opened his eyes with a sudden start. "If I let you pass, you will not wake me up again?"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Please don't make me talk, for talking bothers me. It is a bad strain, with a scratch or two. No bones broken. Unluckily it was his right arm." He talked as if detailing some one else's hurts.

"Has any one seen your arm?"

"Captain. Overhauled his chest."

"Quack medicines, probably?"

"Never tried them. I took something."

"Small bottle?"

"Yes."

"I know. Labelled morphine. You took an overdose."

"Maybe so."

"Is the skin abraded?"

"Rubbed—chaffed? You are chaffing me."

"Thank you for the definition, but indeed I am not chaffing you."

"Then you are through with me?"

The young woman examined very attentively the hawser, and seemed to count the strands. Then she took off her other glove, and said: "No, I am not through with you. Suppose you let me see your arm, and perhaps you will let me know how it happened?"

"Landed last night—bunker steamer. Night thick as mush. Wanted to come ashore. Did come in a yawl with the boy. Was going into town. Took a header through a hole in the wharf. Planking rotten. Caught myself somehow, and landed." Then he came to a full stop.

"Go on; try and shake off this inclination to doze," she said, prodding him with her parasol.

"Boy in boat must have heard him."

"Heard you—you. You made a splash in the water."

"No; heard me swear. Load of fish had to be carried somewhere early this morning. Captain wanted him to stay on board. Couldn't and wouldn't. Landed him, and so here he is."

"If it had been high water—for the tide rises here some twelve feet—you would have been drowned. I am somewhat to blame."

"*Mea culpa;* that's consoling—and how?"

"I said I was somewhat to blame. I have been on this wharf twenty times, and I thought some one would fall through the holes in it. Why didn't I take a piece of wood and some nails, and close up the holes? I suppose you were stunned."

"Bump on the head, and a fall in the ooze. Came to when the crabs were crawling on me."

"I am now in some kind of relationship with the patient," thought the young woman. Then she said, quite suddenly, "Now show me your arm." He hesitated. "I have no desire that you should make an exhibition of yourself. We are not going to have a crowd of boys. I suppose you are in pain. If you had been a—a—" Then she stopped.

"Dog?" suggested the man.

"Well, yes," replied the young woman, quite deliberately. "Had I thought that

the animal was suffering, and that I could relieve it, providing it did not want to bite me, I should have tried to help it. I am a very plain-spoken person, and have no time or words to waste."

"Yes," he said, as if not gainsaying that assertion.

"There is that small store-house at the end of the wharf. Can you walk that far? You must try. It is always open. You will go there, and I will look at your arm. If you could walk as far as Mrs. Prindle's, who lives on King Street—"

"I never was in this confounded Nekasset before."

"I board there. You might ask for Dr. Naomi Thorp—that is my name. Suppose I state to you that if I looked at that arm of yours now, any advice I might give would be gratuitous—not cost you anything. Do you understand? It would be considered in the light of a casual or accidental case; whereas, if you came and consulted me, it would be at the least five dollars, and if I got you well—providing you could afford it—from twenty-five to fifty dollars." She said all this very quietly and distinctly, in a purely business manner.

"Oh, indeed! That puts the matter in an entirely different light, and simplifies it quite. I can understand now why you did not nail up the holes in the wharf."

Dr. Naomi Thorp had heard the Gil Blas joke at lectures. Then it had a general application, but being used personally now, she did not like it. She was disappointed. Her little speech, she believed, she had fairly rounded. It ought to have impressed him with her dignity, and he was ridiculing her. She had not yet passed him, when he rose at last.

"I am going to that store-house at once, and I am indeed quite grateful to you. Won't you do two things?—don't argue with me, and give me your hand; for, under present circumstances, I might drown, because I couldn't swim. Is it far?"

She did not notice his thanks, but held out her hand, and led him along some thirty feet easily enough. Just as soon as there was a place for two, Dr. Naomi dropped his hand, and was the first to enter the little store-house. It was a miserable shanty, half filled with barrels of mackerel, and redolent with smell of fish. The man sat on an empty barrel. She stood over him, a woman barely up to the ordinary stature of her sex. She was very silent as she untied the knot of his sling, a red cotton handkerchief, with the fingers of her right hand, supporting his hurt arm with her left. The sleeve of his shirt had been slit to the shoulder. She rolled this up, bared the arm, and unwound a clumsy bandage. There was a hydrant in one dark corner of the house, evidently employed for making brine for the fish, for the water had made the floor all sloppy. She flung the bandage into a bucket. Next she drew out of her pocket a pair of scissors, and cut the shirt around the arm, exposing the shoulder. She might have blushed, but she never winced.

"The cut here does not amount to anything, nor is there any strain at the wrist. The swelling does not come from that," said Dr. Thorp.

"Oh, cold-blood doctor! Evidently you do not pet your patients. Belittle the case all you please. The cause may not amount to anything, but that does not diminish the effects."

"Your shoulder is out of joint, and the longer it stays that way the worse it will be. Now steady, if you please. You have taken enough morphine to kill you, and you may think yourself fortunate that the pain and nervous excitement hold the narcotic in equilibrium."

"Please do not expatiate on my luck. I don't see the fitness of it, and then there is no audience for you to lecture to."

"I, lecturing? I have no chloroform. You don't want any."

"Your fingers—I ought not to say so—give me exquisite anguish. 'Her cool fingers on his scorching hurts' is such stuff!"

"Certainly it is. That arm—"

"It is not an indefinite, a vague arm, if you please, nor a class-experiment arm, an object for vivisection, but my own particular arm, and I heartily wish it was some other fellow's arm. Excuse me, but I suppose I am a very querulous patient."

"That arm must be straightened before congestion sets in, and some slight congestion has already set in. How idiotic not to have sent for a surgeon at once!"

"Not so idiotic as you think. If my present condition of addle does not play me false, I am quite certain the captain, at my request, sent a boy into this miserable town for a doctor."

"Oh! well, we can't wait for him."

"No, we can't."

"Lean up against these barrels. I am, I think, strong enough to bring that arm straight. It is not brute force, but the knack of it. You must help me in a certain way. I shall begin to pull, and will count one, two, three."

"Heave a ho-e-ye hoy! Is that it?"

"Of course it will hurt you. When I say three, steady yourself, and assist me by turning your left side toward me, so as to draw back your bad arm. Now I am going to count. There is no necessity for you to exert any violent action."

"Why, it is like a stage duel, and only wants music."

"Pray cease this nonsense. I am very serious."

"I say, doctor, if the surgeon's profession were entirely filled by women—nice ones—then men would be ashamed to show the white feather. Anyhow, have I your permission to groan?"

"I shall begin now," said Dr. Naomi Thorp, wondering whether it was bravado, courage, or banter her patient was displaying.

"Is it not very close, stifling, in here?"

"I am sorry to say it is, though the door is wide open. Now the sooner we have this over, the better. The arm a little sloping—so. I know it is agony." (She wished she had not said that.) "One, two." Then her voice did not exactly soften or lower in volume, only it was pitched fully a semitone higher, for a woman's glottis is a very uncertain instrument under excitement.

"Three!" he said, closing his teeth with a snap, as he gave his body a wrench, she the arm a pull, and then it looked as if he would fall face foremost on the floor. As it was, she had to hold him, and push him against a stack of staves. He was quite in her arms, for her patient had fainted.

"Oh, what an awful, awful mess!" she said. "When men faint, they do it so stupidly, so clumsily, as if by impact, and are so dreadfully obstinate about coming to. I wonder how long he will remain in this condition? Frightened? Not a bit of it." (This was hardly true, for she was quivering.) "I mean mentally. I can't say as much for what is purely physical in me. That will get callous and hardened in time, I trust. What a rough couch!" That was only her second expression of pity for him, but then he could not hear her. She had her hand on his pulse. "He is slowly turning the corner," she said. By dint of sheer strength she got his legs one way, his head another, with his bad shoulder uppermost. Now she disengaged herself, took her handkerchief, and wiped off the beads of perspiration which were streaming from his forehead. A stray lock of his brown hair straggled over his face, and she put it aside. The bruise under his eye did not extend to his nose. The cut was on the nostril, and as she washed away the blood she saw with some satisfaction that it was neither deep nor long. He certainly looked improved, very much improved, after this rapid toilette. Now the flies buzzed and settled on him, and she brushed them off. She dipped her handkerchief in the running water, for she had turned on the cock and could not stop the flow. She laid her handkerchief on his forehead.

"I am quite certain, now that it is all over, that I was neither fussy nor flustered. I could not, for the life of me, help thinking of a manikin that you have to haul and pull round. I am to expect cases of this kind occasionally, I suppose." This she said in a congratulatory kind of way. But she happened to look down at herself.

Fish had been gutted at daybreak in the house, and Dr. Naomi saw that her neat boots and stockings were filthy. The arms of her clear colored gingham dress bore pendants of fish slime. In her last scramble over a barrel, when she had to prop up the man, the moist ink of a freshly stencilled brand had transferred to her skirt a blurred confusion of XX's, No. 2's, and Prime Messes. She glistened in the dull light with spangles of fish scales. Her hat bore a peculiar ornamentation composed of a mackerel tail. She had trodden her light parasol into the dirt.

Had there been a looking-glass on the wall, and had Dr. Thorp caught a reflection of herself, she would have cried. She felt sullied, disreputable. She looked at the man in her irritation. Although the scratch across his nose, the blue blur under his eye, were covered with her handkerchief, she could see them. All his unsightly blemishes were reflected in her own person. She felt a horror of herself, and would have fled the place. She ran swiftly to the door, overcome with some dread feeling of self-degradation. She wanted the air. The sea-mist enshrouded

the land and the wharf. What little she could see of it looked ghastly. If—if only some of the hands who worked on the wharf would come! Then she would explain all in a few words, and have the man sent to a hospital. Great God! should he have taken too much morphine, after all, and never wake again? She tore back to him. Groundless alarm! He showed some slight movement. He drew one leg slowly under him, and faintly asked for water.

Dr. Thorp suppressed the slightest inclination toward a peculiar hysterical shiver as she found herself repeating a verse of Mother Hubbard:

> "She went to the joiner's
> To buy him a coffin,
> And when she came back
> The poor dog was laughing."

There was no cup, nothing in the miserable place that would hold water, save the dirty bucket, and that was too heavy for her to lift, and still he murmured, "Water." She tried to fashion a shaving into some cup-like form, but it was a funnel, and, Danaid-like, the fluid was spilled. She filled her hand with the running water and put it to his parched lips. Had he kissed that hand, even in his delirium, she might have slapped his face. He was too unconscious to know how delicate a vessel was held to his mouth.

Now at last a footstep was heard. Through a chink in the house Dr. Naomi watched a cooper approach. She had seen him often before working on his barrels. It was an inexpressible relief to her to change her aggressive mood to one of volubility.

"A man fell through your miserable tumble-down wharf last night, which is a disgrace to your dead-and-alive sleepy old town. If he has any sense left, he will sue your wretched corporation, or the steamboat company, for damages, and I do so hope he will! He has a dislocated shoulder, and must be suffering intense pain. He is lying on your nasty mackerel barrels, in your offensive house. He needs caring for. Send for a constable—a doctor—anybody; get a hack, and have him carried somewhere."

"Bless me, miss, what a pickle you are in, to be sure! Is it any of the boys around here?" inquired the cooper.

"How should I know who it is? Don't ask stupid questions. Do what I bid you at once; and just as soon as you have procured assistance, take some nails and wood, and close up every one of those holes, and come to me this afternoon—Dr. Naomi Thorp, at Mrs. Prindle's—and I will pay you a half-dollar for patching up your wharf. What on earth are you waiting for?"

The old cooper hurried off.

Then she was going too; but now she seemed to remember something. She went to the man's side, and made a movement as if to whip her handkerchief off his forehead. His hand was on his face. She hesitated. She went to the bucket, took out the discarded bandage, washed it carefully, and moving his limp fingers, succeeded in making the substitution, putting her own wet handkerchief in her pocket.

"The commonest of clap-trap incidents, a handkerchief with my initials, he shall not take advantage of. It strikes me now that I was silly enough to give him my name, but certainly he was too much out of his head to have remembered it. But that coarse wad of canvas must be very uncomfortable, it is so rough and harsh; and the water running into his mouth will choke him. Oh, those horrid flies!" and she sat motionless beside him, with his wrist in her hand, counting the pulse beats. He was improving. Her hat was trailing on the floor. She pulled off the veil and cast it lightly over his face. Then came the sound of wheels approaching the wharf, and she heard the cooper's voice.

"Just seed you, Doc, a-driving past. Mebbe, says I, Doc Anthony is going to the wharf to meet some of his company folks a-coming by the boat; so I hailed you."

She premeditated an escape. She once more gave heed to her own personal appearance, and such considerations were most unfortunate. She was quite unconscious that she had knelt down on the muddy floor, but that she was all besmirched and bedraggled she was quite certain of.

She ran quickly out, giving no look behind her. On the other side of the wharf was a pile of scantlings. Hidden there, she stopped. The doctor and the cooper went into the house. "Then my duty is done," she said, as she hurried homeward. It was not a town where the streets were thronged, and so she met only two or three persons, who, however, stared at her forlorn appearance. Shunning the main thoroughfares, she threaded the narrow

wynds of that peculiar fishing town. At last she reached her lodgings. She had decided to burn her dress, but Mrs. Prindle met her squarely as she entered.

"Sakes!" exclaimed the relict of a departed fisherman. "It do look as if you had been wading through gurry, or cutting fish bate, or something. How ever did you get in sich a mess? Fish offal is mighty slippery to walk over, as me as is a fisherman's widder oughter know."

"I suppose this dress never will look well again?" said Mrs. Prindle's boarder, quite despondingly.

"You can't never tell what colors will stand, only this fancy lettering on it I am afeered will stick," was Mrs. Prindle's reply, given rather pointedly. "Dry-goods is like people: you can make lectures and discourses on 'em with a moral. There is two ways of treating souls, by wiolence or 'suasion; sometimes hot water and soapin' spiles things what soakin' kin cure."

The boarder, in wet shoes and sullied apparel, was anxious to reach her room, but Mrs. Prindle on the stairs blocked the way. "I want to change my clothes at once—at once," said the boarder, peremptorily.

Curiosity to know all about how it happened gave place to the risks of an actual contact with her boarder.

When Naomi reached her room, the change of dress was quickly made. Now she sat looking through the window toward the sea, which was generally visible from all the windows in the little town. It was still thick, and the shores were wrapped in folds of softest cotton. Acoustically a fog-bank plays all kinds of tricks with sound. Away off in the distance she thought she heard the measured clang of the bell buoy, which unceasingly complained of its loneliness, as it swung round and round at its anchorage on the bar far out to sea.

She felt ashamed of herself at her feeling of dreariness, and even reproached herself for a false femininity, and all this pother about a dress and a hat. "Why should I have been so weak as to run away? It was, though, a most disgusting place to work in. I am quite sure that it was better that the man should have had his shoulder set at once than have waited for hours. It is a disgusting experience. I suppose Dr. Anthony will take care of him. I hope he will. The other doctor is an ignoramus, though any one with common-sense could attend to him now. I am not quite sure but that I was very silly to have run away, after all my trouble." Then she opened a big book, and turned to a particular chapter in it treating of dislocations, and was soon fully absorbed. In an hour she laid aside her reading and took to some piece of sewing, getting what light she could from the window. Now she looked out.

A bright sun was shining on sea and land, for the fog had all disappeared. The wind had veered, and a pleasant gale was humming through the firs and rustling her window-curtains. It was the pleasantest sight to see. There was a great expanse of water, with dim blue islands far, far away, and, bending to the spanking breeze, coasters and fishermen were scudding along with snow-white bellying sails; great purple headlands elbowed their way into the waters, and there were russet dunes, green-topped, and, as the wind blew, the tall straggling reeds would seesaw and balance, rhythmic like, as if imitative of the dance of the undulating waves. Naomi caught a glimpse of the wharf, and recalled her morning's adventure. Everybody was busy on that wharf now. She quickly turned away her eyes, and tried to blot it out entirely from her memory. But one sense, as it often happens, refused to forget. She smelled the oppressive closeness of the store-house and its disgusting effluvia of fish. Any inclination to feel unhappy was dispelled by a knock at the door.

"Every blessed hole kivered with two-inch stuff: 'most an hour's job; took three pound of spikes," said the cooper. "Don't r'a'ly pay me for the time and material; but a bargain's a bargain. Thank 'e." The cooper was going, when he added: "Doc Anthony he turned up. I hailed him jest as you scudded off. Seems t'other town doctor was called, but was obleeged to go into the country. Doc Anthony don't 'tend common folk mostly. The constable he turned up too. The man was a-trying to set up when we come in. Wharf hands was a-going to truck him to the hospital, when a bunker steamer comes in, and her captain he come a-tearing on the wharf, and claimed the man, and offered Doc Anthony any amount of money ef he would take the man to his house and fix him good—so he said. But Doc Anthony said it wasn't convenient, because his house was full, and that the hotel was

the best place for him. So a hack was chartered, and we boosted him in, and I guess he is all right now. The doctor says it will be ten days before he is spry again; and says he, 'Somebody's been here and been a-fixing of him.' Then I chipped in: says I—"

"What did you say?" inquired Naomi, busy with her sewing.

"I said a young woman must have done the fixing—a nateral bone-setter. 'Friend of the young man?' asked Doc Anthony. 'Must have been,' says I, 'seeing how anxious she were about him.' Then the young fellow—we was a-carrying of him—says he, 'I can't claim no acquaintance with the lady who set my shoulder, though I am all-fired grateful,' says he. If it wasn't 'all-fired,' it was something jest as strong. 'I should like so much to thank her,' says he. Then says I, 'I kin find her.' Then says he: 'If it ain't ag'in your rules, doctor, maybe you will allow Dr. Naomi Thorp to consult with you. She said she lived—' Then he couldn't remember that, but he had your name quite pat. Then Doc Anthony he smiled, and the man being propped up in Bill Small's yaller hack, him and the bunker captain was druv off to the United States. You and him was acquainted, surely?" concluded the cooper.

No reply was vouchsafed him. Then the tea bell rang, the cooper left, and the boarder went down to the dining-room.

In that primitive town, where there was little to do, there was a great deal to hear. News flew with electric speed from lip to ear. Here was an incident for Mrs. Prindle, and she had imparted and received many details. The plain stuff of the story, limp enough of itself, could stand up now alone, so elaborately had it been embroidered. If decorative art had its application in gossip, Nekasset would have elevated itself to the dignity of an Athens.

"And, dear me, to think," Mrs. Prindle remarked to her boarder, who, seated opposite to her, felt very miserable as she was alone, "that you was a doctor! I kind of wondered what you kept studyin' so in them big books with kind of first page of almanacs in 'em. Is you a judge of roots and sich? Your frock is a-sopping in cold water, and is bound to come round, barring the letters and figgers on it. A jumping in arter a young feller is a mighty risky kind of business—and kin you swim good?"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Prindle! I do not know how to swim."

"Then how, sakes alive! did you drag him out? That's what they says, anyways. A sea-faring-looking man, was it? I should have thought he would have knowed better how to keer for himself. Erastus Prindle was in the water, knocked over by a boom, a half-dozen times, and never was drowned, but died nateral after all. He always knowed, poor soul, when he had enough on board, and though I am as good-hearted a woman as any, and a temperance woman to boot, I should kind of hate to be exposing my days for a man as was in liquor."

This was exasperating. Behold her the heroine of tales of the most absurd character. If she did not tell the incident just as it had occurred, how wild and exaggerated might not become the story!

"Says I," continued Mrs. Prindle, "to Nancy Coffin, who was a-talking to me over the fence, 'tain't so; she hain't been in the water a-swimming no more than you has, seeing that her dress wasn't wet above the ankle—jest to the first flounce.' 'Then what are you a-washin' it for?' says Nancy. Neighbors is so inquisitive! and always peeking around. But she didn't git no satisfaction from me. He ain't no sea-faring man for a regular thing, now they says, leastways the bunker captain said he wasn't. You can see the trail of smoke from that bunker steamer now to the westward. Now, Miss Thorp, jest to stop all this busybodying and clack, ef you give it to me straight, I'll put a clapper on all this tattle. They say him and you keeps company."

"Not at all, Mrs. Prindle. I never saw the man before, and do not know his name. Your boarders went on an excursion. I did not care to join them. I had made a promise to be on the wharf to see them off." Then Naomi gave in brief the facts, without emphasizing any particulars.

"So in passing around in that nasty fish-house you got dirty. Dear me! you might have told me that at wunst. Ef you had said you had tumbled down in a boat well, I should have believed you. I was jest a-wondering how you got in sich a mess. It's nateral for a woman's head to get in a ferment. No pie? You are off your appetite. I'll put it away for supper, for the other ladies will be coming home starved. People on Sunday-school excursions mostly gits famished."

Naomi escaped further interrogations. When the young ladies did come in later, they had the story from their landlady. It was a very discursive narrative, in which the hypothetical assumed the more conspicuous position.

II.

During the first year of the civil war a soldier's wife, having with her a little girl, came to an extemporized hospital near Washington to tend a wounded husband. The man died. Then friends in the little town of Maine where Captain Thorp had lived interested themselves about the widow. She became a nurse, and in time, when the hospital took a permanent form, she assumed a more responsible position. Mrs. Thorp was saving and thrifty. Naomi was a child of ten when she lost her mother. Some little estate had been left the child, a few hundreds of dollars, and a surgeon of the hospital was made trustee and the girl's guardian. Dr. Bell was a devoted friend. He sent the little girl to school, and out of his pocket paid for her clothes and instruction, economizing her meagre capital. When Naomi was fifteen, her foster-father, a bachelor so far, married, and the girl's condition was at once changed. When children were born to the surgeon, Naomi at once appreciated the situation. She did not hesitate long as to the choice of a profession. As a child she had followed her mother through the wards. She had heard of surgery and medicine ever since words had a meaning to her. "Why not fit myself for a nurse's calling? It was my poor mother's vocation," she often thought.

She laid her plans before her guardian, but he only half approved of them.

"If you study medicine," inquired Dr. Bell, who rather discountenanced the woman practitioner, "what might be the end you had in view?"

"Nothing more than to find a position in some institution."

"A hospital life is a horrible one for a woman. Now let us look at it, Naomi, on all sides. You will be eighteen before long, and you know now more Latin and Greek than I ever will. Say you study medicine, and graduate when you are twenty-four. A matron must be forty."

"I should have to wait. But in the mean time I should have to do something else—find a place in some school. My ambition is not of a very lofty kind."

"You want to be a professor, and occupy a chair?"

"I am no Hypatia. There are certain collateral branches I might get a smattering of."

"I never knew you to smatter—you are always too dead in earnest for that. But do you really think that an M.D. printed in blue and gold in a girl's college Commencement, as a tag to your name, would give the programme additional lustre?"

"It might help to buy bread and shoes. Unconsciously you have been my teacher. My first books were those I found on your office table. What little money you have so carefully kept for me I must expend for my studies. If you say no, I may have to give it up—but then what can I do?"

"Can't we postpone it for a while? No need for such haste."

But Naomi would not brook postponement. At last her guardian's consent was given. Her matriculation followed shortly. She set herself resolutely to work. At twenty-three, having passed her examination with credit, she received her diploma. Save an occasional visit to Washington during brief vacations, Naomi had seen little of her adopted home for the last four years.

"Now you have come, and it is to stay with us," was Dr. Bell's welcome, when Naomi as a woman came to him and his wife.

"Yes, but not for very long. My life is to begin now. I want work, and will seek it."

"You need rest, and you must get it. You are looking pale, and very likely have overtaxed your strength. Women do not always stand such a long pull with impunity. You shall laze away this summer with us, and we will look around later; you require a breathing spell."

It was June then. But what Dr. Bell had noticed about Naomi—a mental and physical unrest—became in time more fully developed. In July a decided tendency toward a malarious complaint sent Naomi to bed for a week.

"It is only a change of air that can do you good; our debilitating summer will keep you suffering until frost. You must have sea air and an entire change of life. I made full arrangements for this move yesterday. I wrote to Anthony, an old friend of mine, about you."

"Dr. Anthony? I know him through his text-book."

"If you have read it, it is more than I have done. Anthony has a country house somewhere on the Massachusetts coast, and passes his summers there—Nekasset—and gets up vital force for his arduous winter's work in Boston. You will go there, and talk about his book to him—that is, when you get well."

"Dr. Anthony is interested in some educational scheme—a higher school for women. I corresponded six months ago with a teacher there in regard to a possible vacancy. Dr. Anthony's acquaintance might be exceedingly useful. I should be glad to go, wherever it is, providing it is not too expensive. I am so out of heart with this break-down at the beginning of my work. I must do all I can to get well." And this was the way Dr. Naomi Thorp came to Nekasset.

A few days after Naomi's arrival Mrs. Anthony opened her handsome house with an assemblage of fashionable people. It was at an afternoon tea, with lawn tennis and dancing, that Naomi became acquainted with Dr. Anthony and his wife. The poor guest had felt at the outset somewhat awkward. She was a postulant, or had made up her mind to be one, and as such thought her position, that of an entertained person, was a false one. All the time Dr. Anthony was talking to her, Naomi was thinking how impossible it would be for her to ask for some modest position in his school.

That she possessed a quiet elegance of manner Mrs. Anthony was the first to concede, and the doctor's wife was the most difficult of critics. Mrs. Anthony said, Clara is comely, and Helen homely, and no one ever as much as gainsaid her. "She really has, doctor, a well-bred air. I do believe that I could make myself agreeable to her if she staid with us, which is more than I care to do for some women. A rather prim reminder of the Tennysonian Princess, and I wonder where she got it. Born and bred in a hospital, you said, doctor? Poor dear! But she don't look in the least like a mushroom grown in a cellar. Seems rather delicate and pale. Wonderfully good eyes, though she gives them no chance. Maybe she has them in training for gold spectacles. Tell her, please, not to do it. No, I did not introduce her as Dr. Naomi Thorp. Why? Because people would have stared at such a handsome girl as that with a handle to her name. After all, she is entirely too nice-looking for the professional woman, and knowing that, has decided to mar her personal charms, and dress down to the calling. I wonder if she dances? My young Boston microscopist has failed me, or I would have made him her exclusive prey."

Mrs. Anthony did, however, introduce her guest to a dancing man, and Naomi was quite at her ease, and chatted pleasantly, though she pleaded indisposition rather than her want of knowledge in dancing as precluding her "taking just one turn on the grass—so delightfully elastic, you know." Then the dancing man sought that consolation which elasticity brings elsewhere. Mrs. Anthony, who was tender-hearted, brought Naomi a cup of tea, and by her gracious way and winning manner soon made the girl feel at home.

Now the doctor, at a sign from his wife, came and asked many questions about Dr. Bell, an old college mate, whom Dr. Anthony had far outstripped in the race for fame and fortune. Naomi was quite at her ease with him. Her host at first barely touched on a professional topic. Naomi did not ventilate her erudition. Doctors' talk had nothing novel to her: she had heard it all her life. But then it happened that the great doctor broached in a tentative way some rather abstract topic, which, he stated, had been brought to his notice only that morning. Naomi listened attentively, then ventured on a few queries characterized by an apparent familiarity with former conventional ideas. They were suggestive enough to start Dr. Anthony, and he took a broad flight over the whole subject. His was a mind of the first rank. Though specialists had a right to exist, so he thought, he had a way of pooh-poohing them. Other men slung for him their sides of beef over the mountain-sides, down the precipices, after the diamonds. He was that great bird that clutched the meat and precious stones, and soared away with them, and sorting, polishing, cutting his gems, finally set them all flashing in one lustrous harmonious whole. Naomi tried to follow him in his flight, and held her breath. It ended by her telling him honestly her want of knowledge. He would show her, he said, what were the most recent facts. An author, a distinguished foreign authority, had sent him his pamphlet, and he had received it but a few hours ago. Could she read German?

Then he offered her his arm, and the quiet little woman and the great tall doctor went to the house, the magnificence of which awed Naomi, until she reached the study, which, in contrast with the rest of the house, seemed to her to represent the very acme of quiet and repose.

The host put on the table an armful of books, and glowing with his subject, talked wonderfully about these new facts; and Naomi cleared up for him a rather intricate passage in the famous German pamphlet, where the verb had to be lassoed, as it had straggled off somewhere out of sight into the middle of the next page. Just as Naomi's face was all aglow—for she had quoted a text from Dr. Anthony's own book, really unconscious of it, and the great man was looking delighted—Mrs. Anthony swooped in, rustling in silks, and said: "Fi on you! Don't you know that you have come here to Nekasset, doctors both of you, to play and lounge, and here turns up a certain Miss Naomi Thorp, who invites solemn conclaves with this husband of mine, and lures him on to Virchow, Haeckel, and Pasteur, with bones, spores, germs, and protoplasms—things entirely beyond my comprehension. This can't be, and sha'n't be. Scientific *tête-à-tête* may be harmless, but are not permissible. Dr. Anthony, there are sixty perfectly elegant people asking for you, and I can't be expected to entertain them all. Miss Thorp, you are mine, and to show you how much I love you, I shall take you to my nursery, and let you see the loveliest little boy—mine—that you ever beheld. It won't take ten minutes;" and putting her arm under Naomi's, the great lady led her up the wide stairs of the house, and both hostess and guest were happy. Then, when the visit to the little boy had been paid, and they were once more in the hall of the house, Naomi begged permission to withdraw. She was not very strong, she said; and Mrs. Anthony kissed her, bidding her good-by. "We are going to carry you off by force from Mrs. Prindle, who may be a nice landlady, but is a shocking gossip. Some day you will find your baggage all gone, and you will have to come here to look it up."

Naomi left, and walked homeward. Her baggage! It was very inconsiderable—a small trunk and a box of books. She appreciated the kindness of the Anthonys, but was morbidly sensitive as to accepting their hospitality. To appear among these well-to-do people was to assume their habits. She had felt herself perhaps for the first time in her life badly dressed. There had not been a single woman at that afternoon tea who was not better attired than she. She had but a tag of lace, and a single plain brooch her poor mother had once worn. The kid gloves she had bought for the occasion at the Nekasset variety store were ill-fitting, and their cost was more than she thought she could afford.

Two days afterward she had called on the Anthonys, but they had gone yachting for a week. So the opportunity to ask the doctor for a place was not yet possible. She had been three weeks at Nekasset, had gained strength, was improving, but so far had not advanced a footstep in her career.

"My first patient," said Naomi, as she thought over the man with the bad shoulder, "has brought me neither honor nor profit. A dress ruined, and the wet handkerchief crammed into my pocket has spoiled my poor shabby porte-monnaie, and it looks as if I should be annoyed by endless gossip. I should have been happier, I suppose, if my first case had carried with it more agreeable impressions." Then there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Prindle said: "A note for you, Miss Thorp. No use opening the door. I'll push it under. Don't want any supper?"

Naomi declined supper, and took the note and read:

"My dear Miss Thorp,—Your patient is at the United States, and doing well. Nothing will be required to-night. At his request you are to call on him to-morrow. If you make it at 9 o'clock, I will try to be present, and transfer the case into your hands, where it belongs. You are aware that I am here for rest and not for work, and, besides, it is quite certain that you would know better how to treat the case than I. I will send my coupé for you at half past 8 A.M., and the coachman has instructions where to drive you, and he is at your disposal as long as you want him. In the door pocket of the coupé you will find the German pamphlet we were looking at. One page I have turned down, and you will see my pencil marks. I have not yet seized some minor details, and the clearest conception of them is what I want. Will you kindly translate as you

ride along, and write it out on the margin? Mrs. Anthony sends her regards.

"With much respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"G. B. ANTHONY.

"NEKASSET, *August* 28, 1882."

III.

Naomi went down to breakfast that next morning with the certainty of running the gauntlet, nor was she disappointed. There was a decided mien of expectancy about Mrs. Prindle and the three young women boarders. They craned their necks, toyed with their tea-spoons, opened their eyes, and ceased eating. Like arrows flew the interrogations. Naomi winced under their smart. Sometimes the color mounted in her cheeks, but she suppressed a sharp reply when queries of a personal character were indulged in. Mrs. Prindle made a most unfortunate diversion, how a friend of hers, an electric doctor, had once fallen heir to seventy-five dollars, all in Spanish doubloons, a-nussing of an old man that was a miser, and was believed to have been a slaver, and how she would have married him too, if he hadn't died suddent, before she knowed it, and she was that disappointed like that she sued the old man's estate for two hundred and fifty dollars more, and got it too, and how she (Mrs. Prindle), wouldn't have let her nuss a cat, and she did believe that— But before the climax was reached, the sound of wheels was heard.

Taking her hat and gloves from the chair beside her, and leaving the room, Naomi tripped down the steps and entered the coupé without looking behind her. The accomplishment of this had been so rapid that neither Mrs. Prindle nor the boarders could understand it. It partook of the characteristics of a theatrical disappearance.

"Just like Cinderella," said the best-natured boarder.

"Some women are born to be lucky," said the silly one.

"A young woman boarding at four dollars a week, and not a very good table at that," remarked the third boarder, of a cynical turn of mind, when out of Mrs. Prindle's hearing, "does not ride around in little carriages."

"She has had her lodgings just a dollar cheaper than she should," thought Mrs. Prindle.

"I would rather have gone afoot," thought Naomi; "and what ought I to give the coachman?"

It was the most comfortable of vehicles, softly lined. Some one had placed a bunch of violets and mignonette on a cushion. The road led along the reaches of the sea for some distance, then slanted across the outskirts of the little town, and a hill had to be mounted, for the United States Hotel that crowned it was rather a place of resort for pleasure-seekers than a country hostelry.

Naomi reclined on the cushions, keeping fairly out of sight. She quite forgot the pamphlet she was to look at. She took the little bouquet and stuck it in her belt. There was a bulge in the pocket of the door lining. She plunged in her hand and drew out a pamphlet: a leaf was turned down, and numerous ? ? were seen. Here were the doubtful paragraphs, three or four of them, not more than three-quarters of a page altogether. The road was smooth, the springs softened every jolt, the passage presented no difficulty; and on the margin of the pamphlet, in a fairly steady hand, she wrote a clear translation. Then closing her eyes, she started a day-dream from the *Arabian Nights* of the poor slave translated into Haroun-al-Raschid's palace. Would the time ever come when she would ride to see her patients, her hours so much engrossed that her only opportunity to keep abreast with the medical literature of the day would be when in her own carriage? If that impossible time ever came, it would be when she was fifty, old and withered, broken down with toil, and without any bunch of mignonette in her waist. And yet no woman of modern times had ever reached the climax of the profession. Who was she that dared hope to conquer prejudice and rise to a pinnacle of fame? She had worked so hard! and could she keep on toiling? Where was her imagination carrying her to? She catechised herself. She knew what she was, what she could do, what she was worth. Was it these luxurious surroundings which were speeding her on to some fanciful goal? The estimate of herself was a false one, she concluded. All she hoped to be was a nurse, or a teacher, or something that was very humble and unconspicuous. Somehow or other she was in a false position. Some men and many women might have tact, and turn any circumstances to their advantage. Why had she shown so much

bravado? Why had she paraded so in baring the man's shoulder, and for what? Why had she meddled at all in the case? Would it not be better for her to bid the driver stop, dismiss him, and return home afoot, for Dr. Anthony could attend to the man? Then suddenly the coupé came to a full stop, and a hotel porter opened the door.

"Ladies' entrance—this way, ma'am. Send up your card?"

Naomi had no card. "Is there not staying here a person who was hurt yesterday in the town?" she inquired, hesitatingly.

"Yes, ma'am, gent with a bad arm, or leg, in No. 43, second story front. Seafaring party with him. Relation of his, ma'am?"

"No. I am a doctor," said Naomi, resolutely. "Dr. Anthony was to meet me here by appointment. Is Dr. Anthony here? Is it nine o'clock?"

"Know Dr. Anthony, ma'am, and he has not come yet. It is ten minutes of nine. Shall I take you up to the gentleman's room?"

The porter was evidently in a hurry, and made no pretense of showing Naomi the ladies' parlor. She could not wander about the house, and so miss Dr. Anthony.

"You will show me the room, and as soon as Dr. Anthony calls, pray tell him that Dr. Naomi Thorp is upstairs, waiting for him in the hall."

Naomi followed the porter reluctantly. "Ten minutes are soon past," she said to herself, "and I must wait until he comes."

But the man ran ahead of her. He went swiftly along one hall, then into another, and before Naomi could prevent it, he had given a loud knock at a door. Then, to add to her discomfort, he had just as quickly disappeared, diving down a private stairway. Naomi stood for a moment stock-still. A lounging chamber-maid with broom and dust-pan eyed her. Perhaps the door might not open, after all, and she might wait until Dr. Anthony appeared. But the door was on the jar, and after a brief interval, responsive to the knock, she heard a rather husky but certainly masculine voice, which she at once recognized.

"Is that you? What is the use of knocking? Come in. I can't go to the door. Is it slops? Come in, you old bunker skipper! I have got a confounded headache. I shook off the nightmare, however, at sunrise this morning, when you were snoring on the floor—and heavens! can't you snore!—but why don't you come in?"

Naomi's hand trembled on the door-knob. "I want you to send a telegram for me. Ohe! ouch! this bandage is slipping, or something, and I am catching fits." Then Naomi, before she knew it, was in the room. The patient's back was toward her. The light step of the newcomer seemed to surprise the occupant.

At once he said, "I do not know who it is." Then, after a short pause: "This room is dreadfully close. I want fresh air. Pray open the windows. I can't budge, you know—no more turn than could a log—not even wriggle. Whoever it is, would he or she be good enough to come round to this side of me?"

In some book on scientific nursing there is a particular chapter devoted to the dress, the walk, of the nurse. Her robes must not rustle, anything like a frou-frou from feminine skirts is tabooed. She is not to tramp, but glide. In fact, in that book the poetry of nursing is described as belonging to one of the fine arts.

Naomi had somewhat of a contempt for all these written things. She did not make up her face, and though it was rather demure, it was one full of quiet sympathy which met the sick man's eyes.

Very quietly she said: "I am Miss Naomi Thorp—Dr. Thorp. I am very much afraid that heavy knock at the door disturbed you."

"Oh, I am so glad to see you—so very glad! I ought to say, Oh, my benefactor, or benefactress, and all that kind of thing, but that would be silly. Do you know that as I sat with my head reeling on the edge of that wharf, the water seemed so inviting that it was a wonder I did not topple over. It was only by an effort of the strongest will that I could prevent it."

"Hadn't you better not talk?"

"I have the faintest recollections of something all in white fluttering around me—half a woman, half an albatross, white wings, and all that—that would not let me sleep, and I was pounced on and drawn somewhere where there was a lot of fish, the odor of which was suffocating, and the only thing I distinctly recollect was that I suffered then some pain. Then I came to, I suppose, and you were gone."

"That is about it," said Naomi; "you had taken too much morphine. I may

not have quite understood your case, or the causes of your sleeping, when I first saw you."

"Nothing more likely, under those circumstances, than to have taken me for a tipsy sailor. Was I very surly!"

"No, sir; not at all. But will you please not talk quite so much?"

"Would you mind, doctor, handing me that looking-glass?"

"But you said, sir, that your arm was painful."

"Hurts like blazes. Stiff as iron, and seems at the same time all on fire. Oh, the air is so refreshing! That small glass, if you please." Naomi handed him one. "Sure my beauty is quite spoiled. Outline of nose entirely out of drawing. I have an exceedingly well-cut profile, so my mother thinks, when it is in its normal condition. Quite a display of color under my eye, called in æsthetic lingo 'a mouse.' Indeed, doctor, I am very much better looking than this. Pray won't you sit down?"

Naomi had been moving noiselessly about the room, which was badly littered. She was bringing it into some order. "I came here," she said, approaching his bedside, "by appointment, to meet Dr. Anthony; otherwise, I should have declined visiting you."

"And am I so badly off that I require two of you? Must I make my will? Was Dr. Anthony to come? I did not know that. And who, pray, is Dr. Anthony?"

"A great physician; the first in the country. He attended you after I had left you."

"That is it; and why, pray, did you leave me in the lurch?"

"Because I knew you were in better hands than mine. And now, having answered your questions, if I can do nothing for your arm, which seems to be well bandaged, you will please to keep perfectly quiet, for by talking you will increase your headache and retard your recovery."

Then the patient closed his eyes, and Naomi noticed a pleasant smile on his face. The bruise on his cheek-bone had partly faded out, and the cut across the nose had left a scratch-like cicatrice. It was, after all, an honest, manly face. The sun now gleamed through the open window, and Naomi took a fan and shaded his face. She sat as still as a statue. The silence was painful. Was he asleep? The odor of her little bouquet rose in the air; she could throw the flowers out of the window without rising from her chair.

"Don't, please don't!" said the patient. "The sweetness of those flowers is quite reviving. It drives out of my mind the disagreeable reminiscences of that horrible little house."

"But, sir, flowers are not healthful in a sick-room."

"Pray put them in that tumbler. So sorry that your visit to me seems to distress you. My good old friend the captain ought to be here soon. He had to leave me, to see about his steamer. What a deal of bother I am causing! Is it the arm or the morphine that makes me so very stupid?"

"You are not expected to entertain me, sir."

"But you ought at least to know your patient's name. I am not a loafer on a wharf now, nor the man with the iron mask. It is a simple story. I am going to introduce myself to you, and explain why I sat mooning on that Nekasset wharf."

"You told it to me, sir. I have no desire to enter into further particulars. Of course I should have no objections to knowing your name."

"John Russell. Mother's 'Dear Jack,' and father's 'young fellow.' Learned engineering practically in my father's workshop, theoretically in the navy, and knocked about in government steamers for some three years. Left that, and took charge, with father, of his business. I invented something, took out a patent, and spent a lot of my money, and father's too, on it. All the engineers said it wouldn't work, and father got to be shaky about it. Then mother, who hadn't any more idea than the man in the moon about it—God bless her!—was on my side, and said I was a born genius. Then another fellow—a friend of mine, by-the-way—wrote an article in a scientific journal giving me particular fits. He proved by a and b, and the whole algebraic formula, that I was an ass, and the figures did make me look like that animal."

"You are exciting yourself, Mr. Russell."

"Mother, who did not know a *plus* from a *minus*, lost her temper, and scolded father, and the upshot of it was that from drawings we got down to the regular thing in iron, steel, and copper, and I

built a compound engine with boilers all according to the plans of that ass John Russell. The thing was to try it. A bunker steamer came to us for repairs. We induced the captain to have the whole trap set in his boat, he to pay cost if she worked right, and I agreed to run her a week—ten days—and, Dr. Thorp"—then he shut his eyes, and pursed up his lips as if to whistle, but couldn't.

"And what?" asked Naomi.

"Did it fail?" inquired John Russell.

"I hope not."

"That is so good of you! It worked splendidly, amazingly, famously! Immense power and little fuel. I was wild to leave the bunker steamer and get ashore anywhere, to telegraph home to father and crow over him, when Jack broke his crown. That's all. Now won't you take a piece of paper and write for me a dispatch for mother? Address it to Mrs. Russell, Montague Street, Brooklyn. Say: 'A great success; worked like a charm. Ran straight along without hitch or break. I have dislocated my shoulder, and am doing splendidly. Don't come on. Best of attention. Two leading doctors turned in on me. Express me my shiniest clothes and some money. Doctors' bills to be paid—'"

"Excuse me, sir," interposed Naomi.

"Is this a casual or an accidental case, Dr. Thorp? or is it a regular consultation? Is it an indelicacy to remunerate professional services? But I want to be a pay patient, then I can fuss and scold and hold you strictly accountable. Would you mind ringing that bell, Dr. Thorp?—your poor patient wants a cup of tea or something."

"I am ashamed of myself, Mr. Russell, to have forgotten it; but you would talk. If only I could go down into the kitchen and prepare something for you!"

"And leave me alone? I would rather starve than that. Do you know, I never was ill or hurt before, and never was coddled much, and it's uncommonly nice."

There was a knock at the door. A servant who handed a note to Naomi received instructions to bring some tea and toast. Asking permission to read her note, which was from Dr. Anthony, Naomi was informed that a very grave case of illness in Boston had called Dr. Anthony away; that he would be absent a day or two, but would see her on his return. The brief note concluded as follows: "In such a simple case as that of Mr. Russell's I am quite sure my services would be unnecessary."

"If not a great liberty, is there any annoyance in that note? Your expression seems to show it," said the patient.

"Yes, sir, to a certain extent. Dr. Anthony has left Nekasset for a day or two, and can not visit you."

"And I am thrown entirely on your hands?"

"I am afraid so."

"I am delighted. Have you many patients?"

"None, sir."

"Then I may engage you permanently until John Russell is quite well. There is something immense in that. Physician in ordinary to his Grace John Russell. I shall have a complication of diseases."

"You are distressing me, perhaps unwittingly, Mr. Russell. I am forced to do the best I can for you under the circumstances. Very little skill is necessary—simply to keep you quiet, and that, indeed, at present seems to be a very difficult task."

A heavy tread was heard, and a weather-beaten, sailor-looking man entered.

"Machinery all right, captain?" asked the patient.

"Oh, I wish that arm of yours was a-going as well. Our own man's got her down to a p'int. Mate sent one of the boys overland to find me. Fish plenty, and we are in luck."

"Then you must go aboard, that's all," said John Russell.

"Kin I leave you? Is that lady a-nussing of you? I'm mighty poor that way."

"Yes; that is a doctor—my doctor; the lady who found me on the wharf."

"The pig-headedest young fellow you ever comed across. Bleed him, ma'am, a bucketful, like you would a hoss or a whale, and then you couldn't take the spirits out of him. Then good-by, sir, and to you, ma'am," and the bunker captain left.

"Shelved again, Miss Thorp. Everybody deserting me, and I don't know a human being here," said John Russell, quite complacently. It was becoming embarrassing. The servant came with a tray. John Russell tried to swallow a spoonful of tea, and spilled it. It was the doctor who had to feed the patient. He was a fairly patient man, and on his good behavior.

Then, the tea having been administered, he suddenly asked, "Could he smoke only one cigarette?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Because it is disagreeable to you?"

"No; but because it might be hurtful."

"Why? It is a sign I am getting better."

"Because you can not."

"Then I will be bad, and do nothing you bid me. Can I smoke to-morrow?"

"Yes, if you are better. But you will be no better if you talk so much. Please, please be silent."

There was so much of an appeal in her voice that the sick man was quiet for a few minutes. Then he said: "Ain't I good? I am dumb until further orders. Still, may I offer just one or two suggestions? Will you be good enough to go out by-and-by and find me a man for a nurse? Somebody in the house can be found. Is not that the best thing to do?"

"Yes. Then I may withdraw?"

"No, not so fast. Will you kindly hunt for my money? The captain, I think, put it with my watch in the basin. Wind the watch. Count the money. How much?

"Some fifty-two dollars."

"Then take charge of it, and pay for the telegram, and bring me newspapers and books—the books you like—and in time you shall read me to sleep."

"I do not know about that. Can I leave now? I will take charge of your money, though I do not like to. Pray allow me to go now."

"Yes; but I expect a visit from you at one o'clock to-day, and another say at four. Three visits a day is the very least I can do with. Is that agreed upon?"

"Sir?"

"But you have no other patient. I would not, however, like to interfere with your pleasures; for, Miss Thorp, on my word, I do not know whether you are a doctor for fun or not—*un médecin malgré lui.* You have been very good, kind, and gentle, and, what is more, you will be quite certain to pull me through."

"It will be necessary for me to call once more to-day, but a third call would be quite superfluous. I am not exercising my profession for the amusement of it. You are my first patient, and I am grateful because—because—you seem occasionally—not always, sir—to appreciate the difficulty of my position. Would you then be good enough to believe that I have a certain sense of the responsibilities of my calling, and that I am neither officious nor self-assuming?"

"My poor doctor!" said John Russell, reflectively.

"I will send the telegram, get the man, and perhaps to-morrow you might want to write a few words to your mother," suggested Naomi.

"That is very, very thoughtful. I should have to dictate a letter. Yes, I had better do that, or mother and sister will be posting on here. Then good-by. I wish I could shake hands with you. Please don't disturb the flowers. They might fall out from the window-sill. I do feel drowsy."

"Good-morning, sir;" and Naomi, closing blinds and door noiselessly, left the room.

A servant was soon found who would take charge of Mr. Russell. The proprietors of the house were civil and obliging, showing her a note from Dr. Anthony, requesting that every courtesy should be tendered to Dr. Naomi Thorp, under whose care the patient had been placed, and Dr. Anthony was the great man of Nekasset. At her suggestion a screen was to be placed in the room. She was handed into her carriage by the hotel proprietors. She drove quietly home, stopped at the telegraph office, and sent the message.

Somehow there was a secret joy in her heart. She had entered her career, as it were. She even thought something about her patient, but not so far as to separate him from his hurts.

IV.

Something like a reaction, accompanied by fever, had set in when Naomi returned to her patient at three o'clock. She had waited that long, rather impatiently, to take advantage of the omnibus which at that hour took people from the railroad to the hotel.

Mr. Russell's febrile condition reached its crisis at sundown. Frequent cooling dressings had to be applied to the arm. He showed some inclination to flightiness, and muttered in a disconnected way about cut-offs and steam pressures. A telegram came addressed to him, which Naomi withheld. Then he went after a while to sleep, and at about nine o'clock he woke without a start. Naomi was by his side.

"Doctor," he said, "you are wearing

yourself out. And have you been here long? I am very much better. Now after you have felt my pulse, do you trot straight home. Why, it is pitch-dark. Have you had anything to eat? Sick people—sick men are such selfish brutes. Where is that man?"

"I let him go an hour ago; he is to be back at half past nine. He can sleep on the sofa here. Please don't talk. I have arranged everything. I am so glad you are better. I am sure you will pass a quiet night, and to do that you will take this;" and she offered some sedative in a glass, which was swallowed with such a comical grimace that the doctor smiled.

"I am glad to see you can unbend a little, for, doctor, you can look very severe, and a trifle hard, when you want to."

"I am very sorry, for it is not the approved sick-room manner."

"Only to be used with refractory patients?"

"If you are well enough, I might transgress my rules and read you a dispatch I have received. Perhaps you had better read it yourself. I can hold the candle for you."

"Nonsense—and set me blinking? Please read it for me."

A dispatch was read from Mrs. Russell, full of anxieties about her son.

"I am going to write—or you will write for me, from my dictation."

"I will not—you are not well enough."

"But I am."

"You distress me very much, but you can not make me comply with your wishes. I can only agree to compromise the matter by sending another telegram to your mother, and as soon as the man comes he can take it. What I say is final and positive."

"But I will—will write to-morrow."

"Perhaps. But here is William, who is very faithful and kind to you, and who has followed my instructions so carefully."

"Yes," said Mr. Russell. "Now, William, get a carriage, with your steadiest driver, and bid him carry Dr. Thorp home."

"It is a very useless expense—though very considerate of you. Now good-night. I am sorry to have to be so positive with you, sir, for I can understand your quite natural anxieties about your mother. I will stop at the telegraph office myself, and if you would take my advice, you would send for your mother and sister at once. Good-night."

William had barely returned from seeing the doctor in her carriage when the sick man called for him.

"An awfully strict doctor, William, and we must be very obedient; so do you go down-stairs and bring me up a package of cigarettes." And William did as he was bid.

V.

"This is going to be one of the most marvellous cases on record," said John Russell, as he greeted his doctor next day. He was propped up on his pillow. "I have had a barber, and my headache and my beard are quite gone, and I feel almost well."

"I am so glad! Still you did a most imprudent thing; you should not have been moved before to-morrow."

"Then why did you stay away so long this morning? It is half past ten, and you ought to have been here at nine. I got so tired after breakfast that William moved me; and it didn't hurt me—so very much."

"I can not afford to run any risks."

"Call the man, and bid him lower me back again. Among other faults and mistakes, I confess to having smoked a cigarette."

"That is obvious, for the room is reeking. You are very willful, and do not seem to realize in the least the anxieties of a physician."

"William, open these windows wide, and you can go then. The lovely morning! I hear the distant rolling of the surf, doctor, and on this pleasant day there would be a thousand things more agreeable to you than having to mope in this sick-room by the side of a very exacting man."

"I regret that I show any appearance of moping."

"But you are not cheerful; you seem to have all the time certain misgivings—and I am really just a little disappointed. You might have at least taken some slight notice of my toilet. The barber wanted to put a piece of sticking-plaster across my nose, and a lump of beefsteak under my eye. I never had face-powder on before. Is it becoming?"

"Most women are vain; some men are not," said Naomi, with a quiet laugh.

"That is not yours, doctor, is it?"

"No, sir—and excuse my boldness;" and she retired in confusion.

"It is mean to fire a quotation at me, and then to run away."

"But what have I to do with your personal appearance, Mr. Russell?"

"Are you not responsible for it? Am I not to be mended, and put in the best running order? Would you very kindly, and at my request, drop for once the professional calling—say for ten minutes—and assume that of the conventional young lady?"

"If such were the case, Mr. Russell," replied Naomi, "I would not remain here an instant. I can not allow myself, nor permit you," she continued, hotly, "to even imagine for a brief second that this change were possible."

"Then am I to suppose that there is never to be any transition from this stern decorum which your profession, you say, imposes on you? Can we never even chat as friends? We are to be thrown together for some days to come."

"I can not indulge in the least sentimentality, Mr. Russell," pleaded Dr. Thorp.

"Am I quite in my senses to-day, doctor?"

"I devoutly hope so, sir."

"And I was kind of offish yesterday?"

"Very little so, hardly at all."

"Then, Dr. Thorp, if ever I saw disgust, disdain, contempt, on a woman's face, it was in yours when you first came across me. It is awfully vivid now at times." Naomi's back was toward him. "That painful image has no right to intrude itself now on my mind. You know all about that stuff—the impression being left on the retina of a dying man, a photograph of incidents. How you despised me! I was more conscious than you thought at some short intervals after you set my arm. But perhaps I am not all right in my head now. Little children wake up sometimes with dreadful dreams, and it is their nurse's duty to soothe them."

"Such cases do exist, Mr. Russell, and the terrors of childhood have a special name. But you are no child, but a man, and an exacting one, and it is senseless to distort or give form to what must have been impressions received when you were not in your proper senses. There," continued Naomi, soothingly, "your pulse shows a state of excitability."

"Ring for William to bathe my forehead; my temples are throbbing."

"I will do it for you."

"Will you do it with pleasure?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I were to die right now?"

"Such a contingency is so impossible that I can not even suppose it," replied Naomi, quite coolly.

"You have poured bay-rum into my eye, and the cut on my nose smarts most confoundedly, and you are taking your revenge. I am better. It is disgusting for me to have to go on complaining about myself, my physical ailments. That is what I am forced to do, as you restrict my talk to that one monotonous subject. I am, though, going to be very matter of fact, and stick ever so closely to that narrow track on which a patient and his physician can only walk."

"That is, Mr. Russell"—and Naomi cast down her eyes—"if the doctor be a woman. Therefore it is better that it should be so."

"But women, if they are cornered, are always wanting to find escapes, if not general, at least special. A man sends for me to repair his broken-down machinery. I charge him for time, use of tools, and for my experience."

"Oh, sir, please do not go on! I am afraid I know what you are drifting toward."

"But, Dr. Thorp, I have a perfect right to stick to our peculiar compact. I must be brutal. I do not presume that you are giving me your skill for nothing. You have not a single reason for being offended. You have no possible interest in me save my arm's worth, and the conclusion I must inevitably arrive at is that my doctor is a cool-headed, calculating person, without a spark of common feeling."

"Mr. Russell!"

"But then why did you pick me up on that wharf? That's what I can't understand."

"Is it your normal condition, Mr. Russell, to be argumentative, and to make people unhappy? Your talk is sophistry. The same common instincts are developed in both men and women. But, indeed, I do not understand now whether I am talking to a sane man or one suffering from a fever. If only I were quite decided, I should say good-by, Mr. Russell. As it is, I give you the benefit of the doubt. Still, I never can permit you to humiliate me,

for there are things much more sacred than money—for you meant money. Had you not better write home for your people?"

"Yes," said Mr. Russell, gravely. "Do the duties of an amanuensis enter within your scope?"

"William can not write for you," said Naomi, anxious to change the topic. "Here is my paper and pencil. I will try and follow you."

"I am too weary now to dictate anything long. Write a letter to Miss Mary Russell, my sister. Tell her about me—and you."

"Sir?"

"About the doctor and the man. I shall try to go to sleep. When you have written it, wake me up."

"I can not write a word—will not."

"I am not under the influence of spells and potions, Dr. Thorp?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will make a supreme effort. Are you ready?"

"Quite ready."

"'I take my pen in hand'—no, somebody else takes my pen in hand. We will keep to the ready-writer style, eh? This is the outline, how I landed at Nekasset, and fell through the hole in the wharf, and how you found me."

"I will write the first part as well as I can, but not anything about myself, if you please, Mr. Russell."

"You are not imaginative?"

"No, not at all." There was a pause.

"This is what I have written: 'My dear Sister—'"

"Make it 'Sweet Polly.'"

"Yes, sir. 'I arrived here on the steamer on Tuesday, and being overimpatient—'"

"How 'over'? Cross 'over.' I am the least impatient man that ever breathed."

"I have erased 'over.' 'I came on shore. The night was thick and dark, and I fell through a hole in the wharf, and but for God's great mercy I should have been killed. My shoulder was dislocated, and I suffered the keenest anguish, and—'"

"That is very well thought of, Dr. Thorp—'but for God's great mercy.' I am devoutly thankful. Everybody knows Pope's verses:

> 'The danger over, both are alike requited—
> God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted.'

Those are famous lines, and, as a quotation, the doctor finds for the first time his proper place. You have written that?"

"Yes, sir; but I do not find any sequence."

"We will find it. Now suggest a conclusion."

"I can not. You must dictate now."

"Then go ahead. Will you give the pillow just a little beating up? Thank you. Well, then, write: 'On the wharf, as I sat for hours writhing in agony, unconscious at intervals, for I had taken somehow an overdose of morphine, I met a queer—' You have 'queer'?"

"Yes, 'queer.'"

"'Queer old woman of past sixty. She was very good to me, and led me from the dangerous place where I was, and set my arm; but what was strangest of all, after all this great kindness she left me in the lurch.' Is that not true, Dr. Thorp?"

"The last part is true. I did. But then I felt entirely satisfied that—that—"

"Am I dictating this letter, or am I not? Write now, if you please;" and his voice was so low as to be almost inaudible, though Naomi caught every syllable of it. "'This woman—old woman has been induced to come and see me, and although she has been nursing me for the last two days in the tenderest way, she hates me, and quarrels with me, this woman of fifty'—or was it sixty?"

"I can not follow this nonsense. To this hypothetical old woman you give traits and attributes which are foreign to her."

"Dr. Thorp, it is wonderful how imaginative this morphine has made me. I might be a De Quincey with a few more doses. But let me try to be for the nonce John Russell, who, thanks be to God! save that he is a little shaken and anxious, is just as sane as he ever expects to be in his life. Will you begin again—erasing all that about the old woman of sixty? Pray write: 'I was mad with pain, when a young lady, Miss Naomi Thorp, came to me as I lay, dirty, bruised, and maimed, and cared for me. She set my arm, because she is a doctor, and this lady now is attending me.' Are you following me?"

"As nearly as I can, sir."

"Then pick up your pencil from the floor, and begin again. 'My dear, dear sister, I am in love with Dr. Naomi Thorp, and you are the first to know it, and be prepared, since you have my heart's great secret, to love her too. Whether she will

care for me, I hardly know. I could get well at once, if I thought she would only try and love me. So, dear Polly, bid mother come as fast as she can, and do you come too, and relieve the lady and your brother from a most embarrassing situation.' You don't follow, dear, dear doctor?" But Naomi had covered her face with her hands, and was crying as if her heart would break. Then she fled behind the screen, for William entered the room, followed by an old lady and a young one. One cried, "My poor dear boy," and the other, "Dear old Jack," and Naomi heard the sounds of kisses.

"Your father is half wild. We telegraphed at once to Dr. Anthony here, as the leading physician. He was not in the place, but his wife sent us a reply that you were in good hands; but when we got your telegram telling us not to be the least alarmed, but to come on at once—"

"I never sent such a dispatch," said John Russell, quite positively.

"Oh! yes, you did, dear; here it is, and it was so thoughtful of you to do it."

"Somebody has been adding a tag to my telegram. It's all right."

"So we left last night, and here we are," said Miss Russell.

Could Naomi escape? She had had enough of precipitate retreats. From behind the screen she walked demurely in, but she was deadly pale.

"I am very hopeful, Mrs. Russell, about your son," she said. "He has suffered a great deal, but now is, I believe, in a fair way toward recovery. There is a physician in Nekasset who can take the case until Dr. Anthony's return. May I state that it was at Dr. Anthony's request that I took charge of Mr. Russell?"

But before she got through, Mrs. Russell had hold of her hand, and then she hugged Naomi to her portly person, and kissed her. Then Miss Russell thanked her for her goodness, and kissed her too.

"My dear, we could not let you go. If it is really necessary, and you want Dr. Anthony, pray call on him; that is, if John desires it. Now we are going to stay here, and nurse him—relieve you, for you look quite tired. We can make him mind us, though he is such a headstrong and impetuous young fellow—but a heart of gold. Doctor, is he asleep? He is so quiet. Oh, his poor, poor nose! I know you will excuse all this boisterous display of feeling—a mother's, you know—but both of us were crazy with anxiety. Now, dear, I will leave Mary with her brother, and you and I will go down-stairs, and then you can tell me all about it, and how it happened."

It took not so long after that to arrange matters properly. Mrs. Anthony by main force carried off Dr. Naomi to her house. The doctor wanted Naomi to translate some German for him. John Russell was up and out in a week, with his arm in a bandage. The scratch on his nose, the blue on his face, had not faded away before a certain very placid little woman thought that John Russell was the kindest, the most honest, and handsomest gentleman in the world, but at the same time the most impetuous. Dr. Anthony took the case, for the day after Mrs. Russell's arrival Naomi gave it up (there was little to do), though it almost broke her heart. Then she felt that there was a great void in her life, but that did not last long. It was a very rapid courtship after that, carried on under the most advantageous circumstances. There never was such a house, and as for that, such a garden, as Mrs. Anthony's for this special purpose of love-making, and then Mrs. Anthony, with the keenest of perception, understood it all at once. Dr. Anthony was, of course, quite astonished when German translations were not always forth-coming.

"My dear Naomi," said John Russell, as he kissed her, when her love had been plighted, "I have spoiled a doctor."

"I am afraid you have. I am not going to take your right arm yet. I can't lean on that. Your left one, if you please. I wish Dr. Anthony would use a newer style of compress. I ought not to say it, for he is so good; but for strains and dislocations he is twenty years behind the times. Yes, I will walk with you, sir, but not too far. I had a note from one of the boarders at Mrs. Prindle's—the nicest of them—who is to leave to-day. I should like to go to the wharf to see her off."

"Our wharf?"

"Yes, our wharf."

So they strolled down the town, arm in arm. The old wharf was just as dilapidated as ever, and as badly encumbered.

"Never do you dare climb along the string-piece of any wharf," said John Russell, holding Naomi tightly.

Naomi laughed. "We can't venture our precious necks any more?" she said.

"Certainly not. Let us go to the regular prosaic wharf."

Just then the cooper came along, trailing after him his hoops.

"Old man"—this was addressed by John Russell to the cooper—"any more holes in your wharf?"

"You can't sue 'em for damages, anyways," replied the cooper, "for it was the luckiest tumble you ever made, young man, for you fell plump into the arms of the prettiest, the pluckiest, and nicest girl I ever clapped eyes on. You ain't got no reason to complain."

Then Naomi blushed scarlet, for her happiness was very complete.

MARIT AND I.

A NORSE IDYL.

MARIT at the brook-side sitting, rosy, dimpled, merry-eyed,
Saw her lovely visage trembling in the mirror of the tide,
While between her pretty teeth a golden coil of hair she held;
Like a shining snake it quivered in the tide, and shrunk and swelled.

And she dipped her dainty fingers deftly in the chilly brook;
Scarce she minded how her image with the ripples curved and shook;
Stooping with a tiny shudder, dashed the water in her face;
O'er her brow and cheeks the dew-drops glistening rolled and fell apace.

Breathless sat I, safely hidden in the tree-top dense and green;
For a maid is ne'er so sweet as when she thinks herself unseen;
And I saw her with a scarlet ribbon tie her braid of hair,
And I swore a silent oath I ne'er had seen a thing more fair.

Now, if you will never breathe it, I will tell you something queer—
Only step a little nearer; let me whisper in your ear:
If you think it was the first time that in this sequestered dell
I beheld the little Marit—well, 'tis scarcely fair to tell.

There within my leafy bower sat I, happy as a king,
And two anxious wrens were flitting round about me twittering,
While I gazed at Marit's image framed in heaven's eternal blue,
While the clouds were drifting past it, and the birds across it flew.

But anon the smile that hovered in the water stole away,
Though the sunshine through the birch leaves flung of light its shimmering spray,
And a breath came floating upward as if some one gently sighed,
And at just the self-same moment sighed the image in the tide.

Then I heard a mournful whisper: "O thou poor, thou pretty face,
Without gold what will avail thee, bloom of beauty, youth, and grace?
For a maid who has no dower—" and her curly head she shook:
It was little Marit speaking to her image in the brook.

More I heard not, for the whisper in a shivering sigh expired,
And the image in the water looked so sad and sweet and tired.
Full of love and full of pity, down I stooped her plaint to hear:
I could almost touch the ringlets curling archly round her ear.

Nearer, still a little nearer, forth I crept along the bough.
Tremblingly her lips were moving, and a cloud rose on her brow.
"Precious darling," thought I, "grieve not that thou hast no lover found—"
Crash the branch went, and, bewildered, down I tumbled on the ground.

Up then sprang the little Marit with a cry of wild alarm,
And she gazed as if she dreaded I had come to do her harm.
Swift she darted through the bushes, and with stupid wonder mute
Stood I staring blankly after ere I started in pursuit.

And a merry chase I gave her through the underbrush and copse;
Over fallen trunks and bowlders on she fled with skips and hops,
Glancing sharply o'er her shoulder when she heard my footsteps sound,
Dashing on with reckless terror like a deer before the hound.

Hot with zeal I broke my pathway where the clustered boughs were dense,
For I wanted to assure her I intended no offense;
And at last, exhausted, fell she on the greensward quivering,
Sobbing, panting, pleading, weeping, like a wild unreasoning thing.

"Marit," said I, stooping down, "I hardly see why you should cry:
There is scarce in all the parish such a harmless lad as I;
And you know I always liked you"—here my voice was soft and low.
"No, indeed," she sobbed, in answer—"no, indeed, I do not know."

But methought that in her voice there was a touch of petulance;
Through the glistening tears I caught a little shy and furtive glance.
Growing bolder then, I clasped her dainty hand full tenderly,
Though it made a mock exertion, struggling faintly to be free.

"Little Marit," said I, gently, "tell me what has grieved you so,
For I heard you sighing sorely at the brook a while ago."
"Oh," she said, her sobs subduing, with an air demure and meek—
"Oh, it was that naughty kitten; he had scratched me on the cheek."

"Nothing worse?" I answered, gayly, while I strove her glance to catch.
"Let me look; my kiss is healing. May I cure the kitten's scratch?"
And I kissed the burning blushes on her cheeks in heedless glee,
Though the marks of Pussy's scratches were invisible to me.

"O thou poor, thou pretty darling," cried I, frantic with delight,
While she gazed upon me smiling, yet with eyes that tears made bright,
"Let thy beauty be thy dower, and be mine to have and hold;
For a face as sweet as thou hast needs, in sooth, no frame of gold."

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER PROBLEM.

THEY who have, for the past fifty thousand years or so, lived in the Mississippi Valley, have, it is supposed, been studying the problem which the great river presents, with more or less intelligence and care, nearly all that time. But as one human race has succeeded another, the records of the conclusions reached from age to age in regard to the problem have been destroyed by the river itself or buried in the silt which the Father of Waters brings down from the highlands to make his bed withal.

Since the time when the lowlands between the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains were not, but an arm of the sea was in their stead, the steady flow of the rain and spring waters from the mountain heights has been bringing down the grains of its own attrition and dropping them in eddies until the sea has become dry land. Inch by inch the capricious waters have built up barriers to their own flow, and scattered them again, changing the face of the earth sometimes in a night, sometimes in a century, until the great silt bed has become the garden of the world, and the question, "What is the river going to do?" has become one which seriously affects mankind by making its food and clothing cheap or dear. For the land that was made by the river is more productive than any other, at least in the civilized world of to-day. Seventy bushels of wheat will grow on an acre of it in one crop, or two bales of cotton, if cotton be planted, while in the great wheat fields of the Northwest that our fathers thought so rich, thirty bushels to the acre is considered wonderful. And in the Mississippi bottoms the soil is literally inexhaustible. Nature supplies the fertilizers faster than she will turn them into grain or cotton.

So rich a possession as this valley has naturally excited the cupidity of men in all time. Life is easy and pleasant in any

spot where it is only necessary to lie down with one's mouth open to have "the cocoa-nuts drop into it." Neither industry nor intelligence is necessary in such a place to obtain wealth. Nowhere else on earth, so far as I know, may a man who literally knows nothing excepting how to drop a cotton seed and how to pick cotton, earn, with only two months' work, his living for a whole year, and from $400 to $600 additional in cash. When La Salle found out how goodly a land it was, his report was the warrant of eviction that drove out the red man to make place for the white, as the Mound-builders had made place for the Indian in what we call the days of old. Yet it must have been only yesterday that the Mound-builders wrought in the valley, for in the few centuries that have elapsed since then the surface of the ground has risen only a few feet—not enough to bury their works out of sight. How long ago, then, must it have been that the race lived there whose pavements and cisterns of *Roman brick* now lie seventy feet under-ground? And if we can not answer this question, how shall we figure up the sum of the years it has taken for the river to fill the valley a thousand feet deep with silt? Or, looking forward, and reflecting that the superior races exterminate the lower only to be driven out by another inferior, as the Mound-builders were, how shall we calculate the time until the Chinaman, whose spies are there already, shall drive out the Caucasian, and give place in after-ages to still another race? And what works shall we leave that shall tell our successors that an intelligent people cultivated the valley before the Chinaman came?

This is the problem to-day—not that it matters to us to-day whether the works shall remain for the other race to see, but because of the necessity to-day for works of some kind; and since there is little or nothing remaining of the works of our predecessors to tell us of their plans, or of their success or failure, we have to begin as if the problem were new.

The necessity for works of some kind hardly needs a statement. The most ignorant man in the valley who sees the water coming into his cabin and washing away the fruits of his labor, year after year, sees the necessity as plainly as the most skilled engineer. The importance of the works to the human race, however, will bear some words of explanation.

The Mississippi River is nature's highway from the world's farm-land to the world's kitchens. It is easier to put a load of produce on a raft of logs, and let the water carry it toward its destination, than it is to drag it over the ground. Neither of these primitive methods of transportation is in vogue to-day, since science has improved both, but the natural advantage of the one over the other remains. Nature's road lies down the river, and whatever is done to improve it is a step in the easier direction. It is true that science has done far more to develop the other method of transportation, so that in this country to-day the railroads are the formidable rivals of the barge lines, and for many reasons they must always remain so; but the fact remains indisputable that the easiest way, naturally, to carry Minnesota wheat to Europe is down the river. It may not now be the most desirable, but it is one way, and it is naturally the easiest; and since the wheat must be carried, it does not need an argument to show that the roads should be kept in order.

But there is another aspect of the question in which its importance is even more apparent. The river is not only a roadway of navigation, it is also the means by which the valley is made fertile and kept so, and it is also at certain—or rather at uncertain—seasons, a raging, devastating flood, as potent for ill as it is at other times for good. The flood of last spring, which brought death to scores of persons, physical suffering to thousands, and financial disaster to other thousands, was sufficient to impress upon the world the importance of some works of some kind by means of which such disasters should be averted. For it was not only that the dwellers in the valley suffered, but the world suffered a loss in food and clothing—corn and cotton—and this loss was distinctly appreciable.

The problem, then, is: What shall be done to the Mississippi River? The Father of Waters is, in his poetic personality, one of the most valuable individuals on earth, and one of the most troublesome as well as dangerous. What shall we do to encourage his beneficence, and divert his wrath? No answer that is addressed to either half of the question alone is adequate. Political economists see that it should be answered, and they have demanded of the engineers of the world that they answer it.

Answers are not lacking. Theory aft-

er theory has been propounded by thinking men who, from interest or necessity, have given years of study to the question, and yet so intricate and contradictory are the conditions to be considered—the operations of nature that form the factors of the problem—that the different theories are irreconcilable. The doctors differ, and seem now to have agreed to disagree. In the Mississippi Valley all intelligent men study the question, since it is forced upon their attention constantly, and yet, although most of them are theorists, there are very few who do not contradict their own theories in their arguments. Two utterances I heard on the ground, which seemed to embody the very highest intelligence, and both of them I have heard echoed and approved by scores of close thinkers who have studied the question for years.

One man, a veteran river steamboat captain, said: "I have lived on the river, man and boy, for thirty years. I have studied it, because it was my business to, and I am now certain that I don't know anything about it, or about what ought to be done to it."

Another said: "When God put the river into this valley, He told it to go wherever it pleased, and it always has done so, and always will."

Nevertheless, the engineers propose to prescribe its course, and so regulate its forces that it shall stay inside its bed, and keep that bed in good condition.

The difficulties in the way of carrying out this proposition are great. Some of them can be stated readily enough; but he would be a bold man who would undertake to say he could state them all, in view of the declarations of men who have studied the subject for years, and now confess ignorance. One side of the question may be made clear by considering what the course of a drop of water is from the top of the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of Mexico—perhaps three thousand miles.

Let loose from the snow bank where it has been locked up all winter, it starts with many companion drops on its journey to the sea—its eternity. It rolls through rocky ravines, and over pebbly bottoms, down the mountain-side, loosening the atoms it touches, and perhaps catching one from the decaying trunk of some tree half-way down some hill-side, and carrying it along. So long as it moves in an unchecked course it will carry that atom. A thousand miles further along its journey it picks up another atom, that millions of other drops have vainly tried to snatch from the smooth surface of some old rock, and, doubly laden, rolls on as swiftly as ever. Still other atoms it picks up—one from a clay bank, three or four from some mud bank, half a dozen from the roots of the grasses that grow by the river-bank, and some, perhaps, that other drops have been unable to carry. When it reaches the lowlands it is heavily laden, yet it is still on its way to the sea, with 1300 miles further to travel. It is opposite St. Louis, and is 408 feet higher than the surface of the sea, for the river is at high water. If it were low water, the drop would have only 369 feet farther to fall on its way. It is now an integer of a flood. The ground over which it has to travel is entirely composed of atoms that other drops have brought down and left, being too heavily burdened to carry their load any farther. Only at three or four places will it touch ground that was not made in this way. As it rolls on, it will pick up atoms or drop them, according as it rolls swiftly or slowly, until, when it reaches the sea, it will drop them all, and take atoms of salt from its neighbors. And it will roll swiftly or slowly according to the resistance it meets from the atoms left by the drops that have gone before.

In other words, the river below St. Louis (for nature keeps it in order above that point) flows through ground it has itself made. There are no confining banks which it has not made for itself, and what it has made, it unmakes still more easily. Carrying with it always the material with which to build its own obstructions, it drops these materials here and there, and continually stumbles over its own burdens.

If the reader can imagine a small stream of molasses running down Broadway for thousands of years, he will see readily the way in which the Mississippi River chokes itself up and changes its course from time to time. The molasses would begin, say, at Union Square, by spreading itself over the ground, and drying up into grains of sugar, making a little hill. Supposing the stream to be always supplied from the top of that hill, and always to flow toward the Battery, it would forever be building up a greater hill at its source,

and drying as it flowed down this hill, till it filled Broadway to the tops of the houses. And as it dried up in one place, making an obstruction for itself of sugar, it would flow on the other side of the street until that was filled higher than the first.

Substituting the hills and high lands on either side of the Mississippi Valley for the buildings along Broadway, and water and silt for the sugar-laden molasses, the image is easily formed of the great river and its bed.

As was said, the whole valley is filled with silt at least a thousand feet deep. In order to have deposited this silt thus all over the valley, the river must have flowed in different ages in all parts of the valley, doing for countless centuries just what it is doing to-day—building up sand-bars and mud banks, breaking and cutting them again, and tossing the atoms from place to place, dropping them at low water, and shifting them in floods, but always bringing down more, and building the valley up higher and higher, and carrying the delta out farther and farther to sea. If the supply of material holds out, the Gulf of Mexico must inevitably become dry land as the arm of the sea above it has done.

The character of the silt which forms this "made ground" is an important factor in the problem. It is chiefly mineral in its formation, and is of great specific gravity; but there is a considerable admixture of vegetable matter, which doubtless is the cause of its exceeding fertility. Being formed of heterogeneous atoms brought in solution by the water, and not having amalgamated thoroughly, at least on the surface, or where the water can reach it, it remains soft soluble mud, which is capable of resisting the action of water only by means of gravity. It has almost no cohesion, and offers no proper foundation for any work that is of greater specific gravity than itself. It is used as material for the mud banks called levees, which have been until lately the only engineering works on which reliance has been placed, for there is no other material there to use, but from the fact that it is soluble it is poor material for such works.

These facts, thoughtfully considered, present difficulties enough in the way of engineering works, but the main difficulty is yet untouched. This lies first in the magnitude of the river itself, secondly in the variations in its volume, and thirdly in its variations in altitude and speed. This may seem like a variety of difficulties instead of one, but that one all lies in the effort to control a vast stream which constantly varies in volume, altitude, lateral position, and speed. It is evident enough that it would be a comparatively simple thing to control a smaller stream of as obstinate a nature, or one equally as large that should not change from month to month in its conditions. One can manage a puddle, or protect himself from the sea, but against a thing that is alternately puddle and sea it is difficult to act.

The stretch of bottom-land over which the river rolls from St. Louis to the sea* is from twenty to two hundred miles wide, and seven hundred miles long. Over this flat surface (for it is almost flat, sloping gently to the sea) the river meanders, cutting a shifting groove in the soft mud, that is 1300 miles long. Why it does not cut for itself a straight line, thus securing a fall of $\frac{58}{100}$ of a foot per mile, instead of $\frac{31}{100}$ of a foot, which it now has, seems strange until we stop to consider that it carries its own obstructions with it until they become too heavy to carry. Then dropping them in its own path, it has to run around them. It thus forever corrects its own tendency to cut away the ground it has made, for if it were straightened and kept straight, as has been proposed by Captain Eads, it would have a direct tendency to do this, which tendency would have to be counteracted by other means. By the increased slope it would acquire increased rapidity, and would carry to the sea as great a burden as it has at St. Louis, if not greater.

As to the variations in the river between high and low water, they are almost inconceivable to one who has not witnessed them. They are as if the Hudson River should once a year flood the second floor of the City Hall in New York city, and occasionally in a "flood year" flow over the third floor; and the problem before the Mississippi engineers is to be compared with the question how, with

* The Ohio River is similar in many respects to the Mississippi, but this paper has reference specially to that part of the country which imperatively needs artificial protection, and comparatively little of the Ohio Valley needs that. With regard to that portion which may be said to need it, very much the same line of remark is applicable that is here applied to the Mississippi.

such floods, serviceable piers could be constructed on our river-front if there were no rock foundation less than one thousand feet deep. One is no more difficult a question than the other, excepting that on the Mississippi there are thirteen hundred miles to look after.

During the floods of last spring the Mississippi River from Cairo to the sea—1100 miles—had an average width of not less than twenty miles, and an average depth from shore to shore of not less than ten feet. Of course much of this was slack water, or the backset caused by the overflow. All this volume of water was not flowing to the sea with the full force that comes of a fall of $\frac{58}{100}$ of a foot. If it had been, there would have been little use in asking to-day what is to be done for the valley, for there would have been very little valley left. But the volume of water was there, and if it could have escaped into the sea as rapidly as it flowed into the valley from above, it would still have been too large to lie in its bed.

The problem in brief, then, is to decide how to keep within fixed bounds a stream that flows in varying volume over a bed of mud, without banks that can be called banks.

Many theories have been advanced in answer to this, and any one who is inclined to labor of that kind can readily construct a theory of his own that will do as well as many that have been urged upon the public with much eloquent and ingenious argument. The writer declines to step in where abler men fear to tread. A brief statement of the main theories advanced, however, is of great interest, especially in view of the fact that the government at Washington has adopted one, and appropriated a few millions for the beginning of a work that is to cost "not more than $46,000,000," its advocates say.

Theorists seek in two directions for an answer. On the one hand, it is urged that by improving the character of the bed and strengthening the banks the river may be kept within its bounds. On the other, it is declared that no works are practically possible that will be sufficient to confine the river in a flood season, and that since it must overflow its banks, the philosophical thing to do is to provide auxiliary channels or outlets that shall guide the surplus water to the sea without damage. Theorists of each school denounce those of the other as incompetent and radically wrong, and stoop to personal abuse when argument fails. Only a short time ago Mr. Edward Atkinson, in concluding an able argument in favor of the plans adopted by the Mississippi River Commission, said: "It is hardly worth while to consider the projects for relieving the Mississippi River floods by creating new outlets, since these sensational propositions have commended themselves only to unthinking minds, and have no support among engineers."

While this style of argument has been too often relied upon by both sides, the fact remains that the only considerable works undertaken by our race have been in the direction of trying to confine the river, and not of trying to give additional outlets for surplus or flood water. The "levee and jetty" advocates have had their way so far as actual operations have gone, and they seem likely to continue to have it for some time. The present operations are under the direction of the Mississippi River Commission—a body which was created by the Forty-sixth Congress. President Hayes was given the power to create its individuality, which he did by appointing only known and committed advocates of the restrictive theory on the list of members. Efforts were made to secure the appointment of some of the opponents of this theory, but the efforts were unsuccessful.

The outlet theory is one which hardly needs description to be generally understood, though it has been studied and set forth by several persons with much attention to the engineering details involved. By a glance at any large map of the Lower Mississippi, the great number of bayous and natural outlets formed by the natural action of the river will be discerned. Some of these it is proposed to open and clean out, so as to render them available in case of floods, and then, by lock gates at the river side, keep them closed at low water, and open when the water rises too high. The main objection to this theory is on the ground that the real desideratum is a single deep channel, as realizing the least friction between the river and its channel, rather than a multiplicity of channels.

The levee, jetty, and revetment system is not so simple. Its claims are far more elaborate, and the criticisms that are offered are far more complicated than those of the outlet system. The radical idea in-

volved is the building of artificial banks that shall confine the river within them, in order to secure the full force and "scour" of the stream for the improvement of the bed. The obvious effects of such works—obvious, that is, to all who have given the subject of river hydraulics any careful study—are such as to lead to careful theorizing to justify them; and in the various steps of this theorizing there is plenty of room for cavil, if not for sound criticism.

Without entering the lists either as advocate or critic, it is sufficient to give here a brief description of what has been done, what it is decided to do, what it is claimed the benefits will be, and what the objections are. The public prints, during the period of subsidence of the recent floods, were full of references to the proposed works, and to those which had been constructed, and yet it was difficult, if not impossible, to catch from the discussion a complete idea of the system.

The first works of which we know definitely were the levees. These are large banks of earth built to serve as extra banks when the river should rise, and to keep the water off the low cultivated lands behind them. When well built, they undoubtedly serve this purpose, and if kept in repair they can be made to resist any flood that is ever likely to come. The whole city of Cairo, during the floods this year, stood about fourteen feet below the surface of the water outside, which rose to the very top of the surrounding levees. When the ripples washed on the top of the levees, the people turned out, and built a temporary bank above to the height of two feet; and although the water rose sixteen inches against this hastily constructed barrier, the town was saved.

But however well a levee may serve to protect one spot of land, it does this to the detriment of other places, since the water kept from one place flows to another, and, being out of its banks, is spread to places that would be untouched if a portion of its natural overflow were not walled in. Therefore the levee system, to be perfect, should be continuous along both sides of the river. Mathematically speaking, a defect anywhere would vitiate the whole system; but practically it is claimed that the levees constructed by slave labor, and kept in order before the war, worked fairly well. It should be remembered, however, that during the years when this system was in its best condition there were no such floods as have happened at other times.

The next work of importance in the line of restriction was that done by Captain Eads in the South Pass of the Mississippi Delta. He conceived the idea (or, at least, executed it) of confining a wide shallow stream within comparatively narrow banks, arguing that if the water could not pass over the wide space, it would scour out the bottom, and so deepen the channel. During the construction of the jetties it was found that the water, instead of scouring out the bottom, preferred to follow its old habit of seeking the line of least resistance. Finding an obstruction in its way in the South Pass, it turned off through the Southwest Pass and the Pas à l'Outre. It was found that instead of scouring out the jettied pass, it was scouring out the other two, and there was shortly an additional depth of two feet in each of these. Captain Eads says: "As soon as this fact was discovered, submerged dams were laid across the Southwest Pass and the Pas à l'Outre, about two feet thick and about seventy-five feet width of base. Each of these dams is about three-quarters of a mile in length."

By thus partially damming the other two outlets, and by the use of a very powerful dredging machine to assist the stimulated "scour" in the South Pass, Captain Eads has maintained, and is to-day maintaining, a deeper channel than ever before existed between New Orleans and the sea. It is claimed by his critics, however, that the effect of his work is to retard the flow of the river above it, and by the consequent settling of the silt held in solution, to build up the bottom of the river, and thus increase the danger of overflow.

The plan of the Mississippi River Commission is more elaborate than any other here described. They propose to narrow the wide places in the river to a uniform width of 3000 feet, in order that the bottom shall be scoured out in the shallow places, and they propose to strengthen the banks, and regulate the shape of the bottom by wire and woven brush mattresses, or linings, to be laid in such places as the river would naturally eat away. In conjunction with this it is proposed to strengthen the system of levees, though this is not a part of the work of the Commission. These wire and brush mattresses are to be placed in position in such a way

as to encourage the settling of sediment in places where it is desired to have the revetments, and they are to be secured with rubble stone, while in places stone pavements are to be constructed. There are, of course, in a plan of this kind, an enormous number of details that can not be described within the limits of a magazine article, but the general scope of the plan has been fairly told.

As was to be expected, the plan has been severely criticised, and numberless arguments have been made to show the defects in its theory. Whether it is sound or not, however, the theory has been adopted by the government, and the work is in progress. The lowest estimate of its cost by one of the Commission was $33,000,000, and another member said it would be not more than $46,000,000. Its opponents, however, declare that ten times that sum will not complete it satisfactorily. One curious point was made much of in the discussion which was rife last spring. It seems to be regarded as final that the general government has no power to do anything to the river excepting for the purpose of improving navigation on it. Whatever benefits may accrue to the lands along its banks must be purely incidental, and not an object of the work, according to constitutional limitation. This bit of Jeffersonian democracy is not relished by the people of the valley, and during the prevalence of the floods I heard much said there of the possibility of making the question a political issue. "The old flag and an appropriation" is by no means a new political slogan, but it may yet be heard from the Mississippi Valley. If it is once sounded, it will rally a party there that may prove formidable.

A GARDEN SECRET.

(A FLOWER AND A HAND).

I.

Just after Night-fall.

I HEARD a whisper of roses,
And light white lilies laugh out:
"Ah, sweet, when the evening closes,
And stars come looking about,
How cool and good it is to stand,
Nor fear at all the gathering hand!"

II.

"Would I were red!" cried a white rose.
"Would I were white!" cried a red one.
"No longer the light wind blows;
He went with the dear dead sun.
Here we forever seem to stay,
And yet a sun dies every day."

III.

A Lily.

"The sun is not dead, but sleeping,
And each day the same sun wakes;
But when stars their watch are keeping,
Then a time of rest he takes."

Many Roses together.

"How very wise these lilies are!
They must have heard star talk with star!"

IV.

First Rose.

"Pray, then, can you tell us, lilies,
Where slumbers the wind at night,
When the garden all round so still is,
And brimmed with the moon's pale light?"

A Lily.

"In branches of great trees he rests."

Second Rose.

"Not so; they are too full of nests."

V.

First Rose.

"I think he sleeps where the grass is;
He there would have room to lie;
The white moon over him passes;
He wakes with the dawning sky."

Many Lilies together.

"How very wise these roses seem,
Who think they know, and only dream!"

VI.

First Rose.

"What haps to a gathered flower?"

Second Rose.

"Nay, sister, now who can tell?
One comes not back just one hour,
To say it is ill or well.
I would with such a one confer,
To know what strange things chanced to her."

VII.

First Rose.

"Hush! hush! now the wind is waking—
Or *is* it the wind I hear?
My leaves are thrilling and shaking—
Good-by: I am gathered, my dear!
Now, whether for my bliss or woe,
I shall know what the plucked flowers know!"

SHANDON BELLS.

CHAPTER XII.

A GO-BETWEEN.

TWO days after the public announcement had been made that there was to be no more of the *Household Magazine*, Fitzgerald was sitting in that solitary room of his, alone. The morning was crisp and clear; there was a wintry feeling in the air; the sunlight falling into the little court-yard was cheerful enough, even if the small plane-trees had lost their leaves. But it was not of the Fulham Road he was thinking, now that he had put away from him the sheet of paper on the table. This first touch of the winter had awakened dreams. Now the picture before his absent eyes was Kenvane Head; the blue sea all murmuring; the vast caves silent and mysterious; his only companion a sagacious, quick-eyed spaniel, lying with his nose between his paws, and yet evidently not understanding why his master should thus be content to sit and muse, instead of being up and after the wild fowl. Again it was a wild moorland on a bitter cold night; Andy the Hopper and he each cramped up in a barrel sunk into the bog; both breathlessly waiting for the sudden whir overhead of the duck. Or rather was it not of that wonderful day when Miss Romayne first condescended to go out into the open light of the streets with him; his consciousness that all Cork was looking at and admiring her; the delight of recommending a particular seat on board the steamer; the sail past the golden autumn woods, and the broad shallows of the river, out into the great, shining, windy harbor, with its glancing waves, and white yachts, and islands; her admiration of a pretty bare-headed lass at Aghada, whose hair seemed to have been bleached by the sea air and the sunlight into different shades of golden brown, and Kitty's timid remark that she thought his hair was like that (followed by a quick blush, for their acquaintanceship at that time did not quite justify personal criticism); and then, finally, his faithful escort of her home in the evening, Miss Patience most happily being confined to her house with neuralgia. Or was it of that other day when, at a later period of their intimacy, he had inveigled her away into a boat with him; the Atlantic calm and blue; Kitty getting her first lessons in rowing, and pulling away so bravely that by-and-by it was discovered that her poor little white hands had become quite rosy red inside; then fishing off the deep shelving rocks; her shriek of delight when she felt a tug; her shriek of fear when he hauled in for her a gasping and flopping gurnard; their luncheon on the beach, and the wonder of having Kitty wait on him and offer him things; then the long row home, Kitty lying snugly in the stern, and chatting, or laughing, or singing, as the mood overtook her, the while the westering sun sank slowly toward the horizon, and the heavens became a blaze of green and gold and crimson fire, and the clear star of the light-house, high up there on the cliff, shone out to sea. On this wintry morning his thoughts and dreams were far away indeed from the Fulham Road.

There was a step on the stair outside.

"John Ross come back from Cookham," he thought.

But when, in answer to a sharp knock, he went and opened the door, it was not the Scotch artist, but Mr. Scobell, he found before him — Mr. Scobell, looking very smart indeed with his glazed boots, his dog-skin gloves, and cane.

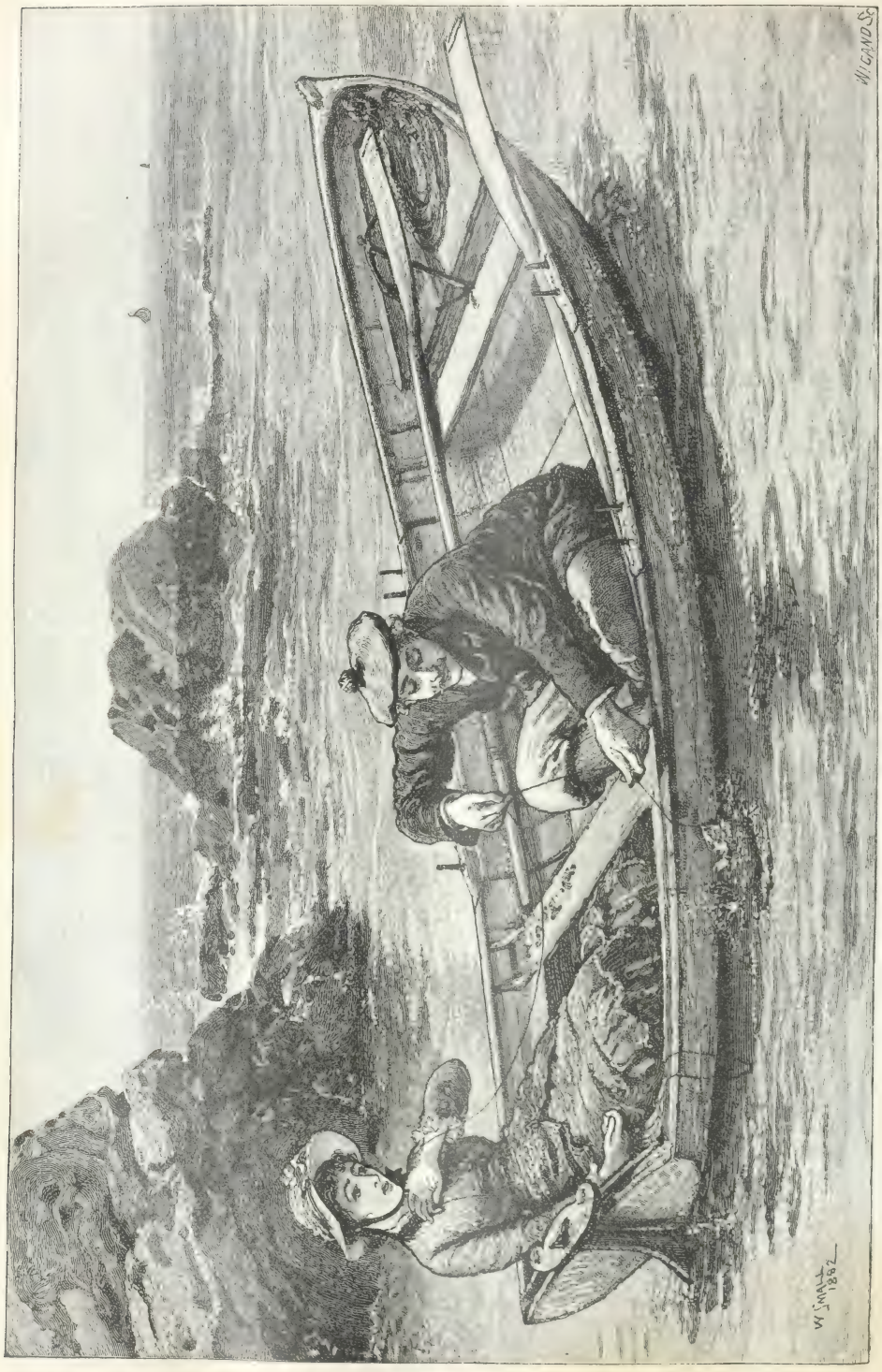
"How are you, Fitzgerald?" said he, and as he entered the big bare room he looked curiously around, for this was his first visit. "Hope you're not busy. Glad to find you at home. So this is your bunk, is it? Hum, you're not so well housed as Hilton Clarke was in the Albany. Perhaps that is because you live on your own money, and not on some one else's."

"I don't think there's any use in going back on that," said Fitzgerald, uneasily.

"Oh, you take it very easily—very easily. Quite right to stick up for your friend, though, if you look at it in that way. That's not quite how I see it."

He sat down, stretched out his legs, and tapped the tip of his boot with his cane.

"The fact is," said he, calmly, "I have been trying these last two or three days to find out how I came to be such a fool as to go into anything that Hilton Clarke proposed. But he is a devilish plausible fellow—devilish plausible. There's a sort of infernal superior air about him that imposes on people; you can't imagine he'd swindle you—"



"HER SHRIEK OF FEAR WHEN HE HAULED IN FOR HER A GASPING AND FLOPPING GURNARD."

"I don't think we need talk about it, for we sha'n't agree about it," said Fitzgerald, bluntly.

"Well, he has made me dance to a pretty tune. Do you know how much he has got out of me altogether?"

"You appear to forget," said Fitzgerald, somewhat angrily, "that you went into that scheme entirely as a business matter. It looked promising enough. You had your eyes open. I suppose if it had been successful, if it had made money, and been socially a success, there would not have been any talk about swindling—"

"Very well, very well," said Mr. Scobell, good-naturedly, "we will not talk about it. I consider you have more right to complain than I have. But I did not come here to talk about Clarke. I came here to talk about you."

He glanced round the apartment; then at the small table, with its bottle of ink and big sheets of paper.

"I suppose, now," said he, with an abstracted, dreamy air, as if he was talking of something a long way off—"I suppose, now, it isn't very easy to get on in literature in London?"

"I find it difficult enough; in fact, I can't get on at all," said Fitzgerald; and then he added, with a kind of rueful smile: "However, I have not quite despaired yet. I am trying to find out whether it is my work that is bad, or whether it is that the newspapers and magazines are overmanned; or there is this possibility—that my work may not be so very bad, and yet just miss something that makes it practicable and suitable. Well, I hope to find out in time—and the sooner the better for me."

"Yes, no doubt," observed Mr. Scobell, again assuming that contemplative air. "You have applied to the *Times*, I suppose?"

"No; I imagine every one applies to the *Times*," Fitzgerald said. "And then there is a great drawback; I don't know short-hand—"

"You can learn—"

"I ought to have learned it long ago. It takes a terrible time, and constant practice, they say, before you are worth anything to a newspaper. I ought to have learned it while I had a fixed situation in Cork. That was my chance. Well, I lost my chance, partly, I suppose, because I had ambitions beyond newspaper-work, and partly because I could get too easily down to my native place, where there was always a gun or a rod. Now I am paying the penalty; for the newspapers don't seem to want my fine literature, and I can't offer them good reporting."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Scobell, regarding him with an air of the most magnificent patronage, "I am delighted to hear you talk so sensibly—delighted! You have common-sense. Sooner or later the public will listen to you. They will discover that you can recognize facts. But in the mean time," added this artful diplomatist, with somewhat greater caution—"in the mean time, you see, you must make the best of it—"

"No doubt—"

"But wait a moment. When I see you in such a reasonable and sensible way of thinking, I don't think I can do better than put before you a proposal—a suggestion—that was made to me yesterday by Mrs. Chetwynd. Now she is also a person of common-sense. She is practical, and she is also sympathetic. When she saw the announcement that our magazine had stopped, it occurred to her that you might have a little more time on your hands; and she sent for me at once."

"Yes?" said Fitzgerald; though he did not quite see what literary employment he could obtain from Mrs. Chetwynd.

"To make a long story short—for we had a considerable talk about you—the sum and substance of her suggestion is this: that, if you had time to spare from your general literary work, it might be worth your while to accept some additional occupation which, with no great trouble, might—ah—might, in fact, increase your income."

"I would gladly," said Fitzgerald, without hesitation. "But it sounds rather—rather vague, doesn't it?"

"Oh no. She had a distinct proposal. If you will read to her for an hour each day, she would give you a certain salary—small, you know, but then, an addition, as I suggested—in short, one hundred pounds a year."

"To read to her?" said Fitzgerald, with a sudden flush on his forehead. "Isn't that more like the occupation of a waiting-maid?"

"Oh no, certainly not," said Mr. Scobell, with an eagerness which showed that he had been looking forward to this objection. "Not at all, I assure you. That is just the mistake you make. What Mrs.

Chetwynd must have, first of all, is an intelligent and cultivated reader, who knows about politics and literature, and what's going on. Very good people go to her house—the best, indeed; and she wants to know what is going on. Very well; the poor old lady is nearly blind; she can't read; what more natural than that she should say to herself, 'Well, now, if I can find an intelligent young literary man who could spare me an hour or so, he could pick out just such things as are important, and I should have the advantage of his judgment in literary matters, and it might be some little help to him.' She is a very kindly and thoughtful old lady, let me tell you, Fitzgerald; and before rejecting her offer at once, you ought to think over it—"

"Oh, I am very much obliged to her, and to you also," said Fitzgerald, who was obviously hesitating. "And any sort of settled income I should be glad to have. But—but if all this is needed, who has been reading to her hitherto?"

"Why, she told you, don't you remember?" said Mr. Scobell, who perceived that he was likely to be successful in his commission. "Her niece. But then Miss Chetwynd's personal occupations seem to take up more and more of her time. You have no idea what that girl has on her hands. And so sharp she is—as sharp as a needle. By Jove, she caught me yesterday afternoon as clean as ever you saw! I said to her, 'Well, now, Miss Chetwynd, I hear a great deal of this Society of yours, and of what you are doing in the East End.' 'Oh yes,' she says, 'people talk of what a few of us are trying to do, and they think it heroic, and interesting, and all that, whereas it is quite prosaic and simple; but what they won't do is to bother themselves to give us the least help.' Well, don't you know, Fitzgerald, this was rather a poser; so I said to her—there were some very distinguished people in the room, mind you—Professor ——, and Professor ——, and Canon ——, and a lot more—and I said to her that I wasn't afraid to go down to Shoreditch, or Shadwell, or whatever the blessed place was, and lend a helping hand now and again. I have plenty of time; I have a little spare cash now and then; I thought it was natural enough. No; she wouldn't hear of it; I knew nothing about the people; indiscreet charity was the worst enemy they had; and so on. 'Well,' I said to her, like an ass as I was, 'you must be very confident, when you refuse help in that way.' 'Oh, but I don't,' she says, as sharp as a needle. 'If you really wish to help us, you can do so; you can buy us three hundred filters; we are very badly in want of them.' Three hundred filters! And then Professor —— laughed, as if it was a great joke; but I can tell you I wasn't going to be jumped upon by a jackass-headed old idiot like that, so I said, just as I might be talking to you, 'Of course you shall have them, Miss Chetwynd.' And now the mischief is, I haven't the slightest notion what they'll cost—five shillings, half a sovereign, a couple of guineas—"

"Oh, they are not so dear as that," said Fitzgerald. "That one over there is a very good little filter, and it only cost me half a crown."

"Half a crown. Thirty-seven pounds ten. Well, if it had been a hundred and thirty-seven pounds ten, I declare I'd have paid it to take the wind out of the sails of that lantern-jawed old Behemoth. But about this matter of the reading, Fitzgerald. I did not undertake that you would accept; but I said I would try to persuade you. A hundred a year isn't much—"

"It is a great deal to me," said Fitzgerald, frankly.

"Very well. What is an hour's time a day? And there's more than that. The very best people in London go to that house. A young man ought to see sassiety. I think it is a great chance—"

"Oh, but I can't go at all if I am to see any one!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, in great dismay. "I did not understand that at all—"

"Of course you won't see them while you're there on duty—of course not. But surely you understand. This old lady is interested in you. She is a country-woman of yours. Something in your manner, or accent, or something in your writing, reminds her of her nephew, who was just the whole world to her. And of course you will be recognized as a friendly visitor, not as a slave. You may meet people; it is a great chance for you. It is one of the very best houses in London; and it is not exclusive—cabinet ministers, men of science, poets, painters, all sorts, as well as the best-known members of the fashionable world. There is no house in London more highly spoken of. My dear fellow, you must be mad if you think twice!"

"Well, I won't think twice."

"That's right. And I said if you accepted you would call on her this evening at six: all the visitors will have gone by that time."

Accordingly, that evening Fitzgerald called at the house in Hyde Park Gardens, and was immediately admitted and shown up to the drawing-room. Instead, however, of finding Mrs. Chetwynd there, he found her niece, who was seated at a table apparently engaged in painting, and who rose as he entered. He was disturbed and vexed, he knew not why. He did not like meeting those clear and penetrating eyes, though indeed they were pretty eyes, and had some touch of friendliness in them as she spoke to him, and said she would go and fetch her aunt. It seemed to him that he was taking over a woman's work, while she herself was addressing herself to the harder outside realities of the world. That was not a pleasant thought —especially if it had also occurred to her. He was somewhat relieved when the tall clear-eyed young lady, whose natural grace of manner somewhat softened the serious simplicity and dignity of her face and figure, left the room. Nay, he rejoiced to think that he had caught her painting. That was something pretty and feminine. As there was a complete silence outside the door, he ventured to approach the table where she had been seated, to get a glimpse of her work. And then he found that instead of coloring Christmas cards, or finishing up a little bit of imaginary landscape, she had been engaged in copying on to a magic-lantern slide, from a scientific book lying open there, the appearance of a magnified drop of impure water, with the most ghastly creatures squirming about within the charmed circle. He had just time to retreat a step or two when aunt and niece entered.

The little old lady received him in the most gracious way, and begged him to be seated, while her niece was making her comfortable in an easy-chair by the fire. That accomplished, Miss Chetwynd took up her painting materials and disappeared.

"I hope I have not disturbed your niece," said Fitzgerald, anxiously, "by calling at this hour."

"Oh dear no!" the old lady said, warming her mittened hands at the fire. "Oh dear no. I dare say she is off to her magic lantern now. She means to frighten some of her poor people into using filters; and your friend Mr. Scobell, by-the-way, is going to get her the filters. She is a very good girl, is Mary; and very industrious; I only hope she won't catch some dreadful fever in those places. But don't talk to her, Mr. Fitzgerald, if you please, about her work. She says there is too much talk. Oh, by-the-way, perhaps I am going too fast in assuming that you are going to take pity on a poor old blind woman, and let her know what's going on?"

"If I can," said he, "but I scarcely know—"

"Oh, but you shall have absolute liberty," she said, blithely. "You shall order any books or newspapers that you like yourself; and I am looking forward to such a treat; for I have had to live so long on the dry bones of science! You know, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mary is the best of girls; but she can't help thinking that I am interested in what interests her; and really, as you said so cleverly the other day, one gets weary of the frog's foot, and would prefer a little human nature. And Mary laughs at me for a silly old woman when I have listened most patiently to her Post-office Savings-banks scheme, and her plan for ventilating sick-rooms, and all about her hospital nurses, and when I say to her, 'Mary dear, just to go in to dinner with a pleasanter taste in the mouth, won't you read me a chapter of *Consuelo*?' And really it is wonderful what that girl gets through in a day; learning herself and teaching other people; and afraid of no amount of trouble or disappointment. Oh yes; and I can see that her reading is not thrown away; for sometimes, when the scientifics, as I call them, are here, though she does not say much, you can hear that she has just hit the point in dispute; and they are all very kind to her, I'm sure. Now, Mr. Fitzgerald, I am so glad that this has been arranged; and I hope we shall try to make it not very irksome to you. What hour would suit you best?"

"But that is for you, Mrs. Chetwynd, to say," answered the young man. "Any hour, indeed, would suit me; for I have no definite occupation at the moment, since the *Household Magazine* was stopped."

"A quarter to six in the evening would suit me very well, then," said the old lady. "For at this time of the year we

keep open table—a quarter to seven *table d'hôte* in fact, without any ceremony, and anybody who likes can drop in, and then be off to their lectures and what not. That is very useful for Mary; she sees everybody; and has not got to sacrifice the whole evening. Well, you see, Mr. Fitzgerald, if you could make it convenient to call at a quarter to six, and spend an hour with the newspapers or new books, I should go in to meet my friends quite coached up, and then I shouldn't have to ask them whether Queen Anne was dead or not. And I know you'll have pity on me, Mr. Fitzgerald, and not choose books that are too dreadfully learned. We will leave the bismuth in the moon alone, even if you have to read me the broken-hearted poems in the provincial newspapers."

And so, with a very pretty little laugh, and an appointment for the very next evening, this interview was concluded; and Fitzgerald, as he walked away down through the gas-lit streets to Fulham, was thinking that this time there could be no mistake, that this time he could definitely assure Kitty that he was in possession of a settled income, however small. And there were other things that occurred to him. He could not help regarding it as one of the oddest possible results of the conditions of modern society that he, a man, should have been constituted, as it were, the champion of sentiment as against science, and that his antagonist, the champion of science, should prove to be a young lady of very considerable personal attractions. The situation seemed to him novel; and he kept wondering what Mary Chetwynd thought of it, if, indeed, she had time to think of such trivial things at all.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEIGHBORS.

To be a man of letters in London—how many young people, in remote corners of the country, are at this present moment thinking that there can be nothing finer than that, and perhaps secretly wondering whether they might not risk the venture and try to make such a career their own! When Fitzgerald resolved to quit the security of that provincial newspaper office and try his fortune in the great capital, he was fairly equipped for the enterprise. His education, if not extensive, had been thorough as far as it went; he was well read; he had taken immense pains in mastering a certain simplicity of style; he was familiar with many subjects and ways of life that the ordinary writer, mostly a dweller in towns, knows very little about; he had youth, health, and a frank face; and his heart was fired with love, which was likely to add a little touch of poetical glamour to his productions. But his experiences fell far short of his buoyant anticipations. His ignorance of short-hand barred the familiar gateway of the newspapers. Then he found that those magazines which were the most ready to accept his contributions were the least prompt in paying for them. Moreover, he had sadly to confess to himself that those contributions which he could get accepted were not literature at all. They were mere manufacture—compilations in the British Museum. At first he had aimed at something higher. Disregarding Hilton Clarke's disparagement of criticism, he had made some careful studies of one or two of the pre-Shakspearean dramatists: no editor would look at them. Then he tried essays on social and domestic subjects; but every avenue seemed to be blocked. Occasionally he had the satisfaction of finding a bit of translation from Catullus or Horace accepted; though he rightly judged that magazine editors looked on such things as handy for filling up half a page. No, there was no help for it; he might cultivate the higher literature for his own satisfaction, but if he wanted to supplement that one hundred pounds a year he was now in receipt of, and so be able to write hopeful letters to Kitty, what he had to sit down and compose was a useful little paper on "The Successive Discoveries of Kaolin," or "The Origin of the English Race-Horse," or some such practical subject. It was not literature; but it brought Kitty a little nearer.

John Ross was doing him a mischief. It was all very well for the Scotch artist to take this young companion of his about with him, and give him a new pair of eyes, and color up the world for him; but unconsciously to himself Fitzgerald was adopting in his own work Ross's way of looking at things. Ross was purely and simply an impressionist; a vivid suggestion was what he aimed at, careless

of subsequent detail or even precise accuracy of form. And it was so delightful to Fitzgerald to walk abroad with this man, and see the commonest things in the world intensified with a new interest, that he insensibly yielded to the fascination, and forgot that he was a writer and not a painter. The objects of life became to him so many pieces of color; when he looked at a long terrace of buildings shining clear on a summer's day, it was not to guess at the rent of the houses, or wonder whether they were well drained, or whether there were any sick people there unable to come out into the sunlight, but to observe that the warm brilliant mass of yellow made the blue above more intense. If the life of a man of letters in London, so far as he had experience of it, was disappointing and prosaic, these occasional walks with his artist companion brought back some poetry into the world. "Io anche son pittore," he might have said, so wonderfully did his faculty of observation develop under this rough-and-ready, quarrelsome, enthusiastic tutelage; but he was much too wise to attempt anything with the brush.

"Man," said John Ross to him one day, as they were walking out in the suburbs, "what a grand thing it must be to be like you!"

"Oh, indeed," said Master Willie, whose fortunes did not seem to himself to be so flourishing.

"Ay, just to be able to look at the things that nature puts before ye, and never to have a thocht o' how ye're going to make money out o' them. What wouldna I give to be a laddie again, just for an hour, and lie down on a warm bank in the sun, and watch the clear waters of the burnie twirlin' round the stanes, and the speedwells on the banks, and the red rowans on the trees, and everything like that, and just to let your eyes drink it in without even thinking of the infernal pent-box? Man, it's a terrible thing to have to go through the world just conteenually warslin' wi' tubes o' colors. There's no two things that I see thegither that I hav'na to take the balance of; it's a disease—confound it! it's a disease. I'm a man; why shouldna I be allowed to go through the world and look at it like another man? It's a pent-box that's the millstone round my neck. Why should I care about they palings?" he said, as they were passing a cabbage garden. "I'm not going to pent them! What is it to me what color they are!"

"Well, that can't bother you anyway," said Fitzgerald, with a laugh, "for they haven't any color."

"Dinna be so sure about that, laddie," said the other. "Ye think they're gray, I suppose?"

"Well, aren't they?"

"Oh, ay. No doubt, if ye took a bit o' the wood in your hand, ye would find it gray and colorless enough. But just you try to fix your eyes on the wooden paling and on the violent greens o' the cabbages at the same time. Is the wood quite so gray?"

"No," Fitzgerald had to admit. "Not quite so gray. In fact, rather lilac, isn't it? In fact, it is quite a pinkish-lilac, if you look at the two together."

"Ay, and that's what ye've got to pent, my laddie. But if people 'll no buy my pictures of Cookham, they're no likely to buy a picture of a cabbage gairden in Chelsea."

"But, after all, Ross," said his companion, "writing people are just as badly off as painting people, for they have to keep watching and watching—"

"But they hav'na to warsle wi' the pigments, man," the other said, impatiently. "When ye see a thing is yellow, ye say it's yellow, and there's an end; but the penter has got to get that particular quality out o' an infernal tin tube, and even then put it into all sorts o' relations with the things round it. I wish to Heaven I had been brought up a penter o' shop doors and shutters, and I could have had my own way wi' fine color, and naething stepping in to spoil it."

"It's all nonsense your complaining like that," Fitzgerald said, finally. "Instead of complaining, you ought to be thankful. The difference between you and other people is that you have trained yourself to see more. You see beautiful things at every turn, where they see nothing. Is there any advantage in being partially blind?"

Had John Ross kept more closely to his studio in the Fulham Road, no doubt Fitzgerald's life at this time would have been a pleasanter one. But he was much away; especially when he had got a few pounds for a sketch; and his neighbor, up there in the solitary room, felt the winter nights to be long and dark. The hour spent in reading and talking to Mrs. Chetwynd

was the bright spot of the day; when he returned to his lonely lodgings, and this almost hopeless manufacture of articles in which he took nothing but the most perfunctory interest, sometimes the world seemed to weigh heavily on him. But, curiously enough, it was always at such moments, when circumstances seemed to hem him in, when the battle of life appeared to be going against him, when the future seemed growing dark indeed, that his imagination broke through these toils and carried him into a sphere of creation where his work was a joy to him. No matter how insignificant the result might be; it was the expression of something within him that he himself could not well understand; it was not of the slightest consequence to him what editors might think of it. One night, for example, he was laboring away at an article on "Some Particulars of the Earthquake at Lisbon." He had been for two days at the British Museum; and he had copious notes before him. He was trying to make the picture as graphic as he could; but it was distressing work; and he did not even know where to send it when he had it finished. Suddenly he heard a slight hissing sound in the fire—like that produced by rain falling down the short chimney. But he could hear no sound of rain on the slates. He went to the window; there was an absolute silence; but there were dark streaks crossing the orange glow of the lamp in the court-yard. He opened the window and put out his hand: it was stung by the sharp, moist touch of snow. And then what must he needs do but hastily put on his cap and issue out into the dark to feel this soft thing blowing all about him—touching his lips, his eyelashes, his hands—this soft, silent thing that made a wonder of the lonely streets. He wandered on and on in a sort of ecstasy; voices seemed calling to him from the past; he knew not whether to laugh or cry. His blood tingled with joy at the presence of this new strange thing; and yet there was a kind of despair, as if he yearned for some one far away; and there was a doom portending; an agony of love and terror and appeal. Then a phrase here or there; and it was a lover who spoke; and the voice of the sea could be heard now in the awful caves. Quite blindly, like one in a dream, and not heeding the snow, he made his way back from the dark lanes to his room, and almost mechanically he sat down to his writing-table. He saw something before him not the least like what he had seen outside. It was more like the sea, and darkness, and the wild Irish coast. And with an impatient cast here and there for a rhyme, and all trembling, and even scarcely knowing quite the value of the phrases he was using, he put down on paper what seemed to him the voice of some one else, that he could hear far off in the night:

"The wild March winds are blowing;
The trees are dark; the skies are gray;
O love, let us be going—
The evening gathers: far the way.

"Oh, do you hear the thunder
On Daramona's rocky isle—
The wild seas sweeping under
The ghostly cliffs of black Glengyle?"

He rose, with a quick kind of sigh, pushed the paper away, and began mechanically to knock the snow from his sleeves and his coat. Then he went to the fire, and lit a pipe, and stared into the red coals as if he expected to see more pictures there. And then, after a time, he went back to the table, and took up the bit of paper, and calmly and critically regarded what he had written.

"Yes," he said to himself. "That's it. That's true. I will keep that for myself. There isn't an editor in London would give me twopence for it anyway; and the public would ask where the story was; but it has got to stand just as it is; it is a bit of my personal property for Kitty to inherit when she becomes a widow."

Just as he was putting away the bit of paper into the desk, which contained a very considerable quantity of similarly useless scraps, a noise was heard below; and Fitzgerald's heart jumped up at the notion that perhaps John Ross had come back from Sonning, where he had been for a fortnight. There was a ready means of ascertaining. He took the poker and knocked twice on the floor. In response there were three knocks on the roof of the studio. Then Fitzgerald made his way down the slippery steps, and caught Ross as he was in the act of lighting his stove.

"No, no; let that alone," he cried. "I've got a blazing fire in my bunk. Come along up. Man, I've got some sheep's tongues that 'll make your mouth water, and a yard of French bread; only you must bring some whiskey with you.

Come along; I want to hear all about Sonning, and I won't ask you to show me your sketches."

"Ye're in a cheerfu' frame of mind, laddie," said Ross, looking up. "Have ye been drinkin'?"

"No; what's worse, I've been neither eating nor drinking, and I'm desperately hungry."

"And so am I. Have ye got any tobacco?"

"Plenty."

"Wait a minute, then."

He went and got a cloth and dusted the snow off the packages he had brought in; and then he followed Fitzgerald up the staircase, and was soon engaged in helping him to lay the cloth of the supper table and open the bottles, and what not.

"But I want to ken what has put ye in such fine fettle, man," he said at length, regarding his companion from across the table. "Some young lass in Ireland, I suppose, has been sending ye a true-love knot. Poor thing! a lassie should never let her sweetheart get so far away as this; it's no safe."

"It isn't that, though. I've written something I am pleased with; something I am going to keep for myself," said Fitzgerald, frankly.

"Let us see it, then."

"Oh no. It wouldn't please any one else, I know."

"Then what is the use of it?"

"None."

"And ye are going on amusing yourself with capers instead of getting money and furnishing a house for the lass. Is that what ye mean?" said the other, severely.

"What lass? What are you talking about?"

"I have my suspicions, my lad. But let's see what this is."

"Oh, very well," said Fitzgerald, at once going and fetching the sheet of scrawled paper.

John Ross bent his brows, and proceeded to read the verses line by line, which was an exquisite piece of torture for the writer of them.

"Where is Daramona?" said he, abruptly.

"I don't know."

When he had finished, he looked at it carefully again, and said, in rather a peevish sort of way, "Well, but have ye nothing more to tell us?"

"No."

"It's a ghastly picture enough; oh, ay, I admit that; but—but what is it about?"

"I told you you wouldn't be pleased with it," said Fitzgerald, without any resentment.

"Ye might make some story—"

"Oh yes, I know quite well. I know what an editor would want. There would have to be a third verse, with two dead bodies washed up by the sea somewhere; or some definite thing like that. Well, I am not going to patch it up for sale. I am going to keep it as it is—of no use to any one but the owner."

John Ross was not satisfied. He looked at the verses again, and then grumbled:

"It's a good suggestion—it's a capital suggestion. But why dinna ye follow it out?"

"Some people," said Master Willie, slyly, "might hint that about some of your sketches; and yet you won't alter them."

"God bless me!" cried the other, staring at him. "Has the laddie gone daft? Writin' is not pentin', man! Do ye think the public are going to take the trouble to make a story for themselves?"

"I don't mean to ask them," said Fitzgerald, simply. "That is only a little bit for my own private satisfaction. Won't you allow me as much as that? I don't find that eager competition among editors and publishers for my work that I should like. I think the world could get on without literary people—especially literary beginners."

But he himself seemed to detect some kind of false note in this—some echo of what Hilton Clarke might have said. So he added, frankly:

"No, I'm not going to give in yet. And I have got hold of a subject that I think might do."

"What is't?" said his companion, filling his pipe. "No too big, I hope. Something practical?"

"Well, you know, when you were up the Thames, my suppers here were a little bit lonely," Fitzgerald proceeded to say, as he also drew in a chair to the fire. "And I discovered that you could get a plate of cold meat, or a bit of fowl, and a glass of ale, at the Green Man, for sixpence. That again entitled you to go into the parlor and have a smoke. I

went in, and made a discovery. There are cronies who come there every evening and discuss the affairs of the nation. My goodness! I have heard extraordinary statements made in the smoking-rooms of inns, but never anything quite so fine. And of course, as a stranger, I had to sit quiet and listen; but what I was thinking was that there must be a large population in this country who get their ideas and information from sources that the governing classes don't know anything about. What are they, then? Not the ordinary daily papers, for I read them. And this isn't the only bar-parlor or smoking-room I've been in; and it seemed to me that a series of articles on public-house politics might really be of use. These men have votes."

"Ay, the sources of their information, did ye say?" said Ross, grimly. "Their own heads, maybe."

"But then," urged Fitzgerald, "when you hear a man make the absurdest statement—about the Prime Minister having written so-and-so to the Pope—and when he declares he saw the letter in print, and when everybody accepts the statement, you begin to ask how such stories can gain currency—"

"The impudence o' the one man, and the ignorance o' the ithers, I should think," said Ross.

"No; for these things are talked of as matters of common knowledge; and yet the ordinary organs of public opinion know nothing of them—indeed, they are quite preposterous. You know, my father keeps an inn. I did not go much into the smoking-room; but I heard things from time to time; and you wouldn't believe the stories that are commonly accepted about the royal family, the members of the government, the House of Lords, and so on—"

"You're right there," Ross said. "I would *not* believe them."

"The old gentlemen who meet at the Green Man are very loyal, at all events," Fitzgerald continued. "Will you come round to-morrow night and listen to them? Oh no; you'd better not; they don't talk overrespectfully about Scotchmen."

"I'll come round wi' ye, laddie, if ye like; but what I want to know is how ye're going to get any bread and butter out o' writing down the idiotcy of a lot of bemuddled auld beer-drinkers."

"But they have votes," contested Fitzgerald. "And there are thousands and thousands of them throughout the country; and their opinions spread; and surely it is of importance to know what they are saying. If it is absurd, if it is ludicrous, so much the better for me. I don't see why a solemn discussion on the only fit and proper way to govern Frenchmen, by these profound students of history, should not be made amusing enough."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Ye go and get admitted into a brotherhood o' philosophers, and ye watch and wait, and then when they are warmed into friendship and confidence wi' their pipes and their ale, and when their poor wandering old wits begin to dance and stagger about a bit, then ye begin your thumb-nail sketches—you, sittin' in the corner. Why, man, it's like making a fool o' your fayther."

"I think it's a very good thing," said Fitzgerald, with a laugh, "that the one-half of the world should know what the other half are saying."

"Get away wi' ye!" said Ross, resentfully. "Do ye mean to tell me ye will give a fair and honest report? Do ye mean to tell me there will be anything but jibes and jeers and gross misrepresentations? And you, a laddie just out o' school, to make fun o' men o' mature years, who have pondered over the course of the world's ways, and learned the lessons of life from A, B, C, to X, Y, Z! That is a nice work to undertake! Fathers of families, with the work o' the day over, and maybe glad to get away for an hour from a scolding wife, and doing their best for their country in talking over public affairs, and enjoying a quiet glass in warmth and security—and to have this Mephistopheles there wi' his note-book—"

"If you were to come with me for a night or two," said Fitzgerald, "you might make a few sketches. There are some splendid heads—of the regular old John Bull type, with a church-warden added. Then we could make a book of the reprinted articles, with your sketches of the people."

His companion glanced at him.

"Your brain is quick, laddie, for new projects."

"But that's what they come to," said Master Willie, indicating, somewhat sadly, his open desk. "They are all nicely tied up there, in wrappers, and addressed to myself."

"There's a mine o' wealth in that desk, man," said Ross, sharply. "When I am an Academeecian, and you are the editor of a daily newspaper, we'll both find out the value o' they sketches, in that desk there, and in my studio below. Have I no told ye that already until I'm tired? Ye are in too great a hurry, man. Some day ye'll be glad enough to get hold o' these ideas that ye are flinging about the now."

"Some day?" echoed Fitzgerald. "But in the mean time?"

"In the mean time," said he, rising and putting on his big cloak and his cap, "I'm going down below to my bed. And in the mean time begin your Teniers sketches, and good luck to ye; and dinna fash yourself about what's before ye, so long as ye've meat, drink, and clothes; and if there's a young lass in the case, as I jalouse, tell her no to drive any man's cattle, but wait and give the world it's ain time to turn. Good-night, laddie," he said, as he opened the door and looked out. "I'm glad there's no moor to cross on a night like this."

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO LETTERS.

"To my trusty and well-beloved Coulin, These, — It is quite true, my dear Willie, that my letters to you have been very short lately; but you have no idea how I have been bothered and worried in coming to terms about that other tour in the South, and then I have had to try and pacify papa. He has taken it into his head that he ought to know more about you, and our 'prospects.' Isn't that a horrid word? It is like 'matrimony,' or 'nuptial settlements,' or something in a lawyer's office. I tell him that we are not going to do anything rash; that I for one am quite content to be as I am; and when he writes long letters about the importance of being settled in life, and the possibility of his not being long in the world, what can I do but gently remind him that I have earned my own living for a good many years, and have no great fear of being unable to do so? Poor dear papa, he is very kind, but he worries dreadfully. And really I don't know what to say to him. If you were still the sub-editor of that poor defunct magazine, that would be something definite. Shall I tell him you are private secretary to a great lady? Of course I too wish you had something more settled; but do not imagine, dear Willie, that I am grumbling; for, after all, are we not just as well off in every respect as we were before we ever saw each other, and why should we not be quite content with things as they are? I hate writing like this. It is like drawing out a marriage contract. If you were here just for two minutes—I can imagine your coming in at the door over there, and looking round to see that Miss Patience was not in the room—we should understand each other at once. And if you were at the open door now, do you think I would be long at this table? Don't you think I might meet you halfway, even if the ink-bottle were to be sent spinning across the floor? And you to talk of the coldness of my letters!

"Besides all that worry I have been hard at work with Professor ——; and fancy the difficulty of doing that by correspondence! He sets me the most terrible tasks; and as it is all science and no sound, it is not very lively. But really when you look at some of the songs that are most popular now in drawing-rooms —the air some common phrase, or perhaps borrowed, and of course changing to minor in the second part, and the accompaniment a few simple chords, only fit for children's practicing—it seems possible for one to do something a little better. And then shouldn't I like to be able to set one of your songs to music—I mean something like proper music; I think I should not grumble over studying the counterpoint of *that* accompaniment. Do you think I would charge my Coulin a heavy royalty for singing *that* song? There, now: why don't you gentlemen of the press set to work and crush that royalty system? It is most mischievous; and the very best singers are giving in to it now, and of course the greater stupid the composer is, the more eager is he to make the royalty on the sales big. Then the public are stupid, and don't remember that a good singer *can make even the singing of scales pathetic;* and any kind of song sounds as if it were fine if a good singer takes trouble with it. But you are not interested. I can see you are very nearly throwing my poor letter in the fire. But supposing that I put it this way, that A (this sounds like the Professor, but I'm not going to teach *you* harmony), who

can sing a little, marries B, who is very fond of singing and music generally. Then they grow older; or A's voice gives out: is there to be no more music? On the contrary, A having been a good little girl, and having devoted a fearful amount of time to the study of music and to practicing, can still play B to sleep after dinner. More than that, if they get into trouble, can she not give music lessons? I believe this is a clear case of Q. E. D.: is it not, Master Willie?

"But everything in this letter is pure nonsense, and not to be heeded, except the tremendous fact that in ten days *I shall be in Cork again!* think of it!—the very same rooms, too; and the same old piano; and the same little iron gate outside, which used to give such a queer rusty growl and squeak as a sort of friendly good-night to Master Willie, and a hint to come early the next morning, if there were any bluebells and campions to be looked for out in the woods. Alas! there will be no bluebells or anything else now—mud, I suppose; and I shall sit at the rainy window, and not stir out until it is time to go away down into the smoky town. There will be nobody there now to make all the place wild and romantic; and to stuff people's heads full of dreams; and to make a poor girl think she never saw anything so lovely as a street in Cork when it was pouring wet—and the rain from the umbrella all the time running down her left shoulder and arm, because her companion was so careless. And there won't be anybody to say nice things about her in the *Cork Chronicle;* or to walk home with her up the steep hill; or to stop and talk just for a minute or a half-hour or so at the little gate. And what is Inisheen like now?—I suppose the sea dashing all over the shore; the villas shut up; the town a puddle. Sure 'tis not to Inisheen that I'm going. The only comfort would be that the ghosts and pixies of the neighborhood would have gone. What do the fairies do when it is wet? It must be most uncomfortable up in that glen, with all the branches dripping, and no leaves on the trees, and everything damp and cold and miserable. I never heard of fairies in winter.

"But about Inisheen, dear Willie, seriously. I wish you would let me know a little more clearly about that promise you made me give you. I have heard that in Scotland if two people only say before other people that they are man and wife, that is enough, and they are married. I have never been to Scotland, and I don't know; but I should think people might be too quick and then repent. I want to know if the promise we made that night (wasn't it a beautiful night, too?) is anything more than a promise. I have been wondering whether it might be the way young people used to get married when their parents were against it, or the priests perhaps. Situated as we are, sometimes I think it was scarcely wise to bind ourselves like that; and then again I say, 'Bother these doubts and troubles; it's all because Professor ——'s conundrums are too difficult.' And I am not going to bother you with them, dear Willie; for you must have enough to think of; and I meant this to be the longest and kindest letter ever written, after what you said about my not caring. I do care. You have no right to say that I don't—*and if you were here I would prove it, even to your satisfaction.* There, now! So don't say another word about not caring; but write me a long, nice, pleasant letter, professing yourself quite contented with everything that Providence and I have done for you, and telling me all the news of what you are doing, and how you occupy your time, and whether you ever think of poor banished me. You are very ungrateful; you have not the slightest notion of how good I am to you—to be sitting up writing to you like this, when every sensible creature in Belfast is in bed. The fire has gone out; and the room is dreadfully cold; yet here am I writing away with stiff fingers, and the difficulty is to know how to stop. For *I do want you to believe* that I did not mean my letters to be cold. I think it was the weather that got into them; and if you wait till a thaw comes, and read them over again, you will find them quite different. This is all at present from your loving KITTY.

"P.S.—Miss Patience is very kind to me just now. She wrote a letter (which she showed me) to the *Northern Whig* here, the other day, about the numbers of beggars in the streets; and, as sure as ever was, the very next morning there was an article in the newspaper beginning: 'From the number of letters which we receive complaining of the prevalence of mendicity in this town,' etc. Oh, my! At first she was so lofty she would scarcely speak to me, for she considers me a

frivolous kind of creature, but afterward she grew more gracious, and has been quite compassionately kind to me ever since. Last night she made me wear her gloves on the way home, for I had forgotten mine, and it *was* cold. She even said that your verses in *Chambers's Journal*, which I showed her, were written with much taste, though she added that she thought this was scarcely a time for writing poetry, considering the serious state of public affairs. Never mind, Willie, there is one person at least who knows better than that; and you need not be afraid that *she* does not appreciate your poetry, as the world will some day.

"Good-night, good-night. K."

Many and many a time did Master Willie read over this letter, wondering to which to attach the more importance—the obvious outward cheerfulness, or the curious half-suggested little admissions of trouble and doubt. He was so anxious that Kitty should not be anxious! And it was hard on Kitty to be away in those towns, practically alone—for that fool of a creature who was supposed to be her companion apparently lived only for the pestering of editors — and not hearing very definite news of her lover's success. The space that separated them seemed great enough; but it was the thought of the time that might separate them that he was afraid would weigh on Kitty's spirits. And so, in answering her, he resolved to take no notice of these involuntary backslidings of hers, but to assume that she still had the hope and high courage that possessed her when he and she parted at Inisheen.

"My darling Kitty," he wrote, — "You are all wrong about Inisheen. It is far more beautiful now than in the summer; this is the time it is worth living in —not when idle and fashionable young ladies come down to the little villas and show off their finery along the sands, neglecting their music, and becoming impertinent to their companions. You should see the real Inisheen when the frosty sun shines red through the thin fog; and you get a touch of the red on the shallow waters of the harbor; and the heavy craft are lying high and dry on the yellow mud. Just now, my dear Kitty, you would find the sun setting behind the sea, not away up behind the land, and the cliffs looking splendid. Then at night — think of the moon on the frost-hardened moor, with the ice ponds quite silvery here and there: that is the time for the duck, I can tell you. You think the people are depressed now? Why, this is the sociable time of the year; when you come home stiff with cold to a blazing fire and a warm room; and then you get your dinner over, and people come in, and you have the whiskey put on the table (that's for you, Miss Kitty, not for me), and the kettle steaming on the fire, and then the jokes and stories begin. Then you want to know where the fairies go to in the winter? I can tell you all about that. Mind you, the glen you speak of is quite lovely just now, with red berries and dark green bramble stems and lots of color you don't find at all in the monotonous summer green; but that does not matter; for I confess that the fairies at this time do spend the most of their time feasting and singing and dancing in the great halls within the mountains, though they have scouts sent out from time to time to see what is going on. There was a great banquet given by Don Fierna on the night of Tuesday last in the hall that comes nearest to the hill-side above the well that you know. It was a very splendid affair; the vast cavern was all lit up by millions of glow-worms placed along the rocks; but besides that there were innumerable will-o'-the-wisps moving through the air, so that you could see all the colors of the various costumes quite well, although most of the light fell on the long banquet board, and that, again, lit up the smiling faces of the ladies and their knights. At the head of the long table Don Fierna sat in state; a terrible, huge person nearly two feet in height, with a prodigious black mustache and heavy eyebrows; he wore a Spanish hat of black velvet, a scarlet cloak, and on his breast hung his thick gold chain of office, all glittering with precious stones. On his right sat the boy-king of the fairies (who is his heir-apparent), but he was a very beautiful little king, with large blue eyes and golden hair, and he wore a cloak of purple velvet clasped at the neck with gold, and also a crown of pure gold starred with sapphires. Opposite him—that is, on Don Fierna's left—sat the boy-king's bride; she was more like a fairy than any of them, she was so slight and fair and

delicate; and she wore a cloak of cream-white velvet, which had a scarlet flower where that was clasped, and her crown was not of gold, but of pure silver, with scarlet berries set into it. The other knights and ladies were in all sorts of different costumes and colors; and so were the servitors, who were hurrying this way and that with the materials of the feast. Oh, did I tell you that in the distance you could hear nightingales? For this is where the nightingales retire to in the winter; but they would be too noisy; so they are shut up in an adjoining cave, and you can only hear their singing like a sort of continuous water-fall. Well, you know, Kitty, I need not tell you all the things they had at the banquet; for the *menu* was rather long; only this, that the wine they drank was made of the honey that you get in the heads of pink clover, and that whereas the lords and the ladies drank out of acorn cups, Don Fierna's flagon consisted of the shell of a plover's egg set in a handle of bog-oak. Well, when they had got down to the end of the list, Don Fierna rose; and the moment they saw him rise, each lord and lady struck a small silver gong in front of them, so that instantly there was a sort of soft tinkling music rising from the whole table and filling the cave; and this immediately hushed the servitors to silence.

"'Your Majesties, my noble lords and gracious ladies,' said Don Fierna, 'before we proceed to the dance, I have a question to ask. What is the name of the mortal who was last at the Well of Vows?'

"All the eyes of the assemblage were now turned to the lower end of the cavern, where, near the immense gate, and half hidden in the dusk, was a rather tall, soldier-looking fairy, dressed entirely in blue, with a blue feather in his cap, and a long silver sword by his side.

"'Catherine, my liege,' he said. (It's a curious fact, Kitty, but the fairies always call mortals by their Christian names. I don't know why it is; perhaps it is in imitation of the Church; or perhaps they found that human beings were always changing their surname.)

"'Say, where is this Catherine?' Don Fierna continued, and you could hear his voice through the whole place, though he did not speak so loudly either. But everybody was listening intently.

"'In the North, my liege. It is understood she is coming to your Highness's city of Cork.'

"'She has been observed?'

"'Assuredly, my liege.'

"'She remains faithful to her vow?'

"At this all the ladies lowered their eyes, and looked at each other, wondering.

"'She does, my liege.'

"The words were pronounced with emphasis; and no sooner were they heard than the whole assemblage once more struck the little silver gongs, and it was as if the hollows of the cavern overhead were all filled with the singing of birds.

"'Your Majesties, my lords and ladies,' said Don Fierna, 'we may dispatch this piece of business before the revels begin. This faithful one must be rewarded. When she comes to our royal city of Cork, you will assure to her sweet sleep, sweet dreams. You will instruct your attendants. You will banish from her idle fears; you will guard her from the phantoms of the night: the dark and sleep shall be as sweet to her as the day.'

"With that all down the table there was a continuous 'Yes,' 'Yes,' 'Yes,' so that the sound was just like the wind in summer stirring through the beech-trees. Don Fierna then gave his hand to the young queen in white velvet; and the king her sweetheart turned to the noble dame who was next him; and so the whole company went away two and two down the great hall (but leaving enough space between the couples for the ladies' trains to be fairly seen). And then, when the lords and ladies had disappeared into the ball-room, the servitors, in their green jackets and gray hose, forthwith jumped into the chairs of their masters and mistresses; and there was such a noise of laughing and feasting that the very nightingales could no longer make themselves heard.

"And so you see, my dear Kitty, that so far from having anything to fear from Don Fierna and the fairies and the elves of Inisheen, they really have you under their protection; and it is not the least use your worrying about what you promised at the well, and imagining dark things, for, indeed, promise or no promise, the result will be quite the same. Only, it seems to me, it would be base ingratitude on our part for all the kindness of the invisible world of Don Fierna if we were not to make that pilgrimage. And only once in seven years, too! Dear Kitty, think what

a trip that will be! Of course, in married life, if what every one says is true, and if we should prove to be only like other people, one's views of things must naturally get changed; and no doubt the romance of love may get a little tempered down by familiarity and custom; and you can not have such a lot of things to talk over as two people who only meet from time to time, and have all their future to settle. But just think what a re-opening of the past that will be to us two: how we shall seem to see ourselves again standing there as we were seven years before; and if we have had our quarrels or misunderstandings, surely that will be the place to make everything up. My darling, don't look on your promise of that night as something terrible, something to haunt you, but rather as a bit of romance added to the facts of your life—something that you can recall in after-days with a kind of smile, perhaps, but yet with a tender smile, and something that will remind you through possibly more prosaic years of what you and I were thinking of once. Is not that sensible, Sweet eyes?

"About your father: you must let him understand, my darling, that I am quite as anxious as he can be that I should have something definite and settled; but Rome was not built in a day; and if you and I are content to wait for a while, I suppose that is our own business. Do you know, Kitty, that you are very profuse in your assurances that you are content with things as they are? I am not; not at all. I try to imagine what our life will be when we are together; and of course that makes me very impatient when I find another stumbling-block in my way. However, there is no reason for grumbling. Plenty of people have come to London to try to earn a living, and been worse served than I have been. I have one hundred pounds a year certain; I have nearly all my time my own; and I am writing so much, and offering it in so many quarters, that I must in time find out what the newspapers and magazines would wish to have, or what it is they object to. Mind you, I have my own ideals, and when the chance serves, I work at them; but in this absolute fight for life I have got to make just such bricks as the builder will buy. Some day, Kitty—when you and I can plan things together—after the fight is over, and we have won the fortress, then I shall be able to work in my own way, careless of everybody, and who knows but that one might then 'strike for honest fame'? I shall look in your eyes; the old days at Inisheen will come back: that will be inspiration enough.

"In the mean time, dear Kitty, if I can't tell you of anything definite and settled as regards my literary work, this at least will please you. I have been thinking over a series of papers describing the nonsense that is talked about politics and political men in tavern parlors and the like—some of it being exquisitely absurd, and I wrote one paper, and sent it to the *Hyde Park Journal*. To my astonishment (and a little bit of delight), it appears in this evening's edition; and I send you a copy, though it won't interest you much. Now the *Hyde Park* is a very good paper, and if they will only continue the series, it will be an excellent thing for me, for the varieties of human folly, especially public-house-politics folly, are endless. So you see things are not so bad; and you are a good girl to be working so hard—so good that I am not going to talk any more to you about wretched newspapers and my scribbling, and hopes and disappointments. Don't forget that I love you. I shall be glad to hear of your being in Cork, for then Don Fierna will have his little scouts looking after you and protecting you. Do not forget that I love you."

Editor's Easy Chair.

ON the Fourth of July, eighty years ago, in the first year of Mr. Jefferson's Presidency, an oration was delivered in the plain wooden meeting-house in Fryeburg, Maine, by the teacher of the academy in the village, a young gentleman of twenty years of age. The late Dr. Osgood, of Springfield, Massachusetts, said, with brevity, and without committing himself too far, that "it had great merit, and was a meritorous production." But one confident and delighted farmer who heard it went farther. He said that the young orator might hope one day to be Governor of New Hampshire. The teacher of the academy had recently graduated at Dartmouth College, and his name was Daniel Webster. But not until this year has the discourse been published, with a plain wood-cut likeness of the orator in his early manhood, and prints of the academy in which he taught and of the meeting-house in which

the oration was delivered. The orator deeply impressed one other listener besides the enthusiast who thought that he might become Governor of the State, and fifty years afterward that other listener could repeat passages of the discourse.

Yet as we turn its pages to-day, and think of the impression it produced upon the listener, we recall what Jefferson said of Patrick Henry, whom he had heard speak the previous evening: "It was glorious, but I don't remember a single word he said." The oration at Fryeburg hardly justifies great enthusiasm, and that it deeply impressed the audience is doubtless due to the genius of the orator. That Whitefield could say the word Mesopotamia so sweetly and persuasively that women fainted, is a story which simply pays tribute to the art of the orator. We have quoted before the remark of Fox to the fascinated youth who told him that he had heard Burke the night before, that it was the most eloquent speech he ever heard, and that he could repeat every word. "Ah," replied Fox, "if you remember the words, it was not so very eloquent." Doubtless in all impressions of eloquence, it is more the personal charm, the tone and manner, rather than the word spoken, which have the greatest part.

In the speaking of Webster this was very noticeable. His personal presence was so remarkable, the figure and mien so Olympian, the gleaming of the eyes in the dusk of the swarthy and projecting brow so weird, and the whole impression so imperial, that it was impossible to suppose that what was said would not be as weighty, majestic, and memorable as the speech of such a man ought to be. That it was always so was not the fact, but the grand aspect and manner were so overpowering that it was impossible not to recall the majestic presence again and again, and to believe that you had heard a great speech. In the famous Wyman case, when Mr. Webster was associated with Mr. Choate, he was suffering from his annual catarrh, and his overcoat was buttoned closely around him, and he constantly used a huge red bandana handkerchief—one of the eight, perhaps, which he said a friend similarly affected "took" for a remedy—and his voice was hoarse, and he seemed to be half surly; but he produced the same unquestionable effect of power as when he stood in his blue and buff Whig uniform in the Senate on one of his great field-days. At another time he was announced to deliver a lyceum lecture. The audience was immense. The expectation was very great. But his discourse was a prolonged commonplace essay, absolutely unrelieved by any felicity of phrase or striking thought, and it seemed as if consciousness of the character of his discourse made him more majestic than ever. His port was magnificent. The greatest of orators pleading sublimely for his country in the very crisis of her fate could not have had the air of saying momentous and solemn truths more completely than Webster upon this occasion when he was saying nothing in particular. Probably the great audience felt that they had never received more fully the worth of their money, and describe to their children and grandchildren the imperial grandeur of Webster as an orator.

In the magnifying magic of such reminiscence the Fourth-of-July oration at Fryeburg may well have seemed to the hearer, as he recalled it half a century later, and in the plenitude of the orator's fame, as marvellous in itself, and portending a marvellous career. And it is significant, according to the statement of the preface to the present publication, that the last speech of Webster's in the Senate concluded with the peroration of the Fryeburg oration. There is a turn of phrase in parts of it which recalls the Bunker Hill and other great orations of his prime, but it is of those parts which are the least valuable. The simplicity of style is the same. That is always characteristic of Webster. But it would be a daring Fourth-of-July orator to-day who should say, as the young Fryeburg teacher said—and doubtless with the impressive gravity of a young Jove: "The history of the world is before us. It rises like an immense column, on which we may see inscribed the soundest maxims of political experience. These maxims should be written in our memories and treasured in our hearts. Man in all countries resembles man. Wherever you find him, you find human nature in him and human frailties about him. He is therefore a proper pupil for the school of experience. He should draw wisdom from the example of others." That is not a remarkable passage; but spoken by Webster, the hearer might easily recall it a half-century afterward as one of the most impressive and remarkable passages he had ever heard.

The subject of the discourse is the excellence of the Constitution and Union, and the folly of expecting improvement from a change of the government. There are no proper politics introduced by the orator, who alludes to the change of administration as an illustration of the practicability of the republican system. "Of the comparative merits of these different men, of their honesty, their talents, their patriotism, we have here nothing to say." He does, indeed, observe, a little further on, that "patriotism hath in these days become a good deal questionable. It hath been so often counterfeited that the genuine coin doth not pass without suspicion. If one proclaims himself a patriot, this uncharitable, misjudging world is pretty likely to set him down for a knave, and it is pretty likely to be right in this opinion." The orator must have been looking into Dr. Johnson, who puts the same view tersely —"Patriotism, the last refuge of a scoundrel." The Man of Monticello, as his French friends might have called him, would have felt, probably, had he heard of this passage in the Fryeburg oration, that the orator meant him.

Doubtless the discourse is a sapling of the oak we knew. Discarding the doctrine that morals have nothing to do with politics, the young Webster says, "To preserve the government, we must also preserve a correct and energetic tone of morals." He warns his countrymen by the example of Europe "tossed for ten years in the crazy dreams of revolutionary liberty," and hails the supremacy of liberty under law. The oration shows how early Webster's mind was turned to the subjects which interested him most during his life, and also how early the general form of his literary expression was determined. It is a pleasant coincidence that the oration was first published this year just before the Fourth of July, and that in the same year, at about the same time, upon occasion of the centenary of his graduation at Dartmouth College, Senator Bayard, of Delaware, delivered a memorial discourse at the request of the alumni, in which he recalled some of the wise counsels and opinions of Mr. Webster upon some of the more commanding public questions of to-day. Mr. Bayard's address was a calm and temperate review of Webster's career—a career, however, which, with all his magnificent powers and great services, seemed to so many of the best of his contemporaries mournfully to have missed its greatest opportunity.

WHOEVER knows the old Revolutionary village of Concord, in Massachusetts, famous in later days as the home of Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and Thoreau, will take great delight in Mr. Sanborn's *Life of Thoreau*, which is the latest issue of the series of American authors. It is not only a vivid sketch of its unique and solitary subject, but it is a notable contribution to the village history of New England, which is the key to much of our national development. Although only twenty miles from Boston, Concord has retained in a singular degree the sturdy simplicity, the natural refinement, and inflexible character, which made the Frenchman, fresh from the private and stately court of the Duchesse de Berri, say with enthusiasm, when he first saw a true New England village of the best type, "This is what I have heard of all my life, and would not believe that it existed until now I see it." Mr. Sanborn describes a few of the older Concord citizens—yeomen as they would be called in England—who during a century, and in the ripening of the Revolution, illustrated the spirit of the community, and he asks, with a smile to which every reader will respond, whether King George and Lord North and the powdered and gilded gentlemen around them really supposed that they could cozen or scare such Englishmen as those Concord farmers who had planted a newer England over the sea. It sometimes seems in the tale of those times as if England had sent the seed-corn to America, and kept all the poppies at home.

The pastor of Concord for many years was the Pope of his little parish, ruling, like his brother at Rome, by the right of election, and at last by that of the willing loyalty of his subjects. Dr. Ripley lived ninety years, and the larger part of his life was passed in Concord. With the associations of later Concord he is connected by the fact that he married Emerson's grandmother, and lived in the Old Manse which Hawthorne afterward occupied. The village tradition is full of Dr. Ripley. His words and acts are very quaint in the telling, and Mr. Emerson's letter to Dr. Sprague of Albany is a racy and charming portraiture of a striking and picturesque figure. He was a shrewd and kindly ruler, with that "mother-wit" which was so common and so agreeable in the older divines. His sly strokes of satirical rebuke are well illustrated in the story that used to be told in Concord of the way in which he publicly drew the attention of his congregation to a matter which he had long sought in vain to impress upon their attention. The hymn-books were worn out with much zealous thumbing, but the parish turned a deaf ear to the pastor's hints and remonstrances that the books should be renewed. One Sunday, therefore, he proceeded with great pomp of manner to read the hymn which ends:

> "And justice, mercy, truth, and love
> Compose his princely dress."

But reaching the end of the first line, and finding that the last word was defaced, the grim doctor did not hesitate, and without losing the full swing of the cadence, continued, solemnly:

> "And justice, mercy, truth, and—another word which is blotted out—
> Compose his princely dress."

It was perhaps in the same pulpit that a neighboring divine, preaching upon an exchange, read part of a hymn, and seeing that the page was torn, paused, and said, slowly, "No, let us begin again, and sing to the praise and glory of God hymn five hundred and twenty-sixth." But discovering that the end of that was gone also, he stopped abruptly, and said, "Sing to the same glory any whole hymn that you can find in the book," and sat down.

One of the pleasantest little books in English literature is Miss Mitford's *Our Village*, and another is Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford;* but no old English village could furnish richer material to a shrewd and humorous eye and hand than many a New England village, as Mr. Sanborn's sketches of Concord show. He has not, indeed, addressed himself to the task of a history of Concord: Mr. Shattuck's work, we suppose, is still a classic: but he has incidentally suggested a most interesting and notable community, even to those who have no knowledge of it or association with it, and he has done it as a setting and background to a biography of one of its most original children—Henry David Thoreau. Thoreau was what old Fuller would have wisely called one of the worthies of the town. He knew its woods and

fields and waters thoroughly, and all their animated nature. He seldom went far from it, believing that Concord was as good a place as Troy or Rome, Jerusalem or Athens, Paris or London, and that paladins and heroes and fairy queens were as native to the shores of the Musketaquid as to those of any classic or poetic stream; but no man cared less for society, except that which is odd and remote from common sympathy. The Indians he liked especially, and did not esteem civilization to be an unmixed blessing. The solitary wayfarer, he thought, might be an ambassador from the unseen powers, and of all his contemporaries, John Brown was his chief hero.

He could live upon fifty dollars a year, but would not pay toll to a government to do what he did not approve. Declining to pay taxes, he went cheerfully to jail, and when his friend Mr. Emerson hastened to the prison, and said to him, with amazement, "Henry, why are you here?" the placid prisoner, raising his eyes, perhaps, from his Lucretius or Wilson, answered, quietly, "Why are you not here?" Mr. Sanborn sketches the transcendental epoch in which Thoreau came to maturity, and of which he is one of the memorable figures. He first impressed Sanborn, as he did everybody, as an unconscious imitator of Emerson. His tone of voice, his method of speaking, as well as the general character of his thought, and even of his literary style, were certainly very suggestive of his great neighbor. But what was felt to be imitation was wholly external. Of a similar intellectual temperament with Emerson, without his rich imagination and without his human sympathy, Thoreau was naturally influenced by constant and intimate intercourse with him. But nothing is more unfounded than the impression that he was a mere echo of Emerson.

Mr. Sanborn speaks of pranks and jokes in which Thoreau took part during his college life, and of merry story-telling to children. This is a new and charming aspect of him. As he was seen in Concord thirty-five years ago, he was always a man terribly in earnest, walking with a gliding, Indian-like motion, and, as Mr. Sanborn remarks, with clenched hands as if deeply intent upon a purpose. He sat erect upon a chair, leaning a little forward, with one foot in advance of the other, and he occupied very little of the chair in sitting, as if ready to be up and away. He had no small-talk, no compliments, no commonplace. At that time his chief companions among the villagers were Mr. Emerson, Mr. Channing the poet, and one or two of the farmers. Mr. Hawthorne saw little of him. Thoreau's rigid pose and severity of aspect seemed to disconcert him. He called him once "that cast-iron man," and confessed that he could make no progress in conversation with him. Thoreau might have retorted, "That glimmering ghost of a man." For Hawthorne's eyes had a singular flash in them, as if thrown out from a deeply hidden personality, which watched, but evaded observation of itself; and upon such occasions, when he could not escape some form of conversation, his talk flowed with difficulty. It was speech frappé.

It is a curious chapter of life in America of which Mr. Sanborn's sketch of Thoreau gives us a glimpse. In hard, trading, practical, working New England a kind of moral fifth monarchy was erected, in which every sort of fanciful speculation appeared to the amazed observer to be rife, and it was gravely proposed, as he surmised, to substitute will-o'-the-wisps for planets. To the old-fashioned conservatism, as it was called, such as that of Dr. Ripley of Concord, the era of transcendentalism must have seemed to be a Bedlam suddenly broken loose upon a well-ordered world. The real spiritual and intellectual awakening was held responsible for all the wild freaks which accompanied it, and all the extravaganzas to which those who took its name resorted. A man like Emerson was blamed because another man who declared himself to be Emerson's admirer was so advanced an apostle of the newness that he thought it his duty to sit naked at his door upon a Sunday morning, and tranquilly swear at his good neighbors passing by to church. As the movement of Pym and Hampden and Milton and Cromwell was called to account for the antics of Muggletonians and other lunatics, so Father Lamson and Abby Folsom were wrathfully declared to be the natural fruit of transcendentalism, and even Henry Thoreau's refusal to pay taxes was regarded by the general opinion as a form of vanity, treason, or insanity.

In Mr. Frothingham's *Life of George Ripley*, which will appear in the autumn, we shall have another picture of this interesting period, of which, indeed, Mr. Frothingham has already written the history. In the mean while, no reader of this *Life of Thoreau*, or of any of Thoreau's own books, will deny that were they the only memorials of that time, they would show it to have been one of the most interesting and stimulating eras in our intellectual annals.

Mr. Matthew Arnold thinks that the Americans are not as refined and courteous as they might be, but he would hardly deny that they are the best-natured people in the world. He could not, indeed, travel far among us without perceiving it. If, for instance, on a recent warm Saturday afternoon, he had sat in a crowded railroad car, and had seen a large warm man place his huge valise in the middle of the passage, compelling everybody to step over it or around it if he chanced to see it, and to trip over it if he did not, and had remarked the perfect unconcern with which everybody yielded to the selfishness of the large warm man, as if his huge valise were a natural obstruction, or as if he had some unquestionable right to incommode everybody who had occasion to pass. The conductor paid tribute with

the rest, and offered no word of remonstrance. Still less did he direct the man to put his valise under his feet or upon his lap, or, if that were impossible, to place it in the baggage-car. Eugenio, who loves his fellow-countrymen, but who hates to see good-nature imposed upon, was sitting near by. He could not restrain himself. "Good heavens!" he cried, "if this man chose to sit upon his valise, and block the passage completely, would my lambs and milksops of fellow-countrymen clamber over the seats to get by him?"

It was the duty of the conductor, of course, to keep the passage clear. If other passengers had done what the large man did, it would have been impossible to pass through the car. But, so far as appeared, nobody except Eugenio seemed to observe the selfishness of the one passenger or to resent it; and if Eugenio had spoken, he would have been universally regarded as a cross and unaccommodating man. In other countries such conduct would not have been tolerated. In England especially the offender would have heard plain comments. The conductor would have been summoned to protect the common rights of travellers; and if nothing were done, Eugenio would have thundered through the *Times* until every corner of the empire echoed with wrath against the obstructionist, and every conductor was alert to do all his duty. Eugenio asked his companion how he explained such pusillanimity upon the part of intelligent men. "Why do they permit a fellow to do it?" he demanded, with energy. "It is a part of that confounded American good-nature which tolerates the thirteenth man in the omnibus."

His companion conceded the good-nature, but contended that good-nature is not a disagreeable national trait. It is very much preferable to its opposite, and if good-nature may be pushed to an extreme, so may ill-nature; and it is quite as likely to be so pushed. He admitted that the English would not be imposed upon in such small ways, and he agreed that it is undoubtedly true that the English are the best pioneers of travel. During the last century they were the first general travellers in Europe, and all who followed them blessed them. They planted in the Continental wilderness the rose of bath-tubs, good tea, hot toast, and comfort. They have been invaluable pioneers; but no people are more detested in foreign countries. "I knew Lorenzo," said Eugenio's companion, "a capital Englishman, who came to New York thirty years ago. Upon my second call he said to me: 'By Jove! this is an extraordinary country. I haven't found a table that stands square upon its legs, nor a bureau drawer that will open, nor a door that will shut, nor a window that does not stick, nor a servant who doesn't slam the door after him. 'Tis a most extraordinary country.' In other words," said Eugenio's companion, "the English are more thorough and more accurate than we are."

But he went on to say that it was not difficult to see why the valise was tolerated in the passage of the car. "It was not selfish in your sense," he remarked to Eugenio, "because the large man would have made no objection had somebody incommoded him in the same way, and he would have stepped over the obstruction, or around it, or have tumbled over it, as nimbly and willingly as all his fellow-passengers stepped and tumbled over his obstruction. It is a survival of the situation of a new country, where everybody helps everybody else from the consciousness of a common need of help, and where everybody sacrifices himself, and expects to be sacrificed. In remote villages to-day there is this kind of communism. The neighbors are constantly borrowing and exchanging, and have a very keen sense of obligation, always returning something for something, until even friendship and neighborly good offices have an air of barter. They borrow freely, because they are entirely willing to lend. They incommode without culpable selfishness, because they expect to be incommoded."

This, according to Eugenio's friend, is one reason of the general acquiescence in the imposition upon good-nature which he observed; and another, he said, is the sentiment of equality which is bred by our institutions. In a country where there are recognized distinctions of rank, there are both servility and dictation. Some men naturally order others, and others naturally submit. Now the authoritative tone in a promiscuous company is unknown in America. Sir Roger de Coverley, when he roused himself from a nap in church, arose, and looked sternly about to catch some luckless dozer, and him he sharply reprimanded. It was the habit of acknowledged authority. The parish did not question it, nor murmur contradiction. But similar conduct here would produce an insurrection. Nobody naturally goes forward to remonstrate or to command when all stand upon the same line. Where "everybody is as good as anybody," nobody assumes to direct, and if you add to this a good-natured temperament, and the habit of mutual accommodation, the explanation of the valise does not seem to be difficult.

The philosophic friend said further that there was another element in the explanation, which arose from deference to the majority. Nobody wishes to be thought haughty or unfriendly to "the masses." It is not that the individual consciously seeks popular favor, or is anxious to cajole the most sweet voices of his fellow-citizens, but the general habit of deference produces a national characteristic. Very few public men, for instance, care to order a bottle of wine at a public table. It is not because they are total abstinents, or even "temperance men," but because the drinking of wine is condemned by a strong public opinion, and in a country ruled by the majority the tendency is not to assert yourself, but to

yield and acquiesce, not because you are convinced, but because the multitude differs.

Eugenio listened to these explanations of his friend with a severe eye still fixed upon the huge valise in the passage of the car. "Well," he said, "there is a good deal of sense in what you say. It is not a mean selfishness, that of the large warm man yonder, and the bland stepping and straddling and stumbling over his confounded valise is, perhaps, a sign of real good-nature, and of the survival of what you describe. On the whole, I think my countrymen, measured at least by other countrymen, stand acquitted. But they ought not to obstruct the passage of a car with a confounded valise."

"Yes," returned his friend, "but you observe that even you, with all your indignation, are so true an American that you do not say a word to the offender."

"If you find that you have no case," the old lawyer is reported to have said to the young, "abuse the plaintiff's attorney," and Judge Martin Grover, of New York, used to say that it was apparently a great relief to a lawyer who had lost a case to betake himself to the nearest tavern and swear at the court. Abuse, in any event, seems to have been regarded by both of these authorities as a consolation in defeat. It is but carrying the theory a step further to resort to abuse in argument. Timon, who is a club cynic—which is perhaps the most useless specimen of humanity—says that 'pon his honor nothing entertains him more than to see how little argument goes to the discussion of any question, and how immediate is the recourse to blackguardism. "The other day," he said recently, "I was sitting in the smoking-room, and Blunt and Sharp began to talk about yachts. Sharp thinks that he knows all that can be known of yachts, and Blunt thinks that what he thinks is unqualified truth. Sharp made a strong assertion, and Blunt smiled. It was that lofty smile of amused pity and superiority, which is, I suppose, very exasperating. Sharp was evidently surprised, but he continued, and at another observation Blunt looked at him, and said, simply, 'Ridiculous!' As it seemed to me," said Timon, "the stronger and truer were the remarks of Sharp, the more Blunt's tone changed from contempt to anger, until he came to a torrent of vituperation, under which Sharp retired from the room with dignity.

"I presume," said the cynic, "that Sharp was correct upon every point. But the more correct Sharp was, the more angry Blunt became. It was very entertaining, and it seems to me very much the way of more serious discussion." Timon was certainly right, and those who heard his remarks, and have since then seen him chuckling over the newspapers, are confident it is because he observes in them the same method of carrying on discussion. Much public debate recalls the two barbaric methods of warfare, which consist in making a loud noise and in emitting vile odors. A member of Congress pours out a flood of denunciatory words in the utmost rhetorical confusion, and seems to suppose that he has dismayed his opponent because he has made a tremendous noise. He is only an overgrown boy, who, like some other boys, imagines that he is very heroic when he shakes his head, and pouts his lip, and clenches his fist, and "calls names" in a shrill and rasping tone. Other members, who ought to know better, pretend to regard his performances as worthy of applause, and metaphorically pat him on the back and cry, "'St, boy!" They only share—and in a greater degree, because they know better—the contempt with which he is regarded.

In the same way a newspaper writer attacks views which are not acceptable to him, not with argument, or satire, or wit, or direct refutation, but by metaphorically emptying slops, and directing whirlwinds of bad smells upon their supporters. The intention seems to be, not to confute the arguments, but to disgust the advocates. The proceeding is a confession that the views are so evidently correct that they will inevitably prevail unless their supporters can be driven away. This is an ingenious policy, for guns certainly can not be served if the gunners are dispersed. Men shrink from ridicule and ludicrous publicity. However conscious of rectitude a man may be, it is exceedingly disagreeable for him to see the dead-walls and pavements covered with posters proclaiming that he is a liar and a fool. If he recoils, the enemy laughs in triumph; if he is indifferent, there is a fresh whirlwind.

A public man wrote recently to a friend that he had seen an attack upon his conduct in a great journal, and had asked his lawyer to take the necessary legal steps to bring the offender to justice. His friend replied that he had seen the attack, but that it had no more effect upon him than the smells from Newtown Creek. They were very disgusting, but that was all. This is the inevitable result of blackguardism. The newspaper reader, as he sees that one man supports one measure because his wife's uncle is interested in it, and another man another measure to gratify his grudge against a rival, gradually learns from his daily morning mentor that there is no such thing as honor, decency, or public spirit in public affairs; he chuckles with the club cynic, although for a very different reason, and forgets the contents of one column as he begins upon the next. If a man covers his milk toast, his breakfast, his lunch, dinner, and supper with a coating of Cayenne pepper, the pepper becomes as things in general became to Mr. Toots—of no consequence.

This kind of fury in personal denunciation is not force, as young writers suppose; it is feebleness. Wit, satire, brilliant sarcasm, are, indeed, legitimate weapons. It was these which Sydney Smith wielded in the early *Edinburgh*

Review. But "calling names," and echoing the commonplaces of affected contempt, that is too weak even for Timon to chuckle over, except as evidence of mental vacuity. The real object in honest controversy is to defeat your opponent and leave him a friend. But the Newtown Creek method is fatal to such a result. Of course that method often apparently wins. But it always fails when directed against a resolute and earnest purpose. The great causes persist through seeming defeat to victory. But to oppose them with sneers and blackguardism is to affect to dam Niagara with a piece of paper. The crafty old lawyer advised the younger to reserve his abuse until he felt that he had no case. Judge Grover remarked that it was when the case was lost that the profanity began.

Editor's Literary Record.

WHILE Lieutenant Commander Gorringe was engaged in preparing his report on the removal of the obelisk of Alexandria from the Old World to the New—in which enterprise, the readers of this Record will hardly need to be reminded, he bore an honorable and conspicuous part—the work grew on his hands until it became a full and interesting history not only of that particular obelisk and its removal, but of all the Egyptian obelisks, including careful accounts of their structure, proportions, and archæology, of the materials and metals that entered into their composition, of their symbols and hieroglyphics, and their decipherment and interpretation, and of the previous removals of several of their number. The result is before us in a sumptuous and finely illustrated folio volume, to which the author has given the appropriate title of *Egyptian Obelisks*.[1] Naturally, as being the inspiring cause of the volume, and as possessing special and timely interest, the place of honor in the work has been assigned to a detailed account of the removal of the Alexandrian obelisk to New York, and a dissertation on its archæology, both by Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, the latter being an elaborate study developing the history of the monument, and estimating its character and value as a historical record, and its bearing upon Egyptian researches, and the former a terse, straightforward, and thoroughly business-like report, recounting, without self-parade or rhetorical flourish, all the incidents connected with the gift of the monument and its removal, from the inception to the completion of the transaction. In this admirable report every step of the operation is described in detail—the excavation of the base of the monument, the lifting of the gigantic shaft from its foundations, its gradual turning in mid-air from a perpendicular to a horizontal position, its lowering and loading on shipboard, its debarkation, and its re-erection in New York—and each step is copiously illustrated by full-page artotypes and photo-engravings exhibiting the appliances and machinery and methods that were employed, and reproducing the appearance of the monument before and after the removal, and at the various stages of the operation. Admirably clear, brief, and business-like, and specially full of value to scientific and engineering students as is this report, it is far from being dry and uninteresting reading to the intelligent non-professional reader, the narrative being judiciously diversified with interesting references to the alternations of commingled anxiety, apprehension, disappointment, vexation, hope deferred, hope frustrated, and hope triumphant, that were experienced by the author and his coadjutors; and with still more interesting accounts, duly interspersed in their proper place, of the obstacles interposed by the stupidity, inertness, or incapacity of officials, or by the malevolence and jealousy of scheming or mercenary private persons, that were removed by Lieutenant Commander Gorringe's invincible patience and his judicious exhibition of firmness and energy tempered with gentleness, and of the practical difficulties of a physical or mechanical kind, resulting from the magnitude and unwieldiness of the enormous block, and the remoteness of those engaged in its removal from a base of supplies—difficulties which tried their patience and taxed their powers to the utmost, but were finally overcome by their fertility of resources and engineering skill. These interesting papers by Lieutenant Commander Gorringe are followed by carefully prepared accounts by Lieutenant Schroeder, of the United States Navy, of the prior removals of the Luxor Obelisk to Paris, of the Fallen Obelisk of Alexandria to London, and of the Obelisk of Heliopolis from the Circus of Nero in Rome to the Vatican, and the re-erection of each. Besides imparting a large amount of historical and archæological information in succinct form, these sketches by Lieutenant Schroeder afford an interesting comparative view of the methods devised, and the appliances, machinery, and engineering devices employed, for moving vast masses by different nationalities at different periods of time. The remaining papers are two valuable dissertations by Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, respectively comprising a succinct historical account of all the Egyptian obelisks, their object, intention, and place in the study of Egyptian antiquities, and an exhaustive description of the ancient methods of quarrying, transporting and erecting obelisks.

[1] *Egyptian Obelisks*. By HENRY H. GORRINGE, Lieutenant Commander United States Navy. Fifty-one Full-page Illustrations. Folio, pp. 187. New York: the Author, 32 Waverley Place.

The work is made complete as a memorial of these interesting remains of the remote past by an elaborate analysis, arranged by Professor Persifer Frazer, of the materials and metals found with the obelisk at Alexandria.

Mr. Lecky's *History of England*[2] increases in interest as it approaches more nearly to our own times, and touches upon great living issues. In his first two volumes the interest was chiefly concentrated upon his masterly account of the origin and rise of modern parties in England, more particularly upon the growth and ascendency of the Whig party, and its efforts to establish a system of government in which the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives in Parliament, should be supreme, and the power of the monarch should be subject to the limitations it imposed. While these volumes were not exclusively confined to the delineation of the progress of this important political idea, but faithfully recounted the wars, alliances, territorial expansions, internal changes and advances, and those other great events which form the usual staple of historical writers, Mr. Lecky's distinct aim in them, and in the two succeeding volumes that have suggested this notice, has been to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate the more enduring features of national life. Necessarily, therefore, much of a purely biographical, party, or military interest has been suppressed or abbreviated; and, instead, the main subjects of his work are those issues which have more or less immediately affected the conflict between the two principles, government as of divine right by an irresponsible king, and government by ministers responsible to Parliament, and representing the will of the nation. Accordingly, Mr. Lecky applies his rare powers of analytical investigation to a consideration severally of the growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the democracy, and of the Church and Dissent; of the increasing power of Parliament and the press, and the decline of the monarchical and ecclesiastical spirit; of the evolution in the nation of political ideas, and of art, science, manners, and belief; of the changes in the social and economical condition of the people; of the relation of the mother country to its dependencies; and of the causes that have accelerated or retarded the political, social, industrial, and intellectual advancement of the latter. With his fine powers of analysis, or rather as a consequence of them, Mr. Lecky combines an unusual faculty for tracing the history, the philosophy, and the influence of an institution or a tendency, a principle or a policy. This is very conspicuous in his two latest volumes, which recount the history of England during twenty-four of the fifty-eight years of the reign of George III., from his accession in 1760 to the rout of the Coalition Ministry in 1784, and the advent of the younger Pitt upon the stage in the first act of his career as the most powerful minister ever known in the Parliamentary history of England. Mr. Lecky's philosophical insight is specially displayed in two large lines of historical inquiry. First, in his elaborate investigation of the deliberate purpose of George III., adhered to with unrelaxing and obstinate tenacity throughout his long reign, to destroy the ascendency which the Whigs had maintained without intermission, and almost without obstruction, for more than forty-five years, and with their overthrow to arrest or crush the principle of Parliamentary rule and ministerial responsibility, to emancipate the royal authority from the constitutional limitations that had grown up around it since the Revolution, to restore the royal power and prerogative to their old position under the Stuarts, and, in fine, to impose his will upon the nation. Second, in an elaborate history of the collision of feeling and opinion, of policy and interests, in both hemispheres, that preceded and precipitated the war of American independence. Mr. Lecky's account of the causes that led to the separation of the colonies from the mother country, and of the leading political and military events of the war, is so fair and dispassionate, and his judgments so strongly supported by weighty evidence, that when he differs from our own historians, his conclusions are entitled to respectful consideration.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, whose judicious *Short History of the Colonies in America* was recently noticed in this Record, has prepared for the "American Statesmen Series" a memoir of the public life and services of Alexander Hamilton,[3] which is very attractive reading, although it is marred by some blemishes of style, and is written in the vein of an advocate rather than of a historian. But if Mr. Lodge is an advocate who disguises neither his prepossessions nor his aversions, he is too keen in his perceptions of men and events, and too honest and independent in his judgments of them, to be a blind admirer. A hearty believer in Hamilton's political canons and practices, he habitually magnifies that tireless and brilliant statesman's services and his influence upon our history, and systematically disparages the ability, the statesmanship, the influence, and the services of Madison and Jefferson, and sometimes travels out of his way to arraign the political creed and actions of the latter. If Hamilton does not belong, as did Jefferson, to the number of those patriots and statesmen who prepared the way for our independence, or to that other class who, with incommensurate means and in spite of discouraging and peril-

[2] *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols III. and IV. 8vo, pp. 591 and 606. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[3] *Alexander Hamilton.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. "American Statesmen Series." 16mo, pp. 326. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

ous environments, safely conducted the Confederacy through a long and exhausting war, and a chaotic peace more perilous even than war; and if, unlike Madison, his was not the master mind that conceived the grand outlines of the Constitution, and with indomitable patience and marvellous tact and wisdom presided over its construction and influenced its completion—to him, more than to any other man, belongs the credit of having *thought out* the Constitution after it was framed, of comprehending the details of the government it instituted, of devising our administrative machinery and putting it in operation practically as it exists to-day, of establishing the public credit and finance on sound foundations, of inaugurating the plans for internal improvements and for the encouragement of home products and manufactures that have prevailed to the present time, and, in fine, of organizing a government under the Constitution endowed with all the potencies of vigorous life, and capable of unlimited expansion. Mr. Lodge presents our indebtedness to Hamilton in these important particulars with cogency, brevity, and eloquence, fully justifying his observation that Hamilton's principles of finance, of foreign affairs, of political economy, and of the powers and duties of the government under the Constitution may be found on every page of our history, and are full of vitality to-day. And although his narrative is undoubtedly colored by his admiration for Hamilton's transcendent abilities as a statesman and political organizer, and by his evident prepossessions in favor of the centralizing party of which Hamilton was the head and front, his advocacy is so manly and his enthusiasm so genuine that the severest critic of Hamilton and the Federalists will find little cause for offense in his versions and interpretations. The candid of all parties, however, will lament the manner in which he glosses over some of the questionable schemes, like that of the *Miranda* expedition, in which Hamilton was implicated. Mr. Lodge dwells lightly upon Hamilton's private life and personal concerns, the work being almost exclusively devoted to his public career.

Considered apart from his writings, the life of Charles Dickens was colored by few unusual or exceptional incidents. In the main, his experiences were such as diversify the lives of the average of men; nor was his personal character specially marked by those traits and idiosyncrasies which distinguish their possessor from others, and give him the stamp of individuality. But if his every-day life was cast in this common mould, it was not so with his literary life; for although it too was devoid of any striking dramatic features, it was that side of his life which was at once the most distinctive, the most real to himself, and the fullest of interest to the world. While he was writing his novels, Dickens so completely identified himself with the actors who figure in them that for the time they became a part of himself, and he suffered and rejoiced with them as intensely as if their sufferings and rejoicings were his own. In his preparation of the sketch of Dickens for the "English Men of Letters"[4] series, Mr. Ward has acted judiciously, therefore, as well as in conformity with the general scheme and purpose of the series, when he touches lightly upon the personal happenings of Dickens's life, and dwells more fully upon those incidents that originally gave direction to and potentially influenced his literary career, or afterward attended the preparation and publication of his various works, and that mark the stages of the development of his faculties and the growth of his mental habitudes and activities till they became fixed and permanent. The sketch is emphatically a literary biography, combining the history of the evolution of a remarkable and most interesting literary life, and of its successive products in the order of their composition, with careful comparative estimates of the latter, and discerning critical studies and analyses of them individually as separate and independent works of art.

The prompting volunteered by Mr. De Kay in the preface to his new poem, *The Vision of Esther*,[5] was scarcely needed to enable the most careless reader to discern that it "is in some degree a continuation" of his "Vision of Nimrod." Both poems are pervaded by the same atmosphere and peopled with the same actors, both are subject to the same conditions of time and place, and in each like currents and sequences of thought are manifest. Moreover, in both poems the transparent device is obvious by which the author finds his opportunity to introduce his separate "visions" and to interlace their several parts, so as to preserve the continuity of the revelations of hoar antiquity that are vouchsafed by the ghostly visitants who successively appeal to their auditors to lend their "patient ears to monologue that never seems to finish"; and in both, cosmic, ethnic, mythological, social, and historical problems and speculations are discussed and draped in poetic garb. Thus, in "The Vision of Nimrod," under the guise of a story told by the grim shade of the warrior-builder of ancient Babel, depicting actual or apocryphal incidents and events in his career, the evolution of life and the history of creation on our own planet are roughly sketched; in "The Vision of Esther," under the guise of a confession by Nimrod's queen of her degeneration from originally pure and virtuous womanhood, and her final abandonment of all moral principle as the result of her life as a "half-forced, half-willing

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[4] *Dickens*. By Adolphus William Ward. "English Men of Letters" series. 16mo, pp. 222. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *The Vision of Esther*. By Charles De Kay. 12mo, pp. 315. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

bride by Nimrod's side," till she became a slave to luxury and unlawful love and jealousy and ambition, in the course of which she describes the strifes and intrigues, the conflict of superstition and reason, of prescription and progress, and the crimes, conspiracies, insurrections, wars, and incantations of priests and magicians that drove the bewildered Nimrod mad, and at length buried his mighty capital and kingdom in ruin, the problem of the early movements and coloration of races is attacked, and the causes of the two main differences that mark the latter are attempted to be ascertained. Although the device by which Mr. De Kay evokes his "visions" is susceptible of indefinite expansion, he intimates with commendable self-denial that the series, which when complete will form "a commentary on the great main current of humanity about the globe," will close with another vision, to be entitled "The Vision of Ahram," in which, by agencies similar to those employed in its predecessors, Nimrod's great prime minister, Ahram, will unfold the legends of the Garden of the Hesperides and of sunken Atlantis, and describe the movement of peoples westward and the settlement of ancient America. In the two poems now completed Mr. De Kay attempts to invest these intractable materials with something of human interest by imagining that two modern Persian reformers and lovers, in the course of the wanderings, vicissitudes, and persecutions to which they are exposed, partly by their missionary ardor and proselyting zeal, and partly by the loveliness of the maiden-reformer, successively encounter the ghosts of Nimrod and of his Queen Esther, and are by them forced to listen to the half-exultant, half-remorseful story of their lives, turbid with acts of licentious power, darkened by magic and superstition, and reeking with lust and jealousy and their progeny of craft and crime, and to their fabulous revelations of the origin and influence of old-world myths, mythologies, symbols, creeds, and arts. As was the case with "The Vision of Nimrod," so the characteristic features of "The Vision of Esther," as a work of art, are the bold outlines and the massive proportions of its general plan or conception, and the disproportion of the parts and details of the structure to its imposing general effects. While the general plan is a genuine effort of the imagination, the details evince mechanical ingenuity rather than constructive or creative power, are speculative and intellectual rather than imaginative, weird rather than poetic. The story fails to enlist the sympathies deeply, because the chief actors, though feigning human passions, emotions, and interests, are still mere memories—spirits from whom the vitalizing life-blood that makes all men kin has evaporated, phantoms and abstractions whose bodily appearance is only a mockery semblance of humanity, that eludes the touch and disappoints the grasp of the living hand.

Like poetry, the fine arts have been at once powerful forces in the world and the most enduring and authentic recorders of its history. They have not only been civilizers and refiners of man, but, as Professor Norton eloquently says in the preface to a volume to which we shall presently advert, they are the chief record of various stages of civilization, and the most trustworthy expression of the faith, the sentiments, and the emotions of past ages, and often even of their institutions and modes of life. Nevertheless, the historical study of art, as Professor Norton laments, does not hold the place in the scheme of liberal education in this country to which it is entitled, and that it does not is largely due to the fact that few of the historical treatises on the fine arts that have been produced have been works of sufficient learning or judgment to give them authority as satisfactory sources of instruction. In the opinion of Professor Norton, what has been needed to be of value to the student, and to give an impetus to the study, was a history of the fine arts that should state correctly what is known concerning their works, and should treat their various manifestations with intelligence and in just proportion. Such a work, he thinks, within its limits as a manual, and for the period which it covers, is a *History of Ancient Art*,[6] by Dr. Reber, Director of the Bavarian Royal and State Galleries of Paintings, which has just issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper. This work was originally published in Europe in 1871, and by the joint labors of Dr. Reber and his American translator, Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, it has since been thoroughly revised, much new matter and many illustrations have been added, the results of the discoveries of the last ten years have been incorporated, and it has been fully brought up to the requirements of the present day. The period covered by it extends from the earliest historic times to the Christian era, including all the years to which the term ancient art may properly be assigned; and the plan pursued by its author has been to trace the history of the fine arts, as represented by architecture, sculpture, and painting, and by the various modifications and applications of each, in distinct treatises showing their state and describing their characteristics as manifested in all the stages of the national life, successively, of Egypt, of Chaldæa, Babylonia, and Assyria, of Persia, of Phœnicia, Palestine, and Asia Minor, of Hellas, of Etruria, and finally of Rome, and to accompany examples of each by criticisms and observations illustrating their history and characteristics. Although the work is avowedly a compendium embodying the results of previous investigations, and as such surpasses all other compends in the extent and

[6] *History of Ancient Art.* By Dr. Franz von Reber. Revised by the Author. Translated and Augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. With 310 Illustrations, and a Glossary of Technical Terms. 8vo, pp. 482. New York: Harper and Brothers.

variety of its materials, it is yet far from being a mere summary of the results attained by others, but is enriched with the fruits of the author's independent researches, and its numerous original criticisms, observations, and reflections on the general subject of ancient art, and on such examples of it as best illustrate its spirit and progress, are remarkable no less for their delicacy and suggestiveness than for their sagacity and originality. Invaluable as an introductory text-book to the study of ancient art, in the judgment of the accomplished scholar of whose opinions we have so freely availed, it "serves equally well as a treatise to which the advanced student may refer with advantage to refresh his knowledge of the outlines of every part of the field."

A SELECTION of essays,[7] sketches, and criticisms on men and manners, art, society, and literature, which originally appeared in *The Critic*, and which its editors have wisely deemed worthy of production in a more durable form than that of a fortnightly review because of their permanent literary value, invites attention to the fact, which is not as well known as it should be to lovers of good literature, that a purely literary paper has maintained an existence among us, and that it has earned a right to live by the excellence and variety of its materials. The greater number of these selections will compare favorably, for grace and freedom of style, with the best work of the best modern critics and essayists, and several of them exhibit a subtlety and delicacy, combined with a quiet gravity and vigor of thought, such as is exhibited in few contributions to current literature.

AMONG the quaint nooks of the world which hitherto have not been disturbed by the rush and gabble of tourists, where the invalid may find blissful repose and health-bringing airs under perpetual but temperate summer skies, where the overtasked man of business may retire as absolutely as if he were in another planet from the crowd and stress and whirl of the world, and where the overworked scholar may escape from the drudgery of study and the pangs of modern thought, and shut out the overpowering pressure of the spirit of the nineteenth century, are the nine little Atlantic islands known as the Azores. Geographically they are two thousand miles from the United States, in the latitude of Virginia, but as regards civilization they are hundreds of years behind the age, and are still bathed by the quiet atmosphere of mediæval Europe. Of these tranquil and secluded islands, remnants perhaps of sunken Atlantis, which rest on the bosom of mid-ocean between Europe and America, and offer a perpetual invitation to seekers after quiet, or rest, or health, or pleasure, whose fields are green the year round with fig and orange and banana, whose valleys and hill-sides are forever fragrant with flowers, and always resonant by day with the songs of myriads of birds, where nature is prodigal of beauty and sublimity, and where the life of the blithe and simple-hearted peasantry is a round of song and dance, of church processions and festal days, of easy toil and rest without anxiety, of simple fare and homely joys, and of poverty without the sting of want, very full descriptions are given in two unpretending and pleasant little volumes, respectively entitled *Among the Azores*,[8] by Lyman H. Weeks, and *A Summer in the Azores*,[9] by C. Alice Baker. Miss Baker's book is more especially an account of the opportunities for enjoyable recreation and exercise conducive to health and pleasure that are open in the Azores to invalids and tourists of the gentler sex, coupled with crisp brief descriptions of the manners, customs, dress, and habits of the people, and of the more picturesque features of the scenery of the larger islands. Mr. Weeks's volume gives a fuller and more exact account of the islands. Taking them up seriatim, after a brief retrospect of their history, he intelligently describes their relations to Portugal and their intercourse with each other, their topography, methods of cultivation, industries, resources, educational and religious institutions, their social and business life, their vehicles and implements, their recreations, pastimes, and diversions, and the occupations, pursuits, customs, and costumes that distinguish the several islands and the various classes in each from one another. Besides conveying a large amount of really useful information for the guidance of tourists, both volumes are exceedingly pleasant reading.

Arctic Sunbeams[10] and *Orient Sunbeams*[11] are the rather euphemistic titles of two volumes by the Hon. S. S. Cox, of this city, in which he relates, with the engaging garrulity of a veteran talker, his sights and insights of travel during eight months of last year through portions of Norway, Lapland, Sweden, Russia, Holland, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. Although Mr. Cox takes his readers over a well-beaten track, it probably has never before been traversed by them in such buoyant and effervescent companionship, or with a comrade having so keen an eye for the beautiful and the picturesque, and so relishing a sense of the ludicrous and the humorous. Mr.

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[7] *Essays from "The Critic."* By JOHN BURROUGHS, EDMUND C. STEDMAN, WALT WHITMAN, and Others. 16mo, pp. 185. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[8] *Among the Azores.* By LYMAN H. WEEKS. Square 16mo, pp. 248. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[9] *A Summer in the Azores.* With a Glimpse of Madeira. By C. ALICE BAKER. 24mo, pp. 174. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[10] *Arctic Sunbeams; or, From Broadway to the Bosporus, by Way of the North Cape.* By SAMUEL S. COX. 12mo, pp. 347. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[11] *Orient Sunbeams; or, From the Porte to the Pyramids, by Way of Palestine.* By SAMUEL S. COX. 12mo, pp. 407. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Cox is in perpetual good-humor with himself and all the world, and his gayety is as infectious as his activity is irrepressible. Ever looking at the bright side of things, and ever on the alert to see whatever is worth seeing, or can be made to seem worth seeing, he habitually invests "unconsidered trifles," such as would be passed unregarded by ordinary travellers, with the glow and sparkle of novelty, and cheats even the commonplace of its routine dreariness. Mr. Cox correctly but awkwardly describes the general characteristics of his jottings when he says they "photograph for the eye rather than elucidate for the mind"; but it would be unjust to conclude that they never invite to reflection, since here and there many a grain of sterling good sense may be discerned under cover of a sparkling pleasantry or a bout of light gossip.

MANY of our readers will recall the enthusiasm and delight with which they read Mr. Henry Giles's lectures on Shakspeare[12] as the poet of human life, when they were first published some fourteen years ago, and also the increased insight of Shakspeare's methods and characterizations of which they became conscious after the perusal. Since then the genial and earnest little volume, so delicate and subtle in its analysis, and withal so vigorous and masculine in its delineation of the elements on which depended Shakspeare's comic and tragic power, has been out of print, and since then also a shadow has fallen across the life of the author. The book ought never to have fallen out of print, but the hand and brain that wrought it were disabled, and capable of no further literary or business effort. It is now republished at the instance of some of his faithful friends; and, as is tenderly said by Mr. O'Reilly in an introductory note to the new edition, "it will not detract from the pleasure of him who gives it due place on his shelf that its re-issue will smooth the closing path of the author." Worthy of a place in any library on the score of its intrinsic merits, it should find a place in every library whose owner's heart throbs with kindly sympathy for a stricken man of genius. [Since the above was penned tidings have been received of the death of Mr. Giles.]

YOUTHFUL readers who have a grateful remembrance of Mr. Knox's *Young Nimrods of North America* will be glad to learn that in a companion volume, entitled *The Young Nimrods Around the World*,[13] he has continued the adventures and experiences of the young hunters and travellers to whom they were introduced in that pleasant volume, extending them, under the direction of their "guide, philosopher, and friend," Dr. Fowler, to those of our own far Western lands that were not described in the former book, and from thence to Central America, the shores and islands of the South Pacific, and South Africa. After an exhilarating visit to the wonders of the Yosemite and the redwood forests of the Pacific coast, and after listening to some graphic reminiscences of gold-hunting by the early settlers in California soon after the discovery of gold in 1848, the party get permission to join a government war ship, the *Albatross*, and proceed in it on a scientific and exploring cruise in the South Pacific. In the course of the voyage, besides their own adventures by land and sea, and their own personal encounters with strange and savage beasts, birds, and fishes, the young travellers are enabled to gather from the officers and sailors an interesting budget of stories of adventures in various parts of the world, and to collect a fund of useful knowledge as to life and incidents on board a man-of-war, its management, discipline, and sailing qualities in storm and calm, and especially with relation to deep-sea sounding, the apparatus employed, the objects sought by it, and the results obtained. The visits of the "Young Nimrods" to the strange countries and islands that lay in the line of the cruise are described with great spirit, and brief but vivid accounts are given of the peoples of each, their cities, buildings, institutions, industries, and resources. A charming story of travel, it is also an intelligent and appetizing adjuvant to the study of geography and natural history.

THE novels of the month comprise *Marjory*,[14] by the author of *James Gordon's Wife*, and *Lady Jane*,[15] by Mrs. Oliphant, two quiet but effective society tales, the incidents of the first-named revolving in the sphere of the English manufacturing and mercantile class, and the last-named revealing some of the phases of life among the aristocratic classes; *An English Daisy Miller*,[16] by Miss Virginia W. Johnson, a spirited character-painting of a vivacious English girl, whose life, pleasure-loving, innocent, wayward, and brief as that of a butterfly, is suddenly quenched in a direful tragedy; *The Desmond Hundred*,[17] a tale in the "Round Robin Series," by an anonymous author, containing some fine contrasts of character, and depicting some typical representatives of the men and women of New England as influenced by the prose of every-day life, or refined and illuminated by the touch of the master-passion; *The*

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[12] *Human Life in Shakspeare*. By HENRY GILES. With an Introduction by JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. 16mo, pp. 286. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[13] "Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea." Part II. *The Young Nimrods Around the World*. A Book for Boys. Copiously Illustrated. By THOMAS W. KNOX. 8vo, pp. 326. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Marjory*. A Study. By the Author of James Gordon's Wife. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 103. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Lady Jane*. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 29. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *An English Daisy Miller*. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. Sq. 12mo, pp. 67. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[17] *The Desmond Hundred*. "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 330. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

Stolen White Elephant, etc.,[18] by Mark Twain, a collection of humorous satires, extravaganzas, and stories, in the characteristic vein of that popular writer; *Antinous*,[19] from the German of George Taylor, a not very successful historical romance of ancient Rome, based upon imaginary incidents in the life of the Emperor Hadrian and his favorite Antinous, and illustrating in some of its episodes the manners and thought of the times and the lives of the early Christians; *Yesterday*,[20] an insipid and colorless novel of American life, by an anonymous author; and *Brought to Bay*,[21] a sensational story of Western pioneer life, by E. R. Roe, which will be read by the admirers of Rev. E. P. Roe with great disappointment, if they are led by the similarity of names to attribute it to that industrious and popular author. To these should be added the reprint of *Miss Gilbert's Career*,[22] and *Nicholas Minturn*,[23] in the new edition of Dr. Holland's collected writings.

[18] *The Stolen White Elephant, etc.* By Mark Twain. 16mo, pp. 306. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[19] *Antinous.* A Romance of Ancient Rome. By George Taylor. Translated by Mary J. Safford. 18mo, pp. 343. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[20] *Yesterday.* An American Novel. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo. pp. 300. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[21] *Brought to Bay.* By E. R. Roe. 18mo, pp. 285. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[22] *Miss Gilbert's Career.* An American Story. By J. G. Holland. 16mo, pp. 405. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[23] *Nicholas Minturn.* A Study in a Story. By J. G. Holland. 16mo, pp. 432. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

BILLS were passed in Congress during the month as follows: Bank Charter Extension Bill, Senate, June 22; Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, $23,500,000, House, July 13; bill to regulate immigration, House, June 27; bill to regulate internal revenue, House, June 27; Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, Senate, July 1; Naval Appropriation Bill, House, July 6; River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, over $20,000,000, Senate, July 12; bill directing payment to Mrs. Garfield of $50,000, salary of President Garfield (less any sum already paid), House, July 14; Pension Bill, $100,000,000, Senate, July 15.

State Conventions met and nominated as follows: Vermont Republican, June 21: John L. Barstow for Governor; S. E. Pingree for Lieutenant-Governor. California Democratic, San Francisco, June 23: General George Stoneman for Governor. Tennessee Democratic, Nashville, June 22: General William B. Bate for Governor. Maine Democratic, June 27: H. M. Plaisted renominated for Governor. Illinois Republican, Springfield, June 28: General J. C. Smith for State Treasurer. Pennsylvania Democratic, Harrisburg, June 28: R. E. Pattison for Governor; C. F. Black for Lieutenant-Governor. Vermont Democratic, Montpelier, June 29: George E. Eaton for Governor; E. N. Bullard for Lieutenant-Governor.

A prohibitory liquor law amendment to the State constitution was passed by the people of Iowa, June 27, by a majority of 29,751.

The Egyptian crisis reached a climax early in July. On the 6th, Admiral Seymour, of the British fleet, sent an ultimatum to the authorities of Alexandria, demanding the instant stoppage of the construction of earth-works defending the city, under threat of opening fire from the fleet. The Sultan telegraphed the same day, holding the Khedive and Ministry responsible for the consequences of not yielding to the English admiral's demand. The work was, however, continued until the following morning. On the 8th the Conference agreed on a formal invitation to the Porte to intervene in Egypt, and urged a reply before the 12th. Meanwhile it was discovered that the Egyptians were mounting guns on Marabout Island, and the admiral, regarding this action as a breach of faith, demanded the temporary surrender of the fortifications within twelve hours, under penalty of bombardment within twenty-four hours thereafter. The surrender being refused, the British fleet opened fire on the city July 11. The bombardment was continued throughout that day, and was resumed the following morning. At noon of the second day a flag of truce was hoisted, under cover of which the Egyptians fled from the city. Before the retreat they opened the prisons and released convicts, who set fire to many buildings, and committed frightful atrocities. Hundreds of Europeans were massacred, and their houses pillaged and burned.

The following confirmations were made by the Senate: Lewis Wallace, of Indiana, Minister to Turkey; Henry C. Hall, Minister to the Central American States; John A. Halderman, of Missouri, Minister Resident and Consul-General to Siam; John M. Francis, of New York, Minister Resident and Consul-General to Portugal; J. P. Wickersham, of Pennsylvania, Minister Resident and Consul-General to Denmark; Michael J. Cramer, of Kentucky, Minister Resident and Consul-General to Switzerland; John Davis, of the District of Columbia, First Assistant Secretary of State; Eugene Schuyler, of New York, Minister Resident and Consul-General to Roumania, Servia, and Greece.

The Repression Bill passed the House of Commons July 7, and the Lords July 11. Royal assent was given the following day.

Mr. John Bright, July 15, resigned as a mem-

ber of the British cabinet because of his opposition to the Egyptian policy.

Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, was hanged in the corridor of the jail at Washington, D. C., June 30.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, the postal service of the United States was self-sustaining.

DISASTERS.

Heavy storms in Nebraska, Michigan, Iowa, Dakota Territory, and Southern Indiana, latter end of June. Several persons killed, and much property destroyed.—A cyclone at Coalville, Pennsylvania, June 30, killed several and wounded many.

June 29.—Long Branch Express on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, bound for New York, ran off the bridge across Parker's Creek. Five passengers killed.—Eleven men drowned in lowering a life-boat near the mouth of the Tyne, England.

July 4.—Excursion steamer *Scioto* collided with a tug-boat near Mingo Junction, Ohio. Fifty-nine lives lost.

July 12.—Thirty persons crushed to death in Texarkana, Arkansas, beneath the walls of a house struck by lightning.—Twelve persons killed in Paris, France, by an explosion.

July 13.—Railroad train ran off the track near Tcherny, Russia. One hundred and seventy-eight passengers killed.

OBITUARY.

July 6.—In Moscow, Russia, General Michael Dimitrievitch Skobeleff, aged thirty-nine years.

July 10.—In London, Hablot Knight Brown ("Phiz"), illustrator of Dickens's works, aged sixty-seven years.—Rev. James Craigie Robertson, author, aged sixty-nine years.

July 13.—Near Odessa, Delaware, Levi Scott, D.D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his eightieth year.

July 16.—At Springfield, Illinois, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, aged sixty-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE popular interest in Mr. Black's novel "Shandon Bells," now being serially published in this Magazine, leads us to reprint Francis Mahoney's (Father Prout) poem which suggested the title of the novel.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublimely in cathedral shrine;
While at a glibe rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught to thine;
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

HOW TO FURNISH A HOME.

A FEW PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

MANY young wives, when about embarking in the business of housekeeping, write to editors asking how to furnish a home. Strange as it may seem, they never apply to lawyers, physicians, blacksmiths, or railroad presidents for such information. It may not be generally known that one of the first duties of an editor is to acquire a thorough knowledge of the art of house-furnishing. There are strong grounds for the belief that the failure of the graduates of the Yale School of Journalism to obtain remunerative editorial positions on our leading journals is owing principally to the fact that the studies of the class did not include the important science of house-furnishing.

Editors, however, when gratuitously imparting instruction on this subject, are prone to manifest too much extravagance in their ideas, evidently presuming that the parties who desire the information are rolling in quite as much affluence as themselves. The suggestions herewith appended are plain and practical, and designed to fit a salary of not over fifteen hundred dollars a year.

In furnishing a home, respected madam, the first and most important requisite is to get the home. Should this suggestion be ignored, it will be almost impossible to act upon those which follow with any appreciable degree of success. Having procured the home, the next step is to improve its appearance and give it an air of comfort. The floors should be covered with a material called carpet, manufactured expressly for this purpose. It is desirable to have a few chairs in each room. These will be found very convenient to stand upon when driving picture-nails in the walls or mashing mosqui-

toes on the ceiling. Also for the women-folk to hastily mount when a frightful monster in the shape of a mouse invades the room.

A desideratum is a wooden contrivance in the dining-room denominated a table. A dining-room is very incomplete without this piece of furniture. Its usefulness will become apparent at the dinner hour. Upon this table are placed dishes and eatables, and by drawing up and sitting upon the chairs before mentioned, the family are enabled to partake of the viands before them with amazing ease and airy freedom. To recline upon the floor when satisfying the demands of hunger is a flagrant violation of the rules of etiquette—outside of a Chinese dwelling or an Indian wigwam.

In the absence of a heater in the basement, an iron implement technically termed a stove will prove very enjoyable during the late fall, winter, and early spring months. By building a fire in the stove the temperature of a room may be maintained above sixty degrees throughout the coldest weather the Manitoba wave market affords. Some writers on home adornment advise against having stoves in the house, on the ground that they provoke strife between man and wife, both of whom, it is alleged, insist upon getting up first in the morning to build the fires; but a dutiful and loving husband will always gracefully submit to the better judgment of his wife in such a controversy.

The front windows may be provided with blinds or shades. These not only shut out the sunlight, which fades the carpets, but serve admirably to exclude the prying eyes of the neighbors across the way. Don't hang too many cheap chromos on the walls. It is better to have one really good picture by Meissonier or Bouguereau, or some other foreigner who charges $10,000 for a nine by twelve canvas, than to own seventeen "oil-paintings with rich gold frames" costing three dollars and fifty cents apiece.

If your grandmother's gift on your wedding day was one of *her* mother's old blue china tea-pots with a cracked waist and a fractured spout, don't outrage all the canons of the Beautiful in Art by utilizing it on the tea-table. It should have a prominent place on an ebony cabinet in the parlor. Your æsthetic friends will call it a "sweet piece of bric-à-brac," though sensible persons may call it by its right name—"old trash." Sensible persons, however, are glaring failures as æsthetes, and their remarks should be treated as the idle wind.

A bedstead in each sleeping-chamber is regarded by many persons as indispensable. When a spring mattress is placed upon a bedstead, its adaptability for sleeping purposes is immensely enhanced. Even a not over-particular man takes advantage of the repose and solace afforded by such a bed when he comes home at midnight—sober. The bedroom should also be furnished with a bureau and two or three chairs. It is customary, before retiring at night, to garnish the back of one of the chairs with sixteen dollars' worth of store hair, and to pile enough wearing apparel on the others to bury them out of sight. The bureau generally contains four receptacles called drawers, and if the number was forty-seven they would all be crammed so full of one thing and another that it would be utterly impossible for an ordinary man to open and shut them without indulging in language never found in books of a religious character. After thirty-four unsuccessful efforts to close a drawer so that a shirt sleeve or a ruffled something will not be left hanging outside, as if intended as a sample of the goods within, he gives it a vicious shove, and lets it go at that.

Whether your boudoir is provided with a mirror or not is simply a matter of taste. Mirrors are tolerated in good society, but of course they are for ornament and not for use.

The mantel-piece is a feature of the parlor that will permit of the display of a nice taste in its adornment. Besides affording a very convenient rest for the husband's feet when he is sitting on his spine in an easy-chair, smoking a cigar and reading the daily paper, it also invites him to deposit a cigar stub behind a vase, where his wife finds it and makes a few energetic remarks on the evils of smoking.

You might worry along without a piano and still retain the respect of your next-door neighbors. But if you possess no more talent for music than a fife and drum corps, you will decide to have a piano; and in purchasing the instrument don't select one indorsed by a celebrated prima donna as "the best." Such a piano is too numerous, and to own it would necessitate a large outlay of money. It would also monopolize too much space in each room in the house.

A few other trifling matters are necessary in furnishing a home, such as Renaissance wash-tubs, a Queen Anne rolling-pin, an æsthetic barrel of flour, a mediæval scrubbing-brush, etc., in procuring which you may consult your own taste and the plethoriceness of your husband's pocket-book. J. H. W.

THE DONATION PARTY OF DEAD-MULE FLAT.

From bleak New England's mountains
Up to the corralled strand
Where fair Montana's fountains
Roll alleged silver sand,
A missionary, mild in
His manners and his speech,
Journeyed to seek the wild in
A church wherein to preach.

In the "city" where he duly
His wandering tent did pitch,
It could not be said truly
The good man "struck it rich."
For the people (who would gather
To hear his words with mirth)
Were not earth's salt, but rather
The salters of the earth.

Of calls though oft spoke deacon,
Or brother—I mean "pard"—

He found that they were speaking
(See *Hamlet*) by the card.
And the language that they used with
Regard to every game
The good man's face suffused with
A (bob-tailed) flush of shame.

And to his deep dejection,
When all around his hat
He sent for a collection,
But little wealth he gat.
If growled the parson plucky
They would satiric smile,
And hint he was blamed lucky
In getting back the tile.

One day unto the preacher
Two ruffians did repair;
Each was the vilest creature—
Except the other—there.
One was the "A 1 Terror,"
The other "Murderer Ned";
And they confessed the error
Of the lives that they had led.

The missionary 'ware was
That jesting they must be;
He said in his church there was
Just then no vacancy.
But when toward the trigger
He saw their fingers glide,
He remembered with great vigor
There was "room for two inside."

"Seein' we now air brothers,"
The "A 1 Terror" cries,
"We ought to get the others
To come and be likewise.
So cock your gun, my hearty,
And, parson, fetch your hat:
Hey for a donation party
For the Church of Dead-mule Flat!"

Forth went the luckless parson,
Between the ruffians two,
Who homicide and arson
Vowed for "the cause" they'd do.
They had their weapons handy,
And used toward all they met
The *modus operandi*
Of frontier etiquette.

First, Brother "Terror A 1"
Would range them in a row,
And stand prepared to slay one
Whose hands should downward go,
While Deacon "Murderer Ed." he
Went through them systemat-
Ically, and the ready
Placed in the parson's hat.

The party cleaned the city
Out in an hour or so.
"Doc," said the "Terror" witty,
"'Tis time for us to go.
Unto the distant heathen
We mean forthwith to slide,
And preach the Gospel; we, then,
The plunder must divide.

"The sun is hast'ning bedward,
No time to lose have we—
Here's half for Deacon Edward,
And here is half for me;
And, my white-chokered hearty,
You shall have back your hat.
'Rah for the donation party
For the Church of Dead-mule Flat!"

"But, boys," the parson pleaded,
'Tis hardly right for me
To let you, unimpeded,
Take the church's property.

All preachers to their trust are
Faithful presumed to be:
Just shoot my hat and duster,
That folk the holes may see,

"And think I made endeavor
The church funds to retain."
In duster and in beaver
They fired their pistols twain.
And the parson snickered queerly
As he two six-shooters drew:
"Brethren, belovèd dearly,
I've got the drop on you!"

He marches to the city,
And there his prize presents
To a Vigilance Committee
Of prominent residents.
The pleas the missionary
For his captives makes they fend off,
And they give the cemetery
Of his church a double send-off.

They give him the "donation,"
And heap anew his hat,
And elect by acclamation
Him Pope of Dead-mule Flat;
A church tax straight they levy,
And now, when the hat goes round,
Its contents are right heavy,
And have a chinking sound.

And his mother would not know'm,
That young mining engineer,
Who once had been to Rome,
And with a superior sneer,
Where the Flatters most do cluster,
The statement did dispute
That the Pope wore a linen duster,
And was upon the shoot. G. T. L.

ESSEX COUNTY, Massachusetts, aside from its legal notables, like Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, Judge Story, Hon. Otis P. Lord, and the rest of that illustrious line who have made their homes within its limits, has also been remarkable for some of its minor officers of the law, particularly its deputy-sheriffs, the majority of whom have served many years with great faithfulness and dignity, and among whom a strong friendship exists. One, Daniel Potter, who is to-day serving with the vigor of a man of thirty, is over fourscore years of age. He has always mingled with his severe devotion to official duty a keen wit and a readiness at repartee which have made him a favorite with the host of acquaintances his long career has brought to him. A short time ago he entered a newspaper office in Salem, and, addressing the only scribe who was in sight, said, "I thought that I would tell you that to-morrow I shall go where I never went before and can never go again." The scribe, knowing his caller, "gave it up," and then Mr. Potter said, "It is into my eightieth year." Once he entered the office of a prominent lawyer in a hurried manner, and addressing the lawyer in a quick tone, said, "K——, I want you to tell me is it legal for a man to marry his *widow's sister*."

"Why," said the attorney, "that question never occurred to me before. I'll look it up." He started to reach a legal tome from a high shelf—in fact, had his hand upon a book—when

the drift of the question flashed upon him, and the book of law quickly flew from the attorney's hand at the head of the deputy-sheriff disappearing through the office doorway.

Some years ago these old deputies had a gathering at the home of Sheriff Lane in Gloucester. While looking about the house, Mr. Lane called the attention of his visitors to an old clock, a great favorite of his. He told his friends of his great attachment to the piece of mechanism, getting quite pathetic at parts of its history, and ending by saying, "And, gentlemen, I have wound up that clock every night for so many years" (mentioning the number). Here an old deputy turned the tide of feeling evoked by the story by saying, "Well, Lane, I always did think that you were a darned old fool! That's an *eight-day clock!*"

While upon the subject of legal officials, here is a story from Colorado illustrating how far the habit of "jumping at conclusions" is sometimes carried. Two Colorado judges lately occupied the same room in a hotel near the city of Pueblo. They were greatly annoyed during the first portion of the night by a neighbor who was snoring at a terrible rate. They lay sleepless and silent for a long time, listening with a horrid fascination to the efforts of "the man who snored." Finally the sleeper made one mighty effort, and with an awfully convulsive, gurgling gasp relapsed into silence, which was shortly broken by one of the legal victims, who in a fervent tone exclaimed, "*Thank God, he's dead!*"

D. W. M.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

Scene.—New York drawing-room, 1.20 A.M.

I CLASPÈD her hand, and I held it fast,
While I gazed in her dreamy eyes,
And a far-off look o'er her features passed,
Like the twilight of vesper skies,

While, like one too happy or shy to speak,
With a throb I could understand,
She turned from my raptures her glowing cheek,
And veiled it with faltering hand;

And the gentle tremor which thrilled her frame,
And leaped from her pulse to mine,
To my thirsting soul with its message came,
Like the magic of cordial wine.

At last she pitied the hopeless smart
Of the passion she long had scorned,
And just as I felt she had opened her heart,
She opened her mouth, and—yawned!

NOT a few things quotable in the Drawer occur in the proceedings of Congress. Recently, when the bill for a commission to revise the tariff and internal revenue was under discussion in the House of Representatives, several good speeches, *pro* and *con*, were delivered. Among them that of Congressman Cox was both able and witty, and frequently brought down the House. His illustrations, drawn from home life, showing how everything is taxed that enters a man's dwelling, were very cleverly brought in. Said he:

"The little girl can not play with her doll, nor the boy whiz his top, nor the mother wash her offspring with soap, except at an expense of from one-third to one-half of their cost for the domestic privilege. [Laughter.] If the mother gives her child castor-oil, she pours down 148 per cent. ad valorem [laughter]; if the child does not enjoy the dose, there is a 25 per cent. bowl as the recipient of the contents of its tender stomach. And though she 'wash it with nitre, and take to it much soap, yet the iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord,' for the soap is taxed 40 per centum! God help the child!"

MR. TOWNSHEND, of Illinois. "How about candy?"

MR. COX. "I am coming to that in a moment, my honey. [Great laughter.] If she wraps the little dear in a plain bleached cotton night-shirt, it has a nightmare of 5½ cents per square yard specific [laughter]; when the child awakes in the morning fretful, she combs its little head at 35 per cent. ad valorem [laughter]; if she would amuse it, she rolls it over a Brussels carpet at 90 cents per square yard, or gives it confectionery made of refined sugar at 4 cents a pound specific, and 25 per cent. ad valorem; if it tears its little panties, the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kelley] sews them up with spool thread taxed at three-quarters of its value [laughter]. Why, if she used a shingle to bring the little 'toddling wee thing' to its senses, as the honorable gentlemen can recall, the cost would be enhanced at the rate of 17 per cent. taxation [laughter.] If the youngster has a patriotic inclination on our Fourth of July, his firecrackers are taxed as a patriotic luxury at $1 extra a box, and the bunting which furnishes the flag, though but 23 cents a pound, costs 121 per cent. extra, while the band plays on instruments taxed at 30 per cent. She takes him to the menagerie to study natural history. There is the zebra, symbolic of a mixed ad valorem and specific [laughter], and the stately giraffe, high protection [laughter], the royal tiger, and unicorn of Holy Writ, at 20 per cent. And the procession of elephants, every one 20 per cent. True, Jumbo, for purposes not to be mentioned, is excluded by the affidavit of a consistent protectionist; but the log-chain that holds his huge legs binds the monster in protective chains." (Laughter.)

IT is understood that as a steady thing in Massachusetts no man can be elected constable unless graduated from Cambridge. In Connecticut there appears to be a tendency in the same direction among the minor order of merchants, judging from the following dialogue which is reported to have occurred recently in New Haven.

"If I was in your place," said a lady to a

fish peddler, "I'd throw away that horn, or else learn a new tune. It's perfectly distressing."

"Madam," replied the purveyor of brain phosphorus, with becoming dignity, "with the limited time at my disposal and the extreme low price of shad, it is impossible for me to favor my patrons with a cornet obligato on every street, but I try to make the few strains I attempt acceptable and attractive to the cultivated ears of the vicinity. If I fail, I make it up in the quality of my shad. Six pounds, fifty-five cents; thanks;" and placing his "lip" to the instrument, he set the wild echoes flying, flying, and "huddupped" to "Pickerel" his lightning steed.

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

You Wi'yum, come 'ere, suh, dis instunce. Wu' dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n' but *rocks?*
'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'ticler. S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you scamp, en I knows whah it growed:
It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot.
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mi*rand*y! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vetters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, suh? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!
En de holy accorjan angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done;
En he's tuck it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One water-million stoled by Wi'yam Josephus Vetters."

En wut you s'posen Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-school,
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a black villiun?
I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—*Lawdy!* it's GREEN! Mirandy! Mi-rand-y! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n water-million! who ever yeered tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump um, en w'en dey go pank dey is green;
But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook water-millions—*you* heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk,
Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go "punk!" H. R.

WE notice a paragraph in the daily papers that Mr. Oliver Hazard Perry, a grandson of the hero of Lake Erie, has recently been appointed agent of the Middlesex Mills at Lowell, Massachusetts, after having been superintendent of its manufacturing interests for the past eight years. The anniversary of his ancestor's brilliant exploit will occur during the present month. That memorable action was productive of considerable fun at the time, as well as considerable fighting. One of the songs of the day had this verse:

> September the tenth, full well I ween,
> In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
> The weather mild, the sky serene,
> Commanded by bold Perry,
> Our saucy fleet at anchor lay
> In safety, moored at Put-in-Bay.
> 'Twixt sunrise and the break of day
> The British fleet
> We chanced to meet;
> Our admiral thought he would them greet
> With a welcome on Lake Erie.

Which he did, but with a result different from that which was hoped for by Commodore Barclay, who had sailed from Malden to attack Perry with full assurance of victory, as per poetry following:

> Bold Barclay one day to Proctor did say,
> "I'm tired of Jamaica and sherry;
> So let us go down to that new floating town
> And get some American Perry.
> Oh, cheap American Perry!
> Most pleasant American Perry!
> We need only bear down, knock, and call,
> And we'll have the American Perry."

"Perry" was a pleasant tipple made of the pear, and much imbibed in those times; but the British "capting" was reluctantly persuaded to "take water in his."

DURING a trial which recently took place in the Court of Common Pleas at Providence, Rhode Island, the plaintiff was being examined rather sharply by the defendant's attorney. The case was one of damages claimed on account of serious bodily injuries received by plaintiff on a railroad, due, the plaintiff claims, to the negligence of the defendant railroad company's servants. Mr. L——, the railroad company's lawyer, is noted for his nervous manner in examining witnesses, and endeavoring to disconcert and break them down. This witness, however, was determined not to be "sat down upon" by his opponent's counsel. After becoming thoroughly incensed by the attacks of the lawyer, he remonstrated. He said: "Mr. L——, I am an invalid. I will not allow you to question me in this manner. It is a positive injury to my nervous system, which is at best in a shattered condition. I shall have to refuse to answer your questions unless you put them in a different manner. I am troubled (on account of the injury received on the railroad) with sclerosis of the spinal cord, and this minute *I can see you double*, when, Lord knows, it is enough to upset a man *to see you once.*"



From a picture by E. A. Abbey.

AUTUMN.

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OCKLEY GREEN.

IN SURREY.

Second Paper.

I HARDLY think we knew just how that spring moved on toward summer. The cool chill evenings remained with us far into June, and there were mornings in which a wood fire was acceptable; but looking out across the orchards and down a long road that we saw from our upper windows, you might see the face of things growing warmer day by day, spring putting off her little dainty maiden graces, with the coming of fuller, stronger colors on every side. I think we all felt summer had come after one evening's walk. It had been a wonderful day, full of sudden variations, none of which meant rain, but which gave the landscape now and then a brown and windy look; then there were two hours of real spring sunshine, and then the color deepened again, and across the moor everything grew windy. We had been roaming about all day, and just at sunset went up a slope not far from Guildford, and down a path that led us on to the top of the hill, and there turning, made our way to a favorite ridge on the moor. Perhaps it was because that particular bit was dark and strong in tone that we turned back to look into a simple cottage garden, where, with some tulips, a fine cherry-tree was still rich with some last blossoms. They showed so very fair and white in the windy twilight, and we felt just a little sinking of the heart, remembering how soon all our orchard bloom would have vanished—what would June bring us sweeter than these April and May days? The rhododendrons were out in great masses near some yew-trees, and there had already been found some bright roses; but the hawthorn was hanging a little wearily after recent rains, and at breakfast that very morning some one remarked that the daffodils had bidden us good-by. We talked about the woods and gardens at home, remembering the joy of the first arbutus, and the delight we had in the first violets and lilies, yet we had to admit that in comparison with this country of wild-flower fragrance and bloom, our home gardening was very tame. (One of our party, however, was certain that at this date in America there had been foxgloves and some yellow lilies, and I mention it simply as a matter of interest to those who care for questions

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of comparison in gardening.) Up along that ridge the dark and stormy tones pleased us during that twilight walk. It was not like the stormy heath we once had crossed in Devonshire, but there was enough of purple color to make it seem that a camp fire would have been acceptable, and to have the branch of birch one of us held look bold and strong.

When we walked straight along the upper slope, everything was cool and soft, and tinged with a quiet melancholy; just below us there was a fine undulation of green, and then beyond the furzy downs was one of our most familiar paths, and there the twilight seemed to have concentrated its few remaining bits of warmth. Overhead the sky broke up into masses, letting out shafts of a very pale primrose-color. We thoroughly enjoyed watching this last real spring day die as we paced to and fro the path along the slope, while we talked of the summer as a visitor who would come in with some wonderful glory, and sweep away our tender traces of the spring.

If it had not rained the next day, we should have really felt our farewell of the night before a prophecy, for indeed everything awoke with a surprising warmth, and we went out to visit some interiors we had saved for our next rainy day.

To Americans, I think, there is always a new pleasure in visiting old houses abroad. The charm of suggestiveness which hangs over a staircase or bit of wainscot, or perhaps a narrow corridor or old window, can always be renewed with every fresh investigation. We found an old house well worthy of study, and are indebted to its very courteous owner for an opportunity to see its interior. Outside, the summer rain dripped with a little gentle, happy sound, and we sat within contentedly speculating about the occupants of this fine old house a century ago, for no one could tell its history. At present the front is turned into a shop, so that the casual passer-by has no idea of what is waiting just beyond the lower door. There you come out upon a fine hall, and staircase, and windows that have queer little original fastenings. There was quite an excitement about moving them back and forth, and looking out upon the now disused garden, in which we thought somebody named Dorothy or Phyllis ought, a century ago, to have walked about in a gay cotton gown and long gloves and a fichu. One of the rooms of the old house which its master kindly showed us had been very fine, perhaps as a dining-room or a parlor. There was much of the old wainscoting left, and the ceiling was of plaster in richly moulded pattern. It was in use now as a general receptacle or store-house, but we enjoyed looking at it with speculative eyes, though the walls and ceiling and the rich oak defied us to find out their secret of the past. There was a window with a deep seat and old latticed panes, in which I feel sure Dorothy sat with red eyes watching her lover as he went across down by the kitchen-garden of the old hospital. In those days such a room was always reserved for desolate maidens to weep in. The "parlor" in which our Clarissas and Evelinas and Camillas sat was a small room apart from the drawing or withdrawing room, where the mistress of the house might be receiving guests. Heroines, if not heart-broken in their own rooms, always were so in the "parlor," where some faithful Abigail brought them news of their parents' flinty-hearted actions, along with a "dish of tea." They always eloped after some festivity, the carriage and a huge cloak being in readiness on the high-road; so for all our desire to be sentimental that wet afternoon we could not picture our Dorothy even making so easy an escape as a little funny door leading out of this parlor suggested. No, we came away leaving her tearful in that dear old window, with mitts on her clasped hands, and a dress spotted with greenish flowers. We could not be sure whether she wore a mob-cap, but we knew she must have had a kerchief of dainty mull crossed over her poor little heaving bosom.

And apropos of this imaginary occupant of the old house were some letters an old lady down there showed me one day. They had been written at rather long intervals by her great-aunt, who was rather a middle-class person, I believe, but belonged to the Surrey of that eighteenth-century period, and like all such letters were full of suggestions about shopping or eating. I can not remember them well enough to quote entire, but I know there were a great many such requests as to "buy her sarsanet," and "to get the purple feathers put into her best cap," and one Susan was enjoined "not to hurt the frills of her white gown when she put it into



FROM A JUNE HEDGE-ROW.

pose the D——s were only the connections by marriage, and considered very plain people.

Evelyn, the old Diarist, was one of our oldest associations down here, and one day we went out in search of his neighborhood, where he was so long and happily situated, with his trees and gardens and terraces and his books.

Evelyn inherited Wotton House from his brother George in 1694, and he died in London in 1706; but the time spent in the old brick manor was quite enough to thoroughly identify him with it, and to make Wotton church and house a pilgrimage for lovers of his work, or rather what his life was full of. The stirring times in which he lived seemed to have left an impress on a place otherwise no more interesting than dozens of ordinary English country houses. Yet there is a solemnity about the country lying near it which the most languorous of summer days did not take away.

We went from Dorking to Wotton one soft June day, and easily found the old park, which at once brought up Evelyn's description of it:

"The Mansion House of my father is situated in the most southern part of the Shere, and though in a valley, yet really upon a part of Lyth [Leith] Hill, one of the most eminent in England, for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit. The house, large and ancient, suit-

Mrs. ——'s chaise on Friday night." In old letters one looks for hints of love-making, but here were only the vaguest suggestions of some absent "Thomas," who had gone, I believe, to the West Indies, and I know he had sent home a present of something to eat. What struck me as most interesting was the mention of one "Margaret's" "new baby"—"quite a little darling, and not at all favoring the D——s." It brought up such a picture of life, and one wondered when, or where, or how the baby had lived or died, grown to like or shrink from the world; and I sup-

able to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods as, in the judgment of strangers as well as English men, may be compared to one of the most pleasant Seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, etc." Wotton House, as we approached it, looked very like the drawing made in 1806, but in some ways more like the queer old sketch Evelyn himself did in 1693. Its character is perfectly preserved without, and there are still some of the "groves and fountains" of old John's day. In the house are certain carefully preserved memorials of Evelyn's time; perhaps the most interesting is the Bible Charles I. used on the scaffold. It is in a glass case—a narrow and thick parchment-covered book, and is open at a blood-stained page.

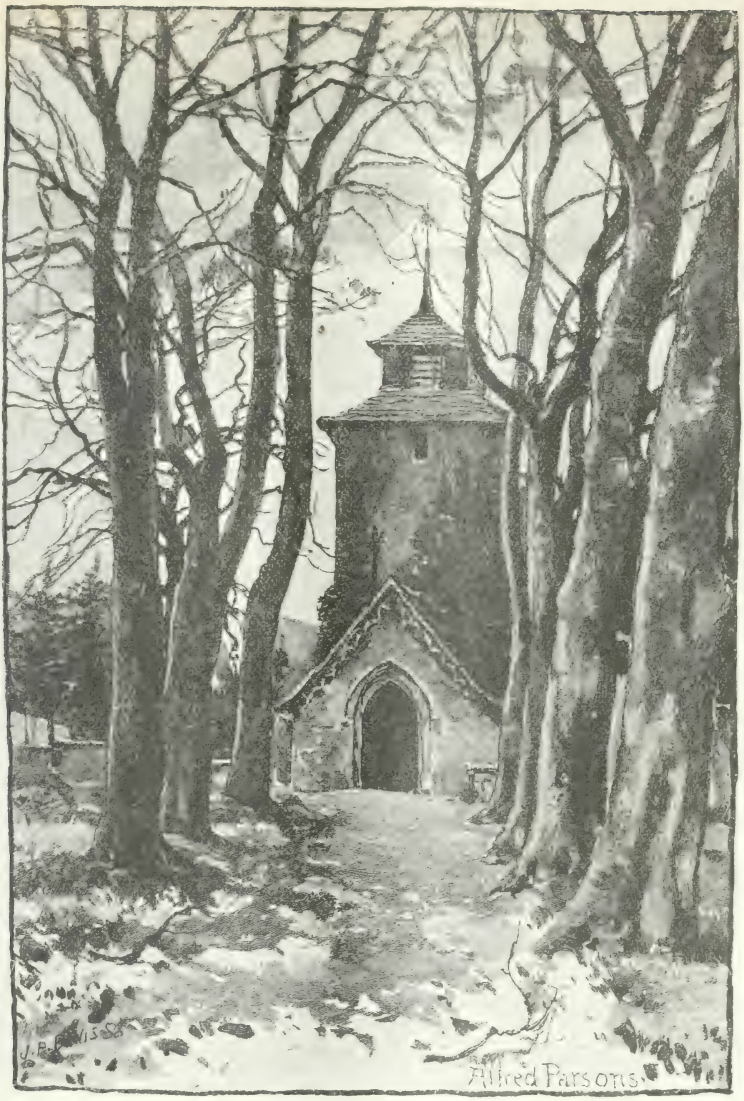
The little church of Wotton, with its avenue of chestnuts and oaks, was very interesting, and there are tombs with epitaphs full of a sweet simplicity and a piety found, I think, among people of that day. John Evelyn and Mary his sweet wife lie in a tomb divided from the church by a railing. He desired to rest in his last sleep "under the shade of melancholy trees at Wotton"; and indeed they still guard him with their deep green vigil, the stillness and "melancholy" scarcely broken even by the birds that filled the old church-yard as we stood there. He desired also to be laid with his "dear wife," and there they rest together. There is a little tomb to the child of one Elizabeth Darcie, daughter of Richard Evelyn. The baby died in 1634; yet, after all these years, the epitaph the young mother wrote seems to hold its message of grief for some one newly gone:

> "Here sleeps my Babe in silence:
> Heaven's her rest;
> For God takes soonest those
> He loveth best."

We wandered about the little church-yard, reading some quaint epitaphs, one to a mother being full of beauty. There were a great many of the old wooden tombstones, if one might call them so, several starting up out of the earth under those gracious trees with terrifying words, "Prepare for Death," or "Prepare to Die," greeting us as we walked about in the cool silence and shade.

All the roads about Wotton are rich and beautiful, and bend with sweeping curves and under wonderful trees on to Dorking, or to Abinger and villages lying further west. There were some exquisite mountain-ash trees down by the lower end of the park, and I think it was on that day, midway in June, we found some clematis on a very tangled hedge-row; I know there was honeysuckle, and up and down and everywhere wild roses and sweet-brier.

I think it was soon after that day that we went down to a little ferry-house and got a comfortable boat, in which we half drifted, half rowed, and steered our way up the river. It has not any strong points about it just here, the river Wey. Yet a painter would miss nothing, as there are level spaces of green, some beautifully ranged pollards, and here and there a bend that merges into a bit of water where rushes grow blue-green against the sky; and above some old houses and gardens the sun sets in long lines of light that scarcely touch the river, but lend it a pale saffron-color, deepening where the rushes seem to tremble near the shore. If a bird flies across the sky at evening, though it is a little thing, it seems to give just the touch the picture of the river needs; and though it is not by any means a closely sheltered stream, yet you do not expect animation on the banks. There are boys, of course, as there always are near the water, but for the most part the river road seems unfrequented. Where it *is* lively it is not particularly pleasant. In one direction Sunday holiday-makers go, giving it an air of such animation as one does not care for. I don't know why they prefer this end of the river. We were glad they left the other deserted for the most part, and after a time we seemed to feel some turns and curves of the stream quite our own, and would almost have resented intrusion. We had talked a long time about spending a whole day on the water, and so a friend from London, to whom every lock and ripple was familiar, managed the excursion for us. He had once kept a boat a whole summer at a little village down the Thames, and grown to know the currents of the water as well as the boating population in all the points along his various routes. We had an early breakfast, and went by train to Weybridge, where our friend's boat was waiting; but before going into it, and because the morning was so calm and green and sunny, we walked about a little, and, among other things,



THE LITTLE CHURCH OF WOTTON.

looked through the railings of a churchyard and read some inscriptions, and those on one of the tombstones I always shall remember. The wife's death was recorded with the resigned words: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." And just underneath was added that the husband died two years later. "His end was peace."

Perhaps we were rather inclined to raillery that morning, but we certainly broke the stillness with our mirth.

One of our party said that for a long time she had desired to go a whole day's journey down the Thames, and I think she never will forget just that day. Sometimes it seems as if Nature helped our elevated desires of this kind, and tried to make all things fair, to consecrate at least a few hours to her perfect worship; but when they are over, what can you say? for she is not to be worshipped with words. That day seemed to sink down into our very hearts, with its sunshine and blue sky, and changing through placid banks of green and blossom, garden and meadow.

No one point seemed to predominate even in our recollection, although I always recall the wonderful beauty of the country near Hampton.

There was one broad space in the river where the banks seemed to widen with languorous grace, the green dipping down into the water, the rushes growing with careless ease, and seeming to find life enough worth living there in that summer water under that summer sky.

hanging up some red and yellow handkerchiefs to dry.

When can not a gypsy rouse one to enthusiasm or a thrill of romance? And on this idle summer's day we all felt inclined in the direction of the little camp, and so we pulled inshore by the bank, and motioned the girl to the edge. She obeyed our summons, and we saw directly that she was genuine "Romany" and peculiarly handsome—at least handsome in a



THE ROMANY GIRL.

There were some comfortable-looking boats drawn up under trees, and in them young people who seemed to share the sense of perfect abandon which nature had imperiously assumed. They rested on their oars, and read or dreamed with their hands behind their heads, and sleepy eyes cast upward at the net-work of green swaying above them. The lotus-eating feeling was perfect. To what hours of idleness it might have led us I don't know had we not caught sight of a gypsy encampment a little below, where in a fierce spot of sunlight a very handsome girl was

startling way, with something a little too piercing in her eyes and too heavy about her mouth and chin.

She sat down and told our fortunes with great solemnity, while two or three young people—boys of various ages—gathered about, and then she gave us fragments of gypsy lore and the history of her own tribe, all in a peculiarly magnetic but unsmiling manner. They were waiting for some races there, she said, and she called up one of the youngest boys to have us admire him. He was very beautiful, like some half-tamed creature sud-



PADDINGTON MILL-POND.

denly brought to bay, and he had an elfish way of tossing his curly head and laughing shrilly when the girl bade him behave. Of course he got some pennies, and we rowed off, leaving the group in a very fine effect on the bank—the bare brown feet and legs, bright dresses, the line of flapping color to the left, and at the right a low camp fire and tents faded and travel-worn, from which voices reached us until we rowed in under a cool, still bridge.

The locks were very interesting that day. Whenever we went through one, several people always became animated on the subject, and I could not lose a slight and exhilarating sense of danger. At one point, where it was more than usually slow, the man in charge gave us some great trails of a white flower, which gleamed in the boat all day, and sent up a faint sweet fragrance, especially when we drifted into cool and shady places.

Of course we stopped at Hampton, and in the palace so speedily lost our feeling of being only idlers that after we had lounged in one of the quietest windows a few moments we went out into the garden and tried to feel mediæval. But the day was so bright it had tempted the Londoner forth, and there was so much of him and of her, of all sizes and classes, that we were glad to have some lunch and get back to our little boat, which was fastened below the palace gates. Our journey took us out of Surrey, but it was assuredly part of our Surrey experiences. We rowed all of that afternoon, the lotus feeling only growing as the sun slowly sank, with such solemn arches and trembling rays of light. People on the banks seemed to grow strangely far away from us, wrapped in such a glory from the heavens. We could not talk much, but we looked and watched with that never-ending, always renewing, wonder as to what this night's story in the sky will be.

It is always a novel beauty, always seems to hold in check some untold tale, some vision of glory that may, while you are looking with quiet eye at the fading colors, suddenly rush forth with splendor that can fill a whole trembling, dusky world. We look always half vaguely expectant of such an evening of fire and beauty in the heavens, that never tell of all their majesty, never quite roll back all the lines of light and glory that must lie dazzling the Gateway of the King.

Above the water and the green country the harmonies faded in pale gray tones before we reached our destination—a little village with an inn on the water's edge, where our dinner was waiting in a cool room upstairs, overlooking the boats and little pier, and some alder bushes which

were all crowded together as if they had come there to look for something, and never knew how to get away. We sat a long time over the pleasant meal, while the river sounds grew fainter, and finally every trace of the "land of noontime" had faded, the starlight being very clear over the water and the shore when we went away. We had to return by train, and I always remember a lane through which we passed going to the station as being full of sweet-smelling unseen blossoms; once or twice I caught sight of something yellow in the starlight, but I have never overcome a vague regret that I could not have seen them, even though there was a certain charm in the way their odors reached us, fragrances from the unseen, and coming in very harmoniously to end that day of light and warmth and summer greens.

To understand the possibilities of outdoor life—out-of-door activity and genuine existence *al fresco*—I think one ought to spend a summer among English moors and lanes; for then, better even than in the South, can one feel the love of life growing and expanding under the sky, and with the earth's loveliness spread about one. We became used to being tramps and gypsies; we learned to feel in some fashion kin to them; and we began to understand that "strolling people" were not, after all, so much to be pitied as we had imagined.

We were off on a little excursion one week, and stopping in a very quaint village about noontime, we wandered about in search of local characteristics, or perhaps the sight of something new in field or flower. The village had one long street, with shops and houses amiably consorting, and two branch streets that had little bumpy places in them, where puddles gathered in rainy weather, and upon which the children of the place seemed to love to congregate. The shops were all low in size, mostly with frowning roofs, and there were long low windows, against which the wares to be purchased leaned heavily. There seemed to be a remarkable similarity in the trade of that village: with one exception, all the shops seemed to deal in the same class of goods, beginning with small groceries, and ending in penny toys and candies. The exceptional establishment stood breezily on an eminence, with a very fine open-looking doorway, and there dry-goods of a superior order were sold. A great many plaid things were in the windows, and fascinating rows of collars and handkerchiefs; and at one side there was a black dolman labelled, "Quite Elegant," and which had the air of saying it ought really to have been in a case. Past this shop the villagers always went slowly, lingering to see what new or unexpected delights might be there for them to behold; but the trumpery shops attracted scores of children, and on this first day I remember our being rash enough to give to half a dozen young people a pound of candies and some cheap toys. After that our appearance in the street was hailed by a chorus of young voices, "There they are," "Those is the ones," or, "Now they're a-coming," and other complimentary but rather fatiguing phrases.

On this day, wandering down one of the side streets, we came to an unusual sight. In a meadow to the right we saw a barn half covered over with canvas, and close to the road was a very impromptu sign-board. It consisted of a plank fastened on two poles, and on it, in very inky characters, were these words:

to night
will be purformed 7 oclock
Lady Audleys secret.

Here was a reward for our wanderings! A band of genuine strolling players! We could see no sign of the company, but heard a cheerful hammering going on within the barn, and felt full of a desire to see the "purformance." The summer's evening was still almost daylight when we left our inn for the impromptu theatre. Several villagers were bent in the same direction, and there were various groups under the trees, around the little muddy bumps in the road, and especially near the barn itself.

There was a hedge separating the barn from the road, and at one point quite a high bit of wall, within which, on the top of a ladder, sat a woman. The sunset lay in a glory behind her, and about were clear purpling tones which seemed to emphasize in a cold full way the quaintness of her features, their stolidity and undeniable homeliness. She was about forty, I should think; had a face expressive of much theatrical and domestic wear and tear. She was resting an elbow on the wall, and held her chin in her hand, surveying the scene before her in the most



BETWEEN CRANLEIGH AND GUILDFORD.

stoical, unimpassioned way, apparently quite disregarding us as we stood studying her features—for she *was* a study. The face had, I think, once been good-looking; but it seemed to me that, little by little, life had worn away all its desire to be soft and kindly. The dark eyes were bright, but with a hard sort of brightness; and her cheek was brown and thin, and her hair scant. Yet nothing could have exceeded her self-complacency. She sat there, with all that gorgeous color at her back, the very fairest things in nature about her, a curious figure, hard and cold, and apparently comfortable.

After a moment one of us ventured to address her, at which she only drooped her eyelids slightly, not altering her position.

"When will the play begin?"

"Height," she answered, stonily.

"We thought it was seven."

"So it was to be," was the answer, in the same tone, "but haudiences about 'ere won't hassemble hearlier," and she continued that speculative gaze over our heads.

At this moment from within the barn was heard a little music. It seemed to proceed from very incongruous instruments—a French horn, and a drum, and a flute. The drum happily only did an occasional "ra-ta-ta-ta," but the horn fairly flew at the music. It was the "Carnival of Venice," and apparently the players only knew one-half of the melody, for in the most exasperating manner they kept stopping just in the middle of a phrase and beginning again. I felt the same sort of exasperation as Mr. Charles Dudley Warner describes when his man at "Badock" wouldn't say "Lynx."

"Want your tickets?" queried the goddess above us.

We said yes, we thought we might as well have them; and with a very fine gesture she waved us toward the door of the barn. Our moving there inspired others, and we stood at the head of quite a little company, who waited while we made our purchase.

The door-keepers or ticket-sellers were two—a young woman in a short Astrakhan jacket and cap, who had evidently begun to "make up" for the play, as her face was uncommonly ghastly, and a very thin, ill-tempered youth. The young woman had a large leather belt at her waist, from which depended a mysterious locked box. I am sure the treasurer of Drury Lane could scarcely have needed anything more commodious and secure for his receipts, and it made us wonder a little as to what element in the company demanded this financial seclusion. As soon as we asked for tickets, an argument rose between the girl and the young man as to what the price should be (we were evidently people who *could* pay), and so they wrangled over it while we waited in the fast waning dusk, with a gathering audience at our backs. At one side a canvas curtain was flapping, and a curious thing was that the door-keepers were quite unobservant of what happened during their discussion. A number of boys softly glided in under the curtain while they talked, and took any seats, I suppose, they liked, paying nothing. I became interested in watching their very agile manner of lifting the curtain and noiselessly drifting in, and they remained very quietly inside while the shrill voices went on. At last it was decided. We were to

pay one shilling each, and we did so, the plebeians in our rear paying sixpence most good-humoredly, and streaming in after us. Within, we found a sort of amphitheatre, with seats composed of planks on trestles; a stage, with foot-lights of oil lamps, and with a most glaring and papery-looking curtain. Presently the dusk gathered into darkness, and the oil-lamps shed a bright if fitful glare over everything, while the "house" filled and the music went on. We were in the front row, and looking back and up, the audience presented a most curious sight, the faces only partially illumined, the figures sitting against the barn walls, and outlined against each other—a close, eager crowd of people, but no separate identities, as it were: here and there a pair of eyes or a nose in prominence, occasionally the flash of a red shawl, or a bit of color in some girl's gown, but nothing personally impressive. We wondered how it would look from the stage, where all the light was concentrated.

There was a large chest just below the stage, and presently the girl who had demanded our shillings appeared from "the back," and opening it, took out various stage properties. At first she was watched in silence, but at last the upper rows became conversational.

"Got what you want, dear?" said one.

"Hurry up, we're getting tired," from another, and so on, while the music became more and more desultory in point of melody, and the lamps glared more and more fitfully.

At last the curtain rose—and shall we soon forget that scene? It represented a wild, forbidding, and desolate sea-shore. We could only think the company had recently been performing an arctic drama; but close against the waves was a wooden well with a very rickety handle. It was incongruous, but then the drama appeals to one's imagination, and we decided to be thoroughly lenient. Simultaneously appeared two characters — Phœbe, Lady Audley's maid, otherwise the door-keeper, and Lucas, the villain of the piece. They conversed some time, explaining to the audience the *motif* of the drama, and we immediately saw that this company had evidently learned the play from hearing it, for their phraseology was entirely their own—neither Mr. Merivale's nor Miss Braddon's—and they had throughout an affecting way of explaining things to the audience. On the whole, it was rather Greek, and certainly shows what primitive dramatic intuitions are, for some members of the company always in this fashion represented the Greek chorus, explaining who was coming next, and who it was who had just vanished. When Phœbe said, "Lady Haudley's a-comin', proud and 'aughty, and oh, so beautiful, a-flaunting in 'er jewels and 'er laces," we looked for something a little decorative in that weird scene; but instead, with a slow majestic tread, our friend of the ladder appeared. She walked past the other two like a tragedy queen. I have always maintained that that woman deserved a certain amount of praise, for her absolute self-control and dignity were really an art. She was certainly the most unprepossessing individual I have ever seen. She was dressed in a scant red satinet skirt, a black "shepherd's waist," as we used to call them, and a white cambric chemisette. She had on an old-fashioned pair of under-sleeves, such as used to be worn twenty years ago, and were fastened with little elastics around the arm. But our lady had no elastics, and the consequence was that she was obliged perpetually to keep them up, first at one side, then the other. She wore large and very soiled white jean Congress gaiters. The two minor characters left the stage at once, and Lady Haudley advanced to the front and calmly told us her history. It was brief, but very terrible, and she recited it as if she were Fate. She told us a tale to freeze our young blood, without moving a muscle or making a gesture, except in the cause of her under-sleeves, and finally she said:

"Sir Haudley knows not of my first 'usban', George Talboys. What would 'e do or say if 'e really knew?" And while she stood gazing upon us close to the foot-lights, there appeared a tall figure in the rear, a man in a heavy Ulster and big hat. Lady Haudley (we never knew her by any other name) turned slowly toward him, then back to us, saying, "George Talboys 'imself; it is 'e," and waited stonily while George said:

"'Ere I am. Didn't you know I was halive?"

"I didn't," she said, immovably.

Thereupon ensued a very brief argument as to whether she could give him any money. He walked back, and Lady Haudley demanded of us: "Shall 'e die? Shall I kill 'im? I will. 'E dies"—like a ter-



THE CONSTANT MAIDS OF OCKLEY.

rible mythological oracle. And at once she waved a disordered-looking handkerchief, saying, "Sh! George! quick! I am faint: 'asten, 'asten—water."

George seized the handkerchief, and, curious to say, with all that turbulence of sea at his very feet, he stooped down on his knees to wet it in the well. In some way one doesn't think of wetting a handkerchief in a well, and even George Talboys seemed to find it a difficult performance. While he was manfully struggling, Lady Haudley approached, and with the same implacable countenance said, "'E dies—George, farewell!" and giving him a push, he disappeared down the well without a groan.

After that, as may be imagined, remorse set in and goaded her on to all sorts of stony-hearted actions. "Sir Haudley," as they persisted in calling him, appeared, and a more demoralized-looking old gen-

tleman I never beheld. He wore his hat —and a very rusty silk one it was—all the time, in the drawing-room scene or on the wild sea-shore, and his clothes were like those of a fourth-rate cabman. Perhaps it was for this reason that they kept perpetually telling him he was such a "perfect gentleman." I don't know how often they told him this during the play, and it never failed to bring a smile to his face, never seeming to contain a covert insult.

Rosa had no teeth, but otherwise she was very piquant and juvenile, and her lover appeared in George Talboys's Ulster until the moment of that individual's reappearance, when Robert dashed out, and returned in a linen seersucker coat.

During the play the music continued in the most remarkable manner. The tune went on, dragging and dragging if the performers were dressing themselves, and stopping short suddenly when it was their time to "go on," so that at last the orchestra became a sort of wonder to us, and we waited nervously to know just how far a phrase would be allowed to go before this desperate silence came.

I never saw a play so hurried. Everything was rushed on; climaxes were hardly begun before they ended and a new one was introduced. When Lady Haudley saw George re-appear from his watery grave, she simply sank on her knees and looked vacantly toward us.

"Do you *'ear*, woman?" says Sir Haudley.

"I *'ear*," she answered, still impersonating Fate. "But I do not *'eed*."

"She is mad," said George, calmly.

"She is," they all answered, after the fashion of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

"Let her die in peace," said Sir Haudley; and then, for some unaccountable reason, they all broke into a sad little hymn, and the curtain dropped.

Sir Haudley in his character of manager came out, rather heated, thanked us all for our "generous support," and announced that the next night would be given *The Fisherman's Foundling; or, The Convict's Revenge*. And he then said he would sing a song. He wore his tall hat and his shabby old coat, but in intervals of the song he danced around quite wildly. The song was about taking tea in the harbor with Miss Barber, and on those words I certainly thought he would rend his lungs. He became so frantically energetic that his face grew purple. As Sir Haudley he had been full of a dignified calm; but I suppose he wanted to show us his wonderful versatility. Before he had ended, half the audience were moving their feet, and humming in unison with his loud, harsh voice. We went away out into the moonlight, half full of amusement, half of pity for the poor players. And, after all, in spite of her gaunt ugliness, her hoarse voice, and her tawdry, ridiculous costume, Lady Haudley had her own sort of power. I think we respected her for adhering so closely to the remorseless aspect she had chosen to take of the character.

All down the moon-lit lane the young people were going, humming about "Miss Barber" and the "arbor," and for days the ridiculous intonation and air kept torturing our minds, one or other of the party breaking out into it, and we could always conjure up the spectacle of the excited "old party" dancing and singing in his shabby silk hat and threadbare coat before those flaring oil-lamps.

As the June days deepened, we began to think about longer excursions than those few vagrant ones we had taken near Guildford, and it was a very good-humored party which started off one day for a little village not far from Wotton, which we knew to possess all the old-time characteristics of a village green, old inn, and some fine spreading trees. The morning looked a little doubtful at first, but everything about an English summer seems so capable of quick recuperation that when the trails of gray drifted southward, the sun warmed up bank and meadow, road and valley, with a thousand variations of light. Ockley was our destination, and when we left the train we had a wonderful walk along a blooming road, where we got wild flowers in profusion, and of every shade, it seemed to us, of purple and yellow and pale blue; and there were banks here and there with the broom growing straight and yellow in among the green. Somebody fell to quoting Burns as we went idly along:

"Far dearer to me are your humble brown bowers,
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lonely unseen."

We looked to see what he meant by "bowers," and saw how graciously protecting to lesser things is this brown plant, and how much one is repaid for such investigation of growing things. Down away under a bit of furzy stuff I found

some of the daintiest little yellow blossoms, with their petals laid back in a childish sort of way, little green leaves open to the shady light, and the tendrils, delicate and fine, hidden away, until we moved the bush and took them with us down the bright country road. We crossed some fields before we came to Ockley village; at least we walked inside a hedge-row across meadows, and with various turnings came into the village road. It ran primly, and with only the variation of houses and some fine trees, past the green. A coach was driving ahead of us. There was a very quaint inn, with a sign-board swung out, and a row of windows full of green. We were hungry enough to think of luncheon before we strolled about, and on entering the little inn found things well worth studying. There was a particularly nice court at the back, with irregular stone flagging, and a sort of bower-like dressing-



THE PATH TO OAKWOOD CHURCH.

room, containing a table and basin, while a looking-glass was nailed to a tree at the left. During the preparation for our lunch we stood in the little garden, waiting to see Rosalind or some such creature of Arden come out and comb her locks; but only an indifferent-looking Audrey appeared, who had stiff light hair, an abominable purple print gown, and arms that reddened as she bathed them. Yet, after all, effects are easily produced *al fresco*. The stout young rustic pinning up her plaits of yellow hair under the tree at the little shining mirror looked quite worth sketching. Dear Dame Nature is so thoughtful at such times! Little lines of shadow spread along the purple cotton gown and the bare red arms, and some leaves swaying back and forth brought out the gleams and darkening tones of the yellow hair. When this impromptu toilet was ended, our Audrey turned a bright, good-humored face about, and disappeared across the inn yard with much complacency. Our luncheon table was made gay with our wild flowers, and the simple fare was most acceptable. We had a good salad, and some roast beef, and bread and cheese, and our minds were diverted by the variegated prints on the walls and the sight of village school-children trooping past the low window. By-and-by we went out for a look at the green, and there found a wide-spreading tree, under which we sat down, content with the scene around us. It was such a typical village green. On one side were a few houses, the inn, and an irregular patchy sort of road leading away to the quieter country, and facing us was a cluster of very quaint old houses. I recall with pleasure one in which a garden of roses and other tall and blooming flowers was only half hidden by a brick wall, and the house itself wore that look of old-fashioned grace which is like serene, contented middle life.

A quaint carriage was waiting outside the garden gate, and two people came slowly down the box walk—an elderly lady and a tall, pretty girl, with one of the calm, still sort of faces one sees in English maidens. Whether it was the quiet of the old house, or the stretch of common across which only a few ducks were passing, I know not, but it gave one a contemplative feeling, like looking at some picture of Frederick Walker's, or reading a bit of Miss Mitford out-of-doors.

Facing us across the green there were clumps of trees, and a dip downward with willows, and a suggestion of water, and marsh-marigolds lying golden and tranquil near the brink. There was a curious old well on the green with a gable roof, built by one Jane Scott, whose history is notable. She was a nursery governess in the Arbuthnot family, and saved enough during twenty years to build this well, above which her name is inscribed.

Although we scorned guide-book information as a rule, it was interesting as we sat there looking at the placid common to remember that in 851 it was the scene of a battle between the Danes and Saxons. The village church-yard has its quaint suggestiveness through Aubrey. In his day it was blooming with red rose-trees planted by "maids" for their "lovers." "A maid," said Aubrey, "that hath lost her dear twenty years since yearly hath the grave new turfed, and continues yet unmarried." There are no longer any rose-trees, and one has to be cynical enough to wonder if there is any such constancy; and yet looking into the peaceful little burial-ground, once full of that deep color, we wondered a little more about that constant maid and her "Dear." What were they like? Did they meet on this green, exchanging their vows in a village dance, or did they sit down under the vigorous trees below us in the lane that winds off to a bridge? He died, and she was faithful; that seems enough of a story, and consecrates some spot unknown now, but which once bore fragrant evidence of her tending. We went from Ockley along a very pretty country road, strikingly like the Berkshire hills in New England, to Oakwood chapel, a little ancient place which stood back from the road, and had that air which old-time writers called *sequestered*. Much green closed it in, and there was a long descent through the woods of stepping-stones under a fine natural archway of green. We all enjoyed this walk, and almost forgot the chapel, which in the end we did not visit, because some idler among us remarked we had seen so many churches; but overhead, to the left of the venerable little edifice, was a glorious light of sky and feathery cloudlet, and a great sweep of green below led into a damp wood fragrant with young moss.

The end of the day was marked by the most struggling attempts to get some tea; for, directing our way to an inn at Cran-

leigh, we found almost nothing to eat or drink, a "society" of some sort having met there, and we sat for some time in a very hot sanded room, with only tables and rough benches and some sporting prints, by no means the ideal English inn, which is so very common throughout the country. Finally an adventurous spirit sallied forth and discovered a cool room in the rear of the house, where there were some Chippendale chairs, a fine old clock, and a long table that looked as if it might hold tea things. The landlady informed us she was expecting the "society" back again, but we might have a "little tea." It was brought, very hot and very watery, and only palatable because of good bread and butter and water-cresses, and then we adjourned to the court-yard, where our wagonette was ready. We drove back to Guildford in the twilight through little straggling villages and past wide commons, where the yellow furze glowed dimly, and where the willows and the elms all started up boldly against a purple and gold sky; but before we reached home



CORNER OF OLD GARDEN.

there had come out a tender young moon and some stars that looked a little cold above the tree-tops. It was cool and still, after the long warm day, when we saw the twinkle of lights in our little parlor, and went in past the close-growing lilacs and verbena to the quiet of our rooms.

It is only now and then in Surrey that one comes upon very quaint specimens of cottage life, such as are so frequent in the south and west of England, but in various directions near Guildford we made friends with cottagers who were simple enough in their mode of life and thought for any pastoral poem. That pleasant fashion of always having a cup of tea ready for any chance arrival served us very well when we wanted to sit by some old dame's fireside a little while and chat of things common to her rural housewifely experiences. There was one cottage with a charming kitchen and a very perfect fire-place, with a door-yard full of old-fashioned flowers, and the old lady had lived there forty-four years and never once been in London! She was full of amiable reminiscences of former days, when she had been lady's-maid in one of the great families in the neighborhood. "And I can assure you, ma'am," she remarked one day, very impressively, "it *were* something in those days to dress three young ladies for a ball."

Upstairs in her bedroom she showed us various treasures which we would have liked well enough to buy, but Dame —— always shook her head, smiling sadly at such a suggestion. There were two wonderful old chairs and a chest of drawers inlaid and brass-handled, within which, with faint scents of lavender, reposed certain sadly precious garments; very old and quaint they looked, for they had been ready fifty years before for the wedding that never took place. Some solemn satisfaction there was in her way of quietly telling her story. Whether time or loving pondering upon it had softened the sharpness of pain in it I can not tell, but the old woman dwelt peacefully upon what must once have seemed a dark and cruel tragedy. "He" had been a sailor, and his ship had gone down almost in sight of land.

"It had been so well known as we were sweethearts, and I'd showed my things to every one, and all knew we were to wed as soon as this voyage were done, so that morning—it was very wild and wet—it seemed as if all the town were out in the streets waiting to tell me. I often remember mother saying I gave a laugh when Phil, our cousin, took my arm, near the pier, and said, kind of mildly, 'Polly, don't you fall or scream, girl, but he won't never come back again.' And I didn't believe them. I went up and down the pier, and seemed that I *must* see his ship a-coming; but Phil was right—he never came into our port no more; he'd sailed straight away into another haven."

I think I can always bring to my mind that cottage picture—the quiet old woman by the fire, the look of peace and stillness everywhere, distant Surrey hills seen from the always open door, and the line of color down the garden walks. One could fancy just how patiently and solemnly the girl whose heart was broken that morning long ago had grown old, and how peaceful this old age, with its one strong memory, could be in such a happy, smiling country. We had our last cup of tea with her that evening, and went away out into the summer dusk thinking of many tranquillizing things. Our old friend insisted upon our taking some of her roses; they grew in a wonderful sweet profusion on her walls, and made the little cottage look as if its windows were always ready for a festival.

Somebody suggested that evening that we should go up to the old castle ruins, for a moon was rising that would make them beautiful, and so we loitered about, trying to feel the historic value of the place, yet moved more by the sentiment of the summer's evening than the suggestions of King John and haughty Philip. Yet, after all, the spot is a sacred one. The ruins are fragmentary, but fine in effect, and every stone might tell a story of fierce days when Guildford was at his "Majesty's pleasure."

As we sat upon one crumbling bit of masonry, watching the "spell" of the moonlight, we wondered if we had really done wisely and well in taking no spirit of historic investigation about with us. Those spring and summer days which were over had seemed to mean only green idlings and sunny hours of association with earth and sky. Yet not one of the little party could formulate a regret. The vagrancy of our feeling had been, after all, the very element we were loath to abandon.



"AWAY HE DASHED LIKE A CYCLONE FOR THE HEAD OF NO. 3."

FLASH.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

FLASH was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on No. 3:
Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;
Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates;
Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates;

Dull an' moody an' sleepy on "off" an' quiet days;
Full of turb'lent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways;
Scowled an' bit at his partner, an' banged the stable floor—
With other tricks intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring,
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring;
An' watch with nervous shivers the clasp of buckle an' band,
Until it was plainly ev'dent he'd like to lend a hand.



"HE BEGGED THAT HORSE'S PARDON UPON HIS BENDED KNEES."

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear,
As if a thousan' witches was rumplin' up his hair,
An' wake his mate up crazy with his magnetic charm;
For every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' admire
Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with a fire;
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin', an' so slack
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

Now when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old,
They ain't no use in our business; so Flash was finally sold
To quite a respectable milkman: who found it not so fine
A-bossin' of God's creatures outside o' their reg'lar line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,
A-feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din,
An' jump an' rear for a minute before they could hold him in;

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps,
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; wherefor, us boys to please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash,
Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an' heart,
We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upwards into a new,
If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him flew,
'Twas that old horse, a-rompin' an' rushin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman, a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3,
Gained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free;
Dodgin' the wheels an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk,"
An' furnishin' all that district with good respectable milk.

Crowds a-yellin' an' runnin', and vainly hollerin', "Whoa!"
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show;
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', and hollerin', "Good! go in!"
Hoss a-gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally come where the fire was, halted with a "thud,"
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;
Watched till he see the engine properly workin' there—
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled—faded away once more;
Took up his old occ'pation of votin' life a bore;
Laid down in his harness, and—sorry I am to say—
The milkman he had drawn there drew his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story: I've seen, more'n once or twice,
That poor dumb animals' actions are full of human advice;
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply answer you, then,
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.





AN INTERRUPTED DISSECTION.

THE village physician of the colonial period was usually the village parson also, and if he lacked success in healing the body, he made atonement in the zeal with which he sought the soul's salvation. His pharmacopœia and operations were primitively simple. His knowledge was small in quantity, largely empirical, and inexact in quality. A popular sentiment debarred him from the practice of obstetrics, which was limited to midwives, and all that he knew was acquired from the old country. Many years passed before efforts were instituted to provide systematic courses of instruction, and according to Dunglison's interesting *History of Medicine*, the earliest lessons in the science given in America were the anatomical demonstrations of Dr. Thomas Cadwalader at Philadelphia. In 1750 a body was dissected by students in New York, and in 1767 the first medical school was opened in that city. In no other department of science, art, or literature has the advancement been completer or more substantial than that which the medical profession shows between the opening of this first school in the city and the present time. The nucleus then was in a few young men secretly unravelling the complex mysteries of the human body in an obscure building long since swept out of existence — learning by dissection what can be learned in no other way, and yet compelled to exercise the caution of a thief in preventing discovery, so violent was the popular prejudice against the mutilation of the body for any purposes. The results now are seen in numerous colleges, which, in connection with hospitals unsurpassed by any in equipment, attract thousands of students from all parts of the continent, and which have gathered about them faculties composed of the most eminent surgeons and physicians the age has produced in the Western hemisphere. It would be difficult and hazardous to state the precise condition of medical science in America contrasted with the science abroad, but it may be said with entire veracity that no occupation in the United States stands higher numerically, social-



WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

ly, or financially, than the medical profession. It may be added also that the facilities presented in New York for a medical education are such that a student finds no urgent necessity to cross the Atlantic in search of professional knowledge, and that the most successful members of American faculties are the graduates of American colleges. This is so well understood and appreciated that the catalogues of the New York schools contain the names of students who come from every State in the Union, from Peru, Chili, Central America, Mexico, Brazil, Canada, and actually, in a few instances, from France and Germany.

Of the six medical colleges in the city, which graduated upward of five hundred students at the Commencement last spring, four are allopathic, one is homœopathic, and one is eclectic. A seventh is for women. The University College is a medical branch of the University of the City of New York, and its inception was in 1838, when Martyn Paine, Alfred C. Post, Gunning S. Bedford, and A. Sydney Doane associated themselves for the purpose. First occupying the Stuyvesant Institute, on the west side of Broadway, near Bond, they removed in 1851 to a new building next to the Academy of Music, in Fourteenth Street, which was destroyed by fire in 1866, with its valuable collections in anatomy, obstetrics, chemistry, and materia medica. The college then found quarters in the old New York Hospital until 1869, when it was transferred to its present site at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street. Two events are notable in its history. The first clinique ever given in America was founded in the college by the late Valentine Mott, the professor of surgery, and it was principally through the zealous advocacy of Martyn Paine that the laws against the dissection of the human body were repealed. Previous to 1854, any one discovered dissecting a body was liable to imprisonment with hard labor, and the popular excitement against the practice was so great that on one occasion a mob was formed which threatened the lives of the professors and students, chasing them through the streets, and forcing them into the City Prison for refuge. The Legislature was indisposed to amend the law, but by persistent effort Dr. Paine succeeded in obtaining a repeal despite the opposition of the Common Council, the German and Irish Emigrant Societies, and other influential associations of laymen. Architecturally the college is superior to all others in the city. It has three large chemical and physiological laboratories, a dissecting-room with an area of three thousand square feet, a lecture theatre with seats for five hundred persons, and clinical wards for the use of



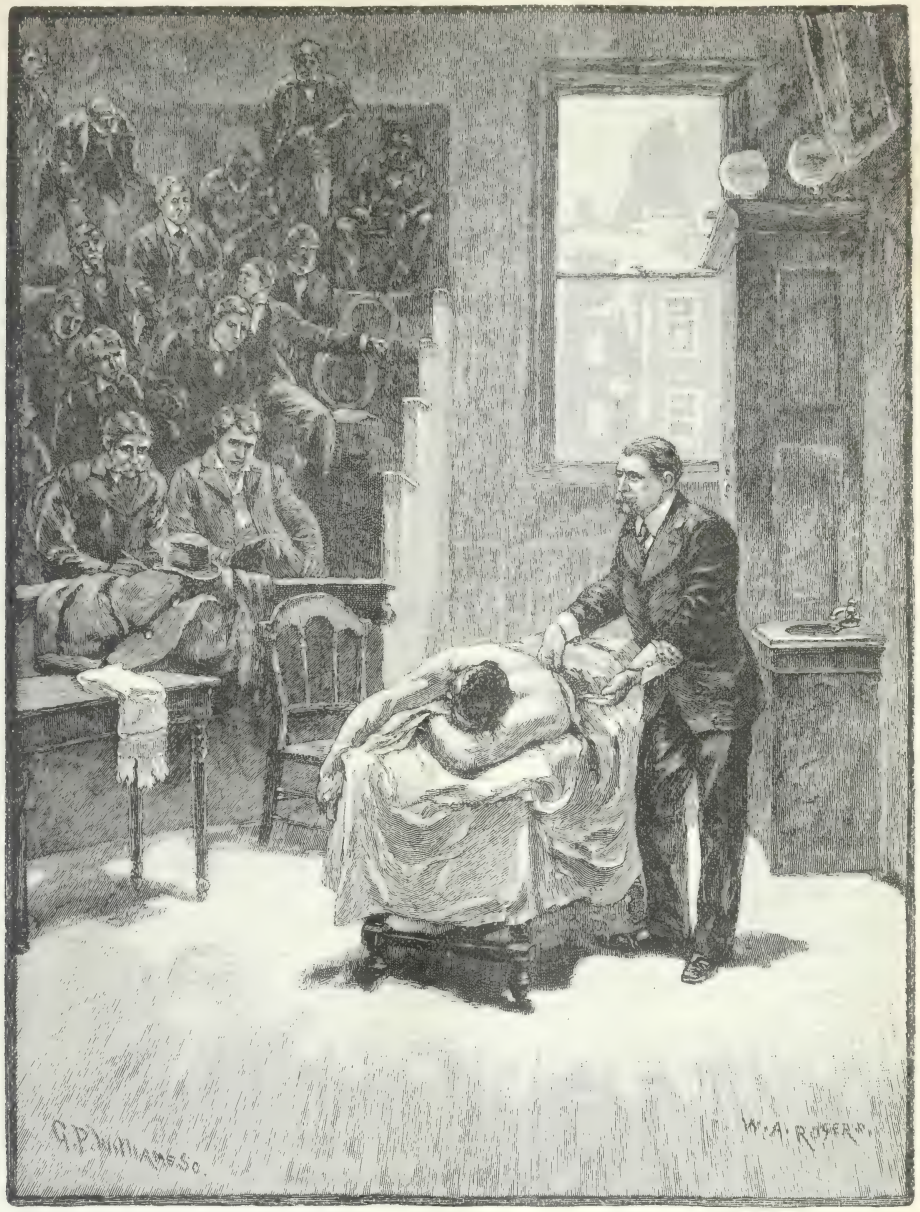
AUSTIN FLINT, SEN.

patients upon whom operations have been made. The collegiate year is divided into a preliminary winter session, opening in September, a regular winter session, opening in October, and a spring session. Five didactic lectures are given each day in the college building, embracing a complete course of medicine and surgery, both practical and elementary. Two clinical lectures are also given each day in either the amphitheatre of Bellevue Hospital or the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island. The facilities for clinical instruction which the charity hospitals afford give the medical colleges of the city their greatest value. Bellevue Hospital is immediately opposite the university, and in it more than seven thousand cases are treated annually, each case being open to the students. The hospital on Blackwell's Island usually contains about eight hundred cases, which are also open to the students for study and examination, and similar facilities are given at the various hospitals for fever, small-pox, epileptics, paralytics, and insanity.

Candidates for graduation must have attended two full courses of lectures in some medical college—the second course in the University College—and they must have studied medicine for three years under a recognized instructor. They are required to write and deposit with the dean a medical thesis, and to stand separate examinations in surgery, obstetrics, chemistry, the practice of medicine, anatomy, physiology, and materia medica. The examination of the academic attainments of students preliminary to their admission comprises English grammar and composition, vulgar and decimal fractions, simple equations in algebra, the first two books of Euclid, Latin grammar and translations, and as an optional study, Greek, French, German, or natural philosophy. A similar standard is adopted by the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Bellevue Hospital College, both of which also charge about the same fees as the University—in the first session, five dollars for matriculation, ten dollars for dissections, and one hundred and forty dollars for a full course of lectures; in the second session, five dollars for matriculation, thirty dollars for graduation, and one hundred and forty dollars for lectures—making an aggregate of three hundred and thirty dollars. The professors hold private classes, at which attendance is optional, and the charges for which are variable. The charges for a third course—also optional—are five dollars for matriculation, twenty dollars for dissections, and one hundred and five dollars for three series of summer recitations.

The compression which the exigencies of a magazine compel forbids anything more than an outline of the history, scope, and management of the three principal allopathic establishments for medical education in this city. The Woman's College, filling a unique and useful place, with a promise of future extension, is still small and tentative. It has fifty students and ten professors, and in 1882 ten women were graduated. The fees are much less than at the other colleges, being five dollars for matriculation, sixty dollars for lectures, ten dollars for the demonstrator, and ten dollars for a diploma. The annual revenues are about twelve thousand dollars, and the annual expenditures about ten thousand, but the college is hampered by a debt of seventy-two thousand dollars, the balance due on the purchase-money of the grounds and buildings. Mrs. C. S. Lozier is clinical professor on the diseases of women and children, which are the most prominent study, although the curriculum includes all that is taught in other colleges. The Eclectic College, with upward of two hundred students, is developing, and has recently taken possession of a commodious house in Livingston Place. The Homœopathic College, of which Dr. J. W. Dowling is dean, has about one hundred and sixty students, a brilliant faculty, and every facility for clinical instruction, especially at the Homœopathic Hospital on Ward's Island, which always contains about six hundred patients. A full description of the resources possessed and methods employed by each of these institutions would be interesting, but we are compelled to limit ourselves to the three colleges which furnish the dominant proportion of the students' colony.

The Bellevue College was organized in 1861, under the auspices of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, with a view to availing itself of the immense resources for practical teaching in medicine afforded by the institutions in charge of the Commissioners; and the experiment of ingrafting a medical school upon a lay hospital has been conspicuously successful. It has graduated over three thousand



A CLINIQUE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

students since its foundation, including one hundred and eighteen in the spring of 1881. The opportunities for clinical instruction are the same as those possessed by the University College, and the faculty includes many very eminent men. The accommodations are inferior to those of the latter institution, but the theatre, laboratories, and dissecting-room are large. The college has no debts, and no revenues of any kind except those accruing from the students' fees.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons, at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, is the medical department of Columbia College, and having been opened in 1807, is the oldest of the three institutions. Its faculty includes Wil-



J. C. DRAPER.

lard Parker, professor of clinical surgery; Charles F. Chandler, professor of chemistry; Edward C. Seguin, professor of diseases of the nervous system; Abraham Jacobi, professor of the diseases of children; H. B. Sands, professor of anatomy; and Alonzo Clark, professor of pathology and practical medicine. It shares with the University and Bellevue the clinical facilities of the charity hospitals, besides the New York, the Roosevelt, and several dispensaries and infirmaries, with which the members of its faculty are connected as consulting or visiting physicians.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Bellevue Hospital College, and the University College contribute over fifteen hundred students to the city's population, who come, as we have stated, from every part of the world—even from South Australia and India—and who have representatives among them of every political bias and social condition. The native Americans include a large proportion of the sons of poor farmers and artisans of the Southern and Western States, who, bringing with them little or no margin to the minimum of fees, sacrifice personal comfort, like young Spartans, to their ambition. In the neighborhood of the colleges there are many shabby lodging-houses which provide shelter and food for four dollars a week; and subsisting upon rations of a class at which a well-to-do laborer would complain, the young doctor pursues his studies by the light of a kerosene lamp in the attic gloom of these caravansaries. The coldest winter finds some of the students trudging to lectures and demonstrations through snow and slush, without overcoats, and with shoes worn down to a papery condition of tenuity. But mixed with these plebeians are other young men of fortune and fashion, who dress exquisitely, belong to the clubs, and smoke, if a cigar, a choice Havana, or, if it is a pipe, an elaborate meerschaum, filled with aromatic perique and Turkish. No factions inspired by envious ill-will are bred by these contrasts, however.

The presence of medical students is not considered a desirable element in many large cities. They are apt to be lawless, exuberant, and addicted to nocturnal disorders. Mr. Robert Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen are not the most satisfactory guests to landladies, nor the least troublesome neighbors to persons of quiet and early habits.

What with lectures, cliniques, and recitations, besides practice in the laboratory and dissecting-room, the industrious student who means to be successful has little time for recreation except in the brief intervals between the retirement of one professor and the entrance of another, and the only period when he can conscien-



ALONZO CLARK.



MRS. C. S. LOZIER.

tiously rest is Sunday. The first lecture begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and the last is not concluded until five in the afternoon. At all hours until nine or ten at night students may be seen singly or in twos and threes entering or leaving the colleges, where the intricate secrets of physiology, the tissues, arteries, and nerves are revealed in the sickening atmosphere and amid the ghastly surroundings of the dissecting-room. But the atmosphere, though overpowering to a stranger at his initiation, is not perceptibly offensive to those accustomed to it, and the "subjects," instead of being repulsive to the embryo surgeons, possess an absorbing interest, and all the beauty of a perfect mechanism. There is no dearth of "subjects" in New York, where hundreds die unrecognized in the wards of the charity hospitals, and many are picked up in the rivers with no voice or record to tell how they came to their end.

Perhaps it is because their opportunities for relaxation are so few that as soon as a lecture is concluded and the professor

has been applauded, the students become transformed from an attentive, note-taking, intelligent audience into a pack of boys with a surplusage of exuberance welling over all decorum and restraint. A careless, fanatic, noisy spirit takes possession of the throng. The air is filled with cat-calls, whistling, and vociferations. A sign lettered so plainly that a blind man might grasp its significance by intuition announces that smoking is positively forbidden, but for all that young Æsculapius flings one leg over the back or arm of his seat, and in an attitude neither graceful nor explicably easy, puffs clouds of smoke out of a skeleton's-head bowl, which is a common affectation of his kind. He does not lack companions in this infraction of discipline, and in a very few minutes the amphitheatre is dim with the exudations of cigars, cigarettes, and pipes. Some isolated young Hippocrates almost inaudibly breathes an air from a popular operetta, which is immediately caught by a number of others, who shrilly whistle it and thunderously beat time with their feet. Young Galen rises from his seat, and with mock gestures declaims on the unseemly behavior of those around him, until his oratory is prematurely arrested by a well-directed ball of paper which knocks his hat over his eyes. Young Herophilus from a corner bellows some unintelligible message to young Erasistratus opposite, and a few quieter ones, whose concentrative power touches one, may actually separate themselves from the noise, and find reading possible.

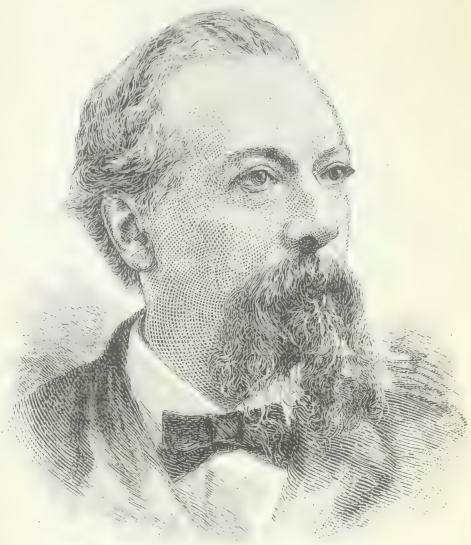
The professor of otology has retired at



OUT-OF-DOOR PATIENTS.

ten minutes before three, and at three precisely, the faculty being always punctual to the minute, the professor of chemistry enters, and is greeted with applausive demonstrations, which are sometimes so prolonged and fervid that they cause a suspicion of burlesque insincerity. The professor bows amiably and familiarly. The enormous blackboards at the back of the rostrum are discovered to be sliding doors, and when they are open a laboratory is seen, crowded with apparatus, among which the professor's two assistants are at work. "Mulberry Calculus," says the professor—"MULBERRY CALCULUS," he reiterates distinctly, meanwhile walking leisurely across the stage; and when he has announced his theme, the audience suddenly falls into an attitude of attention and interest. Young Æsculapius smothers his tobacco and puts his pipe in his pocket, from which he brings forth his notebook; the air from *Pinafore* is heard no more, and the face of young Galen, so recently laughing with mimicry, becomes gravely attentive. The bar which separates the professor from the students is used by those who are in the front row as a footstool, and this is the only impropriety noticeable. The professor is over six feet in height—a graceful man, with easy manners and a pleasant face. The left sleeve of his frock-coat is empty, and swings loosely as he bends over the table, but he manages his right arm and left armpit so cleverly that his deficiency causes him very little inconvenience. His voice is agreeable, his phrases are well chosen, and his style is lucid. From time to time he interpolates a humorous suggestion or allusion, as, in describing the various sources of lime, he exhibits an oyster shell, and apologizes for the fact that it is not a half shell with a luscious Shrewsbury upon it. He speaks vivaciously of the humors of student life, and the hour slips by very pleasantly; he bows as gracefully as a courtier before the throne, and retires; the blackboard doors close again, and again the students lapse into Babel. It is Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, the famous analytic chemist, whom we have been describing; and he is succeeded by Dr. Van Buren, professor of the principles of surgery—a bland gentleman, with gray hair and beard, who speaks in a low-toned voice, and looks like Dom Pedro. The next lecturer is Dr. Austin Flint, Jun., professor of physiology and physiological anatomy, who is severe and imperative in manner, and disturbing to timid students.

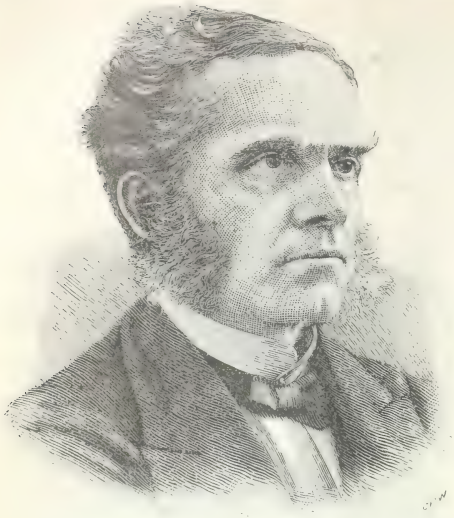
These are all members of the faculty of the Bellevue Hospital College, as also



ALEXANDER B. MOTT.

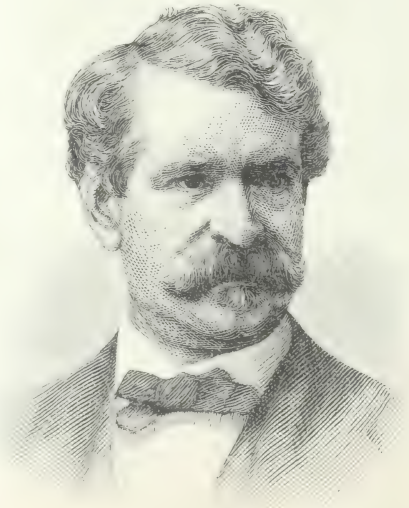
are Fordyce Barker, professor of clinical midwifery and the diseases of women; Isaac Taylor, professor of obstetrics; Austin Flint, Sen., professor of clinical medicine; Lewis A. Sayre, professor of orthopedic surgery; Alexander B. Mott, professor of clinical and operative surgery; A. A. Smith, professor of materia medica; Joseph D. Bryant, professor of general, descriptive, and surgical anatomy; and Edward G. Janeway, professor of pathological anatomy and histology, diseases of the nervous system, and clinical medicine.

Now let us transfer ourselves to the University College, which is across the way. The faculty here is not less brilliant in reputation than that of the sister institution. William A. Hammond is professor of diseases of the mind and nervous system; Alfred C. Post, professor of clinical surgery; Charles Inslee Pardee, professor of diseases of the ear; John C. Draper, professor of chemistry; Alfred L. Loomis, professor of pathology and the practice of medicine; William Darling, professor of anatomy; J. Williston Wright, professor of surgery; J. W. S. Arnold,



STEPHEN SMITH.

professor of physiology and histology; William H. Thomson, professor of materia medica and therapeutics; William M. Polk, professor of obstetrics; Faneuil D. Weisse, professor of practical and surgical anatomy; D. B. St. John Roosa, professor of ophthalmology; Stephen Smith, professor of orthopedic surgery; J. W. S. Gouley, professor of diseases of the genito-urinary system; Montrose E. Pallen, professor of gynecology; Henry G. Piffard, professor of dermatology; A. E. Macdonald, professor of medical jurisprudence; James L. Little, professor of clinical surgery; L. A. Stimson, professor of pathological anatomy; and Joseph E. Winters, demonstrator of anatomy. The theatre of the University College is the most cheerful and commodious of all. It is abundantly lighted and ventilated; the walls and ceilings are relieved with stencilled frescoes; the acoustic properties are admirable, and all the seats are comfortable folding-chairs. When we enter, a thickset, dark-complexioned gentleman in a simple business suit is talking to the audience, which is absorbed in his utterances. Judged by appearance—a conventional but misleading measure—he might be a successful merchant or a salesman addressing the Chamber of Commerce on a question of exports. He does not look in the least didactic, but he has a strong head and an earnest, resolute manner. He speaks distinctly, and with a pronounced "American" accent. On a padded lounge before him in the centre of the stage a man is stretched out, naked to the waist, and on the exposed parts of the body—on the breasts and between them—he administers a few blows with his knuckles. He then turns the man over and strikes him under the shoulder-blades, listening for the result, and describing it to the audience. The professor is Dr. Loomis, the celebrated pathologist, and the patient is a sufferer from gastritis produced by alcoholism. The professor, after explaining the case, directed his assistant to prepare a medicine for the patient, the properties of which were explained and described to the students; and a little girl was then brought in from the anteroom, where other patients were in waiting, willing to serve at the clinique in return for advice from a noted physician. The child was pale, wasted, and poorly clad. Her mother came into the theatre with her, and wanted to screen her from the students. The professor rapped upon her and listened, and asked the woman many questions as to the manner in which she lived. She had pain in her side, a poor appetite, and she slept in a basement. "Lack of nutrition, that's what ails her," said the professor, when he had made his diagnosis. "She has not enough food, and has been brought up without that attention to simple cleanliness upon which health depends. The pain in her side is a result of the impoverishment of her system, and its inability to supply Nature with sufficient force for the maintenance of her



WILLIAM VAN BUREN.

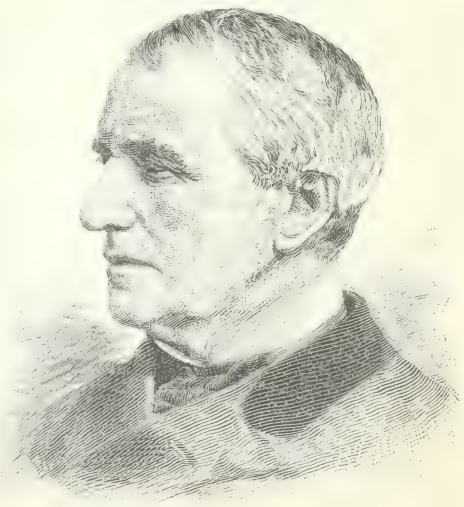


ALFRED L. LOOMIS.

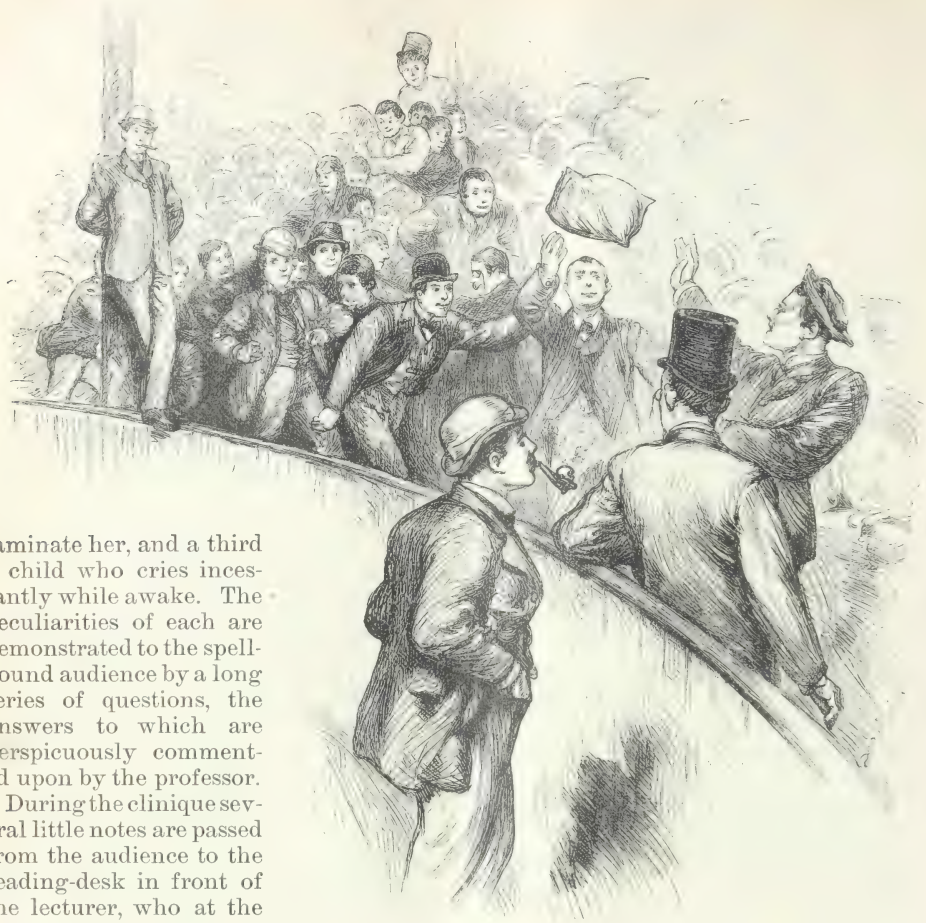
processes. Give the child some iron." Thus by practical examples the professor teaches his class the principles of pathology, and shows them the method of the examinations by which the nature of a disease is ascertained, and a boisterous round of applause follows his closing words.

A moment later the students of the University prove that they are of the same playful disposition as the students of Bellevue. They whistle, sing, smoke, and whoop. A small pillow is discovered in the rostrum, and a demure-looking young person, who has been contemplating it from afar, and speculating upon the varied uses to which it might be put, strides over the rail and secures it. Returning to his seat, he poises it and threatens to dash it at the men in the row below him, who duck in anticipation of it, while several others in the row above, who are not threatened, grin with delight. But by a quick, sly movement he aims it at the latter, and it strikes them with a ricochet movement, which takes the hats off at least half a dozen, and then a battle for the possession of the missile begins. It flies from head to head, and hand to hand, up the theatre, down the theatre, and diagonally; it sends a "swell" plug hat spinning, and brings color into many faces, and its course is followed by shrieks of laughter, mingled with indescribable catcalls. The pursuit of it becomes fierce; but after a lapse of five minutes a whirring electric bell is heard, and it is abandoned. A portly gentleman enters the stage, who from the firmness of his tread and the erectness of his body might be a general reviewing his troops. He is massively built, and has a full round face, a clipped head, and a heavy mustache. He is dressed in a fashionable frock-coat and light trousers. His hair is nearly gray, and as he strides across the stage, waiting for the applause to cease, he looks more like a general than ever. His manner somehow implies that time is very precious with him, and he talks in a rapid but rather husky voice. Time *is* precious with him; his private practice is enormous; he is called to testify as an expert in courts of law; and his reputation is so wide that patients come hundreds of miles to see him. It bespeaks a prodigious degree of vigor, endurance, and industry that he finds time for any connection with the college; but more than this, he is a voluminous writer of books on his specialty, a famous entertainer, a frequent diner-out, and an omnivorous reader of newspapers and popular magazines. Very few men combine the successful pursuit of science and literature with the pleasures of society as Dr. Hammond does.

Three cases are brought in from the anteroom—one is a man suffering from paralysis of the tongue, lips, palate, and left leg, another a woman imbued with a dread that whatever she touches will con-



WILLARD PARKER.



AT PLAY.

taminate her, and a third a child who cries incessantly while awake. The peculiarities of each are demonstrated to the spell-bound audience by a long series of questions, the answers to which are perspicuously commented upon by the professor.

During the clinique several little notes are passed from the audience to the reading-desk in front of the lecturer, who at the close reads and briefly answers them. They ask for a variety of information, relevant and irrelevant, pertinent and impertinent. The professor then bows, and strides off the stage.

Soon after his disappearance the sliding doors open as in the other college, revealing the complicated paraphernalia of a chemical laboratory, and a massive gentleman saunters on to the stage as he might saunter into a billiard-room after dinner. He has the complacent manner of a person of leisure, who finds all the action his nature craves in the evolution of smoke from a good cigar. A luminous smile plays about his face, from which flows a patriarchal beard; his eyes twinkle, and his voice, though unmusical, is pleasant. He beckons the students who are scattered, urging them to fill the front rows. "Come down here, and I'll ask you questions; it's the best thing in the world for you." In their own vernacular, the students do not "see it"; they are not anxious to be quizzed, but after some further pressure they put themselves into compacter form. He begins his lecture with an interrogation, and one of the audience essays an answer without premeditation. "Hold on!" cries the professor, good-naturedly; "it isn't half as easy as you imagined. I twisted it to make it interesting for you;" and the proper answer is some time in forthcoming. When the answer is given, the professor adds to it, paraphrases it, eliminates words inexact in meaning, and substitutes others of the precisely correct shade; by hints and signs he attracts a blunderer from a false conclusion to a proper one; and having drawn him to that point, he expands it with fluency

and emphasis, as he walks to and fro across the rostrum, now beating his hand on the rail in accentuation of the syllables, then folding his arms as he sits on the corner of a table and expounds the electric and chemic laws with the bland simplicity of a gossip at the club. This is Dr. John C. Draper, the chemist, and so far from being a man of leisure, as his manner implies, he accomplishes a wonderful variety of work in his private practice, as a contributor to literature, and as an active member of the faculty.

When the lectures are over the students hasten to the dissecting-room or laboratories. There are few days when they do not have an opportunity to see an important operation in one of the amphitheatres, and the dispensing for out-door poor in connection with Bellevue Hospital also claims a share of their attention.



LECTURE IN THE WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

There is a singular breadth in the definition of what constitutes a physician, and according to Ordronaux the term may be applied to "any one who publicly announces himself as a practitioner, and undertakes to treat the sick, either with or without reward." Wide indeed are the gates opened to charlatans by this laxity of nomenclature, and many of the most eminent professors are of the opinion that unless the State enforces a grade of qualification for all practitioners, a proper standard of medical education can not be established. An embryo physician, poorly educated and of inferior mental capacity, comes to a city in search of a diploma, which will enable him to practice in a country town. He visits each of the colleges, and obtains from each its catalogue and prospectus. At one he is told how exacting the examiners are, and at another he is assured that the course is easy, simply entailing attendance at a few lectures. He of course attaches himself to the latter; and the higher the standard of requirements in a college is, the more its treasury suffers from the diversion of students into inferior institutions. Each college fixes its own course of study, determines the qualifications of candidates for graduation, and finally confers a degree upon these candidates. "The consequences of the system are seen," as one of the faculty of the University College said to the writer, "in a country overrun with charlatans, some holding diplomas, others ignoring them as worthless, but all legally qualified to exercise the divine art of healing."



The Artistic Young Lady.

HERE are, perhaps, no two words more frequently on the lips of the present generation than these two: "Internal Decoration." It seems like a poor and vapid plagiarism to talk of Renaissance nowadays, but we can not, as we stand in the full flood-tide of modern art improvement and beauty, as applied to household art, use any other word. We can not look through the tasteful and artistic interiors of New York without a pleasurable sense of having lived through a very dark night, to be rewarded with an exceedingly fresh and brilliant morning.

Those who have seen even three decades will remember the monstrous ugliness of the past—the floriated carpets, heavy frescoes, inartistic "reps," the crimson satin curtains against white walls, the staring papers, and the furnace holes in the floor. This dream is scarcely over. To Dante Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and William Morris do the lovers of artistic interiors owe an immortal debt, for they started in England an art crusade against

the bad features of household furnishing, which was born of the reign of George the Fourth. His sense of fitness in architecture and household art is still present with us in the bombastic and ridiculous Pavilion at Brighton, and in the curved and crooked outlines of his showy but insincere chairs and tables. Even the silver-ware made for this selfish voluptuary is now considered in such bad taste that the collectors of old silver reject a George the Fourth piece as unworthy of standing by the side of the solid sugar bowl of good Queen Anne. But to the men whom we have just mentioned we owe our emancipation from George the Fourth. The artists began the reform, and an artist's studio was the first thing that was copied. Early attempts were made with tapestries, stuffs from the East, bits of old armor, brass pots, birds, and butterflies, the spoils of a European trip in the way of carvings from Switzerland and Venice, and with bronzes, plaster casts, easels, spinning-wheels, old clocks, and antique chairs: all these things were, by the ambitious young housekeeper, crowded into her small drawing-room, with the natural and innocent desire to make a pretty room. The artistic craze had seized her. She grieved over the ugly things which alone were to be bought in shops, but she had no light to guide her in her new departure.

The result was chaos. Witty callers declared that on entering a fashionable house they found a bric-à-brac shop; they stumbled on a Smyrna rug, and broke their necks over the Dying Gladiator. It was not a parlor, but a china shop, in which the "curled and perfumed Assyrian bull" of modern fashion overturned the table and smashed the Dresden darlings. The growing taste for pottery came in to confuse, and the piano, the writing-table, even the arm-chair, held cloisonné and majolica, Chinese crackle and Henri Deux. A calico cow from Liverpool elbowed early American, and Hispano-moresque stood cheek by jowl with Capo di Monte.

It was a jumble; it was the day of fantastic foolishness; it was the "*Götterdämmerung*"—the twilight of the gods.

Still, it was better than the brilliant brocaded brocatelle, the rose-wood chair, all curves, the specious frescoes of the Goddess of Liberty holding a frying-pan, or the spotted carpet, which struck upon the sensitive optic like a stick.

It was about this time that the word "sincere" came into the furnishing world. Old mahogany, the square and straight-legged tables of our grandfathers, the finely finished old bureaus with their "sincere" brass handles, the plain papers, the plain carpets, began to crowd out floriated patterns. The classification of pottery became a study. Not every cracked tea-pot from the kitchen shelf was a treasure, only every other tea-pot.

Then came the great Philadelphia Exposition, with its pretty Eastlake house from England, with its stuffs of all nations, with its orderly cataloguing of the good things of past and present, picking out for us what had been worthy in the reign of the tasteful Stuarts, whatever was magnificent in the day of stately Elizabeth, whatever of good (and there was much) in the reign of Queen Anne, also what could be curiously sifted from the luxury of Louis XIV. and XV. The fine taste of Marie de Medicis was revived in jewelry; the bookbinders revelled in the better past of Russia leather, and gilding through all the ages; and workers in fine metals, in Russia and the East, in Italy and England, enriched the cabinets and filled the collections with models of "barbaric pearl and gold."

A great exposition is like the fairy's wand: it summons the genii, and then clears them away. The Philadelphia Exposition brought us all that the world could do in the way of household furnishing. With a wave of the wand the stuffs went into the shops, and the gentle housekeeper of to-day steps into a modern upholsterer's to find herself in the Hôtel Cluny as to the laces, mediæval tapestries, embroidered satins, and artistic cheap cretonnes which await her selection. If she wishes a Lucretia Borgia cabinet or a Caterina Cornaro chest, she has a hundred examples to choose from. Any tin and brass shop will give her a Roman lamp such as Beatrice Cenci may have used, and she goes to her bedroom with a candlestick in her hand which may have lighted an early Christian through the Catacombs.

Nothing can be more beautiful, more orderly, more harmonious, than a modern New York house which has blossomed out in this fine summer of perfected art. So universal and commanding is the necessity for an artistic house that our best artists are forsaking the canvas, and using

their brushes on the plaster ceilings. It may be long before we have the great Buonarotti's inspired prophets and sibyls in our public buildings, or Correggio's boys on the walls of our dining-rooms; but the movement is in that direction, and the best and highest talent proclaims on every occasion the dignity and beauty of household art.

the house of Dr. W. A. Hammond in West Fifty-fourth Street. After giving his walls time to settle, he began a series of internal decorations, which it will be difficult for artists to surpass for some time to come. His dining-room is hung with a frieze copied from the Bayeux tapestry—patient Matilda's chronicle of the stirring times of William of Normandy. The



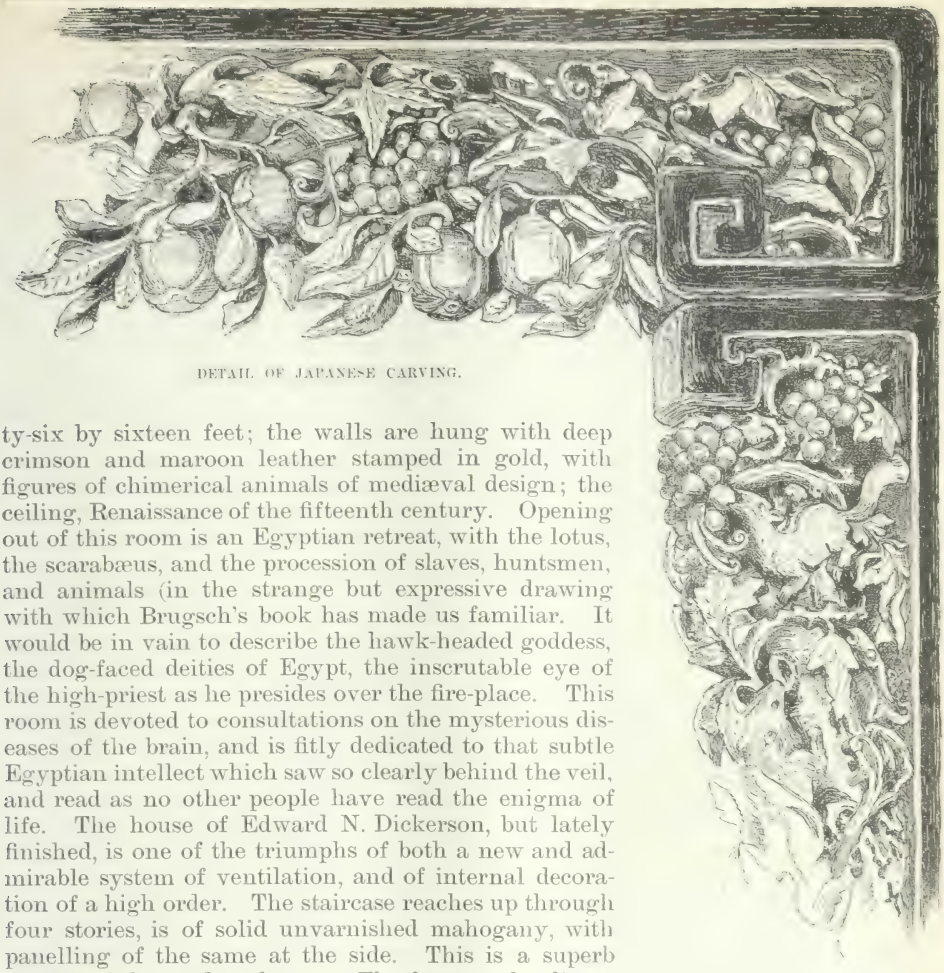
DINING-ROOM WINDOW WITH JAPANESE CARVING.

Music and sculpture, for some inscrutable reason, grew naturally in America. Painting and internal decoration came later. Although our landscape men are now amongst the best in the world, it was not an early development.

Perhaps one of the first conspicuously artistic interiors in New York was that of

ceiling is painted in the early Saxon ornamentation—ribbon winding through a conventionalized pattern. The room is decorated with choicest specimens of porcelain and china, and the windows are of stained glass. The portières are of Algerine stuffs, heavy and handsome.

The dining-room is a large room, thir-



DETAIL OF JAPANESE CARVING.

ty-six by sixteen feet; the walls are hung with deep crimson and maroon leather stamped in gold, with figures of chimerical animals of mediæval design; the ceiling, Renaissance of the fifteenth century. Opening out of this room is an Egyptian retreat, with the lotus, the scarabæus, and the procession of slaves, huntsmen, and animals (in the strange but expressive drawing with which Brugsch's book has made us familiar. It would be in vain to describe the hawk-headed goddess, the dog-faced deities of Egypt, the inscrutable eye of the high-priest as he presides over the fire-place. This room is devoted to consultations on the mysterious diseases of the brain, and is fitly dedicated to that subtle Egyptian intellect which saw so clearly behind the veil, and read as no other people have read the enigma of life. The house of Edward N. Dickerson, but lately finished, is one of the triumphs of both a new and admirable system of ventilation, and of internal decoration of a high order. The staircase reaches up through four stories, is of solid unvarnished mahogany, with panelling of the same at the side. This is a superb feature of the modern house. The frequent landings, the broad low stairs, all are improvements on the old-fashioned narrow, ugly stairway of the immediate past. Mr. Dickerson has much beautiful stained glass; his drawing-room windows are made to repeat the delicate scarlet and dove-color of the paper and window curtains, while in a bedroom swallows fly through apple-blossoms, and are in more imperishable form represented in the glass window.

Here also we see that nothing is more effective than stamped leather for dining-room walls; and carved buffets with painting on leather, let in after the fashion of tiles, ably supplement this finish. Mr. Dickerson has a famous window in his dining-room, which is outlined by a fine bit of Japanese carving. This piece has given the key-note to the room, which has also a ceiling of painted plaques, very harmonious, curious, and ornamental. Brass sconces of cinque-cento and Henri Deux add much brilliancy to these darkly ornamented rooms. A boudoir in ebonized cherry, with tile fire-place, the tiles painted with bright flowers, and much ornamental brass-work about, is extremely pretty, as is the whole of this artistic dwelling.

In some of the fine interiors we see deep crimson hangings and carpets, with dead gold and bronze paper, chandeliers of silver and brass, and fire-place of burnished steel. This introduction of steel is one of the most beautiful of the modern improvements.

In others we see, as we enter, Algerine striped portières and rugs of Persia or Turkey, the furniture made in forms suggestive of lounging, and covered with Eastern stuffs. The sideboard has a severe simplicity, however. The lines are

straight and formal, the outline definite. No shallow curves, no feeble-minded ornamentation. Perhaps shells cut out of hard wood, with some good brass-work to use for handles, key, and hinges. The richest brocaded Chinese silks, with the heavily carved teak-wood furniture of our Oriental brethren, fitly furnish forth the rooms where the pottery is collected. The Moorish vases, the Egyptian water bottles, Japanese cups, Thuringian porcelain, crackle-ware, cloisonné, Spanish faience, Palissy, Etruscan, Kioto, Dresden, Russian, biscuit, Nankin, majolica, and Hungarian porcelain can not be better lodged than in the Chinese room. It is a fitting tribute to China, which has given its name to every species of pottery. It is, however, now a reigning fancy to have rare plaques hung on the walls of every room.

A bronzed dining-room, brown leather lambrequins with gold monogram, a bay-window in which stands a white marble vase crowned with grapes, a finish of dark polished inlaid wood, inlaid arm-chairs, sideboard of such dimensions that it fills one end of the room, in the same dark wood; a spacious, hospitable, fine room, lighted up by the ceiling alone, which is pale buff, with broad cartouches of brown, with here and there a deep-toned picture on the walls. Such is one of the interiors, such is one dining-room.

People furnish their rooms now according to their caprices. The personal comes out. The rich literary young lady fits up her room with furniture of an antique pattern, with book-cases in dark wood or oak, with a tiled fire-place, and brass andirons, a Venetian mirror, and deep luxurious rugs. She has rare engravings, and a Sèvres writing-table. "Simple but choice," one says on entering. If she is a fashionable belle, her room will be festooned with pink or blue silk, covered with lace, or tufted satin let into the walls. Long mirrors will abound, and the furniture will be of ormolu. The spirit of Pompadour breathes from this interior; it is all roses and blue ribbons. The artistic young lady has three important caprices. A bunch of peacocks' feathers, a brass pot full of cat-tails, and a mediæval candlestick. These are the essentials. Japanese fans as a matter of detail; an easel, a few straight-backed chairs, a brown curtain embroidered with sunflowers, and a Persian cat. With all the stiffness, and the preference for a certain dirty yellow, which has become the passion of the followers of Cimabue Brown, these modern æsthetes do sometimes make very pretty rooms. They are quaint and individual, but there is no doubt that the "high artistic craze" has produced some very ugly effects.

The severe stiffness of the cat-tail has entered much into modern embroidery. Every one feels for the stork which has stood so long on one leg.

> "The lilies lank and wan,
> Each stork and sunflower spray,"

all are stiff and dismal. They are the pendants to the "lean disciples of Burne-Jones." The Postlethwaites and Bunthornes and their female adorers look like a stork on one leg. The hero of a modern æsthetic comedy says, as the highest synonym of despair, "I feel like a room without a dado."

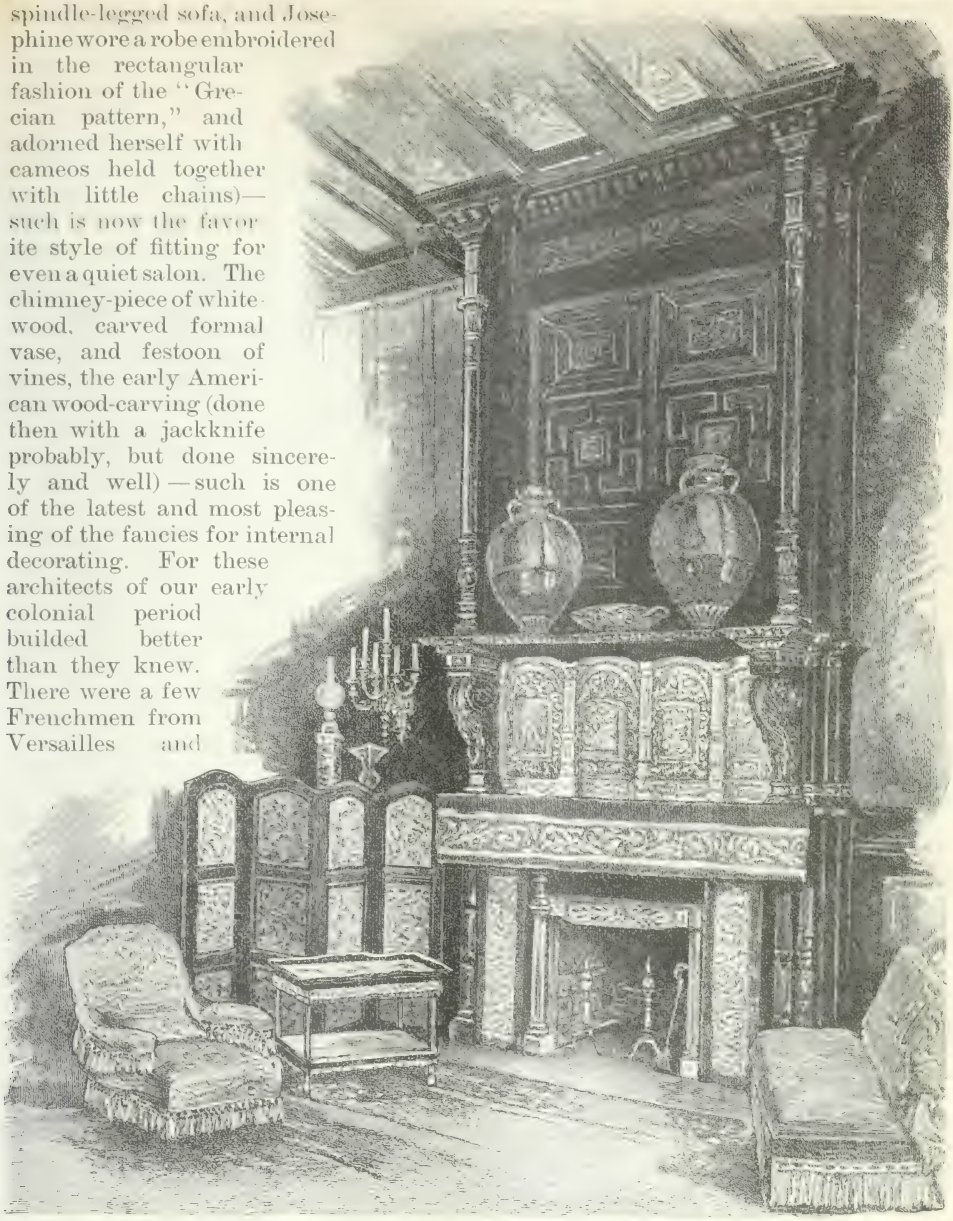
It is one of the pleasantest caprices of modern luxury that women have their bedrooms and boudoirs furnished in colors which will set off their favorite dresses, and add china to match the bedroom.

The introduction of tapestry in the hangings of a room gives a touch of time-honored, delicate, silent, indescribable approval to the tastes of certain interiors. The heavy and freighted hangings bring back Florentine galleries, Venetian and Roman palaces and villas. Much of it is Gobelin tapestry, telling spiritualistic stories. Portières of tapestry in a large house are luxuries, but in a small one sometimes cumbersome. At Newport, for instance, they may seem too warm.

The decorative art school now produces a very good imitation tapestry, which has much of the charm of the old and time-stained heavy woollen stuff. In a city dining-room nothing can be finer than real old tapestry. If one is rich enough to command a tapestry from the Gobelins, with the "miraculous draught of fishes" of Raphael, what more appropriate hanging for a dining-room? Mr. Barlow's dining-room is especially rich in several of these rare luxuries.

Carved wood gilded, each square inch ornamental enough for a breastpin, in the style which we once thought stiff, but which we now find beautiful—the classic style of the First Empire (when the delicate Récamier in a Greek peplum stretched her gracious form on a severely simple

spindle-legged sofa, and Josephine wore a robe embroidered in the rectangular fashion of the "Grecian pattern," and adorned herself with cameos held together with little chains)—such is now the favorite style of fitting for even a quiet salon. The chimney-piece of white-wood, carved formal vase, and festoon of vines, the early American wood-carving (done then with a jackknife probably, but done sincerely and well)—such is one of the latest and most pleasing of the fancies for internal decorating. For these architects of our early colonial period builded better than they knew. There were a few Frenchmen from Versailles and



CHIMNEY-PIECE IN EBONIZED WOOD.

Fontainebleau, men who had learned architecture from the best teachers, who came here after the wreck of that great stormship the Revolution, to find a home on the shores of the newer world. They have left the impress of their conscientious fingers on many a bridge, church, and old mansion. "No such work can be done now," sighs the modern architect, as he looks at an old staircase of the year 1804. The high wooden chimney-pieces of the old colonial style are eagerly bought up by the tasteful decorators of the present, and the *haute volée* at Newport buy gladly the disregarded carvings of the old town.

There is no greater mistake than to value a thing because it is old. But if



IN A DINING-ROOM IN FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET.

time has gone over it but to beautify it, if time can show that this thing had a reason for lasting, then it is good, and worthy of reproduction.

Many of the most conspicuous houses of New York are palaces in their way, and filled with most choice and rare pictures; but as they are not particularly in the modern style of internal decoration, we do not describe them. A fine staircase at Mr. J. J. Astor's, beneath which stands a piece of sculpture, the work of W. W. Astor, is most commanding in effect. The picture-gallery and dining-room of Mr. W. Astor are also most beautiful and artistic rooms. There are fine effects in the superb houses of Mr. Fish and of Miss Wolfe; but these houses are only possible to people of great wealth. The "new departure" in furnishing, combined with luxury, is seen to every possible advantage in the house of Mr. D. O. Mills, lately finished by Herter. The library, panelled in carved mahogany to the frieze, is a superb room, which has cost sixty thousand dollars. The chimney-piece is much accentuated, as in all internal decoration. It is in three compartments, adorned with shelves and vases and clocks and plates, and the fire-place is filled with fine brass and tiles; mirrors are set in the frame-work of the chimney-piece. A fine bow-window, hung with gold-embroidered muslin, and also shaded with heavy plush curtains, commands the ever-varying gay panorama of Fifth Avenue. Large library tables, and superb lounges and chairs covered with Eastern stuffs, give this room the easy and inhabited look which its splendor might efface.

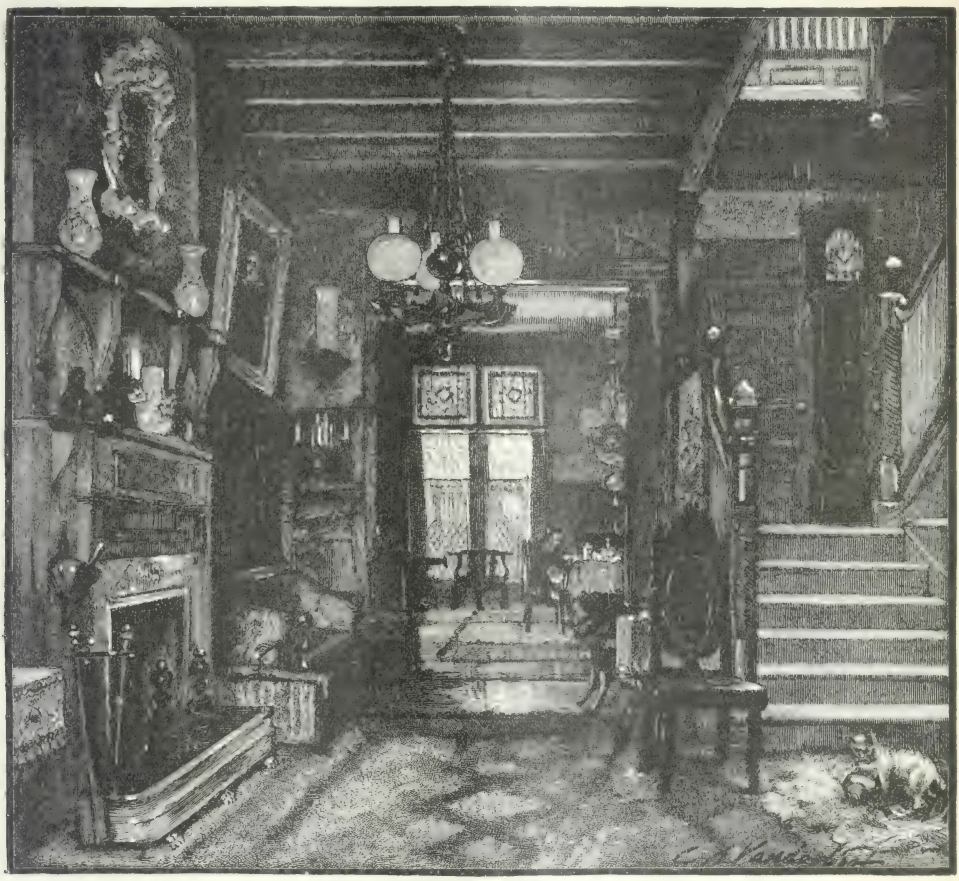
The grand salon of this superb house is in the white and gold and carved work of the days of Napoleon I. The chimney-piece, with its little Corinthian pillars and capitals heavily gilt, recalls that picture of the great Emperor nursing on his knee the sleeping King of Rome, as he looks at a map of the world that he has recently conquered. The ceiling of this gorgeous room is Venetian, in the style of the famous one in the Doge's palace.

Stones of deep red color, like glowing carbuncles, are let into the gilded wood-work, and Limoges enamels ornament the walls.

The chairs are white and gilt of the "Empire" shapes, covered with most exquisite pale satins, embroidered with here and there a rose, which looks as if Flora had just flung it down, and again with patterns in gold embroidery; all the colors are delicate and refined. The boudoir, or first drawing-room, is hung in velvet of most delicate crimson, embroidered where it meets the frieze with gold and colors, to imitate precious stones. The wood-work of this room is dark. The hangings are of crimson velvet—not

a high, but a pale crimson—and the ceiling is frescoed with the colors of spring flowers. Fine paintings ornament the walls.

The chief charm of this interior is that, in spite of its magnificence, it has a home look. The chairs are easy, the curtains are hospitably drawn, books and photographs and engravings lie around on



HALL WITH WHITEWOOD STAIRCASE.

tables; and although one is breathing the heavy air of luxury, there seems to be nothing too good for a human being, which is the perfection of art. This is perhaps the key-note of the modern school. The decorators strive to efface themselves, just as persons of the highest breeding possess the simplest manners. One is conscious of beauty, of the serenest loveliness, but it is toned down to one harmonizing chord.

The addition of valuable oil-paintings, so fashionable now in internal decoration, finds expression in a frieze at this magnificent house; it is the frieze in the gold drawing-room, which was painted in Paris by the best frieze-painter of to-day. This is simply several hundred feet of fine picture, with classical subjects, nymphs, fauns, and other dreamy creatures. A few feet of it would be gladly framed by ordinary mortals for an ordinary house as a fine picture.

A tasteful dwelling in Fifty-seventh Street has an artistic look from the very outside even of the door. Fitted with stained glass and iron, it opens with the seal of modern taste; the hall is in dark wood, curtained off by deep portières, and with its staircase is an object of beauty as well as of comfort. On one side are glimpses of carved wood and golden palm, with incised carvings, and ornaments of

the Empire, whose mirrors might well reflect Josephine and Hortense—a beautiful little room.

On the opposite side opens the dining-room, fitted up with mahogany panelling, and a ceiling painted by John La Farge. The furniture is all of old mahogany, with brass mountings for sideboard and tables, which the owners have been fortunate enough to inherit from a long line of ancestry. When they desire privacy, the portières are drawn, and each room becomes separate. When they like, the curtains are pulled aside, and all the three rooms are one. The hall, however, with its wood fire, its brass andirons, sconces, clocks, chairs, rugs, and tables, is the gem of the house, and yet all this in twenty feet of width.

Another beautiful interior has the white-wood staircase of our early Revolutionary period, running up through a dark hall. The walls are wainscoted to the cornice with dado rails. The grand saloon is in white, with artistic carvings copied in hard plaster or papier-maché, and with Luca della Robbia fruits and flowers over the doorways. The bedrooms are shellacked, and some are stained of a deep tint; one, all in blue, is especially beautiful.

In the dining-room, which is of a deep dull red, the fire lights up bright brass surroundings, and the heavy mantel holds vases and French clocks. Everywhere warm and comfortable portières are drawn to exclude draughts, and a fine piece of Gobelin tapestry covers one side of the room. There are no glaring colors, no senseless and obtrusive frescoes, no crowd, no oppressive display of bric-à-brac in this house, yet bronzes and medals and gems lie about, and a fine picture stands in a good light on an easel. There is an overflowing beauty, but there is order and appropriateness. Books abound; they stretch away in long low book-cases, which in their turn hold up the curious old silver, china, and delf of which the owner is fond.

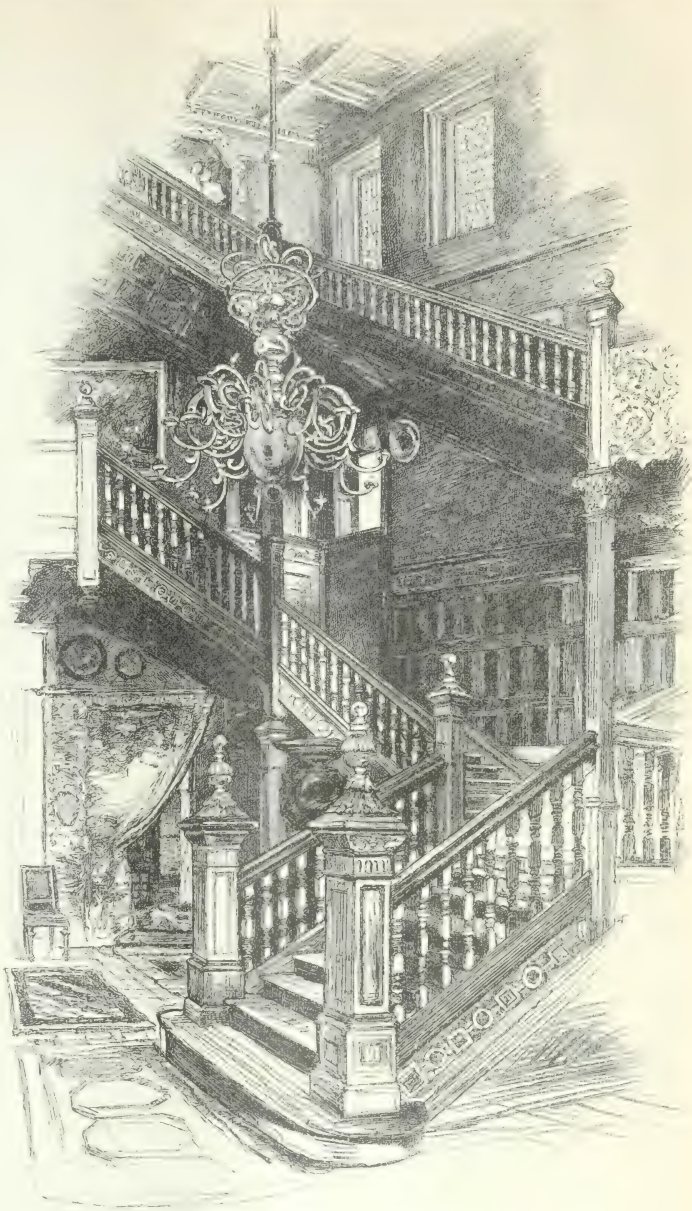
There are large rich rugs in the centre of each parquet floor; there are massive chairs, no two of which are alike. Some of them have come from Venice, some from Japan, some from Morocco. One is an old Spanish chair with the seat of hide, the hair of the ox still left on the under side. Even the picture-frames have been made of oxidized silver, to meet the artistic demands of an eye sobered to cool tints.

The fine house of Mr. F. W. Stevens, at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, has long charmed the eye with its artistic outside. Within, it is well worthy of admiration. A room in ebonized cherry and scarlet proves the success of high-color decoration if in the hands of a master. The grand salon, in white and gold, is after the best spirit of the days of Louis XV., which was the age of salons. The dining-room, in old Spanish leather, collected piece by piece laboriously in Spain, and put together here, is a glorious room. The grand hall, with two or three flights of balcony, hung with rugs, tapestries, and rare embroideries, is a picture in itself. This house is thoroughly artistic, and in the modern style. There is a correctness about it which is satisfactory. It shows that all the study and talk about high art is not nonsense, but that it means harmony and perfection.

The lighting of the dining-rooms now receives very much attention. Gas is considered vulgar and low. Lamps of every degree are introduced, and are fearfully troublesome, but pretty. The candle is re-instated, but drips. There is no doubt that candle-light is very becoming; nor any doubt that the heat of a chandelier hanging immediately over the head is very great, almost heating a brain to fever. Side lights, brass sconces, and candles are used almost exclusively. The little red candles with colored shades are universal, sometimes assisted by lamps, which, however, are not yet quite certain enough to be altogether pleasing. These are the inconveniences now resorted to by housekeepers, displacing the neat and economical gas in order to get rid of the heat. But when the electric light can be managed for households, and tempered to a sufficient softness, no doubt the candles and lamps will be again banished to the garret and the country house. For in a town house they are vastly less convenient than that obedient slave which answers to the rubbing of a match with brilliant and certain light. Given, then, a luxurious dining-room, with its superbly carved buffet, which is loaded with glass, silver, and china, we come down to the chairs, which must be of carved oak, or of wood to agree with the wood-work of the room, with seats covered with stamped or tufted leather, or alligator-skin. These chairs should be high and straight, and, for large dinners, without arms.

Portières and curtains of Japanese or Chinese silks (gold storks on a dark ground are very handsome), or the laterally striped curtain stuffs, all hung by brass rings on a brass bar, are thoroughly in keeping with the room. The windows should be of stained glass, now so easily attainable.

Stained glass windows representing the Seasons, or the apotheosis of food in the shape of the goddesses Pomona and Ceres, the thousand fancies of genius and taste, are now very common in luxurious dining-rooms. They throw a "rose light o'er our russet cares," and are especially delightful in the morning. The carpet of the dining-room should be thick and soft, and thereby noiseless. Its colors may be rich, but should be unobtrusive. No one likes to hear a chair grate on a wooden floor, or to be annoyed by the footsteps of the servants at a seven-o'clock dinner. All should be quiet and serene.



STAIRCASE IN HOUSE AT FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

We now come to the table, which in certain luxurious houses of New York has become a picture worthy of Rubens or Vibert. The favorite form is still the long extension-table, as better fitted to our rooms, but many hostesses for large dinners introduce the round table if their rooms permit of it. The table is covered first with a crimson cloth, over which is thrown the decorative lace-work table-cloth, divided into squares of solid damask and lace-work; this again is covered with a large mat of velvet, on which stands the silver salver lined with mirror, on which again elevates itself the silver épergne, or the basket of flowers. On the lake of mirror float Dresden swans, lilies, and aquatic plants. At the four corners of the crimson mat stand four high ruby-colored flagons mounted in gold, filled with claret. Other flagons of topaz or emerald glass, or plain white in silver

mountings stand at convenient intervals. The covers are of silver, or of choice porcelain or china. Glasses of different color in Venetian and Bohemian crystal are grouped at each plate. Napkins of the same lace with embroidered damask or momie-cloth as the table-cover are laid at each plate. The colored embroideries of Russia for table linen have been much used during the last year. These naperies come from Moscow, and bear mottoes and devices in the strange Slavonic tongue. They are very expensive, and have not yet become common.

Mottoes painted on the walls of dining-rooms, being made a part of the ornamentation, are quite the thing. This is a German fashion (as every one will remember who has travelled on the Rhine), and has come down from Gothic times. It is mediæval in the design and in the execution, and is exceedingly charming, both in the spirit and in the letter, neither of which killeth in this elaborate connection.

We have now arrived in the nineteenth century at the splendor and magnificence, long forgotten, of the feasts which the chroniclers of the fourteenth century loved to dilate upon. At the feast of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., thirty-two courses were included in the bill of fare. Silver dishes, platters, and cups, wrought in endless device and enriched with gems, glittered upon the board. To show how much these table ornaments were prized, Edmund, Earl of March, in 1380, left to his sons and daughters a silver salt in the shape of a dog. The halls were beautifully hung with crimson tapestry. Yet with all their tapestry, arras, stamped leather, their barbaric splendor of plate, their floors were strewn with rushes, and they had not the ordinary comforts of a chimney and a gas-light or a candle, but must have used flaming torches, unfragrant and uncertain. Yet we are glad now to get one of their great standing chests, carved and richly decorated, in which they kept the household linen; gladly would we inherit the laced napkins of that period, made probably by the nuns. The elegancies of the Italian Renaissance penetrated England, and blossomed into the Tudor Gothic, much of which we are copying in the dining-rooms of to-day.

It is curious, looking at the overflow of this Renaissance, to ask one's self why all this beauty has been pent up so long. One goes back to contemplate the white marble mantel-piece of the immediate past as one looks at the bone of a megatherium; it is the type of a dead ugliness.

Yet the white marble mantel-piece surrounds a fire, which is better than the black hole in the wall or the floor which indicated the furnace; and modern taste can so well disguise the cold marble with tasteful lambrequin and curtain of serge or plush that it need not be altogether ugly.

The parquet floors, not altogether liked by people of uncertain foot-hold, are covered in winter with ingrain carpet of plain color. This is again broken into color and variety by rugs. The stairs are almost universally without carpet, and are rubbed down to a plain and slippery smoothness.

If there can be a word to be said against modern wood-work in internal decoration, it is that it sometimes looks a little crowded. To those who have enjoyed large rooms, high halls, and empty spaces there is, perhaps, a feeling of being shut up in a box in these exceedingly elaborate and artistic houses. Yet those who live in them get to love their carved wooden walls, their curiously quaint outlooks from staircase and balcony, their heavy and perfectly fitting doors.

Taine says that in every country which has stopped growing, and which begins to decay, there comes a moment of repose. Then, says the great art critic, "blossoms the consummate flower of art."

To that moment he relegates the construction of the superb palaces of Venice, and the masterpieces which fill them.

We need indulge no apprehensions that we have reached such a moment. The present achievement of American art, promising and full of interest as it is, is remote from that which should properly signalize the decay of a great nation. We may err in the direction of luxury in our large communities, but for the most part there has entered into the building and beautifying of American homes a most re-assuring and comforting amount of common-sense. The luxury that offends is the exception, and it is an agreeable characteristic of the public temperament that the exhibition of such luxury excites no sense of envy, but only affords amusement. If we are advancing toward decay, we are certainly barricading our fort against its insidious footsteps with many a strong mahogany plank, and much "heart of oak."



Drawn by J. W. Alexander, from a photograph by W. and D. Downey

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

DEATH, taking from us Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, has deprived us of the most subtle of our poets and the strongest of our colorists. But it was not only by his pictures and his poems that we knew him. Mr. Rossetti possessed in a remarkable degree a gift less easily defined than the qualities of thought and vision: he had the faculty of inspiring others. Only the value of his temperament rendered it possible that a school of painters founded expressly to copy nature with exact servitude should gradually and without formal renunciation of its principles become identified with work of the purely artistic beauty of Mr. Burne-Jones's "Venus's Looking-Glass," and the purely imaginative merit of Mr. Spencer Stanhope's "Waters of Purification."

We have of late suffered many losses. Longfellow, Emerson, Darwin—all are dead within one month. But these are names of men who have run a glorious career; their purpose is fulfilled; it is sad, but natural, to lose them. Mr. Rossetti died at fifty-three, cut off in the very prime and vigor of his work.

Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti—for by

all these names he was christened—was born in London on the 12th May, 1828, at 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place.

The name of Rossetti, so remarkable in contemporary art and literature, was even then distinguished; for the elder Rossetti was himself a poet of wide popularity, and to this day there is scarcely a collection of modern Italian verse in which he is not given an honored place. He is best remembered now by a fine ode in praise of English liberty and dispraise of English fogs; but at the time of Dante Gabriel's birth he was chiefly famous for some political songs written before he came to England, and which were indeed the reason of his refuge in our

"notte bruna, bruna,
Senza stelle e senza luna."

Gabriel Rossetti was born at Vasto, among the mountains of the Abruzzi. His native place remembers him with pride as a self-sacrificing lover of liberty, an ardent poet, and a learned Dante scholar. A medal was struck in his honor some twenty years ago, and at the present time a statue of him is about to be erected in the principal piazza of Vasto, which bears his name. Gabriel Rossetti was an earnest politician. Dwelling in the most corrupt government of Italy, he was one of the sanguine and courageous band who extorted from King Ferdinand I. an honorable constitution. They did wrong to put their trust in a King of Naples. Ferdinand, on the plea of ill health, obtained leave of absence from his dominions, and returned with a large Austrian army. The constitutionalist party were now in extreme danger, and none more than Gabriel Rossetti, whose songs, sung in all the streets, were not precisely of a character to find favor in court circles. Such of the liberal politicians as were captured knew the taste of Neapolitan justice; but some escaped death, keeping in concealment. Gabriel Rossetti was fortunately among the latter, and when hope must have been very low his poetic reputation saved him. The wife of the English admiral, Sir Graham Moore, had for long been a warm admirer of Rossetti's songs; hearing that the poet was in danger, she did not rest until her husband was persuaded to give what help he could in aiding his escape from Naples. The place of Rossetti's concealment was ascertained, and Sir Graham, with a fellow-officer, set off toward it. Being English, they were, of course, beyond suspicion, and no one imagined that a third unoccupied uniform was concealed in their carriage. Arrived at Rossetti's hiding-place, they got out, dressed him in the English uniform, and seating him between them in the carriage, they put him that night aboard a ship which sailed next morning for Malta. Rossetti must have staid nearly two years in Malta, for he did not come to England until 1825, when he settled in London as Professor of Italian at King's College, and three years after his arrival married Frances Polidori, the daughter of Alfieri's secretary, and sister of the young physician who travelled with Lord Byron.

Their house became the resort of political refugees and Dante commentators, Gabriel Rossetti himself combining both characters. His political interpretation of the Divine Comedy attracted the notice of Mr. Charles Lyell, a Scotch country gentleman of literary tastes, and father of the well-known geologist. Over their Italian studies Mr. Lyell and Mr. Rossetti became intimately acquainted, and when Rossetti's eldest son was born, he was called Gabriel after his father, Charles after Mr. Lyell, and Dante after the great Florentine, who was almost a living influence in the household of the exiled poet. Other children followed; and in the evening, while the eager refugees gesticulated and exclaimed over the wrongs of Italy, four babies on the carpet looked on attentively, and formed their own conclusions. Maria, the eldest, was to follow in her father's wake, and become known by a commentary on Dante; Gabriel, one of the first of our poets and our painters; William Michael is well known as a critic both in art and literature, and his yet unpublished sonnets show that he inherits the family possession; Christina, the youngest, has been aptly described by Mr. Stedman as, if not the greatest, the finest of English poetesses. These four children, then, were nearly always present at the constant gatherings in Mrs. Rossetti's sitting-room. Gabriel Rossetti had to the full the Italian love of children, and could not bear them to be sent away; so they drew the breath of a larger life than is customary with English babies. They had their own favorites among the dark-haired, earnest habitués of the house, and one of these was an Italian modeller, a lank, dark, enthusiastic man, with the least civ-

ilized opinions. Notwithstanding his gentleness with the children, it was avowed that he had stabbed a man in a moment of extremity; and we can imagine the awe and interest with which these English-born little ones, unused to the fiercer passions of the South, would regard him. Little Gabriel studied the man, formed a theory of his character, and in later days partly reproduced it in the hero of his most dramatic poem, "The Last Confession."

These children, accustomed to the most advanced politics at four years of age, could scarcely be expected to learn to read from a spelling-book. Nor does any such infantine process appear to have been necessary in their case. In the library there was a copy of Retzsch's *Outlines from Hamlet*, and this was their favorite picture-book. The outlines were explained by extracts from the play, and after looking at the pictures the children would spell out the scenes from Shakspeare, and grew familiar with Hamlet and Ophelia before most babies are sent to a Kindergarten. Under the influence of Shakspeare and Dante they began their lives, and Shakspeare and Dante were the poets who from babyhood till death claimed the devotion of the man we mourn to-day, whose immortal sonnets inherit from both masters, and must be pronounced as matchless as their own.

Already at five years old little Gabriel's admiration for *Hamlet* found a vent in writing. I believe that in later years the poet was sensitive to allusions to these early performances, and would infinitely have preferred that they should be forgotten. We do not, then, mention *The Slave* as a literary accomplishment, but as an instance of the active brain of this child who was not content with reading *Hamlet* at five years old, but must needs do something of the kind himself. *The Slave* was a sort of play written in very rough blank verse. The two characters are named Slave and Traitor, probably because the child had often seen these words in *Hamlet*, for Traitor, though somewhat of a tyrant, shows nothing treacherous in his rudimentary disposition. The child, indeed, was incapable of conceiving treachery.

When Dante Gabriel was seven years of age he was sent to the private school of the Rev. Mr. Paul, in Foley Street, Portland Place; the next year he went to King's College School, and there he staid until 1843, when he had reached the fourth class, then conducted by the Rev. Mr. Fearnley. He had by this time acquired the ordinary school knowledge of Latin and Greek, French and German—Italian, of course, he had known from his childhood. He was now fourteen years old, and as he had always persisted in a strong determination to become a painter, it was considered better that he should leave school, and go to study at Cary's Art Academy, near Bedford Square. At this then celebrated art school Gabriel Rossetti remained about a year or more, when he obtained admission to the Antique School of the Royal Academy. He never entered the Life School, and was always rather a negligent student; but among his companions he was ever considered as one who would do great things in the world of art.

It was about this year, 1844, that Rossetti wrote his second long poem, "Sir Hugh the Heron," a versification of one of Allan Cunningham's stories, graceful enough and fluent, but of course without the special qualities of his maturer productions. The next few years he devoted partly to the study of Middle High German poetry. He translated some part of the "Nibelungen Lied," and the whole of Hartmann von Aue's "Arme Heinrich." He then quitted the tragedy and pathos of these poems for the suaver loveliness of early Italian verse, and began the series of translations afterward published under the title of *Dante and his Circle*. This course of study braced and matured his gift of song. "The Blessèd Damozel," written perhaps in 1846, at the age of eighteen, exhibits no trace of immaturity, and will stand comparison with the poet's latest productions. In 1848, Dante Gabriel Rossetti left, or was about to leave, the Academy schools, and in this same year he and a few chosen friends enrolled themselves in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

So much has been said of this Davidsbund of young art students indignant at the triviality of English art, so much praise, ridicule, and remark has covered its institution, that it is difficult to believe how simple a thing, wholly earnest and yet half playful, this celebrated fellowship appeared to the men who invented it.

It came about in this way. When the question first arose of decorating in fresco the Houses of Parliament, a series of cartoon exhibitions was held in Westminster

Hall, to which English and Continental artists were alike invited to contribute their designs. To the second of these collections, held about the year 1846, Mr. F. Madox Brown sent his cartoon of the "Finding of the Body of Harold after the Battle of Hastings," followed later on by a cartoon of "Justice." Rossetti saw the works, and was much impressed with the originality of the compositions and the poetic imagination that inspired them. This was more to his taste than academic studies. He wrote at random to the artist, and asked permission to enter his studio as a pupil; Mr. Madox Brown has never consented to receive regular pupils, but he told the young man, as he has since told many an eager student, that he might enter his studio as a friend. From this time Mr. Madox Brown became Rossetti's guide in the practical difficulties of his art, and the friend to whom he chiefly confided his aspirations.

None the less when Rossetti, at nineteen years of age, proposed that Mr. Brown should definitely join an organization for the reform of contemporary art, the elder artist excused himself, saying he had no great belief in coteries. Rossetti found younger companions, and while he was still under age joined himself with J. E. Millais, Holman Hunt, Thomas Woolner, James Collinson, F. S. Stephens, and his brother, William Michael Rossetti, in the celebrated P. R. B., Mr. Brown, though never actually a member, continuing a friendly adviser and coadjutor. The young men did not only talk of the necessity of grafting richer invention and worthier motives on to the degenerating stock of English art; every artist-member of the P. R. B. was accustomed to prepare designs in pen and ink for chosen subjects. Millais and Rossetti were at once the most gifted and the most industrious members of the confraternity, and many of their designs still remain, attesting the imagination and technical skill of these young students of about nineteen and twenty. The year following the inauguration of the band, its members exhibited three pictures: Mr. Millais's "Scene from Keats's Isabella," Mr. Holman Hunt's "Rienzi swearing Revenge over the Body of his Brother," and Mr. Rossetti's "Girlhood of Mary Virgin." These paintings are conspicuous for character, imagination, and passion, but also for a certain crudeness and odd disjointedness of effect. The effort to preserve exactly every detail of every object destroyed the impression of the whole; the conscious endeavor to be simple, in an age whose conditions of life and thought are removed from simplicity, gave for a first result an effect of archaic affectation. The position which the school had taken up was an excellent starting-point, but they are inconsiderate critics who would blame its members for their advance. The stiff early manner was gradually abandoned, and under the influence of Mr. Rossetti passed into a finer, larger, more æsthetic phase; also to his influence we must attribute the fact that this movement, beginning with the reform of painting, effected a yet more enduring change in poetry.

In the same year, 1849, the Brotherhood organized a magazine for the promulgation of its opinions. The young men, with such others as showed an active sympathy with the movement, used to meet at Rossetti's studio, in No. 83 Newman Street, to discuss the plan and arrangements of the paper; Mr. Cave Thomas suggested a title, and it was called *The Germ*. It was to produce a tree of the knowledge of good and evil in poetry and in art, and the young men spared no effort to make the seed worthy of its destiny. Even to-day, when to a great extent the fashion of pre-Raphaelitism is over, it must strike any reader as a truly remarkable production. Most of the poems are composed according to the strict early principles of the school, their extreme simplicity allowing little metrical embellishment; the same desire to shun all mere effectiveness is shown in the matter as in the manner, things being described exactly as they are perceived, with small attention to artistic grouping; the detachedness of effect is emphasized by a disjointed style requiring an equal stress on every syllable, and tolerating no elision. We quote as an example the first lines of a very fine poem, "The Carillon," which Mr. D. G. Rossetti contributed about this time:

> "At Antwerp there is a low wall
> Binding the city, and a moat
> Beneath, that the wind keeps afloat.
> You pass the gates in a slow drawl
> Of wheels."

Nevertheless, the truth of perception, beauty of feeling, and strong character of the contributions to *The Germ* are not easily overrated. Probably so many first-rate

productions were never found before in the four consecutive numbers of any magazine. Miss Rossetti's lyrics, signed "Ellen Allgue," have the marvellous justness of phrase and the delicate sentiment of her finest work. D. G. Rossetti is represented by the early drafts of the "Blessèd Damozel," the "Sea Limits," "My Sister's Sleep," four of the sonnets on pictures, and by two very remarkable studies, unpublished in his collected works, entitled the "Carillon" and "Pax Vobis." Mr. Woolner sent "My Beautiful Lady." W. M. Rossetti (who was the editor), Coventry Patmore, and W. B. Scott are all well represented. Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Madox Brown contributed the illustrations.

But after the first two numbers had appeared, the Brotherhood found themselves unable to support the expense. A monthly magazine of forty-eight large octavo pages, with an etching, requires at least a moderate public, and the subscribers to the pre-Raphaelite organ were not many. *The Germ* had to be abandoned; but the printer, Mr. Tupper—a man of literary tastes—took the little foundling into his care, rechristened it by the more explanatory title of *Art and Poetry*, and gave it another chance of life. But the public took no heed, and after two more numbers the brave little venture had to be given up.

It is strange to think that in 1849, when all the pre-Raphaelite theories were newfound and fresh, when these poems, so novel, so impressive, were first given to the world, it was thus difficult to gain a hearing. And now, in 1882, if a reprint of *The Germ* were to be issued, with its poems we have known by heart for a dozen years, with its message never intended for us, how differently should we receive it, eager to learn the things we know, and to praise what is passed beyond struggle or peril!

The little band was not discouraged by the failure of the journal, with its mission "to claim for Poetry that place to which its present development in the literature of this country so emphatically entitles it." Mr. Patmore's books in 1853 and 1854, Mr. Morris's fine "Defense of Guinevere," in 1858, showed that pre-Raphaelite verse was still alive. Mr. Rossetti published no books, but his writings were known in manuscript to such as were striving for a like end, and he was, indeed, the recognized master of the school. About this time he must have been writing much of his most enduring work. "Jenny," the most mature and solemn of his poems, was an early conception, though afterward recast. The prose study "Hand and Soul," whose sustained white heat of enthusiasm is as intense as any poetic fire, was written in 1849. About 1853 or 1854 "Sister Helen" was first published in a Düsseldorf magazine. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, the yellow, broken sheet lies before me as I write. It is headed, "Sister Helen. By H. H. H.," and all the margin round the title is occupied with the fine, half-effaced pencil-writing of the hand that did so much, and can never work for us again. "This is the first form in which the ballad was printed"—so runs the note; "the pages are from the Düsseldorf Annual, printed in Germany about 1853 or '54, and edited by Mary Howitt, who asked me to contribute. She altered 'seeth'd' into 'melted.' I think the ballad had been written in 1851 or the beginning of '52. The initials, as above, were taken from the lead-pencil, because people used to say my style was hard. D. G. R."

In 1851, when he wrote "Sister Helen," and had written the "Blessèd Damozel," "My Sister's Sleep," the "Sea Limits," and "Hand and Soul," when he had painted the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," and had made his most celebrated designs, Dante Gabriel Rossetti was twenty-three years old. In addition to the work set down above, we must not forget the great quantity of mediæval poetry translated; neither must we forget that in writing, painting, or translating, Rossetti's work was always elaborate, profound, and not easily satisfied. His great poems have all been rewritten; he worked out variations of his designs with the patience of a mediæval artist. It is then clear to see that not only great genius, but great industry, was necessary to the accomplishment of so much work so young. Those—and there are such—who couple this man's name with the idle worshipper of peacocks' feathers created by Mr. Du Maurier should pause before giving judgment, and remember the mere quantity of work accomplished in his short lifetime—an amount so great and of such quality that to account for it we need the fact that no day passed for him without its line. Very early in life he formed the resolution that the sun should never set without having

witnessed something done by him in some branch of work, and through grievous ill health, great trouble, and overwhelming melancholy he kept to the spirit of his rule. To it, indeed, we owe one of his most touching lyrics. He had been very ill and unsettled one day, and coming home at evening, tired from a long, dreary walk, the more dispirited that he had been idle, he picked up a book of natural history that was lying near. It opened at a drawing of "The Woodspurge." At

ing a name as a painter with unusual gifts of color and imagination; he had many friends, for the charm of his manner and conversation was irresistible, and among all his friends he was ever looked upon as a leader and an influence.

About the year 1858, Rossetti was asked to come to Oxford to paint in fresco the walls of the Union Debating Club. It was a memorable visit for the annals of the movement which he led. During the time that Rossetti spent there he be-



ROSSETTI'S STUDIO.

that time Rossetti had never seen the plant, though too familiar with the mood that inspires the poem called after it; but as he sat, reading the page where it opened without a purpose, the thought flashed across him that he had done nothing all that day. What could he do? He was tired and dejected; he could see, think of, nothing but the woodspurge engraved in the book on his knee. Out of this he made his poem—so sincere, profound, and terse that it affects its readers as an experience of their own.

But for the self-discipline of his youth, those later days of ill health and sadness would have been almost intolerable; but in the times we are now writing of, Rossetti was neither sick nor sad. He was young, full of plans, and was rapidly making acquainted with Mr. William Morris, and with a brilliant young under-graduate, come up from Eton in a sort of halo of revolutionary opinions and poetic gifts, named Algernon Charles Swinburne. Both the under-graduates became intimate with Rossetti; but perhaps they scarcely guessed that, a very few years after, the three would stand on an equal footing—the three most eminent singers of the Beautiful in England. On the same occasion, or shortly before, Mr. Rossetti became acquainted with a third university student. He was destined for the Church—a young man of singular gifts of design and fancy. As yet it was not known whether he would have much faculty for color, but his pen and ink drawings were admittedly beautiful. He showed some

of them to Mr. Rossetti, who in return advised him to give up the university and study painting. At that time the advice was daring, but we recognize its wisdom in admiring the wonderful color and true artist's imagination in the pictures of Burne-Jones.

These four names—Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Burne-Jones—represent the latter and more important phase of pre-Raphaelitism. All dogmas, all attempts at an accuracy impossible to the natural glance, are outgrown and practically abandoned. If the later school had any set of principles, it was the same immortal code that Sappho used, and Phidias, Spenser, and Titian, Keats, Coleridge, and all musicians, always have studied—the love of beauty for its own sake, the love of color, passion, and sweet sound; the characteristics, in short, of the poets and painters who are pure artists, as distinguished from thinkers, prophets, or fathomers of nature. It is not here the place to discuss which be the higher mode; both are necessary to art, and neither is wholly independent of the other. To choose the instrument of art at all shows a love of beauty in the prophet whose too mighty utterance cracks the reed, and the acute sensibility to form of the little knot of workers centred round Rossetti was united with a right value of thought and feeling in poetry and painting.

When Rossetti had finished his frescoes and returned to London, he went home to his house in Chatham Place, Blackfriars, where many alterations were in train. In those days, before the building of the modern Blackfriars Bridge, there was a terrace of rather stately houses, with large high rooms, and a wide view over the river, situated near the old bridge. Chatham Place was its name, and in one of the houses, the last before the bridge, Rossetti had a flat of rooms. In 1860 great changes took place in these chambers; the partition wall between them and the next house was pulled down, and a pretty drawing-room was added to their number. All the rooms gradually began to wear that air of freshness and state which is prepared to greet the arrival of a bride.

In the spring of 1860 Mr. Rossetti married Elizabeth Eleanor Liddall. Her delicate Madonna-like beauty inspires most of his early work. The head recalls Raphael's "Madonna della Granduca"; there is the same sweet curve of the mouth, the same oval of the face. But the straight open forehead, off which the long golden hair rises a little before it falls in a smooth wave on to the neck, is peculiarly English; English, too, is the expression—confiding, appealing, gentle, but with a suggestion of reserve.

There is a series of sketches and studies by Mr. D. G. Rossetti, for all of which this beautiful and lovable figure is the model. They cover the time immediately preceding his marriage, and the two short years of his wedded life. In the early ones the oval face is delicately rounded; the figure is in position, sitting with clasped hands, or standing gravely. But gradually the regular pose is abandoned. The sketches give us as it were a place by the fireside of the painter's home, as though in everything she did his wife moved with so much grace that he was forced to cry, "Stay while I sketch you so." Sometimes she is reading, sometimes painting—perhaps those very illustrations of old ballads that are still on the walls at Cheyne Walk. Once she is stooping over a little table, lifting it. Once she stands in her bonnet and shawl, pausing, as she opens the door, to say good-by. Once she is trying on a new jacket. Then, alas! we notice that the sweet Madonna face becomes a little thinner, the eyelids strained a little over the large eyes. We often see her now drawn as she sits in the arm-chair. In one sketch she is sitting up, a white pillow placed anglewise behind her back-thrown head, the long hair, tied at the nape of the neck, spreads loose again over the pillow behind, covering the topmost corner, and falling down on both sides like bent and drooping wings. The face is patient, quiet, almost asleep. The thin hands lie in her lap, the dress falls amply round the slender form. This is, perhaps, the latest of these drawings, the last of a collection which in delicacy of touch, grace of line, pathetic simplicity of subject, can only be compared to the drawings of the old masters, to those exquisite fragments of the life of mediæval Florence which Ghirlandajo and Masaccio have left us unframed, uncatalogued, in the portfolios of the Uffizi.

Mrs. Dante Gabriel Rossetti died in February, 1862, two years after her marriage. For some time her husband could not control his overwhelming sorrow. Perhaps he never wholly recovered from the shock of her sudden death. At least it is certain that, for long, life appeared to him without hope or purpose; and so completely did he

rate his life as over with her own, that he laid in his wife's coffin the only manuscripts of all his poems. He buried with her not only his love, but his dreams, his fame. Fortunately for the world, there were those about him who would not permit this sacrifice to be forever. Eight years afterward they gained Mr. Rossetti's permission that the manuscripts should be recovered. They were in very earnest plucked from the grave, these everlastings which keep fresh the memory of the dead. Full seven years after they had been laid under the earth they were brought out again to life and light and usefulness. In those years the young widower had become a victim to the most unrelenting of nervous maladies, insomnia.

The house in Chatham Place had been given up: the rooms were hateful now: and after a short sojourn in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mr. Rossetti had taken the beautiful old house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, in which he lived until his last illness. It is an old house, standing back from the road, fronted by iron gates, high and pointed, flourishing their antique design in the face of the strip of modern garden that runs between them and the broad Thames. On the other side is a square paved court with some bushes round the edge; then the latticed octagonal porch, and the fine old house. Inside were beautiful rooms panelled to the ceilings, sunny and warm on the side that overlooks the river, but cooler on the garden side in the north light, and under the shade of the trees. Here the studio was, on the ground-floor. It was easy to walk out into the large garden which ran behind all the other houses, beginning in a long strip. In 1881 part of this garden was taken away, and from the windows you can now see the row of modern residences growing stage by stage in its room. It was a great vexation to Mr. Rossetti. But in those days all was green and fresh, and the demesne was tenanted by birds and fowls of all kinds, and beasts of nearly all kinds too—dogs, cats, wombats, kangaroos, armadillos, all manner of creatures. It must have been noisy, and the house can not always have been very quiet, for at first Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. William Rossetti were all living there together. What discourses on art and letters there must have been in the evenings! It would be a privilege indeed could one remember one of them.

But gradually the house became quieter. Mr. Rossetti was left there alone with his brother, and from 1868 or thereabouts quite alone. He led a very quiet, retired, but industrious life, seeing few visitors, but faithful to his old friends; seldom going into the world, but taking a keen interest in the progress of art and poetry. He generally walked in the spacious garden, growing lonelier as woodchuck after raccoon and wombat after wombat dropped off and was not replaced. The quiet regular life was almost necessary both for health and work. From about this time till his death the poet suffered much trouble from his impaired eyesight, and from an ever-increasing nervousness.

Much work, indeed, went on in this tranquil house. Next winter the tardy exhibition of Mr. Rossetti's paintings, which will be held in the rooms of the Royal Academy, will reveal to the larger part even of the artistic public what rich design, what noble and imaginative feeling, what splendid or tender harmonies of color, were perfecting themselves, scarcely noticed, in the large quiet studio at Chelsea.

Had Mr. Rossetti wished it, the public, indeed, would have been but too glad to throng any exhibition of his works. But he was too sensitive to submit to the ordeal of exhibition. For many years he would not even print his poems. The translations from the early Italian poets published in 1861 had shown the public that this translator was a poet with a definite and peculiar quality in his work that made them anxious for something more personal than translation. It is known that for many years this curiosity was ungratified, save by a very rare contribution to the *Fortnightly Review*. To Miss Christina Rossetti it was reserved to be the first to make her name remarkable in the history of English verse.

In 1862 she published her first volume, *Goblin Market and Other Poems*, which include, with her later work, the songs published in *The Germ*—songs full of delicate music. Throughout the book a suggestion of disappointment, a flavor of bitterness, adds aroma to the lyrical sweetness; an almost morbid sense of what Leopardi has called "l'infinita vanità del tutto" is sanctified by religious ardor. The initial poem, wrought in a vein of grotesque but tender allegory, reminds us of the wood-carvings of beast-headed demons

and lovely women with which mediæval artists loved to decorate the choirs of their cathedrals.

Mr. Rossetti made two designs for the "Goblin Market," and two more for "The Prince's Progress," which in 1866 established his sister's reputation as a poet of sweet and penetrating note, though of somewhat narrow compass. These are almost the only examples of Mr. Rossetti's illustrations, except the lovely designs for Tennyson's poems. From this time until his death the artist was at work on more important subjects. Even as it is, the untimely end has left many projects unfinished forever. The sketches for "The Death of Lady Macbeth" and for "Mary Magdalene at the Door of the Pharisee" were never worked out on a large scale. The beautiful design for "Desdemona's Death Song" was indeed transferred to canvas, but it is left incompleted, only the head and hands being painted. For none other than his sister, save for the poet whom he considered the greatest of contemporaries, could the painter swerve from the way of great tasks even for a moment.

It was in these years, between 1860 and 1870, that Rossetti began the series of single female figures, three-quarter length, by which his fame as a painter has been most widely spread. The "Silence," photographed by the Autotype Company, is probably familiar to an American public. It will serve for an illustration of the conception of womanly loveliness which animates the later pictures of the artist. This recalls no Madonna, no Raphael. It is a type that we associate with no other painter: tall, of queenly figure and superb pose; the face shadowed by the abundant waves of crisped black hair; the bone of the face clearly marked, and refined in its delicately square outline; the eyes large, spiritual, and dreamy; the mouth full, Sphinx-lipped—too full for a modern taste—as ripe in curve as those of any statue. The expression, nevertheless, is not of sensuous charm: a look of mystery, awe, passion, broods over the solemn countenance.

In 1870, Mr. Rossetti, who, without the aid of Academy or Society, had gradually made himself a name among the few great painters of our time, added to his honors the poet's wreath of bay. Few books have been so immediately successful. A very few weeks after publication he was generally admitted to be one of the greatest of living English poets. This is not the place for detailed criticism. Only in passing I would point out the chief features of this work by a poet of great imaginative penetration, who had the signal good fortune to express his subtle and rare ideas with the vivid presentation of the painter. Even the descriptions of unearthly phenomena convey a sense of actual vision. The solemn pity and tenderness of "Jenny," the angelic beauty of "The Blessèd Damozel," the tragic force of "Sister Helen," are qualities that only great poets possess. But more solemn, more beautiful, more full of a finer force than these poems are the unrivalled sonnets which build up the "House of Life." Here, for the first time since Milton, the English language is used with a sonority and power rivalling the natural harmonies of Italian or Greek. A singular value is given to the motive of these sonnets by the poet's belief in the eternal effect and continual existence of the thoughts and deeds of man. Falsified hopes, abandoned aims, dead loves, lost days, are figured by him as carrying into eternity their reproaches for denied fruition:

"All mournful forms, for each was I or she."

This sense of responsibility which can set nothing aside as venial where all is immortal gives a certain graveness to all Mr. Rossetti's work.

The poems were scarcely published and out of reach of his continual revision before Mr. Rossetti set to work on a new subject, "Rose Mary," the first poem of his second volume. The "Beryl Songs," we are told, were added much later; and indeed we are of opinion that their introduction only serves to interrupt a narrative singularly tragic and direct, and to disturb the rich and romantic beauty of the earlier-completed work.

Some time before the completion of this poem, Mr. Rossetti began the unfortunate attempt of curing his insomnia by regular doses of chloral. The remedy proved worse than the disease, and in 1872 serious illness, the result of great nervous prostration and mental strain, attacked the poet. After a sharp struggle, his excellent constitution asserted its strength. There seemed no reason then why a long vista of life and health and happy work should not reach before him. The convalescent was advised to try the effect of country air. He left London for a while, and after a visit to Scotland, went to live for two

years at Kelmscott, near Oxford, a village that for some time had been a favorite resort with him. In 1874 he returned to his beautiful home in Chelsea. For a few years all went well. The painter worked hard at his art, a little chagrined, it may be, that the picture collectors were so impatient to possess his single studies that they left him little time to elaborate his grand designs. He had just finished the great picture of "Dante's Dream," which was recently exhibited in Liverpool, wherein Dante is led by Love to see dead Beatrice. He now worked on a favorite canvas which he kept in his studio thirty years, and never quite finished. "Found" is the title. In the gray light of London dawn a country carter has left his load to lift from the pavement the huddled figure of some desolate woman of the town. In the wan, changed face he recognizes the sweetheart of his youth.

At this time, too, Mr. Rossetti must have been working on his picture of "La Pia," begun about 1867, and finished last year. In 1878 he commenced the "Salutation of Beatrice," which stands in his studio today, lacking the finishing touches. Here Beatrice, "crowned and robed in humility," advances toward us. She is dressed in a robe of simple fashion, silver gray in color, but shot with palest rose. The face is very winning, spiritual, and lovely. She bends in salutation to some person out of the picture. In the background is the hill and gate of San Giorgio, at Florence, and from a point somewhat higher up the hill and in the distance Dante watches her, encompassed in the flaming wings of love. "Tanto gentile, e tanto onesta pare." The tones of the picture are clear gray, brown, pale rose, and flame-color.

Yet, later than this, he began the beautiful study of "Proserpina," one of the loveliest of Rossetti's completed works. The queen of the under-world stands in thought, her head bent, beside a wall over which a spray of ivy trails; a wan gleam of daylight, pale with having fallen so far below the earth, rests upon the stones and the green leaves that make a background for Proserpina. Resentful dignity is visible in the pale grandeur of her face, in the faded purplish curves of the proud, beautiful mouth. The color of the picture is rich and quiet, somewhat low in tone.

But not even the success of glorious endeavor could entirely baffle the melancholy and ill health bred of continual sleeplessness and the baneful fumes of chloral. Mr. Rossetti's life grew quieter and quieter. Saving his brother, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. Philip Marston, whose poetry ever met with his encouragement and praise, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Shields the painter, Mr. W. B. Scott the painter-poet, Mr. William Sharp, whose recent volume proclaims that we have a new poet among us—saving these and a very few more, including his old friend Mr. Madox Brown, when in London, Mr. Rossetti could see no visitors. In 1879 we find him writing to his sister-in-law to say that since he can not see the children, he is about to make a poem for their benefit. This poem is "The White Ship," the most admirably constructed of his works. "The King's Tragedy" followed in the spring of 1881, the first draft of that complicated and elaborate ballad having been written in three weeks.

So much new work being gathered together, Mr. Rossetti resolved to publish. In the autumn of last year the book appeared, and the deserved triumph of its success is still fresh in our memory. Nor did that honor come alone. At the same time the poet's great picture, "Dante's Dream," was covering him with praises in Liverpool, where it was exhibited, and bought for the permanent Municipal Gallery.

But he was very ill, and though no doubt the success of his work was some satisfaction to him, it could not remove the cloud of suffering that depressed him. He left London for the Vale of St. John, in Cumberland, but returned no better. About the beginning of December he suffered from an attack of the nature of paralysis, but not the ordinary form of that disease; this partly deprived him of the use of his left arm and leg. He became dangerously ill. For the moment, the unwearied attention of his physician preserved his life; but it was not for long. Such of his friends as were in London—Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Shields, Mr. Scott, and a few more—anxious to prove every chance, besought him to try the effect of change of air. He consented, and in the beginning of February left for Birchington-on-Sea, a pretty hamlet of bungalows on the coast, not far from Margate. Here his friend Mr. Seddon placed the West Cliff Bungalow at his

disposal, and Mr. Leyland, who owns many of his finest pictures, was a frequent visitor up to the very last day.

Mr. Hall Caine had accompanied Mr. Rossetti to Birchington, and a few weeks later they were joined by Mrs. Rossetti, the poet's mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and by his sister Christina. But all love, all care, all anxiety were in vain. Mr. Rossetti grew no better; he steadily sank. A disorder of the kidneys finally declared itself; he had lost the power of taking exercise; at last he became confined to his bed. In that extreme and imminent danger he appeared more cheerful than before; he had no fear of death; his intellect was clear and active to the end. Less than a week before his death he composed two of his finest sonnets. They were meant for a favorite design, never to be finished, in which Youth, Manhood, and Age interrogate the Sphinx, and the subject had a sinister appropriateness to the situation. Soon, very soon, he was to learn the answer.

On Good-Friday Mr. Rossetti was so much worse that his brother was hastily summoned to his bedside. He continued clear-minded and composed, speaking willingly (though now with failing articulation) on any subject of interest, and quoting his favorite passages from Shakspeare. On Easter-Sunday he said to his brother, "I wished to die yesterday, but I can't say that I do to-day," and more than once, with entire calm and simplicity, "I think I shall die to-night."

Toward evening he became weaker. Night fell, and soon after nine o'clock he gave two sharp cries, but not so loud as to alarm his aged mother, who was sitting in the room. After that there was a moment's struggle — then profound quiet; but the end was not at once. Twenty minutes after, in great peace, he died. His brother, Mr. Shields, Mr. Hall Caine, and his constant friend Mr. Theodore Watts, were with him to the last, and also his mother and sister. The solemn death-bed group included, besides these, the local physician Dr. Harris, who had attended him with great assiduity (his London adviser, the eminent Professor Marshall, had been down the day before), and his devotedly kind nurse Mrs. Abrey. Three minutes too late arrived his sister-in-law (Madox Brown's daughter), who had travelled all day from Manchester.

Thus on Easter-Sunday, the day of joy and resurrection, a great artist left us— one of those whose glorious task it is to create beauty, gladness, pity, and sympathy in a world that would else grow hardened in suffering. This Easter was clouded for many by reason of his death: but his works shall live when the fashion that praises them and the fashion that decries them are alike forgotten; shall live, a possession of ours that was not before our time; created for us to give perpetual pleasure, to bring new joy, and raise fresh feeling for all of us who have eyes and see, and for all who have ears and hear.

ODD MISS TODD.

HER father was odd before her. Barzillai Todd was one of those men who crop out from the general level of other people like a bowlder from the soft green surface of a meadow.

He had a good farm, but he lived on it as Selkirk lived on his island. It was but half tilled; he never cut the huckleberry bushes or ploughed them up, for he ate little besides the hard yet juicy fruit while they lasted.

Then no persuasion would induce him to sell the woodland which rose all about his lonely brown house. The trees were his congeners; he knew them individually. It was his delight to lie at length under their aerial canopy, and see the golden flecks of sunshine dance athwart their perfect grace and verdure, or to watch for bits of blue sky, sapphire blue, "like the body of heaven in its clearness," revealed by the parting of a wind-swept bough. The light susurrus of stealing breezes made the purest music to his ear, and he loved to watch the thousand quaint insects that inhabited moss and bark, to trace the busy life of ant-hills, to track beetles on their laborious journeys, or to see how deftly the wren-bird wove her mystic nest, and the partridge made of her pale eggs an open secret.

He was no farmer, as all Dorset knew. Hay just enough for his two lonely Ayrshire cows was all he cut, and root crops were unknown to his fields; he raised acres of strawberries, and being a vegetarian, used them while they lasted, selling the vast surplus for money to buy books; corn he grew in abundance, for meal was a necessity, and waving crops of rye; a long range of beehives gave him honey, and he had a wild theory that honey was

the cure-all, and that a man who had honey at hand and ate fruit in its season would live to an indefinite period.

Flowers did not come into his scheme of life, but flowers clustered about his brown house nevertheless, for he married late in life a pretty girl, below him in social position, but so devoted, intelligent, and lovely that in his silent fashion he worshipped her while she lived, and was constant to her memory when she died, leaving him only one solace, a girl of three, and one monument in profuse roses and honeysuckles at his door. Among the other oddities of the man was his absorbing passion for books. He bought every volume he could lay his hands on in days when books cost money.

Especially did he adore Shakspeare, and above almost all his characters admire the lovely lady of the *Winter's Tale*, and therefore, in spite of his wife's gentle remonstrance, their poor child figured in the family annals as Hermione Todd, a "concatenation accordingly" which use and time resented, and few people in Dorset ever knew that "Miny" Todd had any other name than this dissyllable.

After his wife's death Barzillai Todd lived a stranger life than ever. He hired an old deaf cousin to do his house-work, instructing her himself in all the mysteries of rye mush, "whole-flour" bread, suppawn, samp, and other doubtful cornbread dainties, which were only rendered eatable by lavish supplies of cream and fresh milk. For clothes little Miny depended on Hepsy's tasteless selection and clumsy fingers, and being a plain, dark, shy child, perhaps looked as well in the dull cotton fabrics and Shaker sun-scoops that were her uniform attire as in more dainty and warmer-hued garments. Education she had none, in the ordinary sense of the word: she learned how to read in a desultory way, and made out a cramped handwriting for herself by the time she was twelve years old. But it was another of her father's theories that women ought not to be educated. Nature, however, as nature often does, defied his opinion. Though Miny never went to school or to church, and taught herself to read and write, she found her way to the miscellaneous library that lay heaped on chairs, bureaus, tables, even the floor, everywhere in the old house, except in the kitchen, and one sunny corner room reserved by Hepsy for her sewing and rare company. There were, no doubt, good materials for a liberal education in these books, but, taken at hap-hazard, they were devoured on principles of natural selection, and the dry treatises thrown aside as they came uppermost; but the histories, travels, and, most eagerly of all, the biographies, were read over and over till Miny knew them by heart. There were no novels or poems, except Shakspeare, in the whole collection; these Barzillai Todd held in the highest contempt, and it was to the absence of all imaginative fiction, except as it is found more or less in biography, that the girl owed her strong common-sense, and her sturdy persistence in viewing things and people through its medium.

From her rambles at her father's heels —and she followed him everywhere with the mute fidelity of a dog—she learned to know and love all wild things, and inheriting from her dead mother a real passion for flowers, she soon made a garden for herself on the sunny slope before her windows that would have delighted a botanist; for every flower that sprung of itself in wood or field she transplanted thither, and with the reciprocal affection flowers show to those who love them, they all lived and blossomed.

In this way, like one of her own orchids, Miny Todd grew up to her womanhood. Lovers never came near her, and she had no friends. Dorset people did not offer civilities to her father, because he did not want or need them. Neither he nor Miny had ever been ill in their lives, and when his wife died of sudden congestion of the lungs, he had resented help and sympathy from every one, and shut himself in his lair as a beast of the forest might have done when sharply wounded.

A man in New England who gives no honor to church or school is ostracized at once, and Barzillai Todd's position toward these bulwarks of the State set him quite outside the pale of Dorset society. He did not care for this; he was a lazy, selfish dreamer, without natural energy or acquired industry; a few thousand dollars which his father left him—for he came of a highly respectable and once wealthy New England family—he had had the prudence to invest safely, and this income was enough, with the aid of his strawberry patch, to supply his needs. His luxuries nature purveyed for him, and

life lapsed from him as the day dies out of heaven, easily and unlamented. He came in tired one day, lay down on the rough chintz-covered sofa, from which he pushed a pile of books, and fell asleep, never to awaken.

Miny was thirty years old when this happened, and her father eighty. It was time old Barzy Todd died, Dorset people thought, and a few kindly souls went out to the farm to help at his funeral, for Miny had not a relative in the world.

Miny had inherited her mother's warm feeling, and her biographical studies had awakened in her mind a strong wish to know other people. Her father had but one love in his strange gray life, and when that died, with his wife, his capacity for loving died too; but Miny had a broader nature, and when she found that the income which had supported her father was all her own, she rented the farm to an energetic young man, bought a little house in Dorset, and moving all her wild flowers to the small green yard in front of her new home, and the white roses and fragrant honeysuckle her mother had planted to either side of the door, she transplanted Hepsy also, with the best of the old furniture, and began at this late hour to make friends and to know the world—as it wagged in Dorset at least.

Of course the minister called on her at once, and great was the Rev. Mr. Fry's astonishment to find a real and practical heathen in the very midst of his flock; he hurried home to his study, and brought to her immediately a Bible, which she received with gratitude, and set herself to read with the avidity that always possessed her at sight of a fresh book.

It would be incredible to an average sinner, hardened, as one may use the phrase, by continuous preaching and teaching, to hear, could it be described, what an effect this book had upon Miss Todd. The Word, indeed, fell into a good and honest heart, and was received with the simplicity and faith of a child. Mr. Fry, who continued his pastoral calls, was put to his wits' end to understand the mental and moral position of this queer woman.

She was converted, he could not doubt, but the process was so peculiar, so heterodox, that he could not perceive it to be a genuine conversion. She did not suffer from deep sense of sin, for she had not sinned as yet, for want of temptation. Her experience of life was so strange that her experience of religion was equally unexampled; but perceiving the one fact that Miny Todd earnestly desired to live according to the precepts of the Bible, and was ready to follow Christ as her leader and king, the deacons of Dorset church, never very rigid in their theology, this being an inland village far removed from the great centres of orthodoxy, consented to let Miss Todd slip easily through her examination, and join the church according to her desire. It was a long time, and the process would be tedious of detail, before Miss Miny understood the people about her or the life they led. She herself was busy always, trying to live up to her profession of religion; but the rest had something else to do, and put off their spiritual experience till Sunday. There were children, haying, harvesting, and all that sort of thing for her neighbors to live through; and all the more that she visited the sick, fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, they held themselves excused from such duty. Their gossip grated on her charity of soul, their little meannesses seemed to her unworthy of beings who had an eternity at stake, and her heart raged at the cruelties of domestic life which she could not but see among those about her.

If she had been less candid and simple-minded than she was, she would have turned bitter and scornful; but she was always ready to learn, to wait, and to love, so that if knowledge saddened, it also strengthened her, and what she deplored she directly tried to improve. Add to this disposition great plainness of speech—such plainness as a real child may use and only provoke a smile, while custom and convention forbid it to grown people—and it may be imagined that at thirty-five Miss Todd, ready for all good works, was yet no favorite in Dorset; and but for the fact that the Dorset and Albany Railroad had bought a hitherto unproductive part of the farm for track and station, and paid a good price for it, and another corner had been sold to a speculator, who fancied he had discovered a mine therein (though he only found a pocket of hematite ore which barely repaid his outlay)—all this making Miny a lady of "means," as Dorset people say—she would have been as unpopular as heart could desire. But money appeals to the hearts of all mankind.

"Age can not wither it, nor custom stale."

When Dorset knew that Miss Todd owned thirty thousand dollars besides her fifty-acre farm, it tacitly agreed that she could do and say what she pleased. Probably she would have done so if poverty had been her lot in life, yet she would not have done it with impunity; but her hand sweetened her speech, for it was always full of timely gifts.

Still, even her benevolence did not always offset her honesty. The Reverend Septimus Clark, a fine young clergyman from New York, who was travelling through Vermont, and stopping at Dorset one Sunday, preached for Mr. Fry, will never till his dying day forget his encounter with Miss Miny. He had preached what Mrs. Deacon Norton pronounced "a most be-a-utiful discourse," as full of flowers as a greenhouse, liberally sprinkled with poetry, gently "picked out" with sentiment, and here and there a little natural religion put in, like cloves into a baked ham, more for ornament than use. It was a sermon a pagan or a Brahmin would have admired just as much as Mrs. Deacon Norton, but it stirred the depths of Miss Miny's soul; her great honest gray eyes darkened, flashed, and at last dimmed with tears as she fixed them on the elegant youth supposed to be preaching the Gospel; and when he ceased to discourse, and, pronouncing a graceful benediction, came down from the pulpit, he was surprised to see a short, dark, resolute-looking woman with a pair of reproachful eyes fixed on him draw nearer and nearer, and at last plant herself in the middle aisle just in his way.

He stopped, courteously, to let her move aside; but she never stirred, only looked straight at him, and said, "Do you believe the Bible?"

Mr. Clark was still more surprised, but answered, civilly, "Certainly I do."

"You believe," she went on, "that all these folks you have been preaching to will be lost eternally if they don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?"

The Reverend Septimus stared blankly, yet her "glittering eye" compelled response. "Why, yes, madam: I am orthodox."

"And knowin' that, knowin' they will never see you again, 'tisn't likely, and you haven't had but one chance to talk to 'em and tell what responsible bein's they are, you've been and talked all this stuff about roses and clouds and brooks and things to dyin' souls! You poor deluded man, what is the Lord goin' to say to you in that Day?"

The Reverend Mr. Clark choked; he fairly became faint for a moment, for under his elegance and florality he had a conscience, and a somewhat dormant but living Christian faith; but he was not man enough to say, "Thank you"; he only pushed by Miss Miny, and asked Mr. Fry, who was waiting for him at the door, who the woman was who had stopped him.

"Oh, that is odd Miss Todd," said Mr. Fry, in such a matter-of-course way that Mr. Clark did not feel it necessary to mention her rebuke. But Miss Miny "builded better than she knew"; the youth never uttered such idle words again; he recognized the situation and accepted it, which is the key of all true life, and became one of the most fervid and spiritual preachers of his sect, though he never saw Miss Todd again.

Deacon Norton, too, winced under her lash, all the more that he was not sure his views of the matter were right. He felt called upon to deal with Miss Todd because she did not attend on weekly prayer-meetings, and paid her a visit for this purpose.

Miss Miny waited calmly till he had delivered his message, and her turn came.

"Look here, Deacon," she said, with quiet energy—"to begin with, I don't see any special obligation required in Scripter to have prayer-meetings. It says there folks must enter into their closets, and be secret about their praying."

"But what does Scripter say about two or three gatherin' together?"

"Well, that's another matter; that says if they'll agree about something special to ask. I should b'lieve in that if there was a fever in Dorset, or a drought, or a big flood, or a time of wickedness being peculiar mighty; but you won't never make me believe that 'two or three' means twenty, or that agreeing about a thing to ask for means the broadcast sort of fashion you pray. Why, I did go once, and I was altogether taken down. The first man got up, and instead of praying, he told the Lord the longest string about Dorset people you ever heard—how bad they were; and then he rambled off about the creation, and the state of the heathen. Deacon, I know that man. I know he's as cross as a tiger to his wife; his boys hide when they

see him coming, and he's mean enough to take double toll out of a widow's meal-bag. If he stopped reviling his neighbors, and lamentin' over the isles of the South, and tried to example after Jesus Christ, and be a 'livin' epistle,' as Poll says, I think he'd do better. No; I sha'n't come to any more prayer-meetings. I believe in less prayin' and more practicing;" and with a flush on her dark cheek, and a light in her deep eyes that told how earnest her feeling was on the subject, Miss Miny took up the stocking she was knitting for an idiot boy in the poor-house, and clicked her needles faster than ever.

Deacon Norton uttered a horrified groan, and shook his hoary head ominously as he crossed the threshold; but he was a reflective man, and Miss Miny's ideas stirred a certain reformative conviction in his mind. He did not thereafter refrain from prayer-meetings, for it had been born and educated into him that they were a necessity of Christian life; but his prayers put on a new style. He was earnest in asking for spiritual gifts rather than in conveying information to his audience; and many an astonished soul discovered for the first time through those fervent petitions that religion is a matter of week-day life rather than Sunday solemnity.

Scandal, too, found little mercy at Miss Miny's door. There was a woman in Dorset who

> "Made her enjoyment
> And only employment"

in retailing some real or unreal story to somebody's disadvantage. Mrs. Peek was a little woman, with an indefinite sort of mouth, a pale face, and dead black eyes, with a furtive glitter that betrayed a lurking imp hidden in their dark pools. She was a mim, soft-spoken woman, but guileful and gliding as a snake. Miss Miny never visited her, though they met often at sewing circles, and it was at one of these social occasions that the venomous little creature began to retail some of her malice to Mrs. Norton, who was sitting sewing at one end of a sheet, with Miss Miny at the other. It was only a version of the old story—a girl to whom a man had offered marriage, and then changed his mind without giving any reason.

"Well," said Mrs. Norton, "I think he'd ought to have told her right out like a man, not sneak off backhanded that way."

"M-m," responded Mrs. Peek, with an indescribable soft murmur. "Doo you know, Mis' Norton, for certain, that he ever did ask Albiny to marry him?"

Mrs. Norton looked at her over her spectacles, with the peculiar glare of that sort of inspection. "I'm as certain of it as though he told me, though I can't say he did tell me," she answered, sharply.

"Well, m-m, she's a poor homeless cretur, and I wish her well. I wish her well. But maybe you'll find out things ain't jest as you think they is; but I don't want to say nothin'—no, I don't want to speak about it."

"I b'lieve she's a good girl, Mis' Peek," said the Deacon's wife, angrily. "I b'lieve every word she says. I don' know as anybody asked him to make up to her, nor as anybody cares if he doos or doosn't, but I blame a man for keepin' company with any gal, an' then turnin' square round an' backin' down, without no reason nor rhyme to it given."

"Well, m-m, well, if so be, '*tis* so; but I'm free to say I a'n't by no means sure't he ever *did* say snip to her, so to speak. I wish her well. I hope she'll marry somebody that 'll make a good home for her, but— Well, I don't want to say nothin'."

"What in the world do you keep doing it for, then?" curtly inquired Miss Miny.

An evil flash shot out of the dead black eyes, like flame out of thick smoke; but Mrs. Peek did not or could not answer, and Miss Todd went on:

"If you wish Albiny Morse well, why do you keep insinuatin' against her? I guess you mistake; you don't like her, and you tell that it's probable—well, that it's likely she's told a lie about that fellow. I don't believe it, and I don't think, Mis' Peek, you remember what Scripter says about doin' to others as you'd have them do to you. 'Twouldn't be altogether agreeable, I guess, to have folks say that you'd asked Mr. Peek to have ye before he'd ever thought on't, now would it?"

Mrs. Peek was hit on a sore spot by this pellet; she looked at Miss Miny as if a dagger and a thrust would have interpreted her better than speech.

"I haven't nothin' to say to sech remarks," she murmured, unctuously. "No, I don't wish to say no more."

"Don't say it, then; nobody asked you to," stoutly replied Miss Todd. "Least said is soonest mended, 'specially about your neighbors."

"Well, you sot her down consider'ble,"

said Mrs. Norton, as the small serpent glided away, hissing gently.

"I don't like such talk," was Miss Todd's rejoinder. "I take a lot of interest in other folks's affairs. I can't help it. I haven't got kith nor kin of my own, and I do get to feel as though all Dorset was a sort of a family to me; and I believe the Lord made folks to be int'rested in other folks, or the world couldn't gee, anyhow; but as for scandal and unfriendly talk, I don't like it. If it's got to be, why, speak it out. I never could bear mice, because they always run round under things and rustle. It's mean to sneak, and hide, and burrow like that. I've got as much respect again for a man that swears right out as I have for one that keeps hintin'."

"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed the horrified listener.

Mrs. Norton had her own private grievances, and they were growing fast. She had but one daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, whose waving red hair, white skin, blue eyes, and scarlet lips were mightily attractive to the youths of Dorset; for though Dell Norton had a quick temper, she had a merry wit, and was full of fun and brightness. Her father loved her with all his shut-up heart, and her mother spoiled and scolded her by turns, but if anybody else found fault with Dell she was as ready to fly at them as an old hen whose chickens are profaned by mortal approach.

Now the girl had a girlish fashion of speech which Miss Todd did not like, it seemed to her so near an approach to positive lying; and she at last expressed her opinion, as usual, with entire frankness. She had gone into Deacon Norton's of an errand one day, and Dell came hurrying in to ask her mother if she might go to ride with Sam Elderkin, a youth of good report, but a poor farmer, which is next door to being a pauper in New England.

Regardless of poverty, however, Sam had "cast a wistful eye," as the hymn-book says, into Deacon Norton's fold, and Mrs. Norton suspected it. Dell liked him as she liked a dozen others, and her mother was wise enough to say nothing till she should see real occasion.

Dell was all animation to-day.

"Oh, ma! Sam Elderkin's got a new horse; his uncle down to Hartford sent it up to him. My! ain't it a splendid one! It's back's three week's broad, and it jest goes like a livin' storm. I don't believe lightnin' would more 'n keep up with it. I'd jest like to ride behind it forever. Can't I go over to Wallingford with him?"

Mrs. Norton could say neither yes nor no, for Miss Miny asked so quickly and quietly, "You don't mean what you say, do ye, Adeliay?"

"Why don't I?" snapped the girl.

"Why, forever's a long time, and I don't believe even a Har'ford horse could go like lightnin'. Seems as if your words wa'n't needed to be so big, are they?"

Dell sunk down in a chair and stared at this audacious female, but her mother blazed up.

"Look here, Miss Todd. I guess I'm entire capable of bossin' Dell. She suits me, if she don't you. Go put on your bunnet, child, and go 'long. What in the world air you always meddlin' with other folks's business for, Miss Miny? Does it give you real satisfaction?"

"No," said Miss Miny, quietly, with no trace of vexation on her homely face. "I don't know as I ought to have said what I did, but I do dislike to hear girls get into such a big way of talk; it seems so disrespectful to facts; and then it uses up words so fast—makes idle words, seems to me. But I allow, Mrs. Norton, I had better not have spoke. I suppose I do seem to take more than my lawful int'rest in folks that a'n't my folks; but you see I grew up in the wilderness, and I haven't got any people of my own, and I have to like them that don't belong to me, and I get to feeling as if they was my own."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Norton, aghast at the honesty and humility of odd Miss Todd; but Dell rushed out of the bedroom where she had been prinking, threw her arms round Miss Miny, and gave her a hearty hug, exclaiming,

"You dear old thing! you shall say just what you're a mind to, for you're just as clever as you can be, so there!"

Miss Miny laughed, though her eyes were very dim. Dell's generous young heart had been touched, and thereafter she found her way to the spinster's little house often, and through her confidences in the twilight, or beside the wood fire, Miss Miny discovered before many months that Sam Elderkin was determined to marry Dell, and she was as determined to marry him; but both the Deacon and Mrs. Norton were opposed with equal determination to the match.

"As obstinate as a Norton," was a Dorset proverb; but Miss Miny, unafraid of proverbs, determined to throw herself into the breach, and make things as right and straight as she could. For once she showed a little of the serpent's wisdom. Instinctively she understood, what the adherents of "women's rights" ignore, the fact that a woman can influence a man or a man a woman from the very fact of their difference in sex; so instead of going to Mrs. Norton she cornered the Deacon one day in the store, and asked him to step over to her house, and there laid the situation before him.

"'Tain't no use talkin'," he replied. "Sam Elderkin ain't worth a copper today over'n above his farm, and I ain't goin' to see Dell give over to want nor pestered with a shiftless husband."

"Well, now, Deacon Norton, who do you expect Dell will marry?"

The man looked puzzled, but went on: "Why, I expect she'll come acrost some well-to-do feller some time that 'll make her comfortable."

"There ain't anybody in Dorset you want her to take up with?"

"I don' know as there *is*, and I don' know *as* there is. On the whole, I guess there ain't."

"Do you mean to send her away?"

"No, marm. I don't hold to gals goin' visitin' round; it sure turns their heads."

"Well, then, Deacon, as sure as you set there Sam is bound to marry Dell, and she is in the same mind, whether you let 'em or no. Now ain't it a lot better to give countenance to it than to have all Dorset talking about you and yours, saying hard things about your bein' a professor, yet so fond of money and so hard on your girl? Have you got any right to fetch reproach on the Church, jest to have your will done in this thing? Sam Elderkin is a good young man as ever was, only he's poor. Wasn't Mis' Norton and you poor when you commenced in life? and are you willing to make Dell real unhappy, and give occasion to the enemy to revile, because you want her to do different from what you did?"

"You're the peskiest woman I ever see!" roared the Deacon, flinging out of the house and banging the door behind him. But he did not shut the truths he had heard inside that door; they rang in his ears wherever he went, followed him, like the frogs of Egypt's plague, even into his bed-chamber, tingled in his brain at every prayer-meeting, and, to use his own phrase, when he came to confession afterward, "Them things you said jest stuck to me like a bunch of burdocks to a dog's tail. I couldn't neither drop 'em nor claw 'em off."

But the result was that in due season Dell Norton was married properly at her father's house, and the farm Sam Elderkin owned dowered with four grade Alderneys from the Norton herd and a pair of great red oxen. Dell developed into a model wife and mother, and made such butter as Dorset never saw before; and when little hands grasped the old man's rough fingers, and little feet toddled beside him down to the garden gate, Deacon Norton in his secret heart felt a thrill of fervent gratitude to odd Miss Todd.

There lived in Dorset a poor widow with one son. Jonas Pringle was always a good boy—in fact, rather a goody boy, one of the sort that usually boast of being the sons of poor but pious parents. He was lean and pale as a small boy, and seemed merely to draw out like a telescope rather than grow with advancing years. His hair was palely brown, his eyes palely blue, and his thin face and uncertain mouth could not be called lovely even by the extremest maternal partiality. His mother was a wailing female who would have wept for something she had not in the very lap of luxury, and life afforded her abundant grievances. If the sky shone cloudless, she shook her head and called the day "a real weather-breeder"; if it rained, she prognosticated blasted grain, rotted potatoes, floods, land-slips, or any other evil she could think of.

Jonas had the hunger for books and education that his unhealthy sort of organization is so apt to foster. The truest kindness would have been to turn him out on a farm and make him work for his living, where sun and air, keen winds, and fresh earth would have brought life and color into his unwholesome visage, and hearty labor strengthened his flaccid muscles and knit his loose joints. He needed fibre and force, outward growth, and nourishing food. But his weak mother coddled him from babyhood—kept him close by the stove, and taught him to knit and sew, when he should have been snowballing other boys or skating on Dorset Pond. She fed him on such cake and pie as her

poverty of money and skill both allowed —messes of poor flour, lard, soda, molasses, and allspice; she gave him strong green tea for the consequent headaches these viands surely caused, and tucked him up in bed with hot bricks and doses of herb tea, when boys of his own age, like Sam Elderkin, slept in the garret, with snow-drifts on their homespun blankets.

Miss Miny had only been established in Dorset a few years, and Jonas was a tall, sallow youth of eighteen, when one fine day Mrs. Pringle took to her bed to rise no more. Contradictory as women are, she endured her last illness with cheerful fortitude, and parted from Jonas with a smile, commending him in full faith to the widow's God. Jonas did not appear to suffer as much as would have pleased sympathizing friends. The truth was, his bringing up had necessarily made him selfish, and while he really mourned for his mother, it was more because she had left him to take care of himself than for any deep filial love or sense of lost companionship.

It was the greatest comfort he could have to be taken home by Miss Todd, installed in her comfortable spare room, and made much of, and Dorset people were not greatly surprised when they learned it was Miss Miny's intention to educate Jonas for the ministry, and give him a home. It required some self-denial on Miss Miny's part to do this; her old servant had died just before Mrs. Pringle, and as yet she had not replaced her. She resolved now to do her own work, and she also bought a knitting-machine, and ground out dozens of pairs of worsted stockings, which she sold. Her money had been well invested, but her charities were exhaustive, and she would not discontinue one of them, but did her utmost in the way of work and economy for Jonas's sake, and felt herself repaid when in five years time he came back a full-fledged minister of the Gospel, and preached in the old church of his native village.

He did not at once attempt to settle anywhere. Dorset was pleasant to his soul. He was comfortably housed and fed, and it gave him keen pleasure to walk abroad among those who had looked down on his youthful poverty, and looked down on them from his double pinnacle of education and office. Jonas was selfish, crafty, and plausible; his pale blue eyes were true to their usual index of character, an index that points to self-love and want of genuine honesty; and when he suggested that his health was injured by study, and he thought it would be best for him to spend the summer in Dorset and recruit, Miss Miny joyfully fell in with the arrangement.

It is a fixed law of our moral nature that we love those whom we befriend, and odd Miss Todd was not odd enough to evade this constitutional edict. She had spent time, money, and pains on Jonas as freely as if he had been her son, and she loved him with as pure and fervent affection as ever mother felt for her only boy, for in her nature lay that intense maternal feeling which is not given always to the physical mother—that capacity of devotion, self-sacrifice, and powerful affection that makes a woman most womanly, most happy, yet capable of anguish unspeakable and mourning that will not be comforted. It did not matter to Miss Miny that Jonas was still lank, sallow, pale-haired, and the very conformation and likeness of a solemn prig; that he always spoke with the awful and lugubrious intonation of "the sacred desk." She did not see in him any distasteful trait or any uncomfortable habit; she enjoyed his intellectual conversation, his reading aloud, his rather obtrusive and outspoken piety. So Jonas basked in the comfort of Miss Miny's neat bright house all the long summer through, now and then exhorting at prayer-meetings or helping at a funeral just to keep his hand in.

He was not naturally an energetic man; his tastes were studious and dainty, his constitution frail, and all these combined to make him indolent. As Mrs. Deacon Norton pungently remarked, "He won't never eat smart man's bread: he likes to set on a fence and see folks mow."

As he whiled away the summer it came into his head how pleasant life would be if one need not work for a living—not a singular idea, and one that most of us who do work for a living frequently entertain, but with the thought arose a way of escape from this dreaded vista. Why should not he marry Miss Miny? He might perhaps have speculated on becoming her heir, but she had already confided to him that her property had been left to provide a free library and reading-room for the town of Dorset, and her will was in the Judge of Probate's hands.

It was an objection that she was twenty years older than he, but in New England

country towns a woman is frequently some years older than her husband, and Miss Miny had no relatives to object, nor had he.

Once married, it would be easy to persuade her to destroy that will, and he had the acuteness for his own interest common to selfish men, and understood that odd Miss Todd could do an odd thing without provoking the comment of society. He had full faith in his own powers of fascination, as well as in her capacity for deep feeling, and after much consideration resolved to make cautious approaches. He became more devoted in manner, exerted himself to spare her fatigue and trouble; sighed occasionally, and fixed his eyes on her in a pathetic way; interspersed his readings with poetry, put on her shawl with almost an embrace, and never went out for a stroll without bringing her wild flowers that she loved, or berries from the hills and uplands.

Poor Miss Todd! in that lean bosom the girl's heart lay sleeping; no touch of Prince's lips had ever disturbed its long sleep, but it was living still, and now with strange and almost painful throbs it began to dream, to stir. She resisted the unwonted trouble as a blind man might resist unknown approach and alien caresses, not knowing how to define the new and vague delight. She prayed fervently that she might not be given to idolatry, for she knew well that Jonas grew dearer to her daily, though she had not yet recognized the divine unrest that was sweeter than any foregone peace; her heart ached with feeling as we sometimes ache physically with laughter, for it was a pleasant pain. Does the aloe leave its long verdurous quiet and burst into stately bloom with such careless ease as the new-sprung violet blossoms? does not some dull pang strike through the bulb that has lain all winter barren and hidden, when it sends upward its odorous spike of heaven-blue bells?

I do not know whether to weep or smile over this poor tale of genuine if delayed passion; it certainly is pitiful, yet it can not help being ludicrous to betray what curious fancies possessed odd Miss Todd at this crisis of her life. No "sudden interposition of several guardian angels," such as saved dear old Hephzibah's turban from desecration, interfered in her behalf; she began to wear pink ribbons, which she had never yet indulged in; and further to set off her dark and dingy skin, purveyed herself a bright deep green gown; strove with the patient anguish only a woman knows to build her scant and crinkled hair up in some semblance of prevailing fashions; and illuminated her decent gray and black Sunday bonnet with a red rose outside and a blue bow inside. Dorset stared with all its eyes, but only laughed at odd Miss Todd; she lived behind her character as behind a shield; not a human being suspected that these outbursts of color, these shining eyes, this alert step, were not oddities at all, but genuine submissions to nature's commonest law, the law of love.

It occurred to Jonas as the long summer days went on that it would be very pleasant to drive about Dorset, and would give him more opportunity to hold private converse with Miss Miny; for her house was already like the cave of Adullam, "every one in distress, and every one discontented," came there for help and counsel, and their *tête-à-tête* were few and brief; so he borrowed some kind body's old horse and rattling wagon now and again, and drove Miss Todd through winding lanes, fragrant woods, up and down hills from whence the outlook was exquisite; or they wound along the edge of Dorset Pond, catching the too sweet breath of the white clethra on its shores, the finer odor of late wild roses, or the delicate perfume of grape blossoms—all recalling Miss Miny's childhood to her mind and her heart, and putting the wistful girlish look into eyes that so long had gazed sadly on sin and sorrow. But all this took up her time. House-work languished, and she bethought herself of getting some help in her kitchen, when one hot August day Parson Fry stalked in to request aid from her ever-ready benevolence.

He had just received a letter from Mary Spencer, a former resident of Dorset, and distantly related to his wife, written on her death-bed. She had married a Southerner many years ago, a man of wealth who had been attracted by her great beauty. She was but a poor girl, the tavern-keeper's daughter, and Mr. Spencer had taken her to Carolina, where for a year or two she lived an ideal life, happy as love and luxury can make a girl who has not known either before. Then the war came; her husband lost all his property, was killed in battle, and she returned to Champlin, a small town in Massachusetts, where her father had moved from Dorset, bringing

with her a baby girl. There she had lived as before, helping in the tavern work till her child was eighteen years old. Her mother had died long ago, and she herself been wasting for years with slow consumption, when suddenly her father fell dead of apoplexy, and the shock hastened her own end. She had not a relative in the world or a friend to whose care she could leave Eleanor except Parson Fry, and when he received her letter she was already dead, and Nora crying her heart out over her mother. Parson Fry was at his wits' end: he had not a spare inch of room in the parsonage. Indeed, if any brother minister happened in, as they are apt to do, Deacon Norton had to lodge him, for the "minister's blessing" was in full force in the parson's abode, ten small children and a baby giving him what Mrs. Norton rather sarcastically called "John Rogers's measure." She had been brought up on the old New England Primer, and the dim crowd that surrounded that martyr at the stake—ten children and one to carry—was present to her memory.

It was, of course, impossible to take Nora into his own house, so he came to consult with Miss Todd about her disposal, and found that good woman ready and glad to help him; indeed, she regarded it as a direct Providence that the girl had been sent to her in time of need. Providence does not always work after our limited prescience, however, but it did prove to be the divinest of providences to Miss Miny that Nora arrived just then, though it wore a dark frown for a long time, and hid its "smiling face."

Eleanor Spencer had lived so long in the tavern at Champlin, and been made so useful in consequence of her mother's failing health, that Miss Miny's housework was mere play to her young strength and older experience; after the old patriarchal fashion of New England, she was made one of the family, and Jonas opened his eyes to their fullest extent when Nora appeared first at the breakfast table, having arrived the night before, and already cooked the pink slice of savory ham, set about with milk-white eggs, the puffy biscuit, the spongy flap-jacks, and clear coffee that his soul loved. She inherited her mother's beauty, with the coloring of her father's family: a brilliant complexion, great soft dark eyes, bright hair that waved all over her shapely head and was gathered in coil on coil behind, and a slight and graceful figure, all of which her lilac print dress and spotless apron set off as green leaves do a rose, she was "a vision of delight" indeed, and Miss Miny, honest soul! looked at her with pleasure and admiration.

But as the summer days went on, and Nora became more wonted to her work, she learned to be more deft and nimble, and had many an hour to spend in the keeping-room, busy with her own sewing or Miss Miny's; she, too, listened to the readings and absorbed them into her quick and willing mind; her great soft eyes darkened or shone at the lofty or passionate poetry, and her beautiful dimples danced, her red lips quivered with laughter, at whatever wit or humor lay among Jonas's selections. She was a whole audience in herself, and her attention and appreciation flattered the reader deeply, but her beauty did more potent execution.

For Jonas was young. And here, face to face with him day after day, was a girl beautiful as flesh and blood can be, and as intelligent as beautiful. It was altogether too much. His heart triumphed over his policy; in the madness of a real passion he was ready to go all lengths of labor and renunciation if Nora were his; and she began with that sort of hero-worship inborn in most girls to look up adoringly at such wonders of education and intellect as his. She had seen hitherto only the commonest class of men, such as frequent a country tavern, and had no measure in her mind by which to test this man's real capacity; so she stood as ready to receive and respond to his first expression of feeling as a budded rose stands ready waiting for the expanding sun.

It was some time before Miss Miny's unsuspicious nature perceived the open secret that was acting in her quiet house. She was perceptive enough, but it seemed to her inexperience that Jonas was as much bound to prefer her to all other women as if he had sworn an oath of fealty. She was as odd in her ignorance of humanity as in everything else: a kiss would have been to this singular honesty of hers as sacred as a marriage vow; incredible as it may seem, she did not imagine it possible for a man to show every lover-like attention to a woman, and then "whistle down the wind" to a prettier face. This sort of thing, common as blades of grass, wore to her simplicity an aspect both tragic and brutal; dishonesty

was an equal crime in her eyes with murder, for she took her ethical standard from the Bible, not from society, and found there no distinction in evil, no grades of sin—except that awful exception, the sin unpardonable.

Yet, before October poured its living dyes along the Dorset hills, odd Miss Todd began to see what no other woman could have so long misunderstood; she felt in her kind and faithful bosom the tortures that have no parallel in this world—the remorseless tortures of jealousy. She had been all her life at peace with herself. Even Parson Fry had disturbed his soul over her religious experience because she never could truthfully say that she was the chief of sinners. But now she hated herself as earnestly as Calvin could have desired; for there developed within her such suspicion, such unkindness, something so near akin to hatred, that her prayers were mere utterances of agony, and her Bible a dead letter.

Sleep forsook her, and her daily food grew bitter. It was scarcely a relief to her when Jonas left Dorset to find, if possible, a parish where he was wanted; for she knew, with the fearful insight of jealousy, why Nora took her daily walk to the post-office, and why the letters she received herself from Jonas were so dry and brief. She was too good to be positively unkind to Nora, and the girl was too deep in her bright dream to be troubled by Miss Todd's unusual silence and constrained manner. Her heart would have been shocked to pity—for she had a kind heart—to know what a life her companion and friend was enduring.

Before Jonas had been prospecting—if that phrase is allowable—a month, he was engaged to fill the pulpit of a country church in Connecticut for a year, and with the characteristic imprudence of a man in love, he thought this was enough to warrant his marriage. He argued that one engagement would at least lead to another, and most probably to a settlement; for he had a certain floral eloquence and a "glittering generality" in his sermons that tickled people's ears, and did not disturb their consciences—two qualifications which always make a clergyman popular. He had not an idea that he had treated Miss Todd in a way she could or should resent. He fell back on the patent fact that he had never asked her to marry him; and it is a general masculine code that up to this Rubicon you may fight or flee, as you like.

So he went back to Dorset in great glee; but his first entrance into the atmosphere of Miss Todd's house warned him of possible explosives; he sobered down his joy, was pleasant and deferential to Miss Miny, and devised private opportunities of speech with Nora; in fact, his final appeal to her, and her acceptance, took place in what he afterward recalled as "that sacred spot in front of the corner grocery."

It was agreed between the lovers that Miss Todd should not at present be taken into their confidence: they had an unacknowledged consciousness of her probable displeasure: so she was left to fight with her grief in that solitude that makes battle so hard, victory so long of coming. She was a reasonable woman ordinarily, but what jealous man or woman is reasonable? It was the most natural thing in the world that a young fellow like Jonas, ready to marry a plain, positive, odd, and old woman, from motives of policy, should be turned from his intent by the daily presence and contrast of abundant beauty and the divine charm of youth, but Miss Todd resented it in her soul as a real crime. There was nothing for it but to run from this conflict, and she could not run; she had nowhere to go. Fortunately for her, this inward storm disturbed the equilibrium of her strong constitution; she took to her bed, and in the comfortless tossings of a long low fever prayed day and night to die. Nobody dies, however, when they wish to; she had to submit to Nora's patient and careful nursing; for though the girl was too young to show much strength of character as yet, she was kind, and pitied Miss Miny from the heights of her own vernal joy, as a poor loveless old maid. Fortunately she did not put her feeling into words, but only put off her marriage, and took faithful care of Miss Todd through the long, dreary winter; and when the poor woman crept back to life again, it was to have Jonas's plans and happiness poured into her ears. She had a relapse, of course. People said she had been imprudent; and so she had, but long before her fever—imprudent with the headlong carelessness of women who let themselves fall into an open pit, from which none can deliver them.

But the relapse served one good purpose: it gave the best of reasons why this marriage should not take place at her house.

She hired a nurse from another village, and sent Nora to the parsonage for her wedding; and when the happy pair came to say good-by, she was too ill to see them. It was a long time before Miss Miny recovered; but by June she declared herself well, and resumed her lonely life. Yet there was a great change in her, odd as she still was: a deeper, tenderer charity toward women, whom hitherto she had held in a sort of contempt; now she seemed to have a key to many of their shortcomings, and to sympathize with their pains and follies more than women often do with each other. Even to those whom society holds unpardonable—and in as small a place as Dorset there are such—she extended the very mercy of Christ, and with human love and pity helped Him to redeem them. But toward men she became pitiless and almost fierce. The injustice of their social position for the first time became visible to her eyes, and she resented it with the force of her nature. Whatever good she did was now turned into another channel: she cared no longer for the boys in the factory, but devoted herself to the teaching of the girls in Dorset, sending to Boston for a female teacher, and setting up a private school at her own expense, except the small fees charged for tuition, which went no further than to hire and heat the school-rooms. Jonas and his wife rarely returned to the town, for Miss Todd never invited them, and Mr. Fry could not. Their first child was named Hermione Todd, but never profited thereby, and though Jonas hoped to the end, he received nothing from his old friend. All her money went to found a female college of the smallest size, eligible for only ten members, and in its rigid rule resembling a nunnery.

For at last she did die, and during her last illness Mr. Fry, in pursuance of his office, had many serious conversations with her. One day he said, "And you feel in charity with all men, Sister Todd?"

"I don't know that," she replied, sharply. "I suppose it isn't a duty to forgive folks unless they ask for forgiveness, is't?"

Parson Fry looked puzzled. "Well," he said, meditatively, "I doo suppose we ought to keep continooally in a forgiving frame."

"That isn't the point. You can't tell me about Scripter. The Lord never forgives folks without they repent. To offer such folks forgiveness would come the nearest of anything I can think of to throwin' pearls before swine; they'd turn and rend you, surely."

"But you should be ready to forgive sech as do repent and seek pardon," solemnly replied the parson, a little disturbed by her contumacy.

"Well, I hope I am; but there's small chance I shall be asked."

And she never was. Though Jonas struggled with poverty, and Nora lost her beauty and grace in the hard life of a poor minister's wife, and her husband repented that he had not married Miss Todd, it was simply because he hungered for money with the primal instincts of a lazy and selfish man, from whom the brief insanity of passion had long fled, and who pined for the flesh-pots of Egypt. That he had wronged her, or hurt her almost to the death, never occurred to him.

Miss Miny shocked the conventions of Dorset even to her last hour, for she extracted a promise solemn as an oath from her nurse with regard to her funeral.

"I want you should put on me a clean night-gownd and cap, Semanthy. I am going to sleep till the Lord comes, and I think it is a waste of good clothes to bury them. I wish to look conformable. Moreover, I want a plain pine coffin, and no plate about it. Money isn't plenty enough, as long as there's a poor woman livin', to make a vain show of it. I don't expect gown nor coffin to rise no more 'n this miserable old body, and I won't be answerable for foolish waste of what the Lord gave me."

After this she laid her cheek on her hand, sighed, and died, quietly as a brown leaf falls from the last tree that holds those tawny ghosts into the edge of winter.

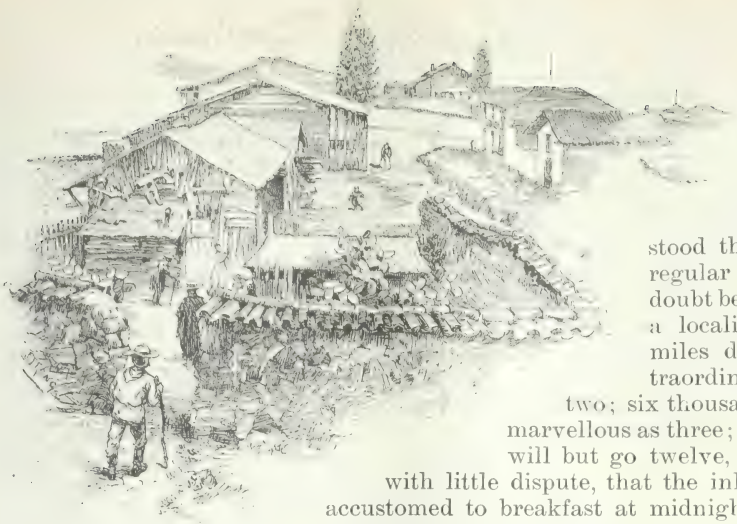
Dorset people all came to her funeral, which was held in the meeting-house, and the universal grief discovered her secret benefactions as the early rains discover seeds long ago sown.

She had done a thousand kindnesses, small but helpful, that were all remembered now, and the lonely woman was mourned and missed as few women are except in their own households.

Mrs. Norton made the one characteristic comment of the day as she looked at the poor shrunken face of the dead: "Well, I never did! of all *things!* Laid out in a night-gownd and put into a pine coffin! She hasn't never got over bein' odd Miss Todd."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I.



A BIT OF OLD MONTEREY.

WONDERFUL things are always a long way from home. This is so well understood that something like regular ratios might no doubt be established. Thus a locality three thousand miles distant is more extraordinary than one but two; six thousand miles is twice as marvellous as three; while if a traveller will but go twelve, he may assure us, with little dispute, that the inhabitants there are accustomed to breakfast at midnight, and have never heard of walking matches, defaulting bank cashiers, or five-o'clock teas.

This reverential attitude toward distance has had its sway not less with travellers themselves than the readers of their accounts. But in these perverse later times a tendency arises to doubt and question, to find things otherwise than as represented, and even sometimes less wonderful than what has been left behind at home, this having now in its turn attained the due remoteness. Such a questioning frame of mind will have to be struggled against to some extent by him who arrives in California, as I did on coming from Mexico, in the months of the year known as the dry season. The conception has gone out about the country, and particularly about Southern California, of which it is to be my pleasure to speak, that it is an earthly paradise. Enthusiastic writers have so pictured it. Proprietors of transportation routes, lands, and "pleasure resorts" have modestly agreed with the truth of this estimate. I declare, for my part, that it is charming; but at the first blush it is an earthly paradise very unlike the best idea of it one has been able to attain by a good deal of previous investigation.

Southern California, especially in the dry season—which comprises a large part of the California year—is perhaps like those friendships which are the best worth having and endure the longest—it makes its way to favor subtly and gradually.

It is not easy to decide on the instant just what Southern California should be deemed to comprehend. A very large part of the State outside of the mining and lumbering districts displays some of those tropical characteristics in which its charm to the Eastern imagination consists. One sees orange, fig, and pomegranate trees environing pleasant homes at Sonoma, well to the north of San Francisco; there is an important raisin district around Sacramento and Marysville to the northwest; and at Calistoga, seventy-five miles north of San Francisco, is to be found a group of as fine palms as any in California. At the same time, one safely assumes that all this will be found in its greatest perfection as the distinctively low latitudes are approached.

San Francisco lies not far from midway in the State, and forms a convenient point of division. Southern California may be taken to comprise all that part of the State lying south of the famous seaport and metropolis. It is upon the area just below the city, at the Gates, that the Rev. Starr King has lavished the most laudatory sentences of his polished style, describing the "flowers by the acre, flowers by the square mile," which he saw in a ride around the bay. It was to the vicinity of San José, but fifty miles down, that Bayard Taylor (if he should live to be old, and note his faculties failing) proposed to retire in order to recover his lost youth. Seventy-five miles further south yet are the popular summer resorts—and winter resorts as well—of Santa Cruz and Monterey.

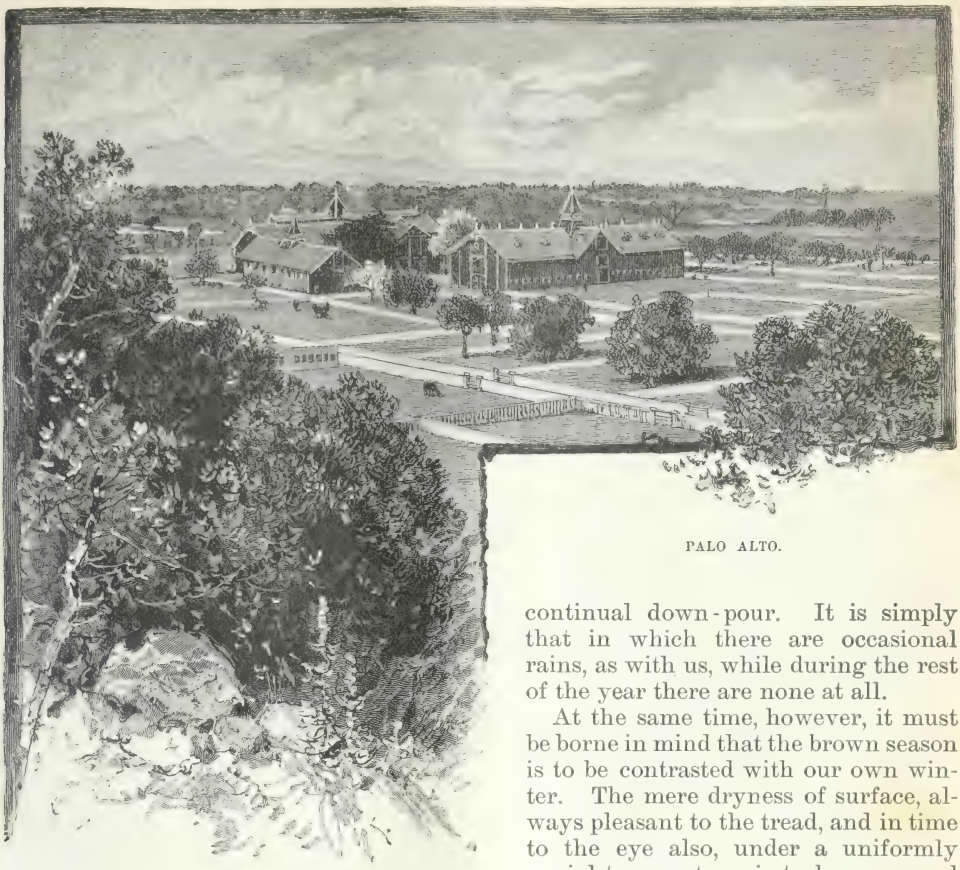
I set out upon my travels from the metropolis in mid-autumn, the season of county fairs, when, if ever, the products of an agricultural country should be seen to advantage. There was being held at San José the combined fair of the counties of Santa Clara and Santa Cruz. There is no means of exit from San Francisco by land except to the southward, the long narrow peninsula on which it lies being surrounded on all other sides by water. One may cross, however, by ferry to Oakland, its Jersey City as well as Brooklyn—as he must do for all the greater journeys—and go around the bay on that side by a branch road which brings up at San José also. In doing so he traverses Alameda County, which raises nearly a million bushels of wheat (from Murray Township alone), a vast number of tons of sugar-beets, and more hay than any other county in the State. It comes third in rank for grapevines, and has tropical pretensions of its own besides, making no small exhibit of orange and lemon trees in certain favored nooks. But the most direct way is to take the coast division of the Southern Pacific Railway, and so I took it and went with it to the important places whither it leads.

If topography may be glanced at a moment, California is fenced into valleys by two long up and down ranges of mountains, the Sierra Nevadas, of immensely the higher elevation, and the Coast Range. These meet in acute points, north at Shasta, and south at the Tejon Pass, and thereafter become one. They inclose between them the vast central space known in its upper portion as the Sacramento Valley, and below as the San Joaquin Valley, from the two main rivers by which it is drained. It is the granite Sierra Nevadas that contain the peaks of from thirteen to fifteen thousand feet elevation which have obtained so extensive a fame in the world. The Coast Range averages only from two to six thousand feet, and is of softer material. The Sierra Nevadas do not much divide their strength; but the Coast Range throws out frequent spurs parallel to itself, which get separate names, as Sierra Morena, Santa Clara, and Santa Cruz mountains, and are the means of making numerous long narrow valleys, and also benches of table-land left between them and the Pacific Ocean. It is down the large Santa Clara Valley, in this last diversified region, that the first excursion takes us.

It is no ordinary moment, this opening venture into an earthly paradise, and one settles himself luxuriously back in his seat to enjoy it. By the time the long files of freight cars that constitute the immediate approach to American cities are passed, we are running through a tract of small vegetable gardens and windmills in the suburbs. Clusters of white buildings in white inclosures, that have looked from a distance on their hills like Mexican haciendas, prove to be "institutions" of various sorts. A long arm of San Francisco Bay, which accompanies us thirty miles south, is seen at a distance to the left, with a wide, dismal stretch of marsh between. White ark-like houses on piles, placed at intervals along the water's edge, are found to be keeping guard over oyster beds. The small California oyster has never yet been either coaxed or driven into a development commensurate with the general grandeur of things about it.

Our guide-book promises, "after a few minutes' ride, orchards, vineyards, elegant farm-houses, prospects to charm all who love the beauties of nature." But, really, one is inclined to rub his eyes. The ground is bare and brown, bare to the skin. Hardly a tree or a bush; not a green blade of grass. At length some trees begin to appear. They are scrub oaks, a small-leaved variety, at a little distance resembling the olive. Farm-houses are few, and not strikingly elegant. The hills are of the color of a camel's hide, and not unlike its humps in shape and texture. At Millbrae there is a glimpse of some wooden towers, in the American style, rising from a villa; and there is a large dairy barn. At Belmont we come closer to the low hills than at any other point. At Menlo Park a charming flower bed is cared for, close by the track, as is seen at some foreign railway stations. We are at the chosen site for villa residences of the San Francisco millionaires. The surface is flat, and with its growth of oaks recalls scenery in the outskirts of Chicago, as Hyde Park or Riverside.

The valley widens till the hills are distant enough to be veiled in blue, and fills up with tawny grain fields. The combination of buff and blue is pleasing, but there is no verdure. And where are the wild flowers? One hardly expected them now by the acre and by the square mile, since it is autumn. But of all the primroses, the larkspurs, the lupins, and pop-



PALO ALTO.

pies of tradition, not one? Not a narcissus? not a chrysanthemum? Oh, predecessors!

It is in the spring or rainy season only that the flowers bloom, and then, indeed, they carpet the earth as the grass carpets it elsewhere. In the spring the eulogists have not said a word too much. But it is my originality to have seen Southern California in the autumn and winter, to have seen it as it is for seven months in the year, and as it is, in exceptionally dry seasons, the whole year through. The leaves fall here as elsewhere, and are not renewed till another year. The whole face of nature is parched and sad.

Not to make mention of this bareness and dryness would be to omit a most essential feature of the aspect of California. The annual rains begin in December, January, or February, and continue till June, greatly diminishing in May, which is sometimes also a dry month. It must not be thought that the rainy season is a continual down-pour. It is simply that in which there are occasional rains, as with us, while during the rest of the year there are none at all.

At the same time, however, it must be borne in mind that the brown season is to be contrasted with our own winter. The mere dryness of surface, always pleasant to the tread, and in time to the eye also, under a uniformly genial temperature, is to be compared with our own fields of sheeted white under their howling blasts, and our quagmires of mud and slush in alternate paroxysms of thawing and freezing.

"But you set up to be a land of perpetual summer, you know," one argues with the resident Californian, in this first state of surprise.

"So we are," he replies; "but that does not necessarily mean perpetual verdure without a more liberal use of water in irrigation than we have yet been able to arrive at. But look at the thermometer! look at the fertility of the land! Nothing is scarce with us but the water." And then perhaps he will add, with a dignity well justified by the facts of the case: "California sets up to be a land which by the enormous extent of all its relations, commercial, agricultural, mineral, and social, has become a power in the world. It has revolutionized values, struck the keynote of new social conditions, and is to be the point of departure of a new commercial era in a trade with the Orient and the

isles of the sea, the extent of which no man can estimate. California has arrived at a point where she takes her place on equal terms with the States of the Union, and no longer depends for favor upon narratives of astounding beauties and eccentricities—though of all this, too, it has no lack, as you will find."

San José, a city of twenty thousand people, is described as contending with Sacramento for the honor of being third in importance in the State. One alights at the small station, in the vicinity a horse-car line, a blacksmith's shop, and some flat rail fences painted with the usual advertisements. These have a very American look to begin with, for a place with so pretty a Spanish name, a place to which Bayard Taylor wished to retire in the failing of his powers to find the elixir of youth. And so have the small picket fences an American look, and so have the comfortable little clapboarded wooden houses behind them, with the scroll-sawed ornaments in their piazzas. With the exception of an unusual number of French and Italian names on the sign-boards, and some large clean tuns in front of the shops of dealers in native wines, it is as downright a little Yankee town as ever was. There is much shade in the streets, and on a public green or common, from trees that are small and low as yet.

It is a clean, prosperous little city, the centre of a rich agricultural district. It has excellent schools and all the other conveniences of life. A good deal of money has been spent for show on the principal business buildings. Like those of many other small capitals throughout the State, they are of a neat, bay-window architecture, which might be described as the San Francisco style. There was an iron trestle-work tower or pharos going up at the intersection of two important streets, which was to rise to a height of two hundred feet, and contain an electric light to illuminate the entire town. The white court-house, in the classic style, though not large, is agreeably proportioned, and quite a model of its kind.

The week's doings at the Fair Grounds had resolved themselves chiefly into trotting matches. I was told that the combined display of the two counties was poorer than either had been in the habit of making alone. The most interesting thing was racing and ornamental riding, one day, by young women. Those who took the premiums, such as a handsome saddle and whip, were girls of but fourteen and sixteen years of age. A popular feature of this with other county fairs of the time was a "firemen's tournament," in which different companies had contests of speed, equipped with all the paraphernalia of their craft.

Games of chance went on freely in the refreshment-rooms under the grand stand. There was but a scattering display of live stock, and little or no fruit. I did not see the two-hundred-pound squash, the twenty-six-pound turnip, nor the beet which is five feet in length and a foot through, nor the apples and pears commensurate with these. I had seen them before, however, and did not so much regret their absence. I have a secret suspicion that there is a proper standard of the vegetable as of the human kind, and that the Tom Thumbs and General Bateses of the one are hardly more happy in their departure from it than those of the other.

The capacity of the country to produce fruits of fine quality as well as of abnormal size—always excepting the apple, which seems to require extremes of heat and cold, and in this even climate remains comparatively insipid—has perhaps been too well tested to need the stimulus of competitive exhibitions. What better county fair is needed than the daily display of fruits and vegetables in the San Francisco market? The regular season for any and all of them is twice as long as on the Atlantic coast at corresponding latitudes.

I traversed the much-eulogized "Alameda," an avenue of willows and poplars, three miles long, set out in 1799 by Spanish friars. These founded a mission among the Indians at Santa Clara, to which town the avenue extends. There remains at Santa Clara the chapel of this early mission, with its adobe walls five feet thick, and flat wooden ceiling, rudely painted. It is now a part of a flourishing collegiate institution. Across the way is a clump of ruinous old adobe cottages of the same date—a genuine bit of picturesqueness. But I am adjured to pay no heed to these, since we are going to Monterey, and Monterey makes, as it were, a grand specialty of all that kind of thing.

The Alameda's poplars and willows make but a moderate showing for their age, and could hardly be rated as equal,

say, to an avenue of New Haven elms. Behind them, along both sides of the road, are houses of the same *bourgeois* air of comfort as in the town. There are said to be many residents of wealth and leisure who have been attracted here by the climate to pass the remainder of their days in peace. The Coast Mountains are thought to cut off something of the fogs and winds of the ocean, and a higher range on the other side to bar out the heats of the country eastward. You endeavor to divine, in some superior refinement of taste, which the abodes of these may be. It is a poetic conception, that of living for the pure physical delight of it, and makes them highly interesting. Perhaps there should be at the gates some young women, their daughters, with a repining air mingled with their superior distinction, as if, for their part, they had not so willingly consented to abandon a world of larger opportunities. But after all, the desire to live for the pure pleasure of living does not imply a cultivated taste in architecture and landscape gardening.

One had been inclined to expect a good deal of novelty and picturesqueness from these towns of romantic Sans and Santas and Loses and Dels, and feels rather aggrieved not to get it. The absence of Spanish picturesqueness is explained by the fact that there were rarely any original settlements corresponding to the present names, which were taken from ranches, springs, or mines in the neighborhood. On the arrival of the Americans there were but thirteen thousand Spanish or Mexicans in all California—a territory as large as New York, Pennsylvania, and the six New England States put together. Let us believe, however, that their pleasing designations will act as a subtle stimulus, and that all these communities will live up to their names with an artistic development which they never could have attained had they been simply Smithvilles and Jonesvilles.



RALSTON'S COUNTRY PLACE.

The impressions resulting, both at San José and the country at large, from a second visit a month later, were much more agreeable. Something like the proper

point of view had now been attained. I knew that the face of nature was brown, and the towns were not quite strikingly picturesque; but I had begun to note the continued cloudlessness of the sky, the quality of the air, and to experience the pleasure that may reside in climate pure and simple.

The district containing the villa residences of the San Francisco millionaires when penetrated into gains much in attractiveness. There are white and chestnut oaks, as well as scrub oaks, which in groups give a park-like appearance, and live-oaks with the long gray Spanish moss depending from them.

If there be no wild flowers, there are plenty of the cultivated sort, carefully gardened, and lawns kept green by spraying fountains and rubber hose furnish a proper background. We take lesson number one in the uses of water. Where there is water enough, and as far as it goes, the winter, or brown season, need never extend. As a rule, long stretches of white picket-fence surround the places, and the houses themselves are painted white. These are the dwellings—some for the summer only, some throughout the year—of the great railway and banking and bonanza kings, the stories of whose sudden and vast accumulations of fortune in these late years read like fables of the *Arabian Nights*.

Even the bonanza kings, it seems, have been invested with a somewhat greater magnificence than really belongs to them. Their places have cost them immense sums, it is true, but a reduction should be made to Eastern standards. The outpouring of untold millions from the mines and other sources of wealth put up the prices of land, labor, and every commodity entering into the result, so that less was obtained for the money than an equal expenditure would have procured here. As a parallel exhibit, the Menlo Park district is inferior to Llewellyn Park, Englewood, Irvington, and others in the neighborhood of New York.

The builders have struck out a kind of style of their own, being perhaps in too great haste to wait for imported ideas. The houses, as at San Francisco, are chiefly of wood. Flood, of the famous firm of bar-keepers, Flood and O'Brien, who owned the Consolidated Virginia Mine when the astonishing bonanza was struck, had just completed at the time of my visit one of great size on his estate of five hundred acres at Menlo Park. There is a terrace, with a fine bronze fountain in front. The main steps were of polished marble with bronze sphinxes on them, and there were bronze dragons on the equally ornate stables. The whole is glaringly white and gorgeous, and affects one like the playing of a brass band.

There are, to be sure, some gentler, more home-like places, painted in the quieter tones of, and recalling the best rural life at, the East. Such a one is ex-Governor Leland Stanford's, at Palo Alto, a breeding farm for horses, which is one of the most complete establishments of the kind in the world. Of the seventeen hundred acres in the place, one hundred are occupied by the stables, barns, and small paddocks. The buildings, at the foot of a gentle rise of ground, make a small city by themselves, inhabited by a population of nearly five hundred, who return hither from their business on the pastures and race-tracks, and have two hundred persons employed in their domestic service. The spacious barns are uniformly floored and ceiled up with redwood—a handsome material, which resembles cedar in effect. They are strewn with the freshest straw, and kept as neat as the most unexceptionable drawing-rooms.

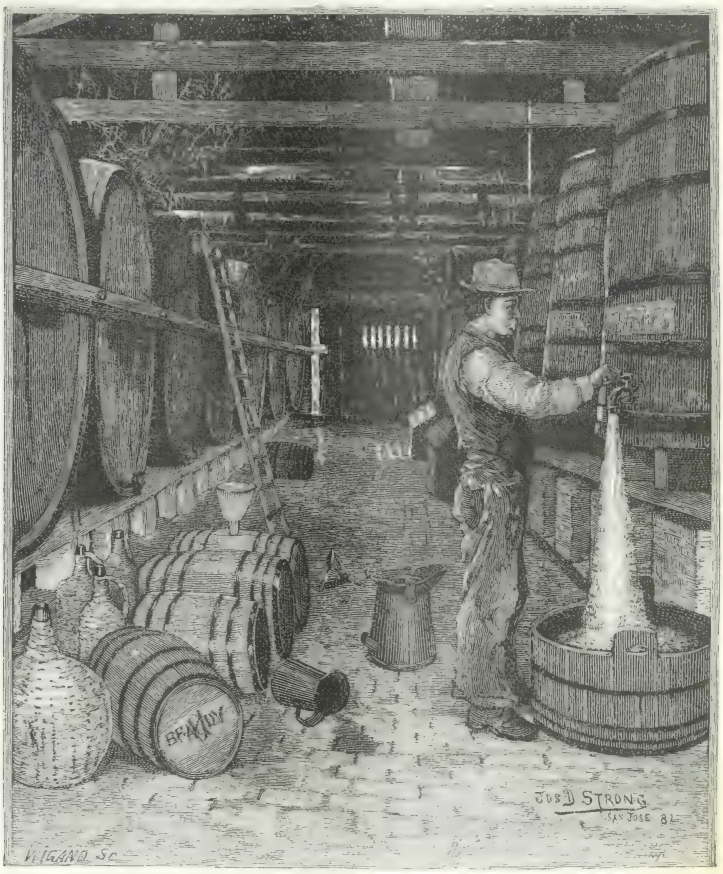
Scions from the stock here raised, which represents the best thorough-bred and trotting strains in the country, are likely to be a most important influence in improving the breed of horses throughout the Pacific coast. It was here that curious experiments were conducted, at the expense of Governor Stanford, for arriving at a better understanding of the speed of horses by photographing them in rapid motion. The photographer, Muybridge, of San Francisco, succeeded by an ingenious arrangement of electrical wires, communicating at the touch of the animal with cameras already prepared, in securing twelve distinct views of the different stages of a single stride. The attitudes are of the most unexpected and curious sort, some of them highly comic.

Great pains are taken in the raising and training of the young colts. From the time of foaling the colts are handled gently and constantly, and are made as familiar with the touch of harness as they are with that of human hands. As a natural consequence they are perfectly tame, gentle, and even affectionate, and never need breaking. The effect of this

system of training has been apparent in the performances of some of the colts which have been publicly speeded against time. The first notable exhibition of speed by a Palo Alto colt was made on the Bay District Association track at San Francisco in 1880, when the two-year-old colt Fred Crocker lowered the record for a one-mile trot to 2′ 25¼″. Last year Bonita, a two-year-old filly from Palo Alto, cut the record down to 2′ 24½″; and later, at the same trotting exhibition, Wildflower, another two-year-old from the same farm, made the mile in 2′ 21″; and Hinda Rose, a yearling filly, on the same day, added to the fame of the farm by cutting down the yearling record to 2′ 36½″. It is asserted that there are colts on the farm which can do even better.

The interiors of these millionaires' dwellings are, as a rule, better than the exteriors. At the Mills house, for an example, at Millbrae, the residence of a well-known banking and railway magnate, now become a citizen of New York, are seen all the portières and Oriental rugs and Christmas-card patterns of decorations, and bed-chambers done in fine woods, and silken hangings of the latest Eastlake taste; a picture-gallery of the choice works of Gérôme, Detaille, and Bouguereau; and vistas through all the windows of fan-palms, flower beds, greensward, and bronzes.

The Ralston house, at Belmont, now in the possession of Senator Sharon, is that, perhaps, having the greatest interest of all. The remarkable man who built it was of the traditional California type in its most astonishing development. Starting from a humble origin, he became a forwarder of every brilliant scheme of improvement, public and private, and conducted



A BRANDY CELLAR.



CHAMPAGNE-MAKING.

a hundred projects to success which in other hands would have been sheer folly. He arrived thus at an unbounded confidence in his star. Entangled finally while cashier of the Bank of California, he handed in his resignation to the directors one day, and went down to the public baths near the Potrero. A strong, athletic man, in the prime of life, he swam out half a mile into the bay—for refreshment in his troubles, as some say, but, as the general opinion is, with the deliberate purpose of suicide—and was never again seen alive.

The house that was his is notched into a hill-side, in a rolling country, much pleasanter than the plain at Menlo Park. A pretty gorge behind it is dammed at a certain level to furnish the water-supply. There are gas-works, a bowling-alley, and an elaborate Turkish bath among the outbuildings, and a grange-like barn of solid stone, ivy-grown now, which cost $80,000. As to the immense residence itself, that is of wood, white, in the usual fashion. With its numerous stories and windows, it is not unlike a large country hotel without; but its peculiar arrangements and great spaciousness within make it quite palatial. The principal rooms open into one another by glass partitions, which can be rolled away. There is no crowding through doorways. There is an arcade in the story above, around the grand staircase, with a balustrade, and tribunes pro-



FROM THE OLD FORT, MONTEREY.

jecting from the balustrade, in which young women in pink and corn-color at an evening party must look particularly houri-like. What in any other house would be the ordinary veranda is here a delightful promenade, glazed in, provided with easy furniture and a parquetry floor. Then comes a tier of such main apartments as a drawing-room and library; then a parallel tier, of which one is a great gallery, entirely faced with mirrors. There are a piano, mantels, and stair-posts of California laurel. This was a new industry that he encouraged among others.

We drove from Belmont back through a succession of cup-like dells in the lower mountains, a number of them dammed to form pretty lakes, the sources of supply for the Spring Valley Water Company—a corporation of great prominence at San Francisco. The slopes at first were tawny with grain stubble; then scattered with the stiff thick brush known as chaparral; then bare. We passed an occasional lonely "milk ranch," or a "chicken ranch." There are no farms, so called, in California; no matter how small, they are always ranches.

In the strong warm sunshine any chance object on the bare rolling slopes casts an intense shadow. The spot under a distant tree is as purplish dark as if a pit were dug there. The shadow of a large bird flying low is followed as distinctly along the ground as the bird itself. One becomes reconciled at last to the brown

tone. It is like what the painters show us of Algeria. White stands out brilliantly against it, only it should be a more solid white than that of wooden houses. The falconry parties of Fromentin, or a conference of rival Arab chiefs by Pasini, might be held in these hills.

It was the mature vintage season now in the country around San José. Santa Clara County, of which San José is the county seat, boasts of a number of acres of grape-vines under cultivation (something over eleven thousand) larger than any but one other in the State, that of Sonoma. Napa, however, also to the north, and Los Angeles, to the south, greatly surpass it in the number of gallons of wine and brandy made.

We visited the Le Franc vineyard, which dates from 1851, and was the pioneer in the way of making wine-growing a regular business venture. Here there are about one hundred and seventy-five thousand vines set out—a thousand, perhaps, to the acre. The large cheerful farm buildings are upon a gentle rise of ground above the area of vines, which is nearly level. An Alsacian foreman shows us through the wine-cellars. A servant-maid bustling about the yard is a thorough French peasant, only lacking the wooden shoes.



CEDARS AT MONTEREY

The long tables, set for the forty hands employed in the vintage-time, are spread with viands in the French fashion. Scarcely a word of English is spoken. At other places the surroundings are as exclusively Italian. One feels very much abroad in the scenes of this new industry on American soil. A certain romantic interest attaches to it wherever found. The great tuns in the wine-cellars, and all the processes, seem delightfully clean. It



THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.

is re-assuring to see the pure juice of the grape poured out in such floods, and to know that at this source of supply there is to be no need, founded in scarcity at least, of adulteration.

Heavy loads of grape are driven up, across a weighing scale, and lifted to an upper story, and put into a hopper, where the stems come off, and the fruit falls through into a crusher. It is lightly crushed at first. It is something of a discovery to find that the first product of grapes of every variety is white wine. Red takes its hue from the coloring matter in the skins, which are utilized in a subsequent rougher treatment. It is not necessary to describe all the various processes of the work, the racking off, clarifying, and the like, though, having been favored with so much of the company of persons who spoke with authority on these matters, and were continually holding up little glasses to the light with gusto, like the figures in certain popular chromos, I consider myself to yield in knowledge of the subject to but few. Immense upright casks containing a warm and audibly fermenting mass, and others lying down, neatly varnished, and with concave ends, are the most salient features in the dimly lighted wine-cellars.

They are not cellars, properly so called. They are wholly above-ground, and the casks rest on wooden sills upheld by short brick posts. Those of General Naglee, a successful maker of excellent brandy on a large scale, are really charming from an artistic point of view. The cobwebs have been allowed to increase till they hang like tattered banners. Through these the light penetrates dimly from above, or it makes a white glare through a latticed window, upon which the patterns of vine leaves without are defined. The buildings are brown, gray, vine-clad, and covered with quaint Dutch-pavilion-looking roofs, with dove-cotes attached; and the lofty windmill water-tank—a feature of every California rural homestead—is of a more tower-like pattern than usual. Round about are long avenues of eucalyptus and pine, tamarinds with their black, dry pods, the willow-like pepper-tree with its scarlet berries, large clumps of the *nopal* cactus, and an occasional maguey or century-plant. Among the plantations autumn is hardly less warm-colored here than elsewhere. Poplars and cottonwoods turn yellow, and peach and almond trees, the Lawton blackberry, and the vineyards themselves, touched by the frost, supply scarlet and crimson. The country is bathed in fixed sunshine, or steeped in the hues of its own wines.

The vines, short, thick, and needing no stakes for support, bear, each at the head of its stalwart stock, an incredible number of purple clusters, all growing from the same point. They quaintly suggest those uncouth little men of Hendrik Hudson's *Half-Moon*, who stagger up the mountains in the play of *Rip Van Winkle*, each with his keg of spirits. No especial attention is given to the frosts now, but those occurring in the early spring are the object of many precautions. The most effectual of these is to kindle smudge fires about the vineyard toward four o'clock in the morning. The smoke envelops it and keeps it in a warmer atmosphere of its own till the sun be well risen.

Three to four tons of grapes to the acre are counted upon here; while further south, where irrigation is used, it is from eight to twelve. But it is claimed, in the standing controversy on the subject, that the irrigated grapes are watery, while those of the lesser yield excel them in quality. The best results here, we were told, are secured from such vines as the Mataro, Carignane, and Grenache, imported cuttings from the French slope of the Pyrenees. There are on the Le Franc place not less than sixty different varieties under probation, many others of which will, no doubt, give an excellent account of themselves in time. They are from Greece, Italy, Palestine, and the Canary Islands, the remotest sections of the earth, and each has its own interest, historical as well as botanical. Every phase of the subject, too, has its attractions, from the rude preparation of a few hundred gallons each for their own use by the Italians and Portuguese to the manufacture of American champagne on a great scale by the Hungarian, Arpad Haraszthy, at San Francisco. The pure American families have not yet acquired the habit of looking upon wine as a necessity.



THE CHINESE FISHING QUARTER, MONTEREY.



CHINESE FISH-DRYING HOUSE, MONTEREY.

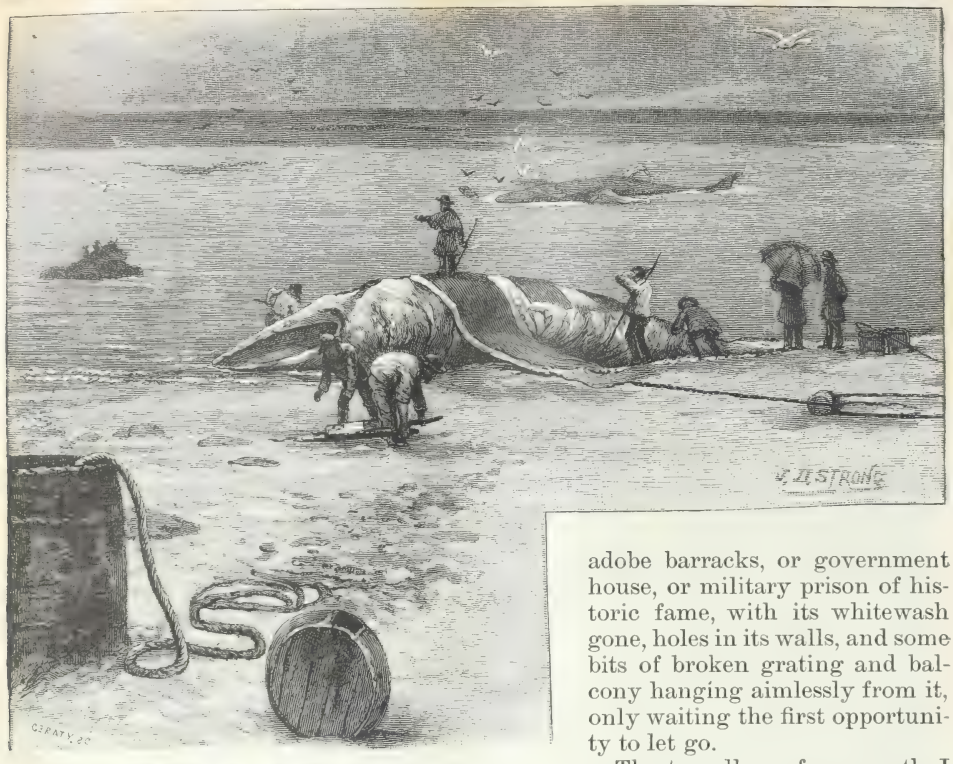
But with so much attention for the present to an alluring theme, we leave it to drive along the dry, shallow bed of the Guadalupe River to the Guadalupe Quicksilver Mine, a more remote and less visited companion of the New Almaden. The mine is in a lovely little vale, with a settlement of Mexican and Chinese boarding-houses clustered around it, some bold ledges of rock jutting out, and the superintendent's house surrounded with flowers hanging on the hill-side. Above the works a weird-looking flume conveys the sulphurous acid from the calcining furnaces to a hill-top, upon which its poison blasts every trace of vegetation.

Then we make a little tour by rail further southward through the immense "Murphy" and "Miller and Lux" ranches, a grain country as flat as a floor. We turn west through the fertile little Pajaro Valley, whose emporium, both for produce and the fine redwood lumber, cut in great quantities on the adjoining Santa Cruz Mountains, is the thriving town of Watsonville. We run along the rugged coast, past the wooded gorges and white sea-side cottages of Aptos and Soquel, to Santa Cruz. Santa Cruz has bold variations of level, new and commonplace buildings, a noble drive along cliffs eaten into a hundred fantastic caverns by the waves, shops for the sale of shells, and plenty of summer boarders, a part of whom are now turned winter boarders. Thence we come down finally to the old Spanish capital of Monterey.

Here at last is something to commend from the point of view of the picturesque, without mental reservation. Monterey has a population which still, in considerable part, speaks Spanish only, and retains the impress of the Spanish domination, and little else. When one is told in his own country that anybody with whom he is about to have dealings "does not speak English," he infers naturally that it is brokenly, or only a little. But at Monterey it means absolutely not a word. There are Spanish signs on the shops, and Spanish advertisements, as the *Wheeler & Wilson Maquinas á Coser*, on the fences.

"*Las rosas son muy secas*" (the roses are very dry), says the Señorita Cualquiera, apologetically, as we enter her little garden, laid out in numerous equal parallelograms, behind an adobe wall topped with red tiles. We have come to call, and to admire, though they are falling to pieces in the wind, the large yellow and red roses, and her long low white adobe house.

She is one of those who speak no English. It seems as if it were some willful perversity, after all these years (since 1846) of having been a part of the most bustling State of the most active country in the



PORTUGUESE WHALE-MEN AT MONTEREY.

world. It seems as if it must be due to some lingering hatred of the American invader. But the señorita is far too gentle and friendly in her manners to be suspected of that. Whatever the reason be, if there be any beyond the mental apathy through which the Mexican survivors have suffered all their property interests as well to go by the board, it is not hatred.

The señorita is a little thin old lady of fifty now, who had a romance with an American officer, so it is said, thirty years ago. The roses are indeed very dry at Monterey.

As seen from a distance, scattered loose and white on the forest-crested slope of the fine crescent-shaped bay of Monterey, the little city, which has now perhaps two thousand inhabitants, hardly shows at once its real dissimilarity to other places. But when entered it is found to consist almost exclusively of whitewashed adobe houses, and straggling mud-colored adobe walls, forming inclosures, known as "corrals," for animals and the like. Plenty of them are abandoned; and at frequent intervals is encountered some abandoned old adobe barracks, or government house, or military prison of historic fame, with its whitewash gone, holes in its walls, and some bits of broken grating and balcony hanging aimlessly from it, only waiting the first opportunity to let go.

The travellers of my youth, I recollect, had a fashion of talking glibly of adobe, without ever explaining what adobe is. Let me not be guilty any longer of the same fault. Adobe is a building material used in the same manner as brick. One adobe is about twice the size of an ordinary brick. It is brick, only dried in the sun, and not baked. Walls are made of great thickness of it in order that, even though the outside and inside crumble off, there may be a good deal left. Like a number of other things, it stands very well while it is not assailed; and in this climate it is supposed, with reason, that it will rarely be assailed by any violent extremes of temperature.

The typical adobe house of the best class is stuccoed and whitewashed, large on the ground, two stories in height, with verandas. Again it is of but one story, and has an interior court-yard. It has green doors and shutters, and green turned posts in what we should now call the Queen Anne style, and is a comfortable and home-like edifice to look at. One of them —whither I was taken to see the first piano ever introduced into California, and to call upon a lady whose husband had



THE DAY OF SAN CARLOS.

made haste to sell out his all at San Francisco and invest it here, in order to reap the prosperity thought to be waiting upon Monterey at an early date—has two old iron guns planted as posts at the corners. In front of others are walks neatly made of the vertebræ of whales. The whales are taken by the Monterey Whaling Company, a band of hardy, weather-beaten men, chiefly Portuguese from the Azores. They have a lookout station on the hill under the ruined fort, a barracks lower down, and pursue their avocation from the shore in boats, with plenty of adventure and no small profit.

Monterey, which is now not even a county seat, was the Spanish capital of the province from the time it was first thought necessary to have a capital, after the landing here of the missionary father Junipero Serra in the year 1770. It was next a Mexican capital under eleven successive governors. Then it became the American capital, the first port of entry, the scene of the first Constitutional Convention of the State, and an outfitting point for the southern mines. Money in those early days was so plenty, as I have heard tell, that store-keepers hardly stopped to count it, but threw it under the counter by the bushel-basketful. A secret belief in some ultimate revival and recovery of prestige seems always to have survived in certain quarters, corresponding, as it were, to that of the re-appearance of Barbarossa from the Kylfhäuser Berg, or the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. Breakwaters are ambitiously talked of, to make the bay a harbor, and the town a shipping point and a rival of San Francisco.

The only step toward such revival as yet, however, has been the establishment of a great hotel, which will probably make it, instead of Santa Cruz, across the bay, the leading sea-side resort of the Pacific coast. Though not so grandiose a direction, this is really the one for the present in which the peculiar conditions of the old capital are most likely to tell. The summer boarder can revel among its historic remains and traditions of greatness when they are good for nothing else. The Hotel del Monte is a beautiful edifice, not surpassed in its kind at any American watering-place, and not equalled, I think, at any of them in its charming groves of live-oaks and pines, the profusion of cul-

tivated flowers by which it is surrounded, and the air of comfort existing at the same time with its elegant arrangements. That is the way with our friends of the Pacific coast. If they do not always stop in their zeal to follow Eastern ideas and patterns, when they really do attempt something in the same line, they are more likely than not to surpass us.

The local climate at Monterey, according to statistical tables, is remarkably even. The mean temperature is 52° in January and 58° in July. This strikes one as rather cool for bathing, but the present mode is to bathe in the tanks of a large bath-house, to which sea-water is introduced artificially warmed, instead of in the sea itself. In other respects the place seems nearly as desirable a resort at one time of the year as another. The quaint town is always here; so are the wild rocks with their gossiping families of gulls and pelicans, and the romantic drives through extensive forests of pine and cypress. There are varieties of these two trees—the latter of which is like the Italian stone-pine—peculiar to Monterey alone. They are hoary with age and hanging moss. They are contorted into all the fantastic shapes imagined in Doré's illustrations to the "Inferno," and they stand by the most savage points of rock, where the breakers toss up handfuls of white spray to them, forty feet in the air, as if in amity and greeting.

Along the beach at this remote point of the great Pacific Ocean is a lonely Chinese settlement. The veritable Celestials, with hardly a word of English among them, paste crimson papers of hieroglyphics on their shanty residences, burn tapers before their gods, and fish for a living in such junks and small boats as are seen at Hong-Kong and Canton. They prepare, too, the avallonia meat and avallonia shells for their home market. We shall find that the Chinese element, which one had thought of as confined to San Francisco, constitutes a feature of exceeding quaintness and picturesqueness throughout all of Southern California as well.

At Monterey, too, one sees his first old mission of the delightfully ruinous sort. It is in the little Carmel Valley, bare and brown again, after the great woods are passed, and four miles from the town. The mission fathers once had 90,000 cattle, and everything else to correspond, on the mission they founded here among the Indians. There are now only some vestiges, resembling earth-works, of their extensive adobe walls, and on a rise overlooking the sea the yellowish, low, Spanish rococo church of San Carlos.

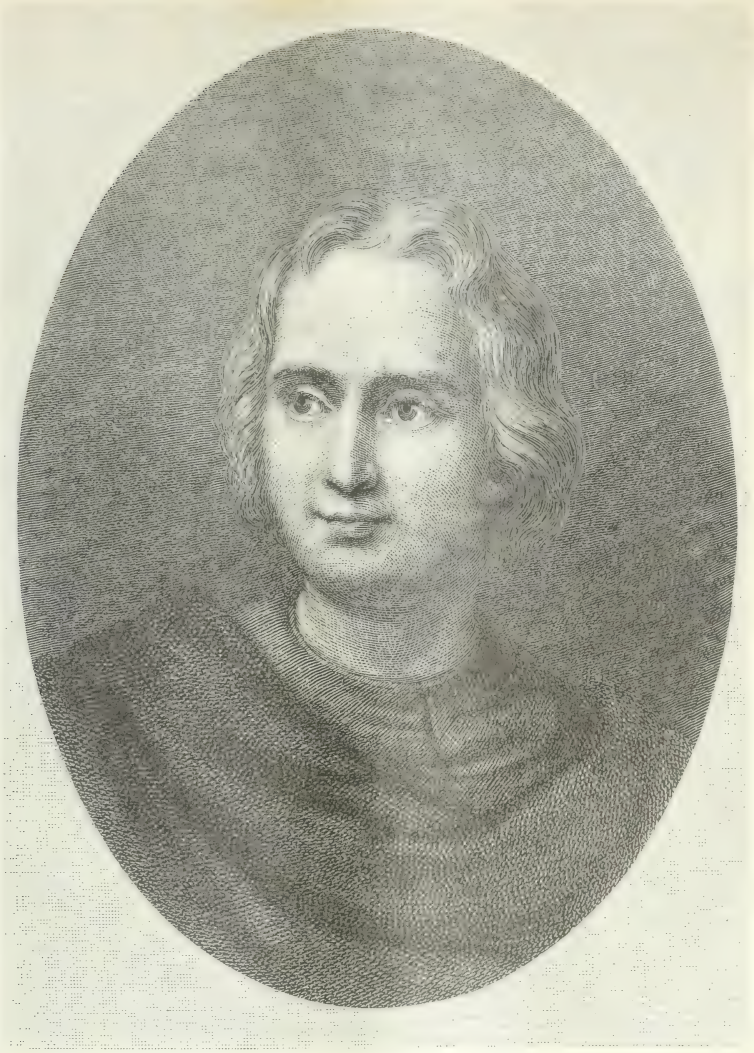
The design and proportions of the edifice are good, as is almost invariably the case as to style, but the workmanship is curiously rude, and speaks of the disadvantages under which it was built. A dome of concrete on the bell tower has one half bulged more than the other. A star window in the front has points of many sizes. The interior does not yield, as a picture of sentimental ruin, to Muckross Abbey, or any broken temple of the Roman Campagna. The roof, open now to the sky, with grasses and wild mustard growing against it out of the crevices, was originally made of stone arches, supplemented with timber-work tied together with rawhides. The whole body of the church—pilasters, capitals, frieze, and all—forms part of a curve springing from the floor, a peculiarity I have never elsewhere remarked. There are grasses growing within, sculptured stones tumbled down, vestiges of a tile pavement, tombs, bits of fresco, and over all the autograph scribblings in pencil of a myriad of A. B. Smiths and J. B. Joneses, who have been here as visitors, like ourselves.

Once a year, on St. Charles's Day, which comes in early November, a memorial service is held here, which is attended by all the shabby Spanish-Indian life remaining in the country round about. The place is a unique spectacle, full of incitement to reflection. Nothing is more conducive to a gentle pensiveness of the pleasant sort than to lie within this ruined inclosure, and listen to the splash of the sea on the shore.

CHANGING SKIES.

Upon the noontide's perfect blue
There sleeps a perfect cloud;
The lily's faultless form is hid
Within her leafy shroud.

Now droops the cloud his silver wing,
Now fades the perfect blue;
The lily's form betrays a fault,
For lovers prove untrue.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the American minister at the court of Turin was conversing with a young Italian of high rank from the island of Sardinia, who had come to Turin for education. This young man remarked to the American minister, Mr. Kinney, that he had lately heard about a great Spanish or Italian navigator who had sailed westward from Spain, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, with the hope of making discoveries. Did Mr. Kinney know what had become of that adventurer; had he been heard of again, and if so, what had he accomplished? This, it seemed, was all that was known in Sardinia respecting the fame and deeds of Columbus. The world at large is a little better off, and at least knows what Columbus found. But whether he really first found it, and is entitled to the name of discoverer, has of late been treated as an unsettled question. He long since lost the opportunity of giving his name to the new continent; there have been hot disputes as to whether he really first reached it. Who knows but that the

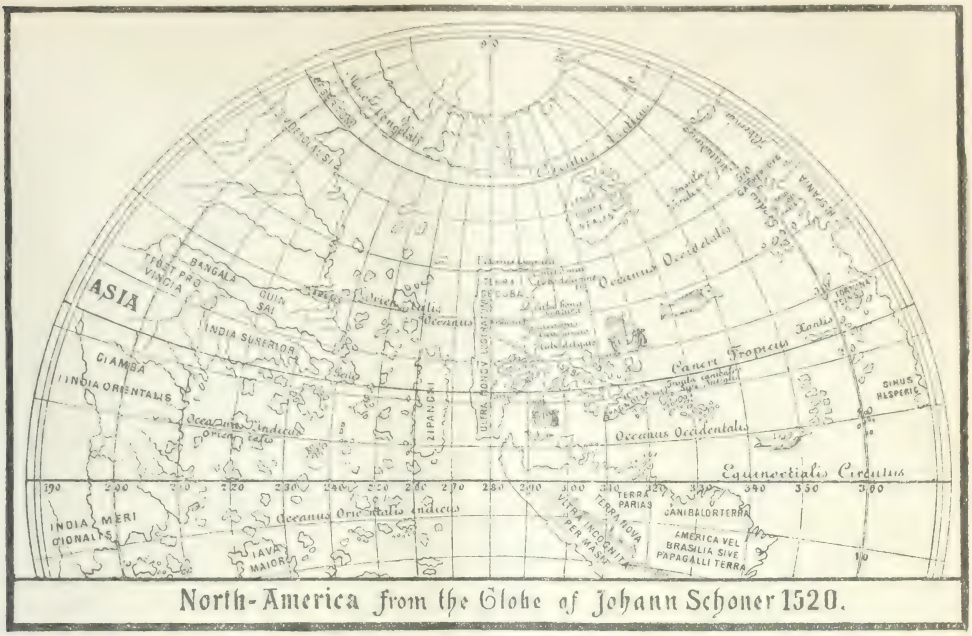
world will end by doubting if there ever was such a person as Columbus at all?

What does discovery mean? in what does it consist? If the Vikings had already visited the American shore, could it be rediscovered? Was it not easy for Columbus to visit Iceland, to hear the legends of the Vikings, and to follow in their path? These are questions that have lately been often asked. The answer is that Columbus probably visited Iceland, possibly heard the Viking legends, but certainly did not follow in the path they indicated. To follow them would have been to make a series of successive voyages, as they did, each a sort of coasting trip, from Norway to Iceland, from Iceland to Greenland, from Greenland to Vinland. To follow them would have been to steer north-northwest from Spain, whereas his glory lies in the fact that he sailed due west into the open sea, and found America. His will begins, "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity who inspired me with the idea, and afterward confirmed me in it, that by traversing the ocean *westwardly*," etc. Thus accurately did he state his own title to fame. So far as climate and weather were concerned, he actually incurred less risk than the Northmen; but when we consider that he sailed directly out across an unknown ocean on the faith of a theory, his deed was incomparably greater.

There is one strong reason for believing that Columbus knew but vaguely of their voyage, or did not know of it at all, or did not connect the Vinland they found with the India he sought. This is the fact, that he never, so far as we know, used their success as an argument in trying to persuade other people. For eight years, by his own statement, he was endeavoring to convert men to his project. "For eight years," he says, "I was torn with disputes, and my project was matter of mockery" (*cosa de burla*). During this time he never made one convert among those best qualified, either through theory or practice, to form an opinion—"not a pilot, nor a sailor, nor a philosopher, nor any kind of scientific man," he says, "put any faith in it." Now these were precisely the men whom the story of Vinland, if he had been able to quote it, would have convinced. The fact that they were not convinced shows that they were not told the story; and if Columbus did not tell it, the reason must have been either that he did not know it, or did not attach much weight to it. He would have told it if only to shorten his own labor in argument; for in converting practical men an ounce of Vinland would have been worth a pound of cosmography. Certainly he knew how to deal with individual minds, and he could well adapt his arguments to each one. The way in which he managed his sailors on his voyage shows that he sought all sorts of means to command confidence. He would have treated his hearers to all the tales in the sagas if that would have helped the matter; the Skraellings and the unipeds, or one-legged men of the Norse legends, would have been discussed by many a Genoese or Portuguese fireside; and Columbus might never have needed to trouble Ferdinand and Isabella with his tale. We may safely assume that if he knew the traditions about Vinland, they made no great impression on his mind.

Why should they have made much impression? The Northmen themselves had had five hundred years to forget Vinland, and had employed the time pretty effectually for that purpose. None of them had continued to go there. As it met the ears of Columbus, Vinland may have seemed but one more island in the northern seas, and very remote indeed from that gorgeous India which Marco Polo had described, and which was the subject of so many dreams. More than all, Columbus was a man of abstract thought, whose nature it was to proceed upon theories, and he fortified himself with the traditions of philosophers, authorities of whom the Northmen had never heard. That one saying of the cosmographer Aliaco, quoting Aristotle, had more weight with one like Columbus than a ship's crew of Vikings would have had: "Aristotle holds that there is but a narrow sea [*parvum mare*] between the western points of Spain and the eastern border of India." Ferdinand Columbus tells us how much influence that sentence had with his father; but we should have known it at any rate.

When he finally set sail (August 3, 1492), it was with the distinct knowledge that he should have a hard time of it unless Aristotle's "narrow sea" proved very narrow indeed. Instead of extending his knowledge to the sailors and to the young adventurers who sailed with him, he must keep them in the dark, must mislead them about the variations of the magnetic needle, and must keep a double log-book of his daily progress, putting down the act-



A CHART OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

ual distance sailed, and then a smaller distance to tell the men, in order to prevent them from being more homesick than the day before. It was hard enough, at any rate. The sea into which they sailed was known as the Sea of Darkness —*Mare Tenebrosum*, the *Bahr-al-Zulmat* of the Arabians. It had been described by an Arab geographer a century before as "a vast and boundless ocean, on which ships dare not venture out of sight of land, for even if they knew the direction of the winds, they would not know whither those winds would carry them, and as there is no inhabited country beyond, they would run great risk of being lost in mist and vapor." We must remember that it was a period when the telescope and quadrant were not yet invented, and the Copernican system was undiscovered. It was a time when the compass itself was so imperfectly known that its variations were not recognized; when Mercator's system of charts, now held so essential to the use even of the compass, were not devised. The instrument was of itself an object of dread among the ignorant, as being connected with enchantment. One of its Spanish names, *bruxula*, was derived from *bruxo*, a sorcerer.

No one knew the exact shape of the earth; Columbus believed in his third voyage that it was pear-shaped. Somewhere near the stalk of the pear, he thought, was the Earthly Paradise; somewhere else there was Chaos or Erebus. In sailing over those waters, no one knew what a day might bring forth. Above them, it was thought by some, hovered the gigantic bird known as the roc—familiar to the readers of *Sindbad the Sailor*—which was large enough to grasp a ship with all its crew and fly away with it into upper air. Columbus himself described three mermaids, and reported men with tails, men with dogs' heads, and one-eyed men. In the history of Peter Martyr, one of those who first recorded the discoveries of Columbus, the innocent cetacean called the manatee became a half-mythological monster covered with knobbed scales, and with a head like an ox; it could carry a dozen men on its back, and was kind and gentle to all but Christians, to whom it had an especial aversion. Philoponus has delineated the manatee, and De Bry has pictured the imaginary beings that Columbus saw.

The old maps peopled the ocean depths with yet more frightful and mysterious figures; and the Arab geographers, prohibited by their religion from portraying animals real or imaginary, supplied their

place by images even more terrific, as that of the black and clinched hand of Satan rising above the waves in the guise of an overhanging rock, and ready to grasp the daring sailors who profaned the Sea of Darkness with their presence. When we think how superstition, gradually retiring from the world, still keeps its grasp upon the sailors of to-day, we can imagine how it must have ruled the ignorant seamen of Columbus. The thoughtful, lonely ways of their admiral made him only an object of terror; they yielded to him with wonderful submission, but it was the homage of fear. The terror reached its climax when they entered the vast "Sargasso Sea," a region of Gulf-weed—a tract of ocean as large as France, Humboldt says—through which they sailed. Here at last, they thought, was the home of all the monsters depicted in the charts, who might at any moment rear their distorted forms from the snaky sea-weed,

"Like demons' endlong tresses, they sailed through."

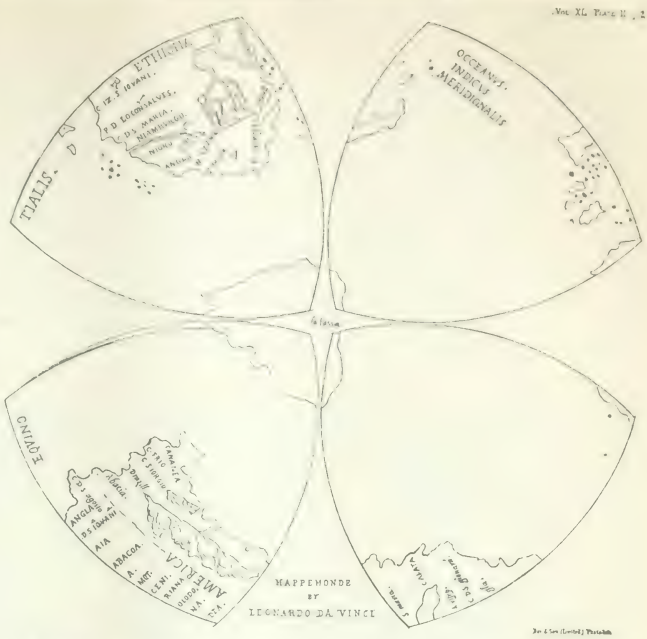
At the very best, they said, it was an inundated land (*tierras anegadas*)—probably the fabled sunken island Atlantis, of which they had heard; whose slime, tradition said, made it impossible to explore that sea, and on whose submerged shallows they might at any time be hopelessly swamped or entangled. "Are there no graves at home," they asked each other, according to Herrera, "that we should be brought here to die?" The trade-winds, afterward called by the friars "winds of mercy," because they aided in the discovery of the New World, were only winds of despair to the sailors. They believed that the ships were sailing down an inclined slope, and that to return would be impossible, since it blew always from home. There was little to do in the way of trimming sails, for they sailed almost on a parallel of latitude from the Canaries to the Bahamas. Their severest labor was in pumping out the leaky ships. The young adventurers remained listlessly on deck, or played the then fashionable game of *primero*, and heard incredulously the daily reports told by Columbus of the rate of sailing. They would have been still more incredulous had they known the truth. "They sighed and wept," Herrera says, "and every hour seemed like a year."

The same Spanish annalist compares Columbus to St. Christopher in the legend bearing the infant Christ across the stream on his shoulders; and the explorer was often painted in that character in those days. But the weight that Columbus had to bear up was a wearisome and unworthy load. Sometimes they plotted to throw him overboard by a manœuvre (*con disimulacion*, Herrera says), intending to say that he fell in while star-gazing. But he, according to Peter Martyr, dealt with them now by winning words, now by encouraging their hopes (*blandis modo verbis, amplâ spe modo*). If they thought they saw land, he encouraged them to sing an anthem; when it proved to be but cloud, he held out the hope of land to-morrow. They had sailed August 3, 1492, and when they had been out two months (October 3), he refused to beat about in search of land, though he thought they were near it, but he would press straight through to the Indies. Sometimes there came a contrary wind, and Columbus was cheered by it, for it would convince his men that the wind did not always blow one way, and that by patient waiting they could yet return to Spain.

As the days went on, the signs of land increased, but very slowly. When we think of the intense impatience of the passengers on an ocean steamer after they have been ten long days on the water, even though they know precisely where they are, and where they are going, and that they are driven by mechanical forces stronger than winds or waves, we can imagine something of the feelings of Columbus and his crew as the third month wore on. Still there was no sign of hope but a pelican to-day and a crab to-morrow; or a drizzling rain without wind—a combination which was supposed to indicate nearness to the land. There has scarcely been a moment in the history of the race more full of solemn consequences than that evening hour when, after finding a carved stick and a hawthorn branch, Columbus watched from the deck in the momentary expectation of some glimpse of land. The first shore light is a signal of success and triumph to sailors who cross the Atlantic every three weeks. What then was it to the patient commander who was looking for the first gleam from an unknown world?

The picturesque old tale can never be told in better words than those in which the chronicler Herrera narrates it: "And Christopher Columbus, being now sure that he was not far off, as the night came

on, after singing the 'Salve Regina,' as is usual with mariners, addressed them all and said that, since God had given them grace to make so long a voyage in safety, and since the signs of land were becoming steadily more frequent, he would beg them to keep watch all night. And they knew well that the first chapter of the orders that he had issued to them on leaving Castile provided that after sailing seven hundred leagues without making land, they should only sail thenceforth from the following midnight to the next day; and that they should pass that time in prayer, because he trusted in God that during that night they should discover land. And that besides the ten thousand maravedis that their Highnesses had promised to him who should make the first discovery, he would give, for his part, a velvet jerkin."



DA VINCI'S MAPPEMONDE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.)

It seems like putting some confusion into men's minds to set them thinking at one and the same time of a new world and a velvet jerkin; but, after all, the prize was never awarded, for Columbus himself was the victor. The vessels of those days had often a high structure like a castle at bow and stern — whence our word forecastle for the forward part of the ship—and we can fancy the sailors and young adventurers watching from one of these, while Columbus watched from the other. The admiral had the sharpest eyes or the highest outlook, and that night he saw a light which seemed to move on the dim horizon. He called to him Pedro Gutierrez, who saw it at once; he called Roderigo Sanchez, who could not see it for some time; but at last all three perceived it beyond doubt. "It appeared like a candle that was raised and lowered. The admiral did not doubt its being a real light or its being on land; and so it was: it was borne by people who were going from one cottage to another." "He saw that light in the midst of darkness," adds the devout Herrera, "which symbolized the spirit and light which were to be introduced among these savages." This sight was seen at about ten o'clock in the evening; and at two o'clock in the morning land was actually seen from the *Pinta*, the foremost vessel, by a sailor, Rodrigo de Triana, who, poor fellow, never got the promised reward; and, as tradition says, went to Africa and became a Mohammedan in despair.

The landing of Columbus has been commemorated by the fine design of Turner, engraved in Rogers's poems. Columbus wore complete armor, with crimson over it, and carried in his hand the Spanish flag, with its ominous hues of gold and blood; his captains bore each a banner with a green cross, and the initials F. and Y. for "Ferdinand" and "Ysabel," surmounted by their respective crowns. They fell upon their knees; they chanted the "Te Deum," and then with due legal formalities took possession of the island in behalf of the Spanish sovereigns. It was the island Guanahani, which Columbus rechristened San Salvador, but whose precise identity has always been a little doubtful. Navarrete identified it with Turk's Island; Humboldt and Irving, with Cat Island; Captain Beecner, or the English Hydrographic Office, wrote a book to prove that

it was Gatling Island; and Captain Gustavus Vasa Fox believes it to have been Acklin's Key. It is a curious fact that the island which made the New World a certainty should itself remain uncertain of identification for four hundred years.

With the glory and beauty of that entrance of European civilization on the American continent there came also the shame. Columbus saw and described the innocent happiness of the natives. They were no wild savages, no cruel barbarians. They had good faces, he says; they neither carried nor understood weapons, not even swords; they were generous and courteous; "very gentle, without knowing what evil is, without killing, without stealing" (*muy mansos, y sin saber que sea mal, ni matar á otros, ni prender*). They were poor, but their houses were clean; and they had in them certain statues in female form, and certain heads in the shape of masks well executed. "I do not know," he says, in Navarrete's account, "whether these are employed for adornment or worship" (*per hermosura ó adoran*). The remains of Aztec and Maya civilization seem less exceptional, when we find among these first-seen aborigines the traces of a feeling for art.

Columbus seems to have begun with that peculiar mixture of kindness and contempt which the best among civilized men are apt to show toward savages. "Because," he said, "they showed much kindliness for us, and because I knew that they would be more easily made Christians through love than fear, I gave to some of them some colored caps and some strings of glass beads for their necks, and many other trifles, with which they were delighted, and were so entirely ours that it was a marvel to see." There is a certain disproportion here between the motive and the action. These innocent savages gave him a new world for Castile and Leon, and he gave them some glass beads and little red caps. If this had been the worst of the bargain it would have been no great matter. The tragedy begins when we find this same high-minded admiral writing home to their Spanish Majesties in his very first letter that he shall be able to supply them with all the gold they need, with spices, cotton, mastic, aloes, rhubarb, cinnamon, and slaves; "slaves, as many of these idolators as their Highnesses shall command to be shipped" (*esclavos quanto mandaran cargar y seran de los ydolatres*). Thus ended the visions of those simple natives who, when the Europeans first arrived, had run from house to house, crying aloud, "Come, come and see the people from heaven" (*la gente del cielo*). Some of them lived to suspect that the bearded visitors had quite a different origin.

But Columbus shared the cruel prejudices of his age; he only rose above its ignorance. That was a fine answer made by him when asked, in the council called by King Ferdinand, how he knew for certain that the limit of the Atlantic in the West was formed by the coasts of Asia. "If indeed," said he, "the Atlantic has other limits in that direction than the lands of Asia, it is no less necessary that they should be discovered, and I will discover them." He probably died without the knowledge that he had found a new continent, but this answer shows the true spirit of the great captain. Columbus has been the subject of much discussion. He has been glorified into something like sainthood by such Roman Catholic eulogists as Roselly de Lorges, and has been attacked with merciless vituperation by such writers as Goodrich; but time does not easily dim the essential greatness of the man. Through him the Old and New worlds were linked together for good or for evil, and once united, they never could be separated.

There was another Spanish voyager whose name will always be closely joined with that of Columbus, and who is still regarded by many persons as having unjustly defrauded his greater predecessor, inasmuch as it was he, not Columbus, who gave his name to the New World. Unlike Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci was never imprisoned, enchained, or impoverished, and was thus perhaps the happier of the two during his life, though Columbus himself wrote of him: "Fortune has been adverse to him as she has to many others." Since his death his fate has been reversed, and he has suffered far more than Columbus at the hands of posterity. The very fact that his name was applied to the American continent caused many to regard him as but a base and malignant man. It was believed, moreover, down to the time when Irving wrote, that Vespucci's alleged voyage of 1497 was a fabrication, and that he did not really reach the mainland of South America until

1499, whereas Columbus reached it the year before. But the elaborate works of Varnhagen have changed the opinion of scholars on this point, and it is now believed that Vespucci reached the Southern half of the continent in the same year when Cabot first reached the Northern. If this be so, it turns out not to be quite so unjust, after all, that his name should have been given to the continent, for he really was the first to attain and describe it definitely, although it may justly be said that after Columbus had reached the outlying islands, all else was but a question of time.



THE LANDING AT GUANAHANI.

The works of Varnhagen, published partly at Lima and partly at Vienna and Paris, are costly and elaborate; they include the minutest investigations as to the text of all the letters, proved or reported, of Vespucci, and the most careful investigation of all internal evidence bearing on the authenticity of those documents. His conclusion is that Vespucci's first voyage was made in 1497–8, as he claimed; that he reached Honduras, and coasted all along the shores of Yucatan, of the Gulf of Mexico, and of Florida, thus proving Cuba to be an island, when Columbus still held it to be part of the mainland; and that he had reached Cape Canaveral before he quitted the shores and set sail for Portugal. The land which he discovered he called "The Land of the Holy Cross," and he believed it to be a promontory of Asia.

His discoveries attracted much attention in Germany, and it was a geographer named Waldsee-Müller who first printed, in 1507, one of his letters at the little town of St. Dié, in Lorraine. This same author, believing the "Land of the Holy Cross" to be a new quarter of the globe discovered by Vespucci (*alia quarta pars per Americanum Vespucium . . . . inventa*), suggested, in a book called *Cosmographiæ Introductio*, and published in 1507, the year after the death of Columbus, that the name of America would match well with Europe and Asia, which had also women's names (*Amerigen quasi Americi terram sive Americam dicendam cum et Europa et Asia a mulieribus sua sortita sint nomina*). It is curious to read this sentence in the quaint clear type of that little book, copies of which may be found in the Harvard College library, and in other American collections, and to think that every corner

of this vast double continent now owes its name to what was perhaps a random suggestion of one obscure German! The use of the title spread after this first suggestion, and apparently because it pleased the public ear; but no two geographers agreed as to the shape of the land it represented. Indeed, Waldsee-Müller, a man who was not content with one hard name for himself, but must needs have two—being called in Latin Hylacomylus—seems not to have been quite sure what name the newly discovered lands should have, after all. Six years after he had suggested the name America, he printed (in 1513) for an edition of Ptolemy a chart called "Tabula Terre Nove," on which the name of America does not appear, but there is represented a southern continent called "Terra Incognita," with an express inscription saying that it was discovered by Columbus. This shows in what an uncertain way the baptism was given. The earliest manuscript map yet known to bear the name "America" is in a collection of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci now preserved in England, this being probably made in 1513–14. It was published in the London *Archæologia*, and a portion of it is here reproduced. The earliest engraved map bearing the name was made at Vienna in 1520. The globe of Johann Schoner, also made in 1520, and still preserved at Nuremberg, calls what is now Brazil, "America sive [or] Brazilia," thus doubtfully recognizing the new name, and it gives what is now known to be the northern half of the continent as a separate island under the name of Cuba. It was many years before the whole was correctly figured and comprehended under one name. Every geographer of those days distributed the supposed islands or continents of the New World as if he had thrown them from a dice-box; and the royal personages who received their gold and slaves generally cared very little to know the particulars about them. The young, the ardent, and the reckless sought them as new scenes for adventure; but their vague and barbarous wonders seemed to princes and statesmen very secondary matters compared with their own intrigues, and treaties, and royal marriages, and endless wars. Vespucci himself may not have known when his name was first used for the baptism of his supposed discoveries. He was evidently one of those who have more greatness thrust upon them than they have ever claimed for themselves.

Another of the great Spanish explorers was one who left Hispaniola, it is said, to avoid his creditors, and then left the world his debtor in Darien. Vasco Nuñez de Balboa deserves to be remembered as one who at least tried to govern the Indians with humanity; yet even he could not resist putting them to the torture, by his own confession (*dando á unos tormento*), in order to discover gold. But he will be better remembered as the first civilized discoverer of the ocean that covers one-half the surface of the globe. Going forty leagues from Darien to visit an Indian chief named Comogre, the Spaniards received a sumptuous present of gold, and as they were quarrelling about it, the eldest son of the chief grew indignant at what he thought their childishness. Dashing the scales, gold and all, to the ground, he told them that he could show them a country rich enough in gold to satisfy all their greediness; that it lay by a sea on which there were ships almost as large as theirs, and that he could guide them thither if they had the courage. "Our captains," says Peter Martyr, "marvelling at the oration of this naked young man, pondered in their minds, and earnestly considered these things."

At a later time Balboa not only considered, but acted, and with one hundred and ninety Spaniards, besides slaves and hounds, he fought his way through forests and over mountains southward. Coming near the mountain-top whence he should, as the Indians assured him, behold the sea, he bade his men sit upon the ground, that he alone might see it first. Then he looked upon it.

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Before him rolled "the Sea of the South" as it was then called (*la Mar del Sur*), it lying southward of the isthmus where he stood—as any map will show—and its vast northern sweep not yet being known. This was on St. Martin's Day, September 26, 1513. On his knees Balboa thanked God for the glory of that moment: then called his men, and after they also had given thanks, he addressed them, reminding them of what the naked prince had said, and pointing out that as the promise of the southern sea had been fulfilled, so might also that of the kingdom of gold—as it was, indeed, fulfilled long after in the discovery of Peru by Pizarro, who was one of



THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.—[FROM DE BRY.]

his companions. Then they sang the "Te Deum Laudamus," and a notary drew up a list of all those who were present, sixty-seven in all, that it might be known who had joined in the great achievement. Then he took formal possession of the sea and all that was in it in behalf of Spain; he cut down trees, made crosses, and carved upon the tree trunks the names of Spanish kings. Descending to the sea with his men, he entered it, with his sword on, and standing up to his thighs in the water, declared that he would defend it against all comers as a possession of the throne of Spain. Meanwhile some of his men found two Indian canoes, and for the first time floated on that unknown sea. To Balboa and his companions it was but a new avenue of conquest; and Peter Martyr compares him to Hannibal showing Italy to his soldiers (*ingentes opes sociis pollicetur*). But to us, who think of what that movement was, it has a grandeur only second to the moment when Columbus saw the light upon the shore. Columbus discovered what he thought was India, but Balboa proved that half the width of the globe still separated him from India. Columbus discovered a new land, but Balboa a new sea. Seven years later (1520), Magellan also reached it by sailing southward and doubling Cape Horn, giving to the great ocean the name of Pacific, from the serene weather which met him on his voyage.

I must not omit to mention one who was the first European visitor of Florida, except as Vespucci and others had traced the outline of its shores. Yet Ponce de Leon made himself immortal, not, like Columbus, by what he dreamed and discovered, but by what he dreamed and never found. Even to have gone in search of the Fountain of Youth was an event that so arrested the human imagination as to have thrown a sort of halo around a man who certainly never reached that goal. The story was first heard among the Indians of Cuba and Hispaniola that on the island of Bimini, one of the Lucayos, there was a fountain in which aged men by bathing could renew their youth. The old English translation of Peter Martyr describes this island as one "in the which there is a continual spring of running water of such marvellous virtue that, the water thereof being drunk, perhaps with some diet, maketh old men young."

Others added that on a neighboring shore there was a river of the same magical powers—a river believed by many to be the Jordan. With these visions in his



PONCE DE LEON.

mind, Ponce de Leon, sailing in command of three brigantines from Porto Rico, where he had been Governor, touched the mainland, in the year 1512, without knowing that he had arrived at it. First seeing it on Easter-Sunday—a day which the Spaniards called Pascua Florida, or "Flowery Easter"—he gave this name to the newly discovered shore. He fancied it to be an island, whose luxuriant beauty seemed to merit this glowing name—the Indian name having been Cantio. He explored its coast, landed near what is now called St. Augustine, then returned home, and on the way delegated one of his captains, Juan Perez, to seek the island of Bimini, and to search for the Fountain of Youth upon it. He reached the island, but achieved nothing more.

Long after these days, Herrera tells us, both Indians and Spaniards used to bathe themselves in the rivers and lakes of all that region, hoping to find the enchanted waters. Ponce de Leon once again visited his supposed island, and was mortally wounded by Indians on its shores. He never found the Fountain of Youth, but he found Florida; and to the multitudes who now retreat from the Northern winter to that blossoming region it may seem that his early dreams were not so unfounded after all.

The conquest of Mexico by Cortez revived anew the zeal of Spanish adventure, and a new expedition to Florida was organized, which led ultimately to a new discovery—that of the first land route across the width, though not across the largest width, of North America. Alvar Nuñez, commonly called Cabeza de Vaca, sailed from Spain to Florida, in 1527, as treasurer of an armada, or armed fleet. They probably landed at what is now called Charlotte Harbor, in Florida, where Cabeza de Vaca and others left their ships and went into the interior as far as what is now Alabama. Then they were driven back in confusion, and reached the sea in utter destitution and helplessness. They wished to build ships and to get away; but they had neither knowledge nor tools nor iron nor forge nor tow nor resin nor rigging. Yet they made a bellows out of deer-skins, and saws out of stirrups, resin from pine-trees, sails from their shirts, and ropes from palmetto leaves and from the hair of their horses' tails. Out of the skins of the legs of horses, taken off whole, and tanned, they made bottles to carry water. At last they made three boats, living on horse-meat till they were done. Then they set sail, were shipwrecked again and again, went through all sorts of sorrows, lived on half a handful of raw maize a day for each person, and were so exhausted that at one time all but Cabeza de Vaca became unconscious, and were restored to life by being thrown into the water on the capsizing of the boat—a tale which, it is thought, may have suggested to Coleridge his picture of the dead sailors coming to life in the "Ancient Mariner."

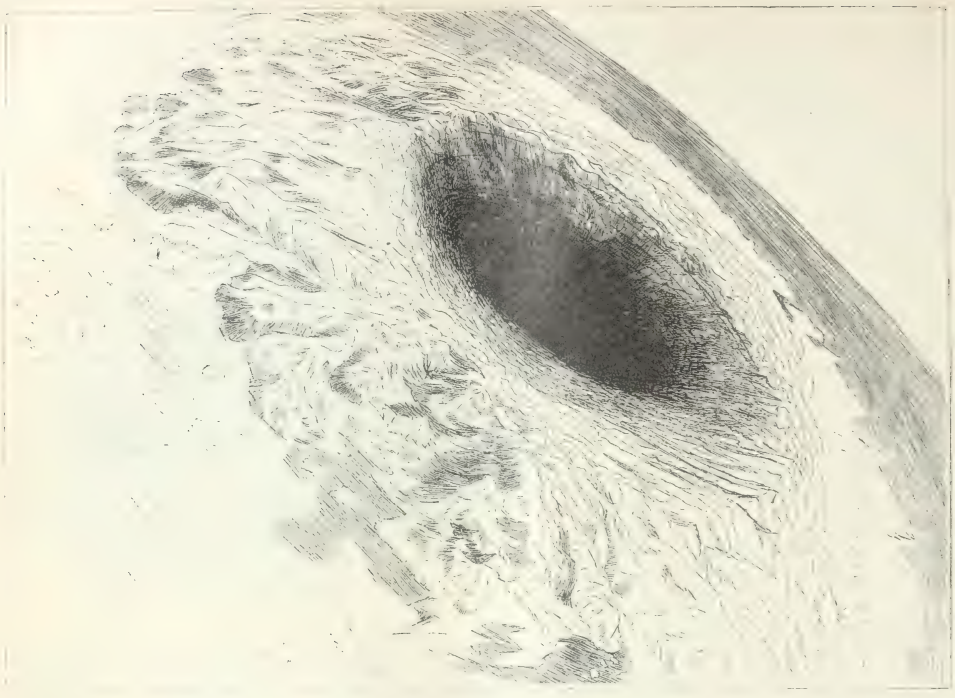
During this voyage of thirty days along the coast they passed a place where a great fresh-water river ran into the sea, and they dipped up fresh water to drink; this has been supposed to be the Mississippi, and this to be its first discovery by white men. Cabeza de Vaca must at any rate have reached the Lower Mississippi before De Soto, and have penetrated the northern part of Mexico before Cortez, for he traversed the continent; and after eight years of wandering, during which he saw many novel wonders, including the buffalo, he found himself with three surviving companions at the Spanish settlements on the Gulf of California, near the river Culiacan. The narrative of Cabeza de Vaca has been trans-

lated in full by Buckingham Smith, and no single account of Spanish adventure combines so many amazing incidents. His pictures of the country traversed are accurate and complete; and he had every conceivable experience with the Indians. He was a slave to tribes which kept white captives in the most abject bondage, and every day put arrows to their breasts by way of threat for the morrow. And he encountered other tribes which brought all their food to the white men to be breathed upon before they ate it; tribes which accompanied their visitors by thousands as a guard of honor in their march through the country; and tribes where the people brought all the goods from their houses, and laid them before the strangers passing by, praying them, as visitors from heaven, to accept their choicest possessions. Yet all these tales are combined with descriptions so minute and occurrences so probable that the main narrative must be accepted for truth, though it is impossible to tell precisely where belief should begin or end.



VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA.

Such were some of the early Spanish discoveries. I pass by the romantic adventures of Cortez and Pizarro; they were not discoveries, but rather conquests, and their conquests lay almost wholly beyond the borders of the region now known as the United States of America. There is nothing more picturesque in the early history of any country than the period of Spanish adventure; nor is there anything sadder than the reverse of the picture, when we consider the wrongs endured by the native population. Tribe was turned against tribe, nation against nation. Vile acts of intrigue, in which an unscrupulous fanatic like Cortez had had long training; treachery the most infamous, and cruelty almost unparalleled in the history of nations—before all these one of the fairest empires of the world dissolved into ruin and final extinction. Those gentle races whom Columbus found so hospitable and so harmless were soon crushed by the invaders, and the more powerful tribes of the mainland fared no better. Weapons, tortures, fire, and even blood-hounds fiercer than wild beasts were used against them. Spanish writers delight to describe the scars and wounds of these powerful animals, some of which were so highly esteemed as to be rated as soldiers under their own names, receiving their full allowance of food as such, the brute being almost as cruel and formidable as a man. For the credit of civilization and Christianity it is to be remembered that the same nation and faith which furnished the persecutors supplied also the defenders and the recorders; and most of what we know of the wrongs of the natives comes through the protests, not always unavailing, of the noble Las Casas. This good bishop unceasingly urged upon the Spanish rulers a policy of mercy. He secured milder laws, and, as bishop, even refused the sacraments at one time to those who reduced the Indians to slavery. But it was soon plain that to carry out this policy would be practically to abolish the sacraments, and so neither Church nor state sustained him. He has left us the imperishable record of the atrocities he could not repress. "With mine own eyes," he says, "I saw kingdoms as full of people as hives are of bees, and now where are they? . . . . Almost all have perished. The innocent blood which they had shed cried out for vengeance; the sighs, the tears, of so many victims went up to God."



SYMMES'S HOLE, AS IT WOULD APPEAR TO A LUNARIAN WITH A TELESCOPE.

OCCASIONAL allusions to what is called Symmes's theory, popularly styled Symmes's Hole, are seen in the press of this country and England. Who Symmes was, and exactly what his theory is, seem to be definitely understood by but few people. The writer is indebted to Mr. Americus Symmes, a son of John Cleves Symmes, the author of the theory, for much interesting information concerning the man and his hypothesis. The son is a farmer, and resides near Louisville, Kentucky. In response to an inquiry he expressed himself at some length concerning the Howgate theory, about which he had read much in the public prints.

"Mr. Howgate's plan," he said, "is to colonize a given number of men, well equipped and provided for, in the highest attainable latitude, and to let them spend the first winter where Captain Hall did, up between 81° and 82° of north latitude, and to then go up to 83° or 84°, and spend another winter, and then up to 85° for another, and thus, by acclimating themselves, gradually approach the region of the pole, even if it took three, four, or five years.

"But if my father's plan was adopted, the riddle of an open polar sea could soon be solved, the pole reached, and Symmes's new world found. My father's plan, as suggested in his petitions to Congress in 1823–4, was to spend a year up North at about 80° north latitude, and there keep an eye to the wild animals that inhabit that region every summer—coming from the north every spring and returning north every fall—and in the fall of the second year follow them in their journey northward into the country where they go to have their young, and whence they come down among the Esquimaux Indians every spring in fine condition, with their young following them. Whither those animals go, man can certainly follow, if he has one year in which to prepare himself. All northern explorers agree that the musk-ox, reindeer, white bear, wolf, foxes, and rabbits, as well as partridges, come from the north in great numbers every spring, and return again in the fall, and if man can follow them, that is, go north with them in the fall, and return with them in the spring, it will only take

two or three years at the most to determine if the pole can be reached, or the new world found to which these animals go. Captain Nares is the first northern explorer who ever reached as far north as he did and failed to find more moderate weather than had been passed at a few lower degrees of latitude, and warmer winds coming from the north.

"The experiences of Ross, Parry, Kane, and Hall all differ from that of Nares, and no doubt if he had remained in the North the second year, as he was prepared and expected to do, he would have experienced the same kind of weather that they did, and the farther north he proceeded, the milder the weather would have been found. Ross experienced warm winds from the north, though not out of the ice. Parry on his third voyage not only met warm winds, but came into a climate so warm that the sun actually melted the tar on the seams of his vessel, and small flies came on board. The ice was so rotten that it would not bear his weight. He was not expecting any such result, as he was ignorant of Symmes's theory, so he turned about and came home. Kane actually found open water, with not a "speck of ice to be seen." Hall found the same, and saw geese, ducks, and in fact all kinds of wading birds in the greatest abundance.

"If Hall had been aware of the Symmes theory, he could have reached the pole, as he was within five or six hundred miles of it. It is now a question of veracity between Nares and former explorers. Another expedition should be sent out as soon as possible to determine whether or not our own fellow-citizens, Kane and Hall, were correct."

John Cleves Symmes, the author of the theory of concentric spheres, was the son of Timothy Symmes, of New Jersey, whose father's name was also Timothy, the son of the Rev. Thomas Symmes, of Bradford, who graduated at Harvard College in 1698. An uncle of John Cleves Symmes, as history states, was the founder of the first settlements in the Miami country.

Symmes when about forty-six years of age is described as follows: "He is of middle stature, and tolerably proportioned, with scarcely anything in his exterior to characterize the secret operations of his mind, except an abstraction which from attentive inspection is found seated on a slightly contracted brow, and the glances of a bright blue eye that often seem fixed on something beyond immediate surrounding objects. His head is round, and his face rather small and oval. His voice is somewhat nasal, and he speaks hesitatingly, and with apparent labor. His manners are plain, and remarkable for native simplicity." During the early part of his life he received what was then considered a common English education, which he improved in after-life by having access to tolerably well selected libraries. In 1802, at the age of about twenty-two years, he entered the army of the United States with the office of ensign, from which he afterward rose to that of captain. He continued in service until after the close of the second war with Great Britain. While attached to the army he is said to have been universally esteemed as a brave soldier and a zealous and faithful officer. He was in the memorable battle of Bridgewater, and was senior captain of his regiment. The company under his immediate command that day discharged seventy rounds of cartridge, and repelled three desperate charges of the bayonet. Afterward, in the sortie from Fort Erie, Captain Symmes with his command captured the enemy's battery No. 2, and with his own hands spiked the cannon it contained. After retiring from service, until his death, Captain Symmes had his residence at Newport, Kentucky. He first published his views in 1818, in St. Louis, Missouri. His theory was at first received with universal ridicule; the French Academy declared it unworthy of serious consideration, and a petition to Congress presented by Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was disregarded. Symmes was held to be little better than a lunatic.

He had two "affairs," one of which actually called him to the field. This was caused by his pulling the nose of Lieutenant Marshall, who had ridiculed him unmercifully, and refused to fight him, saying that Symmes was an ignorant greenhorn. He, however, challenged Symmes, and they fought with pistols at a distance of ten paces. At the word they both fired. Marshall fell, with his leg broken just below the hip joint. Symmes was slightly wounded in the wrist. When he was asked to retire and have his wound dressed, he said, "Not until you go and see if Marshall wants another fire." Of course Marshall did not want another fire. The latter part of Symmes's life was spent

wholly in developing his theory, lecturing, writing, and travelling. He died in May, 1829.

General William Henry Harrison married the sister of John Cleves Symmes, and Mr. Americus tells how the general got his wife. When he asked Judge Symmes for his daughter in marriage, the judge remarked, clearing his throat, and pressing his cane upon the floor after the manner of the comedy papas, "How do you expect to support her?" The general drew himself up proudly, and presenting his sword, said, "With this, sir." The judge answered, "That is not reliable, sir; may be taken from you at any time. You can not have her." A few days after, the young people eloped.

The Symmeses are a speculative family, albeit a gallant one. The brother of Americus is the inventor of a flying-machine, or method of flying, and resides at Homburg, Germany. He is a captain on the retired list of the United States army, and a graduate of West Point with high honors. The traditional grit of the family crops out in a recent lawsuit which Americus Symmes won in the Jefferson County Court of Kentucky. Mr. Symmes lives in the country upon the Bear-grass Turnpike, which turnpike had been very much neglected. He determined to take up the matter, indict the company, and prosecute them to the bitter end. He did so, and caused a fine of $1500 to be entered against them. During the progress of the case Mr. Symmes testified that the road was "miserable and full of holes." The counsel for the defense, with a knowing look at the jury, remarked, pointedly, that "Mr. Symmes could see a hole where nobody else could, like his father before him; indeed, it seemed to be a family failing." General Basil Duke, the attorney for the commonwealth, turned it off very neatly by saying that he felt sure that no one who knew Mr. Symmes could feel anything but the warmest respect for him for working so zealously for the cause in which his father's life had been spent. The same earnestness which characterized the father now sustains the son. His constant thought is of "the theory." He peruses with an intense interest every editorial, every letter, dispatch, or communication in the newspapers concerning arctic matters.

The two most important features of John Cleves Symmes's theory are that all orbicular bodies in the universe partaking of a planetary nature are composed in a greater or less degree of spheres concentric, one within the other, and to some extent open at their poles; and that gravity is due to the pressure of an impalpable element composed of minute concentric spheres, existent throughout all space, elastic, and changing its molecules by any change of matter whatever throughout space. To this substance Captain Symmes attributes gravity, making it a *pushing* instead of a pulling force, as it is now generally held to be. But this latter theory of gravitation he holds not to be essential to his theory of concentric circles, which circles would be formed upon the old theory of gravitation.

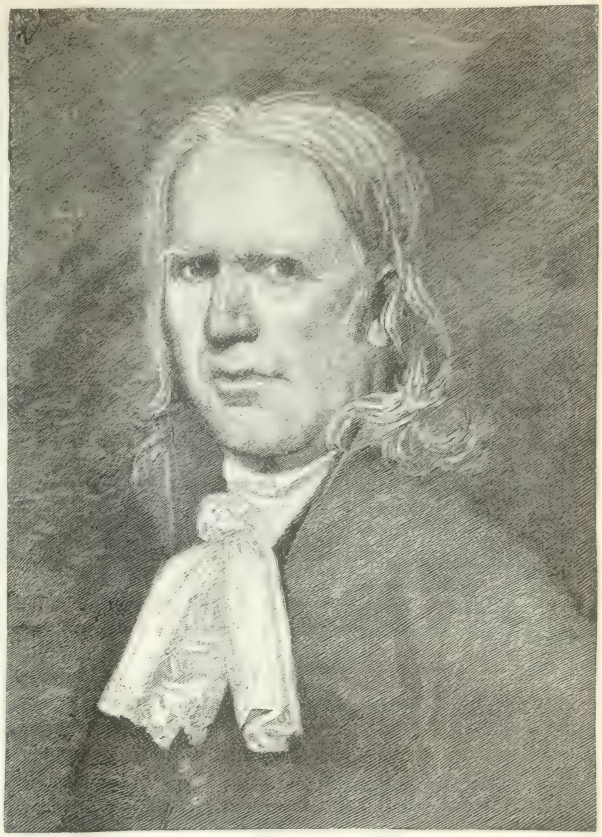
Captain Symmes published notes or explanations of his theory, which he called memoirs. Memoir No. II. says: "With dividers describe a circle on a plane of matter of loose texture, and in the centre add a very small circle; then draw a line through the centre. It is evident (as matter gravitates matter in proportion to quantity and distance) that either half of the inner circle, being almost equally surrounded by matter, must be very little gravitated centrewise; so being suspended, only a rotary motion is needed to throw it compactly toward the outer circle. This being admitted, it follows that half-way from the outer to the inner side of this circle of matter so thrown out, a like rarity, suspension, or balance of gravity should prevail, and hence a disposition to concentric circles; therefore it follows that successive similar subdivisions should exist, gradually lessening in force or quantity. By applying this principle to the earth, I found the necessity of hollow, concentric spheres. A decision of schoolmen on these lines shall be followed by additional positions, further explaining my new principles of hollow spheres, open at the poles, declared in a circular letter of the 10th of April, 1818.

"JOHN CLEVES SYMMES,
of Ohio, late Captain of Infantry."

This is the basis of Symmes's theory. This theory he maintained with great earnestness, courage, and disinterestedness during a large part of his life, and were he living now, he would in all likelihood be doughtily contending for it still, accommodating his theory to the Nares expedition—which went where he declared

irrefutable optical proof could be had of the polar openings—and all other discoveries whatsoever.

Among other arguments that he brought to his support were the migrations of animals to and from the arctic regions, atmospheric refraction, and the variation of the compass observed in high northern latitudes. He supposed that there must exist "mid-plane spaces" in each of the spheres, and believed the interior of the inclosed spheres to be lighted by the direct and refracted rays of the sun. Each of these spheres he supposed to be widely open at the poles. The planes of these polar openings were said to be inclined to the plane of the ecliptic at an angle of about twelve degrees, so that the real axis of the earth, being perpendicular to the plane of the equator, would form an angle of twelve degrees with a line passing through the sphere at right angles with the polar openings, and consequently the verge (or edge) of the polar openings must approach several degrees nearer to the earth's equator on one side than on the other.



JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

Symmes believed that there were beneath our feet miles and miles of wondrous unclaimed domain; reindeer roamed its colder borders, fish swam in its seas, animals and trees and flowers of curious and unknown shape made its life a primal gladness; splendid visions of untold wonders, misty dreams of splendors unnamable, floated through his nightly and daily thoughts, and greater than all burned within him the ceaseless desire to become the discoverer of this unknown land. And the only thing needful was for the government to traverse the "icy circle," pierce the polar opening, and sail in and take possession — perchance to find man, to meet a mighty race of people, to come face to face with some stupendous revelation of nature, to explore some splendid barbarism, or disclose a civilization as yet undreamed.

And this theory he expounded in pamphlets, memorials, newspapers, letters, answers to "R. P.'s" strictures, to "Mercators," "Galileos," and every sort of amateur philosopher, who poked fun, ridicule, satire, argument, at him. The Charleston (West Virginia) *Courier* of August 27, 1822, has an article headed, "The Year 2150 Anticipated," which lauds bombastically the illustrious Symmes, and uses his new world as a receptacle for criminals and rascals, from which handy scape-valve should arise a purged and happy republic. Again, some men of considerable prominence would appear interested in him, or a school-boys' "Philomathian" society would vote him thanks for his lecture, or some humble admirer would write him a letter not grammatically strong, but valiant in the faith, thanking the captain, and signing himself "A Convert." And when Symmes was sick, help was often given him; one man gave him fifty dollars, while another pushed his manuscripts



THE NORTHWARD MIGRATION.

into print and tried to sell them (for the captain streamed pamphlets, supplements to newspapers, memorials to foreign and domestic governments, congresses, colleges and academies, continually). In 1824–7–8 he seems to have been ill, and to have received help from some persons who believed his theory, and from others who merely respected his earnestness.

To help himself he occasionally lectured about pure water and such things, but his heart was in the poles, and he concerned himself chiefly with his theory. Issuing circulars to the world, and lecturing, arguing, struggling with disease, poverty, and gibing people, he travelled from one place to another. When he had a poor audience at Hamilton, Ohio, he would think of neglected Columbus, and trudge on to Gardiner, Maine; unnoticed there, he would console himself over the fate of badly used Galileo, and tramp away somewhere else. It speaks well for the respect in which he was held that he was most favorably received near home. And so to the end he went on striving for his theory, spending as much of his property as he dared take away from his family, always sincere, earnest, using all manner of arguments from the Bible, prophecies, and such like, all manner of means of informing the public of the theory, but impressing one always with his honesty and purity of motive. No charlatan idea of notoriety inspired his efforts; he may not have been over logical or scientific; he may not have always spelled perfectly, or have been a very fluent lecturer; but he had always the utmost fixity of faith. Not a very brilliant hero this round-headed hero of ours, with his bright blue eye looking away off into space, his contracted brow, his nasal voice, and hesitating manner. Dusty, human, faulty enough, but still a self-denying, steadfast man—a man with a purpose.

LOVE SONG.

All my life that lies behind me where you were not
Seems a weary desert full of barren sand,
Where flowers grow not, waters flow not, breezes stir not,
Only a molten heaven burns an empty land.

All my life that lies before me where you are, Love,
Seems a fruitful garden filled with all delight;
Sunshine, shower, and shadow, dusk and moon and star, Love,
Soft repose and rhythmic change of tender day and night

THE RAILWAY INVASION OF MEXICO.

THE charters for railways granted by the Mexican government to American capitalists during the past four or five years will, if carried out, involve the construction of some five thousand miles of road, and an expenditure of from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. This is a large sum of money to part with, even for a country as rich as the United States, and it could be taken from no country in the world without seriously affecting its industry, commerce, and financial relations. The question whether such an investment will be remunerative is one, therefore, which concerns, not the capitalists alone, but only in a less degree every citizen of the United States. In submitting to our readers some of the considerations which must be taken into account in determining the extent to which the recent enthusiasm for railway investments in Mexico deserves to be encouraged, we shall endeavor to confine ourselves to uncontested facts and to uncontested principles of railway finance and economy.

Mexico in her physical proportions, configurations, and situation on the globe certainly offers many inducements to railway speculation. A territory larger than the combined territories of Great Britain, France, Spain, and the entire German Empire; reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and forming what Humboldt some eighty years ago termed the bridge of the world's commerce; bounded by the United States for a distance of nearly two thousand miles; with a physical conformation which enables her soils to yield the products of every climate and every zone; with mineral deposits which have already yielded more than half of the existing stock of silver in the world, and which are believed by some to be still the richest on the globe; without a single competing navigable stream, or one that can ever be made navigable to advantage; with a physical configuration which must forever preclude canalization; with a population of ten millions, or only about one and seventy one-hundredths per square mile less than the population of the United States per square mile; with twelve cities ranging from twenty-five thousand to two hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants; and with a foreign commerce averaging from seventy to eighty millions a year, though conducted with no better facilities of internal transportation than the backs of mules and some three hundred and fifty miles of railway—such a country certainly possesses some advantages for railway improvement that are not possessed in an equal degree by any other nation or people.

But to all the blessings of this world conditions more or less serious are always attached. A country which enjoys the climate and yields the products of every zone within twenty-six degrees of latitude can hardly be expected to produce a homogeneous population, or to enjoy a climate altogether favorable to the growth and longevity of a hardy and powerful race of men.

The greater portion of Mexico is from five to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is invested with an abnormally rarefied atmosphere. Most of the remainder of Mexico lies along the coast, is very hot, and never free from malignant disease.

Up to the present time no people—that is, no people that deserves to be regarded as an active civilizing force—has ever flourished in so high an atmosphere as the Mexican plateau, or in so high an average temperature as her sea-board plains. People born under better conditions have frequently invaded and occupied Mexico, but all have failed to maintain themselves there—in part, perhaps, from the difficulty of doing so; in part, also, perhaps, because the possession was not worth the cost. It is true that Mexico is the only country in which Providence has made such an experiment, but it is none the less true that thus far the experiment has not proved that she can ever become the seat of a ruling race.

Mexico can hardly be said to have a single good sea-port, or one capable of being made adequate to the exigencies of modern maritime commerce. Nor has she a single navigable stream. In one sense this may justly be thought advantageous rather than prejudicial to a railway system, as it implies the absence of waterways, usually the most formidable of all kinds of competition, but that is a mistake. No highway has yet been devised so cheap as the ocean, yet to this day it contributes the largest portion of their business to all the railway systems of the globe.

Of the ten millions of people in Mexico, fully three-quarters are Indians, two-thirds of whom can not read, nor ever had an ancestor that could, who never slept in a bed or wore a stocking, and who are accustomed to live at a less expense per day than a farm horse would cost in any New England State. These are none of them controlling considerations, perhaps, but in studying the natural attractions of Mexico for railway enterprise they must not be lost sight of.

Whenever the future of Mexico comes under discussion, the first question which the foreign student asks is in regard to the character and stability of her government, for upon them depend the security, and consequently the value, of property. It is safe to say that at no time since the conquest by Cortez have the political prospects of Mexico been so encouraging as now; at no time since the conquest, till within the last five or six years, have the Mexicans enjoyed any of the prerogatives of self-government, nor at any time during that period could they fairly be held responsible for any of the political follies and crimes which have made the name of Mexico the synonym for brigandage and misrule. It is a curious illustration of the methods by which God makes the wrath of men to praise Him, that the two Emperors of France should, of all men in the world, have proved the greatest benefactors of republican Mexico. By dethroning King Ferdinand and putting the crown of Spain upon the head of his brother, the first Napoleon provoked and rendered possible the political independence of Mexico, and her emancipation from the domination of Spain.

In attempting to conciliate the Papal Church by founding an empire in Mexico for a prince of the house of Hapsburg, the third Napoleon precipitated her emancipation from the domination of priests, and restored her for the first time in three centuries to the rule of her own people.*

He not only restored Mexico to the Mexicans, but the humiliating conditions upon which he withdrew his expeditionary army from her territory in the years 1866 and 1867 involved a memorable recognition of the inviolability of American soil, and taught a lesson of non-interference which will not be lost upon any of the foreign potentates and powers on the other side of the Atlantic. His retreat placed Mexico, if not under the protection, at least under the shelter, of the government of the United States forever, or so long as the United States shall be able to offer her shelter. The results of this double emancipation deserve to be ranked among the marvels of our time.

Mexico has a constitution in which the rights of the people are as carefully guarded as ours under the constitution of the United States. Her government is apparently as stable; her elections, however illegitimate may be some of the influences operating upon the electors, are conducted as orderly and as quietly as in the United States or in England. Pronunciamentos and revolutions have not only ceased for a series of years, but the desire for peace and order, and respect for authority and law, in defiance of great and obvious abuses, incident, as a matter of course, to the exercise of new and unfamiliar political powers, is apparently as thoroughly national and unanimous as in the United States.

For more than five consecutive years peace and order have prevailed in every important city of the republic; occasional attempts at revolution have been made in isolated districts far away from the centres of population and beyond the reach of the Federal authorities, but all of them proved abortive, and succumbed to the new-born sentiments of national hope and pride.

Protected as they now feel themselves against the intrigues and conspiracies and greed of foreign powers, the Mexicans are already manifesting conspicuous devotion to the arts of peace. The recent removal of the fortifications around the city of Vera Cruz contains in a nutshell a history of the prodigious revolution which has taken place in their condition, sentiments, and aspirations.

But while the Mexican government exhibits so many elements of stability, it will not do to lose sight of the facts:

1. That four-fifths of her population do not read, and are therefore not only without any political education, but equally inaccessible to those public considerations by which through the press and the tribune the measures of an administration may be commended to the popular judgment, or peacefully resisted. Meetings of the people for the discussion of public

* It is but a few years since one-fourth—and some authorities say one-third—of all the property, real and personal, in Mexico, belonged to the Church.

measures are practically unknown, and though, of late, ample freedom is enjoyed by the press for the discussion of political questions, and though this freedom is liberally exercised by the metropolitan journals, it is needless to say that they reach and inform but a very inconsiderable portion of the population.*

2. The Mexicans, like all the Latin race, are inveterate gamblers. To this habit they have been trained both by Church and State for generations, and of all the aleatory devices for improving their fortunes there is none to which they are more addicted than the game of revolution. Though the winnings from this species of gambling are sometimes very great, the risks also are very great, and are rarely if ever incurred except when for one reason or another industry is disorganized, large classes of people are without visible means of support, and starvation or the highway seems to be their only alternative.

Thanks to the large amounts of American capital which are now finding employment in Mexico, and to the wise economies of the government, which this capital has contributed in no small degree to render possible, the revolutionary tendency seems to be almost if not altogether extinct; but like causes will always produce like effects. So long as the present prosperity of the country continues, and labor is abundant at good wages, the revolutionary forces in Mexico will not be formidable, and the government will be strong enough to hold them easily in check. How long American capital can afford to nourish Mexican industry; how much of an interval must elapse before the firm and stable government, with such assistance, can make a permanent and remunerative market for labor, and how long it will take to educate the Mexicans as a nation into a due respect for the arts and industries of peace, are questions presenting so many elements of uncertainty as to render any attempt to forecast the political destinies of our sister republic extremely difficult.

The risks of railway property, like every other, in case of revolutionary disturbances, are of course very great. It is always difficult, and it has usually proved impossible, for railway corporations to so con-

* Supplementary to what we have said on this subject, the following remarks of an enlightened correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Mexico, April 11, 1882, may be read with profit:

"I take a text from the President's Message, again, in writing something about the condition of the suffrage in this country. General Gonzalez informs Congress, as a thing worthy of note, that 'the elections for judges of the Supreme Court and for the Attorney-General of the nation have been held in all the republic, excepting a few remote districts.' The very fact that he should think it worth while to speak of such a thing shows something of what the state of the case has been. Peaceful and universal elections have been a rare thing; and the truth appears to be at present that the peace and quiet of the elections is simply the peace and quiet of lethargy or death. It has been amusing to notice the announcements in reference to these very elections to which General Gonzalez alludes, furnished by the *Diario Oficial* from time to time. On such a Sunday the election for Supreme Judge in such a district took place, and the result is that such a man is chosen unanimously—by thirty votes, it may be; at any rate, some amazingly small number. So the records have been running. The organ of the government maintains a grave face, and speaks of the choice of the people, while the truth is, as the figures show, and as the opposition newspapers boldly assert, that the elections are the merest farces, simply a cumbrous way of declaring the will of the Executive. The *Monitor* charges the gravest irregularities on the government in the matter of advertising and managing the elections, and declares that in the recent choice of judges not a dozen votes were cast in the whole country outside of civil and military officials, and that the successful candidates in every case are from the innermost circle of Gonzalez's partisans. The facts seem to be that, what with the indifference and ignorance of the people, and the intriguing of the party in power, Mexican elections are managed with a method and precision which might be the envy of a New York city caucus. The plan of indirect voting, with the opportunity for Congress to constitute itself a returning board of the fullest powers, greatly increases the facilities for work of this sort.

"Of course the thought at once suggests itself that these elections, though for important offices, are not of the sort to arouse popular interest, and that they are consequently not a fair gauge of the popular participation in the choice of rulers. There is some truth in this; but a recurrence to the official figures for the last three Presidential elections will not better the matter much. At the second election of Juarez a total vote of 12,361 was cast by a population of 8,836,000. After the death of Juarez, Lerdo, in 1872, was chosen President by 10,465 votes, with less than 1000 against him, all told. Revolution, not the suffrage, determined the succession in 1876. In 1880, 11,528 votes were recorded in favor of Gonzalez, with no appreciable opposition.

"This, for a people with practically universal suffrage, is no great credit to republican institutions. In fairness, however, one must remember the many palliating circumstances. The decision of the sword has been so often put above that of the ballot that the popular will has come to think, not unnaturally, that it is scarcely worth any pains to express itself. For this reason it is that patriotic Mexicans are looking anxiously forward to the Presidential election of 1884 as a time when it is to be seen if eight years of peace have restored political confidence and caused a greater popular desire to exercise the right of suffrage."

duct in times of civil war as to satisfy both of the belligerents, and if the faction they offend happens to triumph, the railways, from their greater command of ready money and from their strategic importance, are naturally the first victims of its rapacity. The Vera Cruz and Mexican Railway, the first of any importance constructed in Mexico, and still the only one which connects the capital with the sea-coast, was partially confiscated and its work of construction suspended for a period of three years because of its supposed complicity with the late imperial government of Maximilian; and though danger from revolutionary disturbance seems now almost reduced to a minimum in Mexico, any road running from any portion of her frontier to the capital has to pass through such long stretches of sparsely settled or wholly unsettled country that its trains are constantly exposed to lawless marauders and more or less organized banditti.

When the stranger landing at Vera Cruz arrives at the train which is to take him to the city of Mexico, his curiosity is aroused by the approach, a few moments before the train is to start, of a squad of soldiers, who are marched into a car specially set apart for them. Upon inquiry, he learns that they are sent to guard the train. Upon his arrival at the different stations on the journey he will not fail to notice also a squad of cavalry drawn up near the station-house, which upon inquiry he finds are charged with the same duty, with the additional one of looking after the soldiers, who, meantime, are locked up in their car. These precautions are taken not only on the railroads, but on all the stage routes on which the precious metals are transported to any extent. The diligence from Mazatlan to Guadalajara is usually escorted with not less than six mounted soldiers, who are changed every two hours. The writer was informed by a gentleman who recently made the journey that the day they arrived at Guadalajara the diligence going out was attacked in the suburbs of the city by from thirty to forty men in broad daylight. The escort and passengers defended themselves, and finally drove the robbers off, but not until both parties had been largely re-enforced.

The Mexican Central road, now in process of construction, from the city of Mexico to El Paso, and which for some months has been running its trains as far as Queretaro, carries no guards, and its local agents are sanguine that such protection will be unnecessary. More experienced railway authorities in Mexico, however, say that when they shall have occasion to carry much of the precious metals, they will find it necessary to conform to the "usages of the country."

It would be wrong, however, to ascribe the insecurity which makes such precautions necessary to anything peculiar to the Mexican people and government. The same precautions for the transport of valuable property through any unsettled country would be equally prudent. There have been more train robberies perpetrated and property of greater value taken by highwaymen in the United States during the past six years than in Mexico, with every allowance for the difference in the territorial area of the two countries.*

* To show that we are doing our own country no injustice, and also for the purpose of cultivating modesty and reserve among our people in their judgments of the Mexican, and indeed of all foreign civilizations, we can not do better than recall some details of the familiar and recently terminated career of Jesse James. If Mexico has ever developed such a lawless and formidable ruffian, to say nothing of tolerating his villainies as we have done for an entire generation, neither history nor tradition has preserved any record of it.

Incredible as the statement seems, it is nevertheless true that this man, or rather monster, at the age of thirty-seven, was either principal or accessory to the murder of *one hundred and twenty-five* individuals, thirty-six defenseless citizens falling by his hands alone at the memorable Lawrence (Kansas) massacre; while at Sedalia, Missouri, the following year, he and two associates shot, in cold blood, thirty-two invalid Union soldiers *en route* to the hospital at St. Louis. A company of Iowa volunteers coming to their rescue were ambushed and killed to a man, so that in less than two hours eighty ghastly corpses were piled about the village. In 1865 he robbed a bank in Russellville, Kentucky, of $12,500; also one in Gallatin, Missouri, of all its funds, and deliberately shot and killed the cashier. After spending two years in Mexico, he and his brother returned to their former haunts, and heralded their advent by robbing the bank at Corydon, Iowa, of $40,000. In 1872 he raided a bank at Columbia, Kentucky, and shot the cashier and his assistant. Next he seized at noonday $10,000 of the funds of the County Agricultural Fair, at Kansas City, in the presence of thousands of spectators, who seemed paralyzed at his audacity, though in all these transactions he was armed to the teeth. This was followed in six weeks by the robbery of the Bank of St. Genevieve, in the same state. In 1873 a train on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad was wrecked, and the express messenger relieved of $6000. Next came the Gadshill robbery, where James and his pals took possession of the station, switched the train on to a side track, and at their leisure stripped the passengers and express messenger of $12,000. A large reward being offered for their capture, a *posse* of officers were dispatched by Allan Pinkerton, of Chicago, a

In estimating the political forces bearing upon the railway question in Mexico, we must not lose sight of the profound and well-earned distrust of foreign governments, and especially of the American, which is universal in Mexico. The Mexican people are intensely patriotic: there are none more so: and never were they more patriotic than now, when their national pride is beginning for the first time almost in centuries to receive its natural aliment. They do not forget that their country has been twice dismembered, and more than half their territory taken from them by a sister republic which is always claiming for itself the special mission of protecting all American nationalities from foreign intervention.

Of the entire Mexican population there is but a very limited number sufficiently acquainted with foreign politics to know that the predatory impulse of which they so justly complain, and from which they have sustained such humiliating and inexcusable injuries, no longer exists; that the crimes of which slave property was the fruitful parent have been expiated by a long, bloody, and costly civil war; and that there is no important interest in America that would be promoted—it would be safe, though perhaps unnecessary, to add that would not be prejudiced—by the addition of all or any part of Mexican territory to the United States, even with the unanimous consent of the Mexican people. This view, though as yet shared by few in Mexico, will, we are inclined to believe, spread, and in the course of time take possession of the country. Meantime it is not to be disguised that the efforts making to unite the two countries more intimately by commercial highways, though they carry with them peace, order, and prosperity, to which Mexico has for centuries been a stranger, are regarded with great mistrust and suspicion; and could the voice of the whole nation find expression upon the subject, we have no doubt that it would pronounce rather for taking up every rail which has been laid between the city of Mexico and our frontier than for putting another down. No one visiting Mexico, and talking with the people not immediately interested in the railway enterprises or specially enlightened upon the point, would long have any illusions on this subject. There is a great deal of wealth in Mexico, and the Mexicans have great business sagacity and capacity for affairs, yet the temptations to embark in railway enterprises in Mexico which have intoxicated many of the coolest heads in Wall Street and Threadneedle Street can hardly be said to have opened the purse of a single Mexican. We doubt if among all the railways chartered to unite Mexico with the United States, and upon which already many millions of dollars have been expended, fifty thousand dollars, if half that sum, has been contributed by Mexicans. This singular reluctance to profit by opportunities which have been the constant theme of the Mexican as well as of the American press may be due in part to a chronic sense of the insecurity of all property which can be readily

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Scotchman by birth, and one of the shrewdest detectives in the United States. Strange to add, however, the pursuit ended in the death or wounding of nearly every one sent on the perilous mission. In 1874, by placing obstructions on the track, they robbed a passenger train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, near Muncie, of $25,000. In 1875 the Bank of Huntingdon was sacked, and the cashier, at the muzzle of a revolver, compelled to give up $5500. Pursuit following, one of the bandits was killed and another captured, but the James brothers made good their escape. In July, 1876, the eastward-bound train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was robbed at Otterville, twenty miles east of Sedalia, and $15,000 taken from the safe in the express car. In the following September an attempt was made to sack the bank at Northfield, Minnesota, which ended in failure, though in the instant death of the cashier. Pursuit was immediately given by the citizens; three of the outlaws were killed, and three severely wounded, who are now serving life sentences in the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater, though here again the James brothers succeeded in ultimately baffling their pursuers, and escaped into Texas. In the fall of 1879, returning to Missouri, the band was re-enforced, and on October 6 a passenger train on the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad was boarded by a gang of masked ruffians, at a small station named Glendale, and $30,000 secured as booty. In 1881 the night express on the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad was again robbed, near Winston, the conductor shot, and the messenger and passengers deprived of their valuables. The alarming frequency of these depredations at last aroused the Governor of Missouri and the railroad officials to a sense of their duty, and a reward of $50,000 was offered for the body of Jesse James. The result is told in his cold-blooded assassination in his own house, in an unguarded moment while divested of his weapons, by a treacherous comrade who had won his confidence—fitting end to such a record of crime, though a sad commentary on our civilization and jurisprudence, that the cupidity of a cold-blooded assassin should be able to accomplish what the authorized representatives of the law have for years been unable to effect. Immediately after the funeral, Ford, his assassin, was arrested, at the instance of Mrs. James, for murder, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the 19th of May last, on which day he received from the Governor of Missouri an unconditional pardon.

reached and laid under contribution by a necessitous and desperate faction or government, and partly—probably in a greater degree—to a fear of the consequences of being interested in an American enterprise of that character, in case it should ever be made the instrument by which the American government might attempt to repeat the crimes of 1837 and 1847.

It deserves here also to be mentioned that the Latin Church, though no longer as formidable for mischief as it used to be, is still the dominant Church of the country, and its influence is used, and very effectively, among the masses of the people to discourage the railway invasion of Mexico, and this re-enforcement of the actual government, with which it is not in sympathy, by such a powerful Protestantizing influence from the United States.

Another evidence of this not unnatural mistrust of foreign influence may be found in some of the provisions of all these Mexican concessions. None of the differences that may arise between the incorporators and the Mexican government can be made the subject of representation or complaint to any foreign government; the very act of making such a representation works a forfeiture of the charter, and a practical confiscation of its property.

We will now pass to a consideration of some of the more important material conditions upon which a railway system in Mexico must depend. The first questions to be considered are, what is the existing demand for railways? and to what extent can that demand be increased?

The natural resources of Mexico both agricultural and mineral are very considerable, though for commercial purposes perhaps they have been a little overestimated. Most of her soil is rich, and in no country in the world are the products of all the zones concentrated within so small an area, but over the greater part of Mexico not a drop of rain falls for eight consecutive months of the year. Agriculture, therefore, in Mexico implies a costly system of irrigation where irrigation is possible. How large a portion of the territory is susceptible of irrigation no one is competent to say, for the hydrography of Mexico yet remains to be studied; but nothing but a scarcity of water and the costliness of irrigation can explain the fact that by far the larger portion of the territory of Mexico, with its ten millions of inhabitants, is still a howling wilderness which has never felt the tread of the ploughman nor the hand of the husbandman, while the most productive portions of her territory, which lie along her ample coast, are so unhealthy for three-quarters of the year as to be practically uninhabitable to any person not born and bred in its pestilential atmosphere.

The mineral resources of Mexico perhaps have not been exaggerated, and yet they do not seem to contribute in any corresponding proportion to the substantial prosperity of the country. Perhaps mining at its best is such a purely gambling business that the country engaging in it suffers as much as it gains, not to say more, from the demoralization and thriftlessness incident to such a business. Be this as it may, there is a shorter way perhaps of determining to what extent the natural resources of the country invite additional facilities for transportation. It was the judgment expressed to the writer by two of the most experienced railroad men in Mexico that the new business developed by railways there thus far averaged about five per cent. every five years. This estimate was based largely if not entirely upon the traffic of the road connecting Vera Cruz with the capital. This line, with its branches, is 365 miles long, and since it was completed, in 1873, has had the practical monopoly of all the railway transportation in Mexico to tide-water.

In 1879 this road carried 287,326 passengers, and in 1880, 313,348, or a daily average of 787 passengers in 1879, and 858 in 1880; but its daily average of through passengers was only nine. In November of last year this company declared a dividend of £4 on each £100 of stock for the previous six months, which, with the dividends declared the previous half-year, is equivalent to an annual dividend of about five per cent. This was the first year this road has paid a dividend on all its stock since it was opened in 1873. The explanation of this sudden increase of traffic may be found in the following passages of the annual report of the directors, and they throw important light upon the question we are studying:

"The two main causes of the largely increased dividend may be very simply stated; they are, a great increase in traffic, and a small proportionate increase of working expenses. Nor is there any difficulty in tracing the nature of this increase of traffic. On other items of traffic there has been no material variation, but on goods there has been a total increase of about £120,000, of which three-fourths, or

£90,000, has arisen from the greatly increased carriage of railway materials, and one-fourth, or £30,000, from the development of general traffic. About four-fifths of the transport of railway materials has been on account of the two great American companies, the Central and the National, and one-fifth on account of a variety of local railways and enterprises. . . . .The question naturally suggests itself whether the increase of traffic, which has been so great and so sudden, is likely to be of a permanent character. The directors can only submit to the proprietors such considerations as seem most worthy of attention, and leave the proprietors to draw their own inferences. It is obvious that if the two great American companies come to any pause in their present field of operations, the increased revenue derived from the carriage of materials from Vera Cruz to Mexico would be largely diminished, or might even for a time disappear; and as the object of both companies is to connect Mexico with the United States, there may be a point at which it will be natural for them to devote the greater part of their energies to working from the northern end, and bringing their materials from their own country. It was through a considerable increase in the carriage of railway materials that the distribution of a full dividend to the Second Preference stockholders was made possible in the half-year preceding that under review, and the increase of ordinary traffic noticeable in the present half-year might be wholly or partially absorbed before the amount of the dividend distributable to the ordinary stockholders could come under consideration if a very large reduction took place in the amount received from the carriage of railway materials. Further concessions for railways on a large scale have recently been given, but it would be premature at present to offer any opinion as to whether the undertakings thus contemplated are likely to be carried out; and it may be said of most of these undertakings that while some, if carried out, would not affect the company in any direct way, there are others which have been partly begun, and which, if carried out, might divert a portion of the traffic at present commanded by the company. It may be added that the duties in the Mexican ports have lately been considerably increased, and it remains to be seen whether this increase of duties, which were already very high, will or will not check the importation of foreign goods."

In other words, this important railway, having a practical monopoly of the inland transportation of the foreign commerce of the country, is only able, after seven years of service, to make a dividend of five per cent. by enjoying the exclusive transportation of railway material from tide-water to the two American railways now constructing in Mexico. When we add that this road receives an annual subsidy of $560,000 from the Mexican government—equal to about one-half the earnings over and above fixed charges—we are forced to the conclusion that railway property which depends upon the industries and natural growth of the country, if not precarious, certainly does not promise to be very lucrative, unless some new elements of prosperity can be grafted upon it. This, we believe, is the conviction of all who have studied the question. All the schemes for new roads which have been presented to the American public have recognized it, and the new element upon which they all rely is emigration. Reasoning from their experience of railways in the United States, they assume that emigration will follow the locomotive through the wilds of Mexico as promptly and copiously as it has done through the prairies of Iowa and through the metalliferous deposits of Colorado and Nevada. In their imagination they see thriving villages springing up at every station, and their rolling stock immediately taxed to its utmost capacity in transporting the merchandises which they consume and produce. It is from conclusions such as these that dreams are made. A few words will suffice to show how utterly delusive are all calculations based upon emigration as a railroad factor in Mexico.

In the first place, Mexico has offered, and can offer, none of the inducements to emigration which the United States affords, for she has no public lands to appropriate for such a purpose, even if her government were reckless enough to squander them as we have been squandering ours for the last thirty years.

In the next place, most of the railways in the United States west of the Alleghanies have received land enough with their charters, with proper economies, to return the cost of the roads to their stockholders. The Mexican roads, on the other hand, have no land grants; they have nothing to offer to emigrants but free passes over their roads to a country where they will be strangers, among a people whose language they do not understand, to cope with a climate, soil, and agricultural exigencies of which they have had no experience, and where they must compete with a laboring class that has been accustomed for centuries to live upon less than a shilling a day.

When we contrast the inducements which a railway in Mexico offers to an emigrant from the Old World with those which welcome him when he lands upon our shores, from either of our great Pacific roads and their tributaries, it is obvious that no family or man in his senses would double the length of his journey to find a home in Mexico. But it may be said that land may be bought in Mex-

ico very cheaply, in a climate that knows none of the expenses or privations of our Northern winters. True, land may be bought very cheaply in Mexico, cheaper than in the United States even from the government, and the land of as good quality, perhaps, as our best; but it must be bought in very large tracts to be cultivated to any advantage, or even to be made habitable, and this brings us to what seems to be the one insuperable and conclusive objection to emigration as a resource of railway enterprise in Mexico. As we have already intimated, the rainfall in Mexico is limited to the four months of June, July, August, and September. It is unusual for enough rain to fall during the remaining eight months to lay the dust. Of course all systematic and profitable agriculture is dependent, therefore, upon irrigation. The principal portion of the water for the irrigation of the republic of Mexico during the dry months is stored in the form of ice and snow upon the summits of her mountains.

Wherever the water supplied by the melting of these mountain snows can be carried, agriculture is possible, and if not carried at too great an expense, profitable; but where this water can not be carried it is practically impossible. It is in consequence of this necessity of controlling at least a portion of the water of these mountain streams which has delivered over the territory of Mexico to a comparatively small number of proprietors. Of course a small farm not on a stream or owning a right to divert its waters to its use would be of little if any value.

To meet this difficulty it is proposed, and we understand that projects are maturing for the organization of land companies, to buy these large estates, which can be had in unlimited quantities at prices ranging from $500 to $1000 the square league, and to sell them again in lots to suit purchasers. The only way in which such a project would prove of any avail to the emigrant would be for the land company to construct the canals, and distribute the water so that it should be accessible to every farm for which it could find a purchaser. This, of course, would involve a degree of trouble and expense which would be very difficult, not to say impossible, to estimate, and for that reason, if no other, would not be particularly captivating to capitalists. The railways when finished might find themselves compelled to undertake it, but many years must elapse before it could be proved to be profitable or cease to be a costly experiment. Meantime the railway must depend upon local business and the natural growth of the industries and commerce of the country for its success, and judging from the roads already in operation, we venture to say that that success will not be of a very intoxicating character.

It is true there has been a considerable emigration pouring into Mexico during the past year or two, amounting to some five or ten thousand, perhaps, but it has consisted mainly of Italians and negroes, who have been brought there at the expense of railway contractors to work on the roads; and those of them who do not succumb to the climate will, when their contracts expire, either return to their respective countries or remain a burden rather than a source of wealth to their adopted country. There has been, and in the nature of the case there can be, no spontaneous emigration to Mexico until she can offer far different and greater inducements than she has yet been able to offer, or until the now vacant lands of the United States are practically withdrawn from the market.

This element of prosperity, therefore, which has contributed so largely to build up the railway system of the United States, can not be counted upon in Mexico, and her railways must depend mainly upon the native industries and natural growth of the country, which, as we have already remarked, is estimated at an average of about one per cent. a year—an average which would doubtless increase somewhat with the increase of facilities, but to no very considerable extent for the first fifteen or twenty years.

Recognizing this difficulty, the Mexican government, as a substitute for land which it has not to give, has sought to stimulate railway enterprise by a general system of subsidies. Most of the charters it has granted carry with them a subsidy equal to about one-third of the cost of the road. These subsidies, however, are coupled with such conditions, and carry with them such obligations, as to render them, to say the least, of doubtful advantage to the company. But for the facilities they afford for borrowing money in foreign markets, it is safe to say that they are a positive disadvantage, at least such is the impres-

sion we have derived from a comparison of the charters granted thus far to roads with and to roads without subsidies. We will illustrate our statement by a comparison of some of the provisions of the charters of the Mexican National Construction Company, commonly known as the Palmer and Sullivan Contract, with the International Construction Company, commonly known as the Frisbie-Huntingdon Concession.

1. Construction materials of all kinds are exempt from duties for fifteen years on the Mexican National; for twenty-five years on the International.

2. The National is authorized to charge for first-class freight four cents a ton; the International, ten cents. The National is authorized to charge for second-class freight three cents a ton; the International, seven cents. The National is authorized to charge for third-class freight two cents a ton; the International, five cents. For passengers: the National may charge for first-class, per kilometer, two and a half cents; the International, seven cents. The National may charge for second-class, per kilometer, two cents; the International, five cents. The National may charge for third-class, per kilometer, one cent; the International, three cents.

3. The tariff of the National may be diminished by the consent of the company, but can not be increased; the tariff of the International may be increased until a profit of ten per cent. on the capital is realized.

4. The National may vary its tariffs with the cost and difficulties in operating its line at different points, but the above rates must never be exceeded in any one kilometer; the International may vary the rates in such difficult places without reference to the distance run.

5. The National is required to carry Mexican cereals, which constitute a very considerable portion of the freight of the country, as third-class freight, that is, at the rate of two cents a ton for each kilometer, or, say, three and a quarter cents per mile, and railway construction material at thirty per cent. off the price of third-class freight; the International is subject to no such restrictions.

6. The National must deduct sixty per cent. from the regular rates for the transport of troops, artillery, or baggage trains, munitions of war, equipment, provisions, horses, mules, and any other effects destined for the public service, all military forces, Federal employés, and, finally, all immigrants entering the country under a Federal authorization. The International is required to transport the mails, and the officers in charge, gratuitously for five years after the completion of the road, when "new contracts on bases more equitable than those enjoyed by the public" will be entered into. The government, also, will have the preference over individuals for the transport of their correspondence, passengers, and material; in case of war or revolution, the government may use the road to the exclusion of all other traffic, while the war or revolution lasts, by paying the established tariff with the rebate of five per cent.

7. The government reserves the right to put up two wires on the telegraph poles of the National, and to require the company to maintain them as its own, the government to have the exclusive use of them; no such burden is imposed upon the International.

8. The National is required to build a light-house at its terminal point on the Pacific, which, when completed, becomes the absolute property of the Mexican government; no such burden is imposed on the International.

9. With each section of engineers employed on the surveys of the National must be an engineer designated by the Executive, with a salary, also to be fixed by the Executive at a sum not to exceed $4000 a year, to be paid by the company. As each section is about one hundred miles, for the 2000 miles or more embraced in the Palmer and Sullivan Concession there would be required about twenty of these ornamental engineers, at a salary not likely to be less than $4000, and amounting, therefore, in the aggregate, to $80,000 a year, or in that proportion for whatever part of the work is under survey. The International is free from these conditions.

10. Two of the directors of the National are to be appointed by the Executive, at a salary to be fixed by him, not to exceed $4000 a year. The government is authorized to name one or two directors of the International, but his salary is to be paid by the government.

11. In case of a forfeiture of its charter for non-completion of the road within the time prescribed, or for any other cause, the National becomes the property of the government at its appraised value, from

which all subsidies paid are first deducted, free from all incumbrances, and the franchise may be resold. For whatever balance may be found due, the government issues its bonds at nine per cent., to be paid by the purchasers of the charter; in other words, in such an event all the bonds secured by mortgage on the road are confiscated, and in case of any of the stockholders or others attempting to save their property by reorganizing the company and completing the road, they would be compelled to pay nine per cent. a year on the appraised value of the road until it was redeemed.

In case of a corresponding failure to complete its road by the International, that company, on the other hand, loses its charter, but will retain its property in the buildings and such parts of the road and telegraph lines as it has completed, and also in the material, machines, and tools employed on its works, for which it is entitled to be paid at their appraised value.

To have a more definite notion of the importance of some of these discriminations against the subsidized roads, let us look at the practical results of some of them.

Grain is one of the principal articles for which transportation has to be provided in Mexico. The Mexican National is required to carry it as third-class matter, and at the rate of two cents a ton for each kilometer it is hauled. The International, an unsubsidized road, may carry it as second or third class, and if as third class, may charge five cents for the same service. Now, to get some notion of the practical results of this difference, we will take the operations of the Vera Cruz road as our standard. This road, for the year ending June 20, 1881, carried up and down a total of 26,116 tons. For that service the National would receive $522 per kilometer, while the International would receive $1305 if it carried the grain as third class at five cents, and $1828 a kilometer if carried as second class at seven cents.

The National received a subsidy for 1125 kilometers of road, from the Junction to Laredo. It would receive, then, for the transport of 26,116 tons of grain over this portion of its line but $587,250. For the same service, and charging only as third-class freight, the International would receive $1,469,025: difference, $881,775.

Again, the National is required to carry railway material for thirty per cent. off the prices of second-class freight. The railway material transported on the Vera Cruz road the last fiscal year amounted to 34,435 tons, which, at thirty per cent. off second-class freight, would yield only $484 a kilometer. The International for the same service would receive at least $1711 per kilometer, or, for 1125 kilometers, $1,834,875; the National would receive only $534,500: difference, $1,300,375.

The burden borne by the subsidized road for the transport of troops and munitions of war is proportionately onerous. We take the Vera Cruz road again for our standard. The number of miles run on this road last year, for passengers in service of the War Department was 1,009,056; for civilians, 7,923,820; that is, about one-eighth of all the passengers carried over the line paid sixty per cent. less than the regular fare.

The number of ton miles of civil goods traffic was	9,913,403
The number of ton miles of military goods traffic was	2,386,923
The earnings of the civil freight	$1,992,325
" " " military freight	221,990
Difference	$1,770,335

or about one-ninth of the pay for more than one-fourth of the work.

The International would have been entitled to receive about $400,000 for what the National could receive only about $200,000, a difference of, say, $500 a kilometer, or, for the Laredo branch of the National, 1125 miles, a difference of, say, $550,000 a year.

Here we have on three classes only of freight a discrimination against the subsidized roads which would result in a difference of net earnings, *cæteris paribus*, of $2,858,150 a year, as follows:

On grain freight	$882,775
On railway material	1,300,375
On military service	550,000
	$2,733,150

The subvention accorded to the National road by the Mexican government for its branch from the Junction to Laredo is $6500 a kilometer, or $7,272,500 for the 1125 kilometers.

From these figures we are authorized to infer that the discriminations against subsidized roads would take from them more than the whole amount of their subsidies in about three years. It is unnecessary to carry these calculations farther. Those we

have given make it sufficiently clear that in an economical point of view the unsubsidized roads have presumptively the advantage of the subsidized roads for all purposes except, perhaps, for selling their bonds in foreign markets.

On general principles subsidies do not form the foundation on which to construct a sound railway system, but it is no doubt a wise policy for Mexico to make use of them to get roads built through her territory by foreign capital for one-third their actual cost. In offering subsidies, therefore, at the rate of from six to eight thousand dollars a kilometer, she takes no risks; the more miles built at that rate in her territory the better for her. The risk is with the capitalist who places his money where the business that is to make his investment profitable is yet to be developed; where he is liable to have competing lines constructed faster than they can be needed; where, in case the government should become financially embarrassed, it would naturally begin its economies by suspending its subsidies, and in case of war, appropriate the road to its own uses at unremunerative rates. Then it is always one of the unfortunate conditions of subsidized enterprises that the money designed for their encouragement does not reach the parties for whom the law designs it, and the impression sooner or later gets possession of the public mind that the corporations subsidized enjoy privileges corruptly obtained. The practical effect of this is to keep them ever on the defensive, which, as all experienced railway managers know, is apt to be costly.

On the other hand, it is proper here to observe that in Mexico, as elsewhere, the companies that do not receive subsidies encounter more obstructions and enjoy fewer facilities for getting on harmoniously with the government than those companies that receive subsidies. In some way which none but the initiated can explain, but which all who have had any experience in such matters understand, the subsidies serve in some way to lubricate the political machinery upon which large railway corporations are always more or less dependent, especially if owned by foreigners; but this method of lubrication once begun is liable to constitute a permanent charge of ever increasing costliness. If suspended, difficulties of administration, originating in unimaginable ways and in the most unexpected quarters, are pretty sure to multiply, for the devil is the most inexorable of all creditors.

We have spoken of the subsidies as amounting on an average to about one-third the cost per mile of the roads. It must not be understood, however, that all this money is paid in cash, and as fast as the road is built. It is payable in revenue bonds; that is, out of the proceeds of from four to six per cent. of the maritime and frontier duties, and without interest. The company's receipts, therefore, from these bonds must depend always more or less upon the activity of its foreign commerce. In addition to the uncertainties of this charge upon the public revenue, it is feared by many that the Mexican government has already incurred more obligations of this sort than she has any fair prospect of being able to make good. If we do not share this opinion entirely, it is because we expect that the greater portion of the grants already issued will be forfeited.

Since 1867 the republic has issued charters for over fifteen thousand miles of railroad, with subsidies attached amounting to over one hundred and seventy millions of dollars. Some of these grants have already expired by limitation, and been declared forfeited. Deducting the amounts that have already been paid by the government upon portions of the roads already constructed and accepted, there remains to be paid as subsidies under existing and still valid charters about ninety millions of dollars. This is a large liability for a government whose annual revenues are esteemed eminently prosperous when they reach twenty millions a year.

For the purpose of floating bonds in the markets of a country where railroad building has been so eminently successful and remunerative as in ours, a subsidy of from ten to twelve thousand dollars per mile is a gratuity not to be despised; but when all the conditions which accompany this subsidy are carefully considered by those who are ultimately to depend upon the earnings of the road for their income, it may well be doubted whether the subsidy will not in every case prove to the stockholders a mortgage rather than a bounty.

There is another class of difficulties which the railway undertaker has to encounter in Mexico which, if an American, he is not likely to anticipate. The government naturally desiring for its money

durable work that will involve in the future the minimum of cost for repairs, habitually insists upon the use of the most durable material. Where over a ravine in America the road would first be built upon an inexpensive trestle-work, in Mexico it must be built of stone in solid masonry, though there may not be a stone to be found within a hundred miles of the work. This often involves very considerable delay and an additional expense, which in the United States would be postponed until it could be paid, if at all, out of the net earnings of the road.

Then, again, the line of the road once selected and reported to the government, can not be deviated from a single inch without a plan and drawing of the deviation being made, submitted to and approved by the government in the city of Mexico, so that if in the progress of their work they come to a place where by changing the line of the road a rod or two or a yard or two they may avoid a costly piece of rock cutting or bridge work, or substantially shorten their lines, or effect any other important economy, they may be obliged to suspend the work of large gangs of men and their engineers for days or weeks, if they should be far from the seat of government, before they could get the required approval of the change. In most cases, therefore, it is less expensive to follow the original though less advantageous route than to incur the interruptions incident to a change. The inflexibility of the Mexican government upon this point has taught the companies whose lines have been already traced some expensive lessons, and will render all preliminary surveys in future much more tedious and costly than they need be in a country where the land itself is of so little value.

There is another tax upon railway enterprise in Mexico of which we have seen no note made in any of the numerous programmes to which public attention has been invited. We refer to the scarcity of fuel. There is not a single coal mine yet opened in Mexico; and though it is stated that coal in abundance may be found near the Texan frontier, it remains to be proved by better evidence than mere surface indications that the supposed deposit will prove abundant and suitable for the generation of steam, and if both, whether it will pay to mine and bring the coal where it is needed. The Vera Cruz road is run mainly by fuel brought from England. Its total "locomotive expenses" for the half-year ending June 30, 1881, for the main line, are stated in the official report of the directors at £66,583 15*s.* 9*d.*; of this, £24,905 6*s.* 2*d.*, or more than one-third, was for the item of "coal, coke, and firewood." The wood used by the companies now extending their lines from the city of Mexico costs eighteen dollars a cord, and is only ordinary pine at that. Unless some cheaper method of generating steam-power shall be devised than at present exists in Mexico, the question of fuel must remain one of primary importance. It would be difficult to name many roads in the United States or anywhere else that could pay dividends to its stockholders and eighteen dollars a cord for its fuel, even if that fuel were hickory-wood instead of Mexican pine.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, labor in Mexico is relatively good, cheap, and abundant. Experience has shown that three Mexicans will do as much work as two Celts, and cost less. Labor there is subject to its caprices, as in the United States, but of a less vexatious and costly character. There is no country in the world, probably, where the construction of railways is less complicated by the labor question than in Mexico.

We have purposely abstained from any discussion of the political consequences to be apprehended from the planting of one or two hundred millions of American money in Mexico, because the considerations involved in such a discussion would have little weight with the mass of those whom the foregoing reflections more immediately concern. It is enough to say at present that a system of railways so largely dependent for every breath of life it draws as the Mexican system is upon the Mexican government can not expect its relations with that government to be always harmonious. The very possession by the Mexican government of a power to annoy is a power certain to be abused, or to beget the suspicion of abuse. On the other hand, the consciousness on the part of the railway owners that they have the protection of a more powerful government is equally liable to abuse—to encourage arrogance and a disregard of those methods of conciliation and compromise by which such differences among railway companies within our own borders are commonly arranged. Should any of the roads prove unprofitable, pretexts for the interference

of the governments on both sides would readily be found—pretexts sufficiently plausible sooner or later to enlist the sympathies of the governments and people of both countries. We forbear to draw the curtain farther, but from what we have disclosed it is obvious that the dangers from this direction will increase in direct proportion to the magnitude of the interests involved. It may therefore be better for all concerned that the experiment of building railroads under Mexican charters with American capital should be made on a small scale until the respective prerogatives of the companies and the Mexican government are ascertained and placed under the protection of official precedents.

Such are some of the considerations which deserve to be carefully weighed by those who are counting upon sudden fortunes from railway investments in Mexico. Though none of them are decisive upon the main question, they seem to point pretty unerringly to the following results:

1. Voluntary emigration can not be relied upon to any appreciable extent.

2. Railways must depend mainly upon the transportation of the products of Mexican industry, and of the purchasing power of its surplus in foreign markets. The railway business, therefore, can not increase rapidly, nor endure much competition.

3. To make railways at all remunerative in Mexico they must be constructed and run with the closest economy and system. There will be no margin for extravagance or roguery.

4. There are so many elements of uncertainty to be reckoned with in these investments, especially if made under the auspices and in the special interest of foreigners, that while they would unquestionably prove highly advantageous to Mexico, and might ultimately prove highly remunerative to stockholders, at present they should be *caviare* to all who have not money to invest which they can afford to lose.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SOCIAL WRECK.

JANUARY 13, 188–.—Twenty-nine today, with two painful facts staring me blankly in the face. I am reduced almost literally to my last cent, and have no prospect of increasing this sum. For the first time in my life I may as well examine the situation impartially. It is not my fault that it is a physical impossibility for me to get up early in the morning, and therefore that I never have staid in any office more than two or three weeks at the longest. It is constitutional. I can't write a good hand, or keeps books correctly, for the same reason. Mathematics were left out of my composition. I *must* smoke, and it is impossible for me to smoke a poor cigar. If I am in debt for cigars, as well as other necessities, how can I help it? I would willingly work if I could only find the kind of work that would suit me. I am not a fool. There is not a man in New York who speaks French with a better accent than I do. I can sing better than most amateurs. There is no vanity in saying that people consider me good-looking. I don't find it difficult to please when I make an effort, and yet I am a complete failure. It is *not* my fault. I'm a round peg in a square hole. I ought to have been the oldest son of a duke, with a large allowance. Instead, I am a helpless orphan, with nothing a year. I seem to joke; in reality I am in despair. Fortunately my landlady trusts me blindly, or I would be turned into the street.

I have sold or pawned all my valuables. I might pawn my dress suit and studs, but if I did, I couldn't go out to dinner if I were asked, and that is always a saving. I can not get a place in an opera company, because my voice has not been sufficiently trained. There always *is* something to prevent my success, no matter what I try.

To-day I met Morton in the street. He stopped me and said: "By-the-way, Valentine, your name will come up at the Amsterdam very soon. You are sure to get in."

Imagine paying club dues in my present condition! Yet to belong to the Amsterdam has been one of my ambitions. I had to get out of it, and said, in an off-hand way: "Ah, thanks, Morton, but you may as well take my name off the list. I'm thinking of living out of town."

So I am—I think of occupying six feet of real estate in the country, if something doesn't happen soon. Morton always irritates me. He is one of those prosperous, fortunate creatures, always so completely

the thing, that I feel hopelessly my own deficiencies.

January 15.—Something *has* happened. I have an idea. It strikes me as strange, yet feasible. When I came in this afternoon I found a letter lying on my table. I opened it; it ran as follows:

"NEW YORK, *January* 14, 188–.

"Families who are about to give receptions, dinner parties, or other entertainments will be gratified to know that persons who will assist in making these events pleasant and enjoyable can be obtained through the medium of the Globe Employment Bureau. These persons will not be professionals, but parties of culture and refinement, who will appear well, dress elegantly, and mingle with the guests, while able and willing to play, sing, converse fluently, tell a good story, give a recitation, or anything that will help to make an evening pass pleasantly.

"The Globe Employment Bureau in this plan simply complies with the increasing demands of a large class of its patrons. The attendance of these persons, young or old, can be had for the sum of fifteen dollars per evening each. We will guarantee them to be strictly honorable and reliable persons. Respectfully yours,

"THE GLOBE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU."

The idea amused me. I moralized on it as a phase of New York society; wondered what sort of people would employ these individuals; wondered what the individuals would feel like themselves; smiled grimly at the inference that I could go to the expense of fifteen dollars to procure the services of one of these persons. While I stood with the letter in my hand, a thought flashed into my mind. It widened and developed, until now it possesses my whole being. I can't hire a Globe young man, but anything is better than starvation: I will *be* a Globe young man!

January 18.—It is all settled, and I am in the service of the New York Globe. After two days of hesitation, I presented myself this morning at the Globe office. I was shown to the Employment Bureau, and there, through a little grating, I was interviewed by a young clerk of supernatural composure. He had a cool discerning eye that seemed to read my very soul, and take in my situation and errand at a glance. I produced the Globe letter as the simplest method of introducing myself.

He looked at me with his discriminating expression. "Let me see," he murmured. "We have had three thousand applications since the day before yesterday, and our list is complete. But six feet—blonde—good-looking—distinguished, in fact"—he bit the handle of his pen meditatively. His air of reflection changed to one of decision. "Just follow me, please," he concluded.

I followed him through a dim passage to a little room where there was a piano with some music on it. Standing beside the piano was a small dark man, rubbing his hands and bowing politely as we entered. It reminded me of one of the torture chambers of the Inquisition. What were they going to do to me?

The chief inquisitor, in the shape of the clerk, began the ceremonies by saying: "I suppose you would not have come here without being able to fill the requirements of the Globe circular. Be kind enough to sit down and sing and play that song."

It proved to be "In the Gloaming." I was in good voice, and managed to sing it with some expression.

"Bravo!" said the second inquisitor, in the shape of the little dark man.

He then took me in hand. He proved to be an Italian, and asked me questions in Italian and French, in both of which languages I answered as well as I could. I was then obliged to sing pathetic songs, drinking songs, comic songs, opéra bouffe, English ballads, and then—worse than all—requested to recite some dramatic poetry. Here I was at sea. I confessed that I knew none.

"Never mind," said the clerk, encouragingly; "you have done remarkably well in other respects, and you can easily learn the regulation pieces."

He handed me a list, beginning with "Curfew shall not ring to-night" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and ending with "Betsey and I are Out" and "The May Queen." I choked down my rising resentment. What wouldn't I do for fifteen dollars an evening, short of crime?

"Very well," I said, obediently.

I was led out of the torture chamber, exhausted, but still living. It is queer. I feel shaky. I had to give them my own name. I found that there was no getting

out of this. They said that the whole matter was strictly in confidence. They required references, and I had taken the precaution to bring several letters of recommendation from well-known business men—letters that had been given to me a short while before when I was trying to get a situation in a business house down town. These were satisfactory as to my character.

I have put the halter around my own neck now.

N.B.—Suppose Morton were to find this out!

January 20.—I have had my first experience in my new character. I had been told to be ready every afternoon by five o'clock for orders. Yesterday, about six in the afternoon, I received a message from the Globe, directing me to go to a house in East Seventy-fourth Street, near Fifth Avenue, at nine o'clock that evening, and submit myself to the orders of Mr. Q. K. Slater. It was a consoling thought that I had never heard of Mr. Q. K. Slater, and that East Seventy-fourth Street was an unknown region to me.

Punctually at nine that evening I found myself in the large parlor of a house in Seventy-fourth Street, brightly lighted, and filled with people. The centre of the room was cleared, and several people were dancing to the strains of a band. Near the door stood a tall imposing gentleman with gray whiskers, and a lady in full evening dress. Doubtless my hosts, or rather my proprietors.

What was I to do? How were they to know who and what I was? As I stood hesitating, I found that their eyes were fixed upon me with a significant glance. I immediately went toward them. To my astonishment the lady greeted me by my name with the utmost suavity.

"Good-evening, Mr. Valentine," she said. "I am delighted to see you."

Mr. Slater murmured something that sounded like "How do you do?"

I said that I was delighted to meet—see them. Mrs. Slater turned to another lady standing near her.

"Mrs. Raggles, *do* let me introduce Mr. Valentine. We were so afraid that he would not be able to come."

While I talked as well as I could to Mrs. Raggles, I surreptitiously observed my host and hostess. Mr. Slater looked uncomfortable. There was a consciousness in his uneasy manner that if I was a sham, so was he. I feared that he might give us both away before the evening was over. Mrs. Slater, on the contrary, soared above any feeling of this sort. Her party was to be a success; that was evidently her principal object. What a comfort this was to me! I felt safe in her hands. Of course it was as much of an object to her as to me to conceal the fact that I was not a *bona fide* invited guest. I took my cue at once. Avoid Mr. Slater; arrange matters in such a way that Mrs. Slater could engineer me through the evening. All the time I had a sensation that in avoiding Mr. Slater I was avoiding an old and tried friend. There was something strangely familiar in his face; in the almost courtly wave of his hand as he directed his guests to the refreshment-room; in his protecting manner as he walked about, first with one lady, then another. I can not recall distinctly the events of the evening. I have a confused impression of lights, flowers, music, and people, much like any other party, yet with certain differences. The dressing was not in particularly good taste, and the German was managed in a most extraordinary manner. At eleven o'clock the man who was to lead it came forward with a hat containing scraps of paper. I noticed that all the men went up and drew a slip of paper. They examined it, and retired into the crowd. I couldn't imagine what this ceremony meant, and felt sure that when my turn came I should make some frightful blunder. As I thought this, I found Mrs. Slater beside me. She hurriedly explained to me that this party was one of a series of Germans given at the houses of her friends, and that there had been some feeling on the part of certain young ladies because others had been oftener asked to dance the German and drive home afterward than they had. In order to obviate this a system of lots had been arranged, by which chance alone decided the matter. "Each young gentleman," concluded Mrs. Slater, "can bring any young lady that he wishes to the party; but he is expected to go home with the lady whom he draws for the German. I hope you understand what is expected of you. You dance, of course?" she added, with a slightly stern manner—the manner of a proprietor. I said that I could.

Accordingly I drew my lot, and found myself the partner of a pretty girl, who proved to be the daughter of Mrs. Raggles.

This is my journal; no one will ever see it; I can be honest. I impressed Miss Raggles. I think I impressed every one that I met. I realized that on the mere making a good impression depended my success in the future. To talk, to dance, to flirt, to eat ice-cream, at the rate of three or four dollars an hour—for the present this was my profession. Why not elevate it, glorify it, by doing these things better than any one else had ever done them? There was an exhilaration in the thought. It positively inspired me. I was in constant demand, and was presented to almost every one. Toward the end of the evening Mrs. Slater asked me to sing. I thought it odd for a large party, but I sang my best. One thing damped my spirits. I had been standing in the doorway, when I suddenly became aware of two waiters who were whispering together at a short distance. In a lull of the music their words reached me.

"Which did yer say he was?" said one in a loud whisper.

"That's him—him there by the door, the good-lookin' fellow. Looks as if he didn't have nothin' in the world to do but stand there all the evening," answered the other.

"You don't say!" ejaculated the first; "and he gets fifteen dollars for doin' the likes of that? You and me has missed our vocation, Bill."

I could have knocked down the impertinent fellows, but, after all, what right had I to do it? It was all true. "Noblesse oblige," I muttered through my clinched teeth; and catching Mrs. Slater's stern glance, I went to do my duty by taking my partner to supper.

At the close of the evening Mr. Slater came up to me. He was certainly a dignified-looking old fellow, but he seemed unhappy. "Well, Mr. Valentine," he said, with rather a melancholy smile, "you have done remarkably well. Been quite the life of the evening. Trying thing to entertain a party of this size. This is the first time we have done it. How do you think it went off? Your candid opinion now."

"Remarkably well," I said.

I noticed that his manner to me was secret and confidential, as if we had entered into some dark partnership of crime.

"Mrs. Slater," he continued, "is an ambitious woman, and it was her idea having you. She wanted a different style of young man from those we have been accustomed to, and"—looking at me with a sad pride—"she got it—she got it."

As I looked at him his face seemed to grow more familiar. At this moment Miss Raggles, who had gone upstairs to get her cloak, made her appearance. I bade a hurried good-night to Mr. and Mrs. Slater, and accompanied the young lady home. She lived in that part of Fifth Avenue which is on the confines of both New York and Harlem. She treated me as a distinguished stranger, and ended by inviting me to call. Unsuspecting Miss Raggles! Her mother had apparently gone home hours before. In the Slater set they managed things in this way.

I wonder when I am to be paid.

January 22.—I have discovered where I have seen Mr. Slater before. I stopped at Stewart's yesterday to buy some gloves (I was paid the morning after the Slater party), and as I walked down the shop one of the individuals popularly known as "walkers" approached me.

"What do you desire, sir?" I heard a pompous voice say. "Where may I direct you?"

"Gloves," I said, mechanically.

"Third section on the right hand, Fourth Avenue side, sir."

I looked at my guide, as a familiar tone struck my ear. It was Mr. Slater. At the same instant he recognized me. A moment before we had been independent human beings—at the next our consciousness of the mutual knowledge we possessed of each other destroyed our comfort. Mr. Slater walked away in one direction and I in another. Still, it was a comfort to know where I had seen him before.

January 27.—I find that a whole week has elapsed since I have written anything in my journal. The truth is, I have been too miserable. This occupation is degrading. Everywhere I go some fresh humiliation awaits me. The very servants look on me with suspicion. At one place the butler followed me around all the evening as if I were a thief. I don't think any one noticed it, yet I could not rid myself of the feeling that Morton, who happened to be there, looked at me suspiciously once or twice. Suppose he were to discover everything, and tell it at the club! It is too hideous to be thought of.

At another house, where I had been obliged to sing comic songs and make a buffoon of myself for two hours, my host—

an enormously rich and illiterate person—presented me with a check for twenty-five dollars as I left the house. I returned it indignantly, but he pressed it into my hand, saying, heartily:

"I ain't goin' to take it back, so you may as well keep it. You done first-rate this evening—first-rate! 'Tain't charity, but because what you done is worth more than fifteen dollars by a long shot; and when I have pleasure, I expect to pay for it, like I do for everything else."

To avoid a scene, I had to keep the money. I am certainly richer than I was. I have been able, by my honest exertions, to supply myself with the luxuries without which I can not exist; and when my present income is doubled, I shall be able to pay something on account for my board bill here, and settle some of my other bills. The question that now troubles me is, Are they *honest* exertions?

Since the evening at Mr. Griddle's (the rich manufacturer who gave me the check) I have been to several places, at all of which, among others that I knew, I saw Morton. His manner is becoming most unpleasant. He said to me the other night, with that satirical grin of his:

"You're getting to be quite a society man, Valentine. Never used to see you about so much. It's always been my way, but it's something new for you."

I felt sure he suspected something. Another time he said:

"By-the-way, I thought you were going out of town to live? As you seem to have changed your mind, I suppose it is all right about the Amsterdam?"

I would not dare to join a club now. I stammered out something about talking it over another time, and left the room. I begin to hate him. He suspects the truth, and knows that I am in his power, and enjoys it.

February 4.—Added to the mortifications I am exposed to, the feeling that I am a sham grows on me. I impose on every one wherever I go. This thought has robbed me of my peace of mind. However poor I was before, I had nothing to be ashamed of. Now I am a man with a *Secret*.

February 5.—I have realized this too late. Last night I was sent for to fill a place at a dinner table where fourteen had been expected, and at the last minute one had failed. Mr. Courtland, the gentleman at whose house the dinner was given, treated me politely before his guests, yet with him I felt all the odium of my position. I was there as a convenience, and nothing else. My relation to him was purely a business one. The house was on Washington Square, and was old-fashioned but magnificent. The dining-room was hung with tapestry, and we sat around the dinner table in carved arm-chairs. I made a pretense of talking to the old lady whom I took in to dinner, and whom I had met before, but in reality my attention was absorbed by a beautiful young girl who sat opposite to me. She had dark hair, brilliant coloring, and deep-set brown eyes. She wore an oddly old-fashioned gown of yellow satin, cut square in the neck. I found that she was Mr. Courtland's niece and heiress, and lived with him. He was a widower without any children. After dinner, when the men went into the drawing-room, I determined to leave. Mr. Courtland's manner was too much for my self-respect. Miss Courtland stood by the piano, and every one was begging her to sing.

"My music has gone to be bound," she said, "and I can not sing without it."

Her uncle would not accept this refusal, and produced a portfolio of old music. His niece selected a duet for soprano and tenor, and said that she would sing if any one would take the tenor; she stood with the music in her hand, looking dubiously at the circle of men around her. Not one could sing. Mrs. Delancey, my companion at the dinner table, looked at me.

"Mr. Valentine sings, Helen. I am sure he will be happy to sing with you."

Miss Courtland turned to me with a smile that was positively bewildering. "Will you sing this duet with me, Mr. Valentine?"

Mr. Courtland flashed a furious glance at me, which said, "Don't dare to sing with my niece." Of all my humiliations this stung me the most. Mr. Courtland, however, seemed to regret having shown so much feeling, for his manner changed.

"I hope you will oblige us by singing, Mr. Valentine," he said, stiffly.

Of course I sang, although I was tempted to refuse, and leave the house instead. How could I refuse Miss Courtland? Her voice was exquisite—sympathetic. It made me feel as though I could confide in her. What if I should! Yes, and be cut the next time we met. I felt painfully the chasm that divided us, gentle and cor-

dial as she was, and left as soon as the song was over. I wonder whether I shall see her again?

February 13.—I have been out several times this week, and twice have met Miss Courtland. Her uncle never goes out, and Mrs. Delancey chaperons her. She always seems glad to see me, and certainly has the most charming manners. Never mind the fact of my being a whited sepulchre. Let me enjoy the goods the gods have sent me. That confounded Morton! he is always at Miss Courtland's elbow, and when he succeeds in engaging her to dance before I do, he looks at me with his insolent smile.

February 15.—Morton's malice is unspeakable. Feeling convinced as I do that he suspects my secret, it is positive torture to see him talk to Miss Courtland as he did last night. He evidently spoke of me, and she listened to him, looking at me meanwhile with a surprised expression. That man has me in his power.

February 20.—I feel that it is unprincipled to send Miss Courtland flowers, for two reasons—first, because I can not do it and pay my bills as well; secondly, because it adds to my deception in making a friend of her, and yet I can not resist the temptation to show her my admiration.

February 21.—Matters are coming to a climax. Last night Miss Courtland said, with a dignified sweetness that was irresistible: "Mr. Valentine, I have noticed that you have never been to see me. I have not asked you, because I supposed you would feel at liberty to come after having dined with my uncle."

"I assure you, Miss Courtland," I said, "I should of course have done so, but the truth is I have had a slight misunderstanding with your uncle, and I do not feel that I can go to his house."

Of course I added a lie to the rest of my duplicity. Her face was lighted with a charming smile. "That is no reason for not coming; you owe my uncle a call at all events. I will be at home to-morrow—no, Thursday afternoon. Come in about five o'clock, and I will give you a cup of tea. My uncle is never at home until six o'clock, and when he does come in, never sees visitors. Even if you do meet him, it will be a good opportunity to make your peace with him."

In a kind of dream I recklessly consented.

Morton came pushing up at that moment.

"By-the-way, Miss Courtland," he said, "will you be at home Thursday afternoon? If so, with your permission, I will call upon you."

Of course he had overheard me, and wished to irritate me. Fortunately some one spoke to Miss Courtland at that moment, and she turned away without having heard Morton. For once my anger flamed out. I caught him by the arm, and held it like a vise.

"Be careful," I said, between my teeth. "This sort of thing may go too far."

He gave me a furious look, and shaking me off, left the room.

February 22, Two A.M.—My brain is reeling. My world is upside down. There is no use in trying to sleep. I will write down what has happened. It may calm me. This evening when I entered the house where I was to entertain others at the expense of my self-respect, I found I was before the time. The rooms were empty, with the exception of my hostess, a very old lady, who held a formidable ear-trumpet in her hand. Preceding me down the brightly lighted room was a gentleman. There was something unpleasantly familiar in the cut of his coat and the carriage of his head. It was my evil genius, Morton. I made up my mind to wait until some one else came, before going in. As I stood in the background this scene was enacted before me:

Morton bowed. The old lady looked blankly at him.

"I am Mr. Morton, madam," said he.

She continued to stare at him, and then held out her trumpet. Morton took it, and repeated his words into its depths.

"Horton?" she said, interrogatively.

"Morton," he called.

"Oh yes, Lawton—Mr. Lawton."

"Morton!" he fairly shouted.

"Oh yes," she said, intelligence breaking over her face. "Morton—Mr. Morton, from the Globe office. Where's the other? There were to have been two. Just take care of yourself, please, for a moment. I have to go and see about something."

She tottered out of the room, and Morton, turning, confronted me. He saw that I had overheard all. Before I could speak he came toward me with an air of desperation.

"For Heaven's sake don't betray me, Valentine, now that you know my secret," he exclaimed. "I have felt from the first

that you suspected—that I was in your power. I throw myself on your mercy. In your safe and prosperous condition you don't know—you can't know—what a frightful position I am in."

My face must have changed in some ghastly manner as he spoke, for he stopped and looked at me with deepening consternation.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he asked.

I saw my mistake, and tried to look unconcerned, but at that moment the old lady came back into the room.

"Oh, there's the other," she said, as she saw me. "His name's Valentine, so that's all right."

Several people came into the room, and she went forward to greet them. Morton looked at me in dazed silence for a minute; then he seemed to master his astonishment by a mighty effort.

"So," he said, huskily, "we are quits. I am in your power, but you are equally in mine. Be careful how you interfere with me."

We did not speak again together during the evening. What is to be the end of this? To-morrow I go to see Miss Courtland, and I have made up my mind to confess everything. Perhaps she will think no worse of me. The queen still loved Ruy Blas after she found he was a lackey.

What nonsense am I dreaming of?

February 23.—The game is up. I went this afternoon to Mr. Courtland's house, and found Miss Courtland at home, alone. She was in a dim little room, with the firelight flickering on her beautiful face. She saw that I was constrained and anxious, and at once asked me the reason. Something in her kind manner broke down my composure.

"Miss Courtland," I said, "how would you feel if I were to confess that I have been deceiving you—that I am not what I seem to be?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, anxiously.

"Tell me first," I said, "that whatever I tell you, you will still be my friend, and will believe me when I say that I have not wished to deceive you—that I have bitterly regretted it."

She looked at me with a frank smile. "You may depend upon me."

In a few words I told her everything from the time of my going to the Globe office up to that moment. She listened gravely; then she turned to me again with a smile.

"You have told me nothing dishonorable (although you can surely find something better to do), and I will still be your friend. I am glad you told me, for Mr. Morton said some things about you last night that made me fear—"

This was too hard, and I interrupted her.

"Morton!" I said. "Morton is the last person to dare to say anything against me."

Here I checked myself, but Miss Courtland's curiosity was aroused.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said. "I will not talk of Morton; it is enough that you are still my friend."

"Certainly I am," she said.

She held out her hand as she spoke, and I took it and raised it to my lips. At the same moment two people entered the room by different doors. One was Mr. Courtland; the other, Morton. Mr. Courtland seemed stupefied with astonishment, for he stood motionless, but Morton strode toward me.

"How dare you!" he gasped. "I will expose you."

His audacity was too much for my self-control.

"Morton," I said, in a low tone, "as your position is the same as mine, I warn you to be careful of what you say."

I spoke louder than I intended, and Miss Courtland heard my words. She gave Morton a keen look.

"Ah! now I understand!" she exclaimed, as if involuntarily.

As she said this Morton became very white, and muttering something about a broken engagement, with a hasty good-by to Mr. Courtland, left the room. He had gone a step too far at last. Mr. Courtland had by this time recovered from his astonishment.

"What do you mean by this astounding impertinence!" he exclaimed, coming toward me. He turned to his niece: "Helen, do you know on what terms this man first came here? I hired him—hired him from the Globe Employment Bureau to fill an empty place at my dinner table. I did not warn you against him, for I thought you would not meet him again. I trusted also to his sense of decency, but I was mistaken. Your hon-

esty was guaranteed, sir. You have not taken my silver, but you have done worse. This shall be reported to the Globe Employment Bureau immediately. First, leave this house. I shall go at once to the Globe office."

He paused for an instant.

"My dear uncle," said Miss Courtland, quietly, "Mr. Valentine has just told me all this himself. He only came here because I asked him to come."

Mr. Courtland would not listen to any explanations, but only repeated his assertion that he would report me at the Globe office. There was nothing for me to do but to go.

I gave Miss Courtland one look of gratitude, then I left the house. I have but two consolations: one, that Miss Courtland still trusts me; the other, that Morton is as badly off as I am—rather worse.

My dismissal from the Globe has just come. It is a relief to be free from this bondage, but I am as much in debt as usual, and what am I to do in the future?

February 24.—A light is beginning to break on my dark horizon. I have just received a note from Miss Courtland telling me that her uncle has been pacified by her explanations; that as I am no longer in the employ of the Globe, I am at liberty to come to his house; and that she is sure I will find something better to do in the future.

I can't help thinking of Ruy Blas and the queen again. I feel like Ruy Blas come back to life, and *my* queen is not married.

IN THE WAHLAMET VALLEY OF OREGON.

THE old emigrant trail to Oregon, getting well away from the route to California and across the Idaho deserts, followed down the northern bank of the Boise River to the Snake, crossing which, it made its way northwestward to The Dalles of the Columbia. The "Oregon" those first settlers sought was only a small area out of the half a million square miles then included in the boundaries of the new Territory, and lay south of the Columbia, between the Coast Range and the Cascade Mountains, where now are the oldest settlements in the State. The present interest of this region to us is derived from this fact, and from its natural beauty, agricultural wealth, and prosperous population.

The coast of Northern California and Oregon is defined by a bulwark of basaltic hills, with peaks three or four thousand feet high, resisting further encroachments of the ocean. Parallel with this Coast Range, but about one hundred and fifty miles inland, runs the magnificent continuation of the Sierra Nevada here called the Cascade Mountains. The everlasting snows of the central crest of this range are guarded by rank upon rank of foothills, but there remains space between the outermost of the three and the slopes of the Coast Range for a wide area of level and cultivable land, and in this area is comprised the two valleys, Wahlamet and Umpqua, that form the subject of the present article, together with the low cross spur of hills dividing them.

The greatest river of the Northwest, every one knows, is the Columbia—a river equalled by only two or three on the continent. Of tributaries, nevertheless, it has very few below where the Snake comes in, and it does not receive its greatest auxiliary until within a hundred miles of its ocean bar. This is the Wahlámet, or Willámette, as it is often spelled, as though it were a French diminutive instead of an Indian word. About the Wahlamet, indeed, there is nothing diminutive. At the city of Portland, twelve miles above its junction with the Columbia, it is nearly half a mile in width. Ocean steamers of the heaviest draught — steamers going round the Horn and traversing the Pacific in the China trade—come there to discharge and to be loaded, while river boats steam a hundred miles further up.

Receiving many deep tributaries, such as the Santíam, Tual'atin, Yamhill, Molálla, Cláckamas, Long Tom, and Luckiámute, finally itself forking into a cluster of sources whose fountains never fail, because fed by Sierra snows, it is apparent at a glance that the wide valley of this river is well drained. Lack of water, indeed, is far removed from the Oregon farmer's fears in respect to his crops; if anything, he suffers from too much rain, especially in winter and spring, when inundations are likely to occur, though they rarely amount to wreck-making floods. The average annual rain-fall in the upper part of the valley is nearly the same as around Lake Erie, but in the lower Columbia Valley it is twice as great.

For several years the Oregon and California Railway Company has been run-

ning trains up the Wahlamet and on beyond, aiming to meet an approaching line from California, and so make an all-rail route from San Francisco to Portland—cities now connected only by steamers. This railway now runs to Roseburg, two hundred miles south of Portland, and throws off several branches, so that the whole agricultural region of Western Oregon possesses ready means of shipment for its produce. A trip over the main



line at least of this railway ought not to be missed by the visitor to Oregon, not more as a matter of instruction than as a pleasure, for few regions are fairer, and the domestic scenes that intermingle with nature's unchanged grandeur are doubly interesting to eyes weary with the utter wilderness encountered in coming from the East.

The vicinity of Portland being rough and wooded, the cultivable area of the Wahlamet Valley begins only about twenty miles above, where the receding hills leave wide spaces of level ground. Here, however, the valley is forest-grown—woods made up almost wholly of evergreens, and, so far as timber is concerned, of a single tree, the Douglass fir (*Pseudostuta douglassii*). It is this species that furnishes all the lumber of the district; but the forests easily accessible have been despoiled of all likely trees, and only one saw-mill is to be seen along the railway, breaking the monotone of forest green with its stacks of fresh planking and its great heaps of bright yellow sawdust. Abandoned by the choppers, these tangled woods, rapidly choking with second growth, become the resort of an abundance of game, and the tumbling streams that traverse them are full of trout. The land covered is good enough soil, but as yet there is not the demand which makes its clearance profitable, in view of cheaper holdings farther away. The little district about Oregon City makes a break beyond which the old woodland covers another score of miles, more entertaining to the seeker of things picturesque than to the

"practical" man. Then begins the open prairie region which is the pride of Western Oregon, and where there is só dense a farming population as to support several branch lines of railway penetrating to remote settlements. This open area is about a hundred miles long, and averages perhaps fifty miles in width, with side valleys penetrating far into the foot-hills of the Cascade range. Much of it is prairie, but in general it is diversified by lines of woodland following the courses of streams, by copses of detached fir woods, and by low hills covered with an open, park-like growth of two sorts of oak. The immediate vicinity of the Wahlamet (up which steamboats go regularly to Salem, and occasionally as far as Eugene City) is liable to overflow, and the railway crosses its swift flood at Harrisburg upon a bridge approached by long trestlework; but these wide bottoms support a magnificent growth of deciduous trees—ash, maple, alder, cottonwood, and innumerable of lesser size which closely reproduce the appearance of the Upper Mississippi lowlands.

To these fertile districts attention was attracted almost half a century ago. "Oregon" then comprised everything north of California, indefinitely, and was claimed by both England and the United States. In 1846 a treaty designated the parallel 49° the boundary between British Columbia and the United States, at which time Oregon contained about 10,000 people. By 1850 the Territory had been organized under the United States, and 3000 more immigrants had arrived. In order to make good titles to land taken up when the sovereignty of the region was doubtful, and also to encourage further immigration, Congress passed what is called the "Donation Law." This perfected titles originating under the previous provisional government, and gave to every actual new settler 320 acres of public land; or, if he were married, it gave him and his wife 640 acres. This law during its brief existence aided the settlement of the country so rapidly that the census of only a decade later showed over 50,000 inhabitants. It must be remembered, however, that the Oregon of that day included the present Territories of Washington, Idaho, and Montana. So far as the present limits of the State of Oregon are concerned, there was little habitancy outside of these very valleys we are discussing, and it was here that the Donation Law operated both for good and evil. Its good lay in the impetus it gave to immigration; its evil, in the fact that, in a region where the really choice land was in small areas, it placed too much in single hands.

This, perhaps, would not have been an evil under some circumstances; but the unfortunate fact in the present instance was that the people who came, took up land, and settled, were, as a rule, an extremely poor class of vagabond farmers from the border States, the Pike County region of Missouri and the lowlands of the Ohio River and Arkansas furnishing the majority. They were poor, also, in the sense of having little money, and this helplessness, added to their thriftless habits, made their possession of the best land in the valleys a misfortune to the State, since they shut out those coming later from fields they would have cultivated to far greater advantage.

This unenterprising class of farmers, locally spoken of as "the old Oregonians," has declined in influence, however, and is represented by the loungers of the community. Their children have lost their drawl of speech and action, or their property has been bought by their betters, so that now, for the most part, an active and well-to-do race of farmers till the acres and control the destinies of the western slope of the State.

That this is true is plainly seen in the landscape. The farms will average more than a hundred acres in area, and follow one another uninterruptedly from the river back into the wooded foot-hills, the two valleys of Wahlamet and Umpqua containing now about one hundred thousand people outside of the metropolis. The houses are almost invariably of frame, and of good size and appearance, with far more attention paid to comfort and attractive surroundings than it is customary to see even in the Eastern States. The general air of thrift and neatness in the little villages scattered here and there is very noticeable also, and the school-houses and churches are as thickly planted as in Ohio or New York. The many scattered groves of splendid oaks, in which, perhaps, grew one or two yellow pines or a few stately firs, gave an opportunity not lost sight of to place one's house where the effect would be that of an ancient homestead, around whose sacred altars trees planted in grandfather's youth had

had time to become of great size and dignity. This pleasant deception is seen everywhere; and it *is* deceptive in spite of your knowledge, giving an impression of a country occupied for centuries, and full of traditions.

To this appearance of domestic felicity —"happy homes of a free people," as the land agents are fond of shouting—is added at the bright season of early summer the utmost charm of great natural beauty. The whole wide basin lies open to the eye, robed in green, but green of what infinite variety of tint and shading, between the emerald squares of the new wheat and the opaque mass of the far-away hill forests sharply serrate against the sky, or melting into a farther and farther indistinctness of hill and haze. The foreground, too, is always pleasantly sketchy; or, if you think my picture lacks bright color, look at that great golden swath of ranunculus laid athwart the meadow; at that brown patch of freshly ploughed ground; at this brilliant red barn and white farm-house half hidden in its blossoming orchard!

All the cereals are raised here, but you will see little of anything except wheat, which for half a century has made Oregon famous. In 1831, it is related, the first wheat was sowed at French Prairie, in Marion County; and that same field yielded thirty-five bushels to the acre in 1879. Rich land that, but equalled in many parts of the western valleys, where the soil is a dark loam, underlaid by clay. The richest acres of course lie along the wooded river-bottoms, in many of which can be traced extensive beaver dams. The beavers have long ago departed, but their occupation, by making broad reaches of still water, overflowing the lowlands, and permitting wide deposits of alluvium, has produced a soil of extraordinary fertility.

Of wheat, the yield to the acre runs from twenty to thirty-five or more bushels, full and heavy grain often exceeding by five to nine pounds the standard weight of sixty pounds to the bushel. "Land summer-fallowed and fall-sowed is certain to produce twenty-five bushels as a minimum yield. In some parts of this valley [the Wahlamet] where the fields have been cropped continuously for a quarter of a century, they still produce enormously, thus demonstrating the great strength and permanent qualities of the soil. The wheat of this region is a plump, full berry, from which flour of uncommon whiteness is made. Its excellence in this respect is so fully recognized that in the English markets it commands a premium of from three to five cents over the best produced in California. Many varieties of wheat are cultivated. The old white winter wheat, originally introduced by the Hudson Bay Company, is excellent in quality, and retains its hold on popular favor. White velvet wheat is certainly as good, and perhaps more productive. Spring varieties of white wheat, as Chili Club, Little Club, Australian, and others, are well liked and give good crops. The peculiarities of the soil in the various counties mainly determine, however, the kind of wheat which is used for seed in different localities."*

The surplus yield of wheat at present is about 150,000 tons annually in Western Oregon—more than two-thirds of the crop of the whole State. This amount represents about 5,000,000 bushels, much of which was converted into flour here. This year the acreage and crop will be a little larger. There is at every little railway station a great warehouse, to which the farmer brings his wheat for sale as fast as it is threshed. This obviates the need of barns; and you will see very few of these structures in Oregon, except stables used for live stock. All the wheat thus gathered in the country warehouses finds its way before the winter is over to the wharves at Portland, the railway charging a uniform freight rate from all points. At Portland vessels are loaded, and the grain or flour starts on its long voyage around the Horn. "Neither mildew nor rust has appeared to any great extent, and no failure of the wheat crop has been known since the settlement of the country..... Owing to the dry summers, the wheat is not affected by the long sea-voyage to Great Britain, whither most of it is exported, and by the double passage through the tropics incidental to its transportation."

Next to wheat, oats are the most important crop, there being raised yearly a surplus of the finest quality for export. Rye and barley are also planted extensively. On the river-bottom lands hops are grown to a large extent, the Wahlamet Valley being famous for the excellence of this product and the extraordinary yield. The picking is done by Indians, for the most

* From *The Pacific Northwest*, p. 42.

part, and an exciting picture it makes. Flax also is a plant widely cultivated, as well as magnificent clover and all the vegetables, the potatoes being of superior quality; but nowhere in Western Oregon will you see "the silken sweep of the corn billows rushing through yellow fields" of maize. For this plant the nights are too cold. That refreshing coolness following quickly upon the retreat of the sun, hastening down from the mountains to close our eyes in well-blanketed and undisturbed sleep, is fatal to Indian corn, which glories in the blaze of the midsummer heat, and waxes fat and succulent through damp and sultry midnights.

Farmers in Western Oregon, however, by no means restrict their energies and capital to raising grain, or growing the varied fruits that flourish so well in the Wahlamet orchards. Vale and open hill-top are clothed in a turf of rich grasses and weeds, blossoming into loveliness for the farmer's eye, while storing up juices relished by his grateful beasts. Unadapted to the raising of herds of beef cattle, as a dairy country the region is most admirable, and everywhere one sees hosts of sleek kine pasturing in full content. Milk, butter, and cheese are staple products, therefore, and on the Wahlamet much attention has been paid to the improvement of the milch stock, short-horns finding the most favor. For these cattle very little fodder is provided, the custom being to let them run out-of-doors all winter; but this results in deterioration, and often in loss, so that it would be far better to shelter and feed them during the midwinter, when cold sleety rains follow one another in doleful succession. As for snow or hard ice, neither is often seen.

The same remarks apply to the sheep, which are annually increasing in numbers and growing in excellence through higher admixture of Merino and Cotswold blood. Sheep-raising, indeed, especially in the southern counties, is one of the most profitable and extensive of all industries, great flocks being driven every year for sale into California and Nevada, the surplus of those preserved for shearing.

The Wahlamet Valley is separated from the valley of the Umpqua by the Calapooia Hills, connecting the Coast Range with the mountains of the interior, Calapooia being the tribal name of the aborigines here. It is a low divide, and offers no great difficulties to the railway, which winds through Pass Creek Cañon, affording an hour of steady delight to the passenger, and scenery for a whole summer of painting to the artist who takes his sketching kit on his back, and threads its old wood roads and cattle trails afoot.

During the past ten years a considerable agricultural settlement has followed the lumbermen into this range. All the prairie and open bottom-lands having long ago been taken, settlers who are unable or unwilling to purchase improved farms are compelled to go into the brush on the foot-hills, where land is to be bought of the railways at about $2 50. This certainly is cheap; for when it has been cleared—devastating fires are greatly aiding this process—a soil only slightly, if at all, inferior to that of the lowlands (albeit of different character) lies ready for long tillage. This fact, nevertheless, was slow in becoming apprehended. For example, there is a range of highlands near Salem, called the Waldo Hills, the soil of which is red and easily worked. A few years ago this soil was believed sterile and almost worthless, but some adventurous spirits experimented with it, and now those hills are said to produce the best grain in the State, 350,000 bushels having been garnered there in 1880. For cleared farms there you must pay from $30 to $50 an acre, exclusive of improvements.

Volcanic, like all these ridges, the Calapooia Hills are rough, with broken ledges, and the streams pour saucily through narrow gorges or tumble headlong down many a black and white cascade. Mighty firs, clean-shafted and straight, stand as thickly upon the highlands as the crowding triangles of their bushy tops will let them, their outer edges, where the prairie reaches up or the axe has cleared a space, guarded by a thick hedge of youngsters as shapely and ornamental as the pets of a gentleman's park. Thus the hill-tops. Over the streams which knit the hills together in silver seams arch the verdant boughs of ash and maple, the stiff-jointed limbs of oaks, whose bark is hidden in soft swathings of olive-brown moss, the wide-reaching alders, every twig traced vividly white through the green, and many another bright-foliaged tree or bush. The rocks are black and hard, to be sure, but how exquisitely does nature apologize for them! The grasses lean over the very brink of the precipice; thick

mosses rest upon every ledge and projection; vines bearing pink garlands or red-stemmed briers starred with snowy blossoms climb its rugged walls; minute lichens, crowding closely, lay a silver tissue over smooth cleavage faces; and in every cleft nod tiny bright flowers, poised delicately as jewellers display gems upon flexible pins that their facets may sparkle fitfully in tremulous light. The cool shadow baths under these huge firs, the sun-lit canopies of hazel and oak (if you like that better), the sorrel-reddened banks of the brooks, and those brilliant rocks, make summer pictures beyond belief beautiful.

The Umpqua region is prominent in agriculture like that of the Wahlamet, the latter, indeed, having nothing to show equal to the beautiful Yoncalla Valley. But in the Umpqua region there is to be had also much mineral wealth, including gold and iron. Coal, however, is the mineral of greatest importance, immense beds of semi-bituminous and lignite coal underlying portions of the country west of the Cascade Mountains, especially in Douglas and Coos counties. One of the Coos Bay mines alone is said to be capable of an output of a thousand tons a day, and two small steam-colliers, with several sailing vessels, are kept busy taking the coal to San Francisco. The iron region of Oregon lies in the neighborhood of Portland, extending from Kalama almost to Oregon City, and furnishing ore of great value.

It will readily be understood from the description in the foregoing pages that this is a population that lives scattered on farms, so that many towns are not to be expected. There are only half a dozen worth mention in Western Oregon. Jacksonville and Ashland are busy centres of an agricultural and great fruit-growing and wine-making region at the southern edge of the State, beyond our scope. Roseburg, the present railway terminus, is a prettily placed village on the south fork of the Umpqua, settled largely by Germans. Here died the famous Senator Joe Lane, in a little cottage beside the river. At Eugene City is located the State University, the town having given it a fifty-thousand-dollar building—far more useful, I hope, than it is attractive to the eye.

This university is the highest institution of learning in the State, and has about one hundred and fifty students (not counting the preparatory department), about one-third of which are young women, and it is old enough to have graduated three classes. These students come from all parts of the State, and are admitted upon the strength of a local competitive examination, entitling the winner to a scholarship, of which there are as many as there are members of the Legislature. Such scholarships are free, and it is considered that an expenditure of four dollars a week ought to supply a pupil at the university with all the privileges and comforts he could ask. The equipment of the school, except in the matter of a library, is very fair, and Professor Condon has placed there a local paleontological collection which is unique and of great value.

Further down the Wahlamet, Albany on the eastern and Corvallis on the western bank are farmers' villages, having flouring and woollen mills, together with factories run by water-power for various small wares. From Corvallis a railway is building to the coast, finding a harbor at Yaquina Bay. This railway has a large land grant, is supported by New York men, asserts its harbor a better one than the Columbia can afford, and proposes to build straight eastward through Lebanon Pass to a junction with the Union Pacific Railway in Idaho. Corvallis boasts an academy, dignified by the title of State Agricultural College, and aided by the State.

The capital of the State, Salem, is the largest village in the valley, having about six thousand people. There is a curious coincidence in the name, which means a place of peace, for, strangely enough, the Indians dwelling there were the Chemé-ketas, or *peace-makers*. It is only recently that civilization has obliterated the old circular embankment, like a circus ring, where the councils of all the valley Indians used to be held, the pipe passing from hand to hand around the grave circle, while the orator of the moment spoke in the centre. What a pity the town was not named Cheméketa, and that the metropolis was not called Multonomah, Salem and Portland having about as much real significance in their situation as if they were simply lettered A and B.

Salem is chiefly of consequence as a flour-making place, possessing the largest mills in the State now, and looking forward to another great mill just begun. These establishments contain improved machinery, and all their flour is intended

for export, being sent to Liverpool in ships of their own chartering, and sold in England by one of the owners, who lives there.

Salem stands at the head of navigation on the Wahlamet, except at very high water. Several miles below, a volcanic ledge crops up square across the river's course, making a heavy cataract. The ledge has broken in the middle, so that the main body of the stream rushes into a big notch, making far more noise and turmoil by its leap of forty feet in this ragged crevice than a sheer, smooth fall would occasion. The banks of the river here are cliff-like and forest-hidden, and the scene is almost grand, reminding one somewhat of the Falls of St. Anthony.

A practical view of its water-power advantages led to the placing of the first settlement in the State here—Oregon City. The narrow river-bank is now given up to woollen and flouring mills and other factories chiefly, most of the dwelling-houses standing upon a high cliff, which is scaled by picturesquely contrived stairways. For many years a portage was necessary about these falls, the steamboats all transferring their cargoes; but lately, and at great expense, a canal with locks has been opened on the western side of the river, through which steamers pass and repass.

The lower part of the Wahlamet Valley, especially on the western side, is solidly timbered, many firs there reaching 250 feet in height. Prairies and oak-openings occur here and there nevertheless, such districts showing settlements of long standing, and now threaded together upon the west side branch of the Oregon and California Railway.

One of these villages, the little town of Forest Grove, where you can scarcely see how pretty the white houses are for the crowding of bountiful orchards, and the wide-reaching shade of oaks and evergreens, is the seat of one of the government's Indian training schools, in charge of Captain William C. Wilkinson, of the Third Infantry, U.S.A. Captain Wilkinson has been on staff duty in this department for several years, and has added to a wide knowledge of the Indians a deep interest in their regeneration. It is only by untiring exertions that he has been able, within the last three years, to begin this school for Indian youth; but his enthusiasm is sufficient to brush away obstacles that would stagger another man. Not the least of these obstacles is that miserable spirit of intolerance so constantly met with on this coast, and particularly from the old settlers and their sons. When this spirit is unrestrained, it manifests itself in a ruffianly bullying of everything not within the pale it chooses to erect, and a very narrow pale that is.

To that sort of man (and unfortunately he is in tremendous force among the people still influential in Oregon) the Indian is merely something to be kicked out of the way. He is never spoken of save as a "damned Injun," and never conceded to be "good" until he is dead. The man who asserts the red man's humanity and immortal worth in the eyes of his and our Creator goes flatly against the theory and practice of this class, and must expect much the same treatment as martyrs to other unpalatable truths have received.

Fighting his way through opposition from this and other circumstances, Captain Wilkinson secured two years ago an appropriation of $5000, out of which he was to establish a school to embrace not less than twenty-five Indian children. This put him up a wooden building on land loaned by the Pacific University (a struggling academical school at Forest Grove), and gathered his children. The next year he was given $15,000, while this year the appropriation is increased to $30,000, but he is required to teach 150 pupils. This gives $200 a year apiece, out of which the superintendent must house, feed, clothe, and teach his wild young household, and pay the travelling expenses to and fro of all recruits or graduates. The government paid a single bill of $80,000 for a steamer to carry troops and munitions of war to the front at Lewiston, Idado, during the Nez-Percé war of 1879!

What has been the success so far? At Forest Grove you will see where the first building was set right in the unhewed woodland, a large, well-fenced clearing, from which all the stumps have been grubbed, and every inequality levelled and turfed or ploughed. This the boys did unaided, their strong young arms bending eagerly to the task—but never was such playing heard of as they make the oaks ring with when work is done! You will see also, instead of one building, two. The second, used as a school-house for nearly one hundred youngsters, and as a domitory for the boys, and which is two and a half stories in height, was built wholly by the

boys; not a white workman did a day's job upon it, except in the way of a few preliminary directions. Then furniture was needed—desks for the school-room, tables and drawers and shelves for the office, bedsteads for the dormitory. The lumber was bought, the tools provided, and the boys did the rest; it is not ornamental and costly, but it is strong, neat, and answers every purpose. The young carpenters learned something of the use of tools, saved wages for the general fund, and have the satisfaction of sleeping and eating on their own handiwork. These necessities provided for, the girls' quarters are beginning to be enriched by little cupboards, small bureaus, and a variety of such conveniences, which there is no money to buy, and which it pleases both giver and recipient to get in this way. It was gratifying to find in a governmental institution a carpetless, paintless frugality that Puritans and ascetics might have admired, until I recalled that this was not the creditable economy of newly conscientious politicians, but an enforced simplicity in order to make a pittance about the size of a campaign committee's stationary bill do all the philanthropic service possible to be squeezed out of it.

To get the children together, Captain Wilkinson visits the different tribes in Oregon and Washington Territory, and receives recruits, which are selected by the principal men of their tribe, and are usually their own sons and daughters. The first doubts the Indians had in respect to the school were dispelled by coming to see it; now they are anxious to send more than can be accommodated. From Alaska, even, has come a large squad, whose home is on the Stickeen River. Some have been in the school two years, others only a few weeks; some are approaching eighteen years of age, others are under ten; all are thorough Indians, save a few half-bloods, who might as well be, so far as manner of life is concerned. They are wigwam babies in a Christian nursery.

The details of school life are uninteresting. The children are set at once to learn English, and if you should hear the school recite in concert, or sing, you would not suspect that in nearly every case the language had been learned within a year or two, so fluently and distinctly is it uttered, or read and written. Apt to learn, they have advanced rapidly in their books, and are equally quick at their trades, every one being set at blacksmithing, carpentering, wheelwrighting, or at making shoes, as soon as he has strength or capacity. All work more or less at farming, but arrangements for this branch of education and profit are sadly inadequate as yet. Shoemaking has been carried so far that money is earned every day by the boy-cobblers in pay for outside job-work. The girls make straw hats, and sew in various ways.

It is not this sort of thing, however, that tells so well as their social, domestic education. Here rare wisdom is required to get proper results. The discipline and home life of a hundred young Indians fresh from the squalor and unrestraint of the wigwam were problems requiring careful handling. The effect must be not merely to teach civilized methods, but to make these methods so appeal to the good judgment and affection of the children that, when they return to be lights to their race, they shall not be tempted to relinquish them for their old savagery.

Captain Wilkinson thinks that the Indian must be wholly separated from his people and their influences in order to reconstruct and educate him. Accordingly, every child receives an English name, and its own, or its home tongue, is never heard.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL'S EULOGY UPON HIS WIFE.

RECENTLY, while in attendance at a Sunday-school convention at Washington, Mason County, in this State, I was invited, with several others, to dine with the family of the Hon. Martin P. Marshall, a resident of the village.

Mr. Marshall is one of the most gifted and cultivated men of the State. He was at one time somewhat prominent in public affairs. He is now advanced in years, however, and is living the life of a retired private citizen.

He is a nephew of the Hon. John Marshall, deceased, formerly Chief Justice of the United States, and was in the earlier years of his life a member of the Chief Justice's family.

In conversation in regard to his uncle he spoke in terms of the warmest admiration of his character. Daily intercourse with him had taught him to revere and love him. He dwelt particularly upon the simplicity and beauty of his private

life. He was his model of what a husband should be to the wife of his bosom in respect to the love which he should cherish for her, the tenderness with which he should watch over her and nurse her in failing health, and the fondness with which he should think of her when death had taken her from his arms.

Rising in the midst of his remarks, our host invited another gentleman and myself, who were listening to him, into his private apartment, and there opening a drawer, he took out and read to us a paper written by the Chief Justice on the first anniversary of his wife's death, in memory of his love for her, and of the excellences of her life and character.

I asked him if the paper had ever been published. He said that it had not; that he had kept it sacred as a private legacy, and had never obtained his own consent to let it be given to the public. I said to him that I thought that it ought to be published, as I believed that it would be read with interest and profit by all into whose hands it would come. Just then we were called to dinner.

Afterward the conversation in regard to the paper was renewed, and before I left the house, Mr. Marshall yielded his consent to have it published, and handed it to me for that purpose.

A copy of it is herewith inclosed, with the belief that its publication will increase the respect which the people of this country already feel for the memory of its author, and at the same time enhance their appreciation of the domestic virtues which were so beautifully and admirably illustrated in the life of the great Chief Justice. D. S.

KENTUCKY, *August* 20, 1881.

December 25, 1832.

This day of joy and festivity to the whole Christian world is to my sad heart the anniversary of the keenest affliction which humanity can sustain. While all around is gladness, my mind dwells on the silent tomb, and cherishes the remembrance of the beloved object it contains.

On the 25th of December it was the will of Heaven to take to itself the companion who had sweetened the choicest part of my life, had rendered toil a pleasure, had partaken of all my feelings, and was enthroned in the inmost recess of my heart.

Never can I cease to feel the loss, and to deplore it. Grief for her is too sacred ever to be profaned on this day, which shall be during my existence devoted to her memory.

On the 3d of January, 1783, I was united by the holiest bonds to the woman I adored. From the hour of our union to that of our separation I never ceased to thank Heaven for this its best gift. Not a moment passed in which I did not consider her as a blessing from which the chief happiness of my life was derived.

This never-dying sentiment, originating in love, was cherished by a long and close observation of as amiable and estimable qualities as ever adorned the female bosom.

To a person which in youth was very attractive, to manners uncommonly pleasing, she added a fine understanding, and the sweetest temper which can accompany a just and modest sense of what was due to herself.

I saw her first the week she attained the age of fourteen, and was greatly pleased with her.

Girls then came into company much earlier than at present. As my attentions, though without any avowed purpose, nor so open and direct as to alarm, soon became ardent and assiduous, her heart received an impression which could never be effaced. Having felt no prior attachment, she became at sixteen a most devoted wife. All my faults—and they were too many—could never weaken this sentiment. It formed a part of her existence. Her judgment was so sound and so safe that I have often relied upon it in situations of some perplexity. I do not remember ever to have regretted the adoption of her opinion. I have sometimes regretted its rejection.

From native timidity she was opposed to everything adventurous, yet few females possessed more real firmness.

That timidity so influenced her manners that I could rarely prevail on her to display in company the talents I knew her to possess. They were reserved for her husband and her select friends. Though serious as well as gentle in her deportment, she possessed a good deal of chaste, delicate, and playful wit, and if she permitted herself to indulge this talent, told her little story with grace, and could mimic very successfully the peculiarities of the person who was its subject.

She had a fine taste for belle-lettre

reading, which was judiciously applied in the selection of pieces she admired.

This quality, by improving her talents for conversation, contributed not inconsiderably to make her a most desirable and agreeable companion. It beguiled many of those winter evenings during which her protracted ill health and her feeble nervous system confined us entirely to each other. I can never cease to look back on them with deep interest and regret. Time has not diminished, and will not diminish, this interest and this regret.

In all the relations of life she was a model which those to whom it was given can not imitate too closely. As the wife, the mother, the mistress of a family, and the friend, her life furnished an example to those who could observe intimately which will not be forgotten. She felt deeply the distress of others, and indulged the feeling liberally on objects she believed to be meritorious.

She was educated with a profound reverence for religion, which she preserved to her last moment. This sentiment among her earliest and deepest impressions gave character to her whole life. Hers was the religion taught by the Saviour of man. She was cheerful, mild, benevolent, serious, humane, intent on self-improvement and the improvement of those who looked to her for precept or example. She was a firm believer in the faith inculcated by the Church in which she was bred, but her soft and gentle temper was incapable of adopting the gloomy and austere dogmas which some of its professors have sought to ingraft on it.

I have lost her, and with her I have lost the solace of my life. Yet she remains still the companion of my retired hours, still occupies my inmost bosom. When alone and unemployed, my mind unceasingly recurs to her.

More than a thousand times since the 25th of December, 1831, have I repeated to myself the beautiful lines written by Burgoyne under a similar affliction, substituting Mary for Anna:

"Encompassed in an angel's frame
An angel's virtues lay:
How soon did Heaven assert its claim,
And take its own away!

"My Mary's worth, my Mary's charms,
Can never more return.
What now shall fill these widowed arms?
Ah me! my Mary's urn—
Ah me! ah me! my Mary's urn."

THE HISTORY OF YANKEE JIM.

ONE scorching afternoon in July, 185–, the Hangtown stage creaked slowly over the plank roadway forming the principal street of Sacramento City, finally coming to a full stop in front of the El Dorado Hotel. It had not actually stopped before the usual knot of idlers were collected to stare, as they had done year in and year out, at the dozen or so dust-begrimed passengers who alighted, and who began thrashing themselves like men who had been out in a heavy fall of snow, instead of having just finished the hottest and dustiest sixty miles of road in America.

This particular stage usually made connection with the day boat for "The Bay," as San Francisco was universally termed in the interior; but on this occasion it had come in too late by an hour at least, and the boat was consequently at that moment twenty miles down the river. Upon learning this disagreeable piece of intelligence, the belated travellers scattered, grumbling at a detention which each took good care to explain could never have been worse timed or more inconvenient to himself than upon this particular afternoon.

One traveller, however, stood apparently nonplussed by the situation for a moment or two longer, until his eye caught the word "Bank," in big golden letters, staring at him from the opposite side of the street. He crossed over, read it again from the curb-stone, and then shambled in at the door. He knew not why, but once within, he felt a strange desire to get out again as quickly as possible. But this secret admonition passed unheeded.

Before him was a counter, extending across the room, at the back of which was a solid wall of brick. Within this was built the bank vault, the iron door of which being half opened discovered bags of coin piled upon the floor, and shelves from which the dull glitter of gold-dust caught the visitor's eye directly. The middle of the counter was occupied by a pair of tall scales of beautiful workmanship, in which dust was weighed, while on a table behind it were trays containing gold and silver coins. A young man, who was writing and smoking at the same time, looked up when the door opened to admit the person of whom we were speaking. To look at the two men, one would have said that it was the bank clerk who might be expected to feel the presentiment of

evil. Really the other was half bandit in appearance.

In the solitary individual who has just entered the bank we shall describe not one man only, but a type of the thousands who, like migratory ants, passed and repassed the great highways leading to the mines of the Golden State. He was a bronzed, bearded, and weather-beaten *hombre*, dressed in a faded woollen shirt, pantaloons secured at the hips by a belt, and tucked loosely within a pair of miner's boots, a broad-brimmed felt hat that had been hastily crushed upon his head, and a pea-jacket dangling from his left shoulder like the short cloak of an ancient *caballero*. The haft of a bowie-knife protruded, ready to be grasped, from his belt; and when he walked, a big "six-shooter" flapped against his right hip at every step. The man seemed a walking arsenal; but had the well-dressed young person behind the counter been searched, a "Derringer" would have been found in his pocket, while a revolver lay convenient to his hand underneath the counter.

Although he was alone and unnoticed, yet the stranger's manner was undeniably nervous and suspicious. Addressing the cashier, he disjointedly said: "I say, mister, this yer boat's left; can't get to 'Frisco' afore to-morrow?" (inquiringly).

"That's so," the cashier assented.

"Well," continued the miner, "here's my fix: bound home for the States" (dropping his voice); "got two thousand stowed away; don't know a live *hombre* in this yer burg, and might get knifed afore morning in some fandango. See?"

"That's so," repeated the unmoved official. Then, seeing that his customer had come to an end, he said, "I reckon you want to deposit your money with us?"

"That's the how of it, stranger. Lock it up tight whar I kin come for it to-morrow."

"Down with the dust, then," observed the cashier, taking the pen from behind his ear and preparing to write; but seeing his customer throw a wary glance right and left, he beckoned him to a more retired part of the bank, where the depositor very coolly divested himself of his shirt, in each corner of which five fifty-dollar "slugs" were knotted. An equal sum in dust was then produced from a buckskin belt, all of which was received without the least comment upon the ingenuity with which it had been concealed. A certificate in due form was then made out, specifying that James Wildes had deposited with the "Mutual Confidence and Trust Company," subject to his order, two thousand dollars. Glancing at the scrap of crisp paper as if hardly comprehending how it could be an equivalent for his precious heap of coin and dust upon the counter, Jim heaved a deep sigh of relief, then crumpling the certificate tightly within his big fist, he exclaimed: "Thar! I kin eat and sleep now, I reckon. Blamed if ever I knew afore what a coward a rich man was!"

He then started for the door, hesitated, came back to the counter, and asked the clerk, in a confidential tone: "I say, what might be the valley of that buzzum-pin of yourn? The old woman at home might like some kind of a trinket, you know."

The clerk eyed the questioner sharply, carried his hand hastily to the diamond cluster flashing in his shirt front, and said, shortly, "Sixty ounces."

Jim gave a long whistle, and went out in search of a night's lodging.

Our man, who had acquired among his fellow-miners the nickname of "Yankee Jim," had been a sailor before the mast. When the ship's anchor touched the bottom, he with his shipmates started at once for the "diggings," where he had toiled for two years with varying luck, but finding himself at last in possession of what would be considered a little fortune in his native town. We see him now returning, filled with the hope of a happy meeting with the wife and children he had left behind.

But while Yankee Jim slept soundly, and dreamed blissfully of pouring golden eagles into Jane's lap, his destiny was being fulfilled. The great financial storm of 185– burst upon the State unheralded. Like a thief in the night the one fatal word passed over the wires that shut the door of every bank, and made the boldest turn pale. Suspension was followed by panic, panic by ruin and dismay. Yankee Jim was only an atom swallowed up in the general and overwhelming disaster of that day.

In the morning he went early to the bank, to find it shut fast, and an excited and threatening crowd surging to and fro before the doors. Men with haggard faces were talking and gesticulating wildly. Women were weeping and wringing their hands. A sudden faintness came over him. What could it all mean? Mustering courage to put the question to

a by-stander, he was told to look and read for himself. Two ominous words, "Bank closed," were posted on the front of the building.

For a moment the poor fellow could not seem to take in the full meaning of the calamity that had fallen like a thunderbolt from a clear sky; but as it dawned upon him that his little fortune was swept away forever, and with it the hopes that had opened to his delighted fancy, the blood rushed to his brain, and his face grew purple. Then he fell back in a fit, deprived of sense or motion.

The first word he articulated when he came to himself was, "Home." Some kind souls paid his passage to San Francisco, where the sight of blue water, and of the big ships gallantly riding at their anchors, seemed to revive him a little. Wholly possessed by his one idea of getting home, he shipped on board the next home-bound steamer, going about his duty like a man half stunned, and who sees, without comprehending, what is passing around him.

The sailing of a homeward-bound steamship was one of the events of those days. To say that the whole city turned out to witness, or rather to assist at, her departure, would hardly be an exaggeration. On board, all was bustle and hilarity. On shore, jests and good-byes popped like champagne corks. Those who were going were the secret envy of those who were left behind, in whom this scene aroused that passionate, that uncontrollable yearning for the old home beyond the mountain-peaks, beyond the seas.

My own knowledge of the chief actor in this history began at four o'clock in the morning of the third day out from port. The *California's* engines were suddenly stopped. There was a hurried trampling of feet, a rattling of blocks on the deck, succeeded by a dead silence—a silence that could be felt. I jumped out of my berth and ran on deck. How well I can recall that scene!

The morning, cold, damp, and foggy, was an utterly dismal one. A pale light struggled through the heavy mist, but it was too thick to see a cable's-length from the ship, although we distinctly heard the rattle of oars at some distance, with now and then a quick shout that sent our hearts up into our mouths. We listened intently. No one spoke. No one needed to be told what those shouts meant.

The huge black hulk lay silent and motionless. Although the gloom hid it from us, the near vicinity of the coast was announced by the roaring of the surf, distinctly audible in that death-like stillness. We could not even make out the mastheads for the fog in which they seemed dissolving. But in the vessel's wake stretched a half-luminous streak of phosphorescent foam, until it mingled with and was lost in the colorless vapor overhanging the black and torpid tropic sea. Down this luminous track, and into the gloom beyond, our eyes were strained to discover the secret of the hour.

How long it was I can not tell, for minutes seemed hours then; but at last we heard the dip of oars, and the boat shot out of the fog within a biscuit's toss of the ship. I remember that, as they came alongside, the upturned faces of the men were ghastly and pinched. One glance showed that the search had been in vain.

The boat was secured, the huge paddles struck the water like clods, the heavy floating mass swung slowly round to her helm. But at the instant when we were turning away, awed by the mystery of this death-scene, a cry came out of the darkness—a yell of agony and deepest horror—that nailed us to the deck. May I never hear the like again! "Save me! for God's sake save me!" pierced through and through the silence till a hundred frantic voices seemed repeating it. The cry was so near that every eye instinctively turned to the spot whence it proceeded—so near that it held all who heard it in breathless, in sickening suspense. Had the sea really given up its dead?

Before one might count ten, the boat was again manned and clear of the ship. I recollect the figure of the first officer as he stood erect in the stern-sheets, with the tiller-ropes in his hand, peering into the fog. I can see the men springing like tigers to their work, and the cutter tossing on the seething brine astern like a chip. Then the fog shut them from view again. But never more was that voice heard on land or sea. It was the last agonized shriek of returning consciousness, no doubt, as the Pacific closed over Yankee Jim's head.

At eight bells we assembled around the capstan at our captain's call, when the few poor effects of the lost man were produced. His kit contained one or two soiled letters, a daguerreotype of two bloom-

ing children hand in hand, a piece of crumpled paper, and a few articles of clothing. I noticed that while smoothing out the creases in this scrap of paper the captain became deeply attentive, then thoughtful, then very red. Clearing his throat, he began as follows:

"It's an old sea custom to sell by auction the kit of a shipmate who dies on blue water. You all know it's a custom of the land to search for the last will of a deceased friend as soon as the funeral is over. The man we lost this morning shipped by his fo'castle or sea name—a very common thing among sailors; but I've just found out his true one since I stood on this spot; and what's more, I've found out that he had been in trouble. An idea strikes me right here that he found it too heavy for him. God knows. But it's more to the point that he left a wife and two children, whose sole dependence he was. Gentlemen and mates, take off your hats while I read you this letter."

The letter, which bore evidence of having been read and read again, ran as follows:

"Oh, James! and are you really coming home, and with such a lot of money too? Oh, I can't believe it all! How happy we shall be once more! It makes me feel just like a young girl again, when you and I used to roam in the berry pastures hand in hand, and never coveted anything in the wide world but to be together. You haven't forgot that, my lad, have you? or the old cedar on the cliff where you asked me for your own wife, and the heaven over us and the sea at our feet, all so beautiful, and we so happy? Do come quick. Surely God has helped me to wait all this long, weary time, but now it seems as if I couldn't bear it another day. And the little boy, James, just your image; it's all he can say, 'Papa, come home.' How can you have the heart to stay in that wicked place?"

When he had finished, some of the lady passengers were crying softly. He then read the fatal certificate of deposit, holding it up so that all might see.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he went on, "you've heard the story, and can put this and that together. When we get to Panama, I'm going to write a letter to the widow. It's for you to say what kind of a letter it shall be. That's why I've asked you here. Now, purser, put up the certificate of deposit."

"How much am I offered—how much?" said the purser.

Ten, twenty, forty, fifty dollars were quickly bid. Then a woman's voice said seventy, and then the bidding ran up to a hundred and fifty. It was knocked down to a red-shirted miner, who laid three fifty-dollar pieces on the capstan, saying, as he did so: "'Tain't half enough, cap. Sell her agin—sell her agin."

The sale went on, each buyer putting the certificate up for sale again, until the noble emulation covered the capstan with gold.

"Stop a bit, purser," said Captain M——, counting the money. "That will do," he continued; "the sale is over. Here are just two thousand dollars. The certificate of deposit is redeemed."

BIRCHINGTON REVISITED.

[Dante Gabriel Rossetti was buried last April in the lonely little church-yard at Birchington, on the Kentish sea-board.]

He sleeps a quiet sleep at last,
Who wearied for such blissful hours;
The stress of high-strung life is past,
The veil of death is o'er him cast,
And for him hence no dark sky lowers.

Sweet is the air here, clear and sweet;
The larks with jubilant voices sing,
And still their songs re-sing, repeat;
The grass, starr'd white with marguerite,
Is still memorious of spring.

Yonder the blue sea, windless, still,
Meets the blue sky-line far away—
Soundless, save when the wavelets spill
Their little crowns of foam, and fill
The rock pools full with swirling spray:

Else soundless, though the listening ear
Might hear the slow wash of the tide
Move hushfully, as o'er a mere
The gray teal swims, alert with fear
Of somewhat that the rushes hide.

How sweet to rest here, and to know
The silence and the utter peace!
To lie and rest and sleep below,
While far away tired millions go,
With eyes all yearning for such ease.

'Tis better thus: alone, yet safe
From night and day, from day and night;
Not here can jarring discords chafe
Thy soul too sensitive, or waif
Of stinging envy blown from spite.

'Tis quiet here, and more than all
Things else is rest a boon to thee—
Rest, peace, and sleep; above, the pall
Of heaven; and past the white cliff-wall
The ceaseless mystery of the sea.

SHANDON BELLS.

CHAPTER XV.

A SYMPOSIUM.

BUT if Fitzgerald's efforts to obtain a footing in literature had so far been productive mostly of disappointment, he was very clearly succeeding in another direction. Mrs. Chetwynd made no secret of her interest in, and wish to befriend, this young man, who seemed to her to resemble in many ways the nephew whom she had lost; and the good old lady, with much tact and delicacy, hinted that he himself might make the suggestion when any opportunity offered. It is not improbable that if Fitzgerald had asked her for funds wherewith to start another magazine, she would have consented; but he had had enough of such experiments.

In the mean time he strove to make his duties as little of a sinecure as was possible. To his own great delight he had absolute *carte blanche* as regarded the ordering of new books or reviews; and he diligently read the one, and glanced over the other, so as to let his patroness know what was going on. But when it actually came to the imparting of this information, the chances were that the little old lady would begin by asking him something about his own affairs, and that not unfrequently led to a mere gossip about the south of Ireland. Once or twice, indeed, she inadvertently called him "Frank"; and then apologized for the mistake, with a quiet tear or two. On another occasion, when he was about to leave, she happened to hear the rain beating heavily against the window.

"Oh, but you must not go out in such a shower, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said. "Or you might ask Saunders to get you a water-proof."

Indeed, she herself rang, and—with a little hesitation, which Fitzgerald understood perfectly—told the man where he would find the coat. Fitzgerald thanked her, of course; and went out, and down into the hall. But something, he scarcely knew what, forbade his making use of this water-proof.

"Whose is it?" he said to the footman who brought it to him.

"It was Mr. Frank's, sir."

He had guessed as much.

"Oh, thank you," he said, rather absently. "I don't think I shall need it. I have not very far to go."

But if Fitzgerald was slow to avail himself, on his own account, of those hinted offers which the kind old lady had made him, it occurred to him that he might do something for his friend John Ross. Mrs. Chetwynd had heard a good deal about the Scotch artist in Fitzgerald's description of their conjoint occupations and country walks; and at last she said she would like to see some of his work.

"I do not promise to buy any," said the old lady, with her pleasant smile, "for there is scarcely any place we could put them."

Indeed, the house was pretty well filled with the ordinary pictorial adornments of an English dwelling—little pieces of Dutch *genre* in heavy old-fashioned frames; gloomy landscapes a long way after Salvator Rosa; one or two imitations of Wilkie; and a large number of historical engravings, glorious in incident, but less satisfactory in draughtsmanship.

"Besides," added Mrs. Chetwynd, "Mary would accuse me of extravagance, so long as I disapprove of her spending her money on a nine-and-a-half-inch telescope."

"A nine-and-a-half-inch telescope?" said Fitzgerald, in surprise—for he had understood that Miss Chetwynd was a young lady of considerable fortune. "Surely that can not amount to much?"

"So I thought," said the old lady, laughing, "when I heard of it at first. But it appears that the nine and a half inches refer to the diameter of the glass; and I am told the thing looks more like a thirty-two pounder. And then she spends so much of her money on these poor people of hers! Well, it is her own, poor thing. I think I must let her have her way. She shall have the window in her room altered, and she shall have her thirty-two pounder; and then I will buy some of your friend's pictures."

"Oh, but I could not have you buy them on my recommendation," said Fitzgerald, in some alarm. "That would never do. You must have some skilled advice—I don't know enough about pictures—"

"But, according to your account, they are just the very paintings to suit a blind old woman," she said, brightly. "I shall see nothing of them but their color, which you say is so good—"

"But—but I would ask you to have some one else's judgment, Mrs. Chetwynd," said he, earnestly. "Of course I think them good; I don't see how the work of a man who studies as hard as he does, and who can talk so ably about it, can be anything else. But if you will allow me, I will bring up a few of his sketches; and you might ask some one who is a good judge—"

"As for that, there will be no difficulty," she said, promptly. "We know several of the Academicians. It is not unusual for one or other of them to drop in to dinner and have a chat with the scientifics."

"Academicians?" said Fitzgerald, uneasily. "Not *very* old ones?"

She named one or two.

"Oh," said he, gladly, "any one of these would do. I am not afraid of them."

But this conversation had results for himself as well as for his friend. Fitzgerald was in the habit of leaving a minute or two before a quarter to seven, which was the hour for Mrs. Chetwynd's table d'hôte, as she called it; and even then he sometimes encountered in the hall a guest who had strolled in before the proper time. But this talk about Ross's pictures had made him forgetful; and he was just about to ask his patroness some further question as to what kind of landscape she preferred, when a gong sounded below.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed the old lady. "There is dinner, and Mary has not come back from South Kensington. Mr. Fitzgerald, will you kindly give me your arm down-stairs—I am so blind now; and the people will be coming in, and nobody to receive them!"

But at this very moment Miss Chetwynd made her appearance—a trifle breathless, for she had run upstairs.

"Come away, auntie," she said, cheerfully, as she hastily took off her bonnet and cloak, and threw them on a chair. "But why don't you ever persuade Mr. Fitzgerald to stay to dinner? I know he dislikes scientific people—"

It is needless to say that this invitation was warmly seconded; and Fitzgerald, who was quite aware of the informal nature of this nightly table d' hôte, and who, perhaps, had some little curiosity to see in the flesh one or other of the celebrated people that Mrs. Chetwynd talked so much about, very gratefully and modestly accepted. He did not even make a pretense of refusing. Mary Chetwynd's proposal had been made so simply and frankly that he met it with equal frankness. He walked into the dining-room after the two ladies, with much calmness; and this time he had nothing to fear about evening dress.

There were three gentlemen in the room. One was away in a corner, examining, through a double eyeglass that he held in his hand one of the engravings on the walls; the other two were standing on the hearth-rug, their backs to the fire. The taller of these was a long, thin, cadaverous man, who stooped a little; he had piercing gray eyes under shaggy eyebrows; and very white teeth, which showed when he laughed his prodigious laugh; him Fitzgerald recognized at once, having seen his photograph often enough, as a Dr. Bude. The other he did not know; but he thought it very cool of both these gentlemen to take the entrance of the two ladies with so much indifference. They finished what they had been talking, or rather laughing, about; then they came forward and shook hands; and then sat down as it pleased them at the table. But this indifference was unintentional; for very soon, when some other guests had come in, and everybody had sat down, and dinner had begun, it was very clear that Dr. Bude was amongst the foremost to amuse and entertain his hostess. And it must be confessed that there was very little science talked amongst this nondescript gathering of friends and acquaintances. There was a good deal of joking, it is true, when it became known that Mary Chetwynd was to be allowed to have her big telescope; but for the most part the talk was all about public characters, and what So-and-so had said, and where So-and-so was staying. These scientific gentlemen seemed to know a good deal about the comparative merits of certain country houses as places of temporary lodgment; and their talk about fish-ponds, and cooking, and the advantages of having a well-heated hall in the middle of a house, was not so very much raised, after all, above the level of Mr. Scobell. Master Willie had more than once wondered what figure Mr. Scobell would cut in this familiar little assemblage of great people; but indeed their conversation was not of an extremely serious nature.

He sat next to Dr. Bude; and as Dr. Bude was engaged in describing, with



"HE WALKED INTO THE DINING-ROOM AFTER THE TWO LADIES."

tremendous laughter, to Mrs. Chetwynd, a conversation he had had with a gentleman whom he had met at a City dinner, Fitzgerald had plenty of leisure to study the rest of the guests, and also his hostess's niece. He had had no such opportunity before. He had scarcely ever seen Miss Chetwynd. She was mostly engaged in the east of London; when she was in the house, she was occupied in her own room. And now it seemed to him that her expression was a little more gentle, less resolute and self-sufficient, than he had fancied it was. The head was small and beautifully shaped, and she wore her hair more tightly brushed than was the fashion of the time, so that the symmetry of the head was clearly seen. Her features were fine; her complexion somewhat pale; and now he saw that her eyes, which hitherto he had considered to be somewhat cold in their clear, direct way of looking at one, were really of a beautiful blue, with dark lashes, and could be expressive enough, whether she seemed interested in what her neighbor was saying, or was joining in some general merriment. And when she had to submit to some raillery about the forth-coming big telescope, she did it very prettily.

"You know," she said, "the time will come when people will look back on Lord Rosse's telescope as a mere toy."

"Why, of course," said Dr. Bude, coming to her rescue. "You are quite right, Miss Chetwynd. The human race will be driven to invent not only immense telescopes, but also means of conveying themselves to some other planet, that is, when this one grows too cold for human subsistence. When the earth cools—and the process is going on now—so that humanity must flit, you may depend on it, by that time science will have invented means for their removal to a more generous climate. But there must be a beginning in the way of experiment. I appeal to Professor Sims. The Royal Society should do something."

Professor Sims, who was the shorter of the two strangers whom Fitzgerald had found standing before the fire, and who was a white-haired, rosy-faced old gentleman, with gold spectacles, answered immediately.

'No doubt, no doubt," said he. "The necessity must arise. And if you look at what science has done within the last ten years, who is to say what she may not have accomplished within the next—what shall I say ?"

"'An eternity or two,' was Alfred de Musset's phrase," suggested Fitzgerald; but it instantly occurred to him that to mention even the name of a sentimentalist like Alfred de Musset among these hard-headed people was absurd. However, it did not much matter; for presently they were considering whether, when the world had got chilled down to the condition of the moon, the last traces of human occupation would be the Pyramids or the Colosseum. Some one suggested the buried cities of Mexico; and so the matter dropped.

The dinner was a plain one as compared with the banquet which Hilton Clarke had given in the Albany; and Fitzgerald observed that the majority of the gentlemen present drank no wine, or, at most, a little claret and water. Indeed, the whole of the proceedings were somewhat abnormal; for, directly the frugal repast was over, coffee and cigarettes were produced, and the ladies remained. Then one or another of the guests would get up, and without any formal apology, shake hands with Mrs. Chetwynd and her niece, and say "Good-night," or "Au revoir," or perhaps nothing at all, to the others, and be off.

"I must be off too directly," said Dr. Bude to Fitzgerald. "I have some people coming to look at a few simple experiments with the spectroscope; and I must go and see that my battery is ready. Will you come ? I can show you a nine-and-a-half-inch telescope, since that seems to interest you."

"Oh, certainly; I shall be delighted," said Fitzgerald, with great eagerness. This Dr. Bude had been very kind in one or two little things he had said during dinner. He knew about the *Household Magazine*. He knew about Fitzgerald's present duties. He seemed a friendly sort of person; and the mere invitation was a compliment coming from one so well known.

The only doubt in Fitzgerald's mind was as to the propriety of his going away while any of the others remained. He had no lecture to deliver, nor any learned society to attend. Moreover, there did not seem much chance of his explaining the circumstances to Mrs. Chetwynd; for the pretty old lady—who seemed so pleased that all these people should drop in to chat

with her for an hour—was listening intently to the gentleman on her left; and he was describing the very remarkable high jinks he had observed in a great person's house immediately after dinner—the ladies, indeed, taking part in them; and he was warmly defending these on hygienic principles, although hoping that nothing about them would get into the papers, through some unfortunate accident happening. However, Dr. Bude got him out of the dilemma; for he rose and said:

"Good-night, Mrs. Chetwynd. I must be off to get my things ready; and I am going to take Mr. Fitzgerald with me, to show him what a nine-and-a-half-inch telescope is like."

He went out of the room without saying good-by to anybody else, Fitzgerald following; and the latter, in a minute or so, found himself, for the first time in his life, in a private hansom—a vehicle which went so smoothly and so rapidly that he seemed to be going through the air on wings.

Dr. Bude's house was in the Brompton Road—a rather shabby-looking building outside, but spacious within. Fitzgerald followed his host up to the first floor, the back part of which consisted of an apartment that seemed partly an observatory, partly a library, and partly a laboratory. An assistant was at the moment arranging some glass tubes and two spectroscopes on a table; and Dr. Bude, throwing off his coat, though the dusky room was far from being overwarm, proceeded to test the various wires and other apparatus, all of which were a profound mystery to his guest.

"I suppose you see a great deal of Miss Chetwynd?" he said; and at the same moment the electric light flashed into a tube, causing Fitzgerald's eyes to jump.

"Oh no, very little."

"She is a very remarkable woman," said the other, with decision; though, indeed, he was now on his knees on the floor, examining the battery. "She might do something, that girl. She has a fine brain—acute and penetrating. But she has had no training; that is the mischief of it. She should have been brought up on mathematics. But, after all, the number of women who have done anything in pure science is very small. I think she is throwing herself away on this education of the poorest classes; that is vestrymen's work; though perhaps I should not say so, for I don't know precisely what she is at."

Then he rose and clapped his hands together, to get rid of the dust.

"I was amused," he said, with a laugh. "She asked me what would be the most effectual way of teaching these ignorant people the perniciousness of breathing foul air. You know how they huddle together for warmth, and cover the children over with such bedclothes as they have got. I think she was going to deliver a lecture on 'Fresh Air and Pure Water' somewhere or other—"

"Yes, I know she has done that," said Fitzgerald, as the tall lean man turned toward the table again and continued his preparations.

"Well, she very naturally concluded that tumbling gases of different weights into jars, or extinguishing tapers, would not be impressive enough; so I told her to get a sparrow, to tie its feet down to a bit of board; and to put over it a bell-jar before these people, and ask them to watch what will happen to the bird merely through its breathing its own breath. Of course the little creature becomes asphyxiated, staggers, and falls, and ultimately dies. Doubtless, I told her, the most effective way of exhibiting the experiment would be to raise the bell-jar during the process of asphyxiation, and show the reviving effect of the fresh air; then to close it again until death preached its moral. She said she would do that. She was quite delighted. What lesson could be more obvious—"

But at this moment there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs; and the Doctor had to whip on his coat, and go and receive two or three young people who now entered. Fitzgerald did not like that story about the sparrow. Miss Chetwynd was no Lesbia, clearly. And although the conscience of a wild-fowl shooter is apt to be hard, and although he knew quite well that the asphyxiation of a sparrow, or even twenty dozen of sparrows, was scarcely to be considered if it induced a certain number of human beings to treat their children more humanely—still—still—

The Doctor came back.

"I have a sort of class," he explained to Fitzgerald, "who come and practice a little, and ask questions, before the vulgar world arrives to be amused. I hope it won't be tedious for you. If you prefer

it, my assistant will arrange the telescope for you; the night is beautifully clear—"

"Oh no, not at all. Was Miss Chetwynd's experiment successful?"

"Why, I forgot to finish my story. She got the sparrow, and the string, and the board, and the bell-jar, all complete; and she thought, to make sure, she would make her first trial before her aunt in the drawing-room. And it was all quite successful until the first stagger of the little creature; then she hesitated; then she shook her head. Off came the bell-jar at once; she opened the window, and cut the string, and out went Jack Sparrow. Nothing would induce her to repeat the experiment."

"I should not have thought she was so sentimental," said Fitzgerald.

"Ah, that's just it," said the Doctor, as he heated a bit of copper wire at a gas jet. "A woman never ceases to be a woman, whatever she is at. Her reason fails her when she is confronted by suffering; her heart overmasters her head. But in pure science that girl might have done something if she had had proper training. She has a fine quality of brain. I can tell how much people know by their questions. Her questions are always sharp and to the point. When she comes here she knows precisely what she wants—"

The good Doctor seemed to like talking about Mary Chetwynd; but on this occasion he was checked by the appearance of the young lady herself, who arrived quite alone. She seemed surprised to find Fitzgerald there, though she said nothing beyond an ordinary greeting. She at once went forward to the table; and the Doctor was particular in finding her a chair, though the others who were now arriving were allowed to stand about anyhow.

What followed was quite unintelligible to Fitzgerald, for at that time the theory of spectroscopy was much less familiar to the public that it is nowadays, when every second school-girl has a spectroscope in her pocket. But if the meaning of the experiments was dark to him, the manners of the students were interesting enough; and he could readily distinguish between the serious ones, who were mostly silent, or only asking a question now and again, and the flippant ones, who exclaimed with terror at the ghastly appearances of each other's faces when a little common salt was ignited at a Bunsen burner, and who cried, "Oh, how sweetly lovely!" when a trifle of chloride of lithium spread abroad a rose-red flame. But perhaps it was the demeanor of Mary Chetwynd that most engaged his attention; and he could see that her questions were the most promptly answered, and that to her most of the explanations were addressed. Fitzgerald, standing apart by the mantel-piece, and observing, out of that motley group, only these two — the long, lean, pale-faced teacher, and the young lady student who sat in a chair there following his words with a serious attention—began to dream dreams. Why should not these two cold intelligences go through the world together, like twin stars sailing through the night? He was considerably her elder, to be sure; but the girl who was sitting there, with the fine, serious, thoughtful face, was more likely to think of his high reputation than of his years. What a strange love-making it would be! Moon-lit walks with disquisitions on the spectrum of Sirius. The Bunsen burner looked ghostly enough; but he knew that Don Fierna and the elves would fly away from it. He could scarcely help laughing when he thought of these two tall persons standing on each side of the little stream, and holding each other's hand. What would the phrase be? "Over HO_2 in rapid motion?" And then he thought of Kitty. Kitty did not know, probably, that water consisted of hydrogen and oxygen; but Kitty knew how to make love. He sent her a kiss in imagination. By this time of the night she would be at home—away up there on the hill, opposite Shandon Bells.

These speculations about the possible future of Dr. Bude and Miss Mary Chetwynd were somewhat rudely dispelled by the entrance of a stout and comely dame in rustling black silk, who cheerfully greeted the various pupils, and kissed Miss Chetwynd very affectionately, and then, addressing the lecturer as "My dear," asked him for certain keys. The next minute Fitzgerald was introduced to this buxom and good-humored-looking lady, who turned out to be Mrs. Bude; so that he had to bid good-by to that horoscope of the scientific lovers. Mrs. Bude did not remain long; she was evidently in a hurry; Fitzgerald returned to the contemplative study of the heads before him, as these were illumined from time to time by the various colors of different metals.

Something else was going forward, however, on this first floor. The draw-

ing-room, with which this observatory was connected, had been brilliantly lit up; and now steps could be heard on the stairs outside, and the names of guests being announced as they reached the door. Then some of these began to stroll from the drawing-room into the observatory; and very soon the Doctor was busy enough, with greeting these new-comers, and with trying to show them something they could understand. His patience and good-humor seemed to Fitzgerald admirable. "Oh, what a lovely green!" "Oh, how sweetly pretty!" "Must I shut one eye to look through?" "Doctor, why should one line be so much clearer than the others?" "And so you know that all these things are in the sun?" "Do show my husband that pretty green color again!" The good Doctor appeared to be talking to all these ladies and gentlemen at once; sometimes frankly laughing at their questions; and not at all displeased that he should be addressed as if he were the conductor of a show. Fitzgerald could perceive that Miss Chetwynd was calmly regarding the new-comers; once or twice he caught her smiling to herself.

Amid the crowd of people who kept strolling in from the large and well-lit drawing-room to the small and dusty laboratory, and strolling back again, there was one lady who very much interested him, partly because she was remarkably pretty, and partly because of a chance exclamation of hers that he overheard. The Doctor was explaining to a little group of people the source of color in objects—the absorption or reflection of the different rays of light, and so forth; and in illustration he brought a little bunch of scarlet geraniums in a glass, turned off the light, then ignited some common salt at the Bunsen burner, producing a powerful yellow flame. Of course the geraniums became of a ghastly gray; and this pretty lady, perhaps not quite understanding that nothing had happened to them, exclaimed to herself, "Poor things!" Fitzgerald liked her for that. She seemed to recognize some principle of life in the flowers, as though they were associated with humanity somehow; and although there might have been no profound intention in her remark, and although, when the gas was lit again, the geraniums were found to be quite as scarlet as ever, nevertheless Fitzgerald was convinced that she must be a nice sort of woman. Imagine, then, his surprise when, later in the evening, the experiments being all over, and he himself, doubtful whether he ought to remain, and yet anxious to send some account of so brilliant an assemblage to Kitty, rather keeping himself in the background, he found himself dragged from his obscurity by the diligent Doctor, and forthwith introduced to this very lady, and directed to take her down-stairs to supper. Not only that, but the name she bore was also that of a distinguished Academician. Was it possible, he asked himself, as he conducted her down-stairs, that she should be the wife of the great painter? He determined to find out; here, indeed, would be something to talk over with John Ross.

Well, he got her a place at the long table, and timidly asked her what she would take—a sandwich, perhaps?

"I am not so young as I look," said this pretty, English-looking woman, with the large girlish gray eyes. "I am the mother of three children, and at my time of life I know better than to destroy myself with sandwiches. No—anything else you can get."

She was an amazingly frank person, and very pleasant in her speech and her laugh. When he had got her some cold turkey, and some bread, and a glass of claret, he ventured to ask her, after some vague reference to something on the walls, whether she was very fond of pictures.

"I admire my husband's, of course," she said.

Then he knew he was right.

"Oh, of course," said he, with greater confidence. "Every one does that. I suppose, now," he added, rather hesitatingly, "your husband has become so accustomed to his distinguished position—I mean so familiar with his place in the Academy—that he couldn't quite realize the anxiety of the outside men, of those who are not well known, about the fate of their pictures? That would not interest him much, would it? I mean it would not be possible to induce him to interest himself in—in helping, for example—an artist who was not known—"

This was not at all satisfactory, especially as she seemed to imagine he was pleading for himself.

"Are you an artist?" she asked at length, with a frank look.

"Oh no."

"Well, then, to tell you the truth," said she, "I don't know what anxiety the out-

siders may feel, but it isn't half of the anxiety they cause me. I know when my husband is on the Hanging Committee it thoroughly breaks him down for three weeks after. It is by far the hardest work of the year for him. And then the thanks!—to be abused by the public, and accused of envy by the outsiders. Envy, indeed! I wonder who it is that my husband needs envy?"

"Why, not any one," said Fitzgerald, warmly; for he liked the human nature, the frank sincerity, of this woman.

"I wish they'd let the outsiders come in and hang their own pictures for themselves," she said, with a laugh. "I suppose they'd all quite agree. I wish they would paint better, and grumble less."

"Oh, but the outsider I was thinking of is not like that," said Fitzgerald, pleasantly, for he was not in the least offended by her humorous petulance. "He paints very well, and does not grumble at all. He is quite content. Only, I thought if your husband would be so kind as merely to remember his name, and look at his work when it is sent in—"

"But my husband was on the Council last year; so he won't be again for some time—thank goodness!"

"So there is no use in my asking you to intercede?"

"No, not even if you offer to bribe me with sandwiches. But," she added, looking up at him for a moment, "what is your friend's name?"

"John Ross."

"That is not a difficult name to remember. John Ross. Why are you interested in him—you are not Scotch?"

"He is a neighbor of mine; and—and he does good work, I think, and ought to be better known."

"Landscape or figures?"

"Landscape."

"I guessed as much. The Scotchmen take to landscape because they can't draw. Now take me back, please, for I must fetch my husband and get home; and I sha'n't forget your friend's name, for I never had sandwiches offered me as a bribe before."

He escorted her upstairs again, and then seized the first opportunity of slipping away. In the hall he found he had been preceded by Miss Chetwynd, who, quite alone, was tying something round her neck, the night being cold. He hesitated for a second, not quite knowing what was proper for him to do; and then, at a venture, he went forward, and said,

"Miss Chetwynd, can I get your carriage for you?"

"No, thank you," she said, as he thought, a trifle ungraciously and stiffly. "My cab is outside. I know the man."

The servant opened the hall door, and she passed out, Fitzgerald lingering for a moment, under pretense of buttoning his overcoat. Her refusal to allow him to be of this slight service had been, as he considered, somewhat too explicit. What had he done? Or was she unaware that her manner was at times a little too decided and cold and repellent?"

It mattered not to him. He walked away through the chill dark night to the vacant court-yard and the empty room, thinking what a memorable and wonderful evening that had been for him. Perhaps never such another would happen to him; for when again was he likely to meet a great man of science to carry him off, on the friendly inspiration of the moment, and introduce him to such a gathering? And indeed the spectacle had moved him to neither emulation nor regret. It was not the way of life he would choose if it were open to him. He had his own dreams and ambitions, his own notions of what was beautiful and worth having in the world; and if Mary Chetwynd had any vague fancy that he wished to gain an entrance into distinguished or fashionable society, either through a scientific doorway or through any other, she was quite mistaken. But more probably she had not even given a thought to the matter; and he was content.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MORNING WALK AND OTHER MATTERS.

[N.B.—This chapter may very conveniently be passed over by those who wish to get on with "the story"; for it contains little beyond a description of one or two influences which were at this time in a measure forming the character of this young man, and so far shaping the work of his after-life.]

NEXT morning Fitzgerald had promised to go for a walk with his Scotch neighbor, who had a theory that neither could he paint nor his companion write properly

unless they went forth from time to time to see what the outside world was looking like. Moreover, these periodical excursions were undertaken without any regard to the weather. John Ross used to say that anybody could admire the chromo-lithograph aspects of nature, but that it wanted training and affectionate care and watchfulness to observe the beautifulness of gray days and wet roads and wintry skies. Fitzgerald, of course, was nothing loath. He had brought his shooting boots and gaiters with him from Ireland, and he had a serviceable water-proof; he was just as ready as Ross to go splashing away through the mud to Kew, to see what the wilderness part of the Gardens (a favorite haunt of theirs, and but little known to the public) was like in driving rain, or in feathery snow, or in clear hard frost when the red berries shone among the green. It was wonderful how interesting the world had become to him. He no longer confined his attention, when out walking, to the animals and birds he might observe (with rapid calculations as to whether they were within shot or without); now, if there was nothing else to be seen, the gradation of light on the puddles of a rainy road he found to be quite worth looking at. Nothing had been taken away from the world, but a great deal added. It was of itself something that he had learned not even to despise the commonplace gray days that in the winter so frequently hung over Chelsea.

But he had an added interest in these various perambulations of which his companion knew nothing: he was continually on the outlook for some pretty little cottage, some quaint river-side house, that would meet with the approval of Kitty's black eyes when the great time came. This imaginary nest-building was a most fascinating kind of occupation. Sometimes he would go away by himself and ramble through all sorts of strange suburban places, in the hope of meeting with something so very quaint and picturesque and secluded that even Kitty—who rather avoided that subject, and would not express any preference for town or country—might have her curiosity aroused. So far the most engaging place he had seen was a small odd-looking house in Grosvenor Road, fronting the river. It appeared to have been an old-fashioned tavern at one time; but now it was a little private dwelling, with odd inequalities about the windows and gables, and very prettily painted in white and green. Were not these the very windows for Kitty to adorn with trailing plants and flower-boxes? Again and again, at a convenient distance, he stood and watched the house, and tried to imagine Kitty actually there, reaching up her arms to put a branch so, or so; perhaps singing the while, perhaps whistling to the blackbird in the cage. There was the slight drawback, it is true, that the house was not to be let; but then he and Kitty had still a long time of waiting before them, and who knew what might not happen in that interval? Besides, where there was one little habitation that seemed so charming, there might be others; and so, whatever subject John Ross might be descanting on, in his fiery-headed fashion, and however attentively Fitzgerald might be listening, there was nothing to prevent the eyes of the latter from wandering from cottage to cottage, from villa to villa, from garden to garden, in a sort of vague mechanical quest for a pretty resting-place for Kitty.

But this particular morning was clear and cold and fine—an excellent morning for walking; and of course Fitzgerald had a great deal to tell about his experiences of the previous night, and his proposal to take up some of his companion's pictures to show to Mrs. Chetwynd.

"You see, if she were to take two or three of them, it might be a great advantage to you," observed Fitzgerald.

"It would be a very distinct and solid advantage," said the red-bearded gentleman, with a laugh.

"Oh, but I mean apart from the money. Mrs. Chetwynd knows some of the Academicians; and if your pictures were seen by them at her house, don't you see? it might do you good. Oh, that reminds me. I met the wife of an Academician last night. I sha'n't tell you her name, for she said something about Scotch artists that you won't like."

"What was it?"

"She said they took to landscape because they couldn't draw."

No doubt Fitzgerald repeated this with the malicious intention of making his companion angry; and indeed for a moment John Ross stood stock-still; but then again he laughed good-naturedly, and continued his walking.

"Ay, I'm thinking her husband maun be one o' the story-tellers."

"Story-tellers?"

"There's plenty of them among the English artists—men who ought to belong to your business, no' to mine. Pent is what they know least about; but they can tell a pretty story—out o' a book. That is something, after all. If they know little about color, at least they can help the ignorant public to a bit of sentiment or the like. But there's one thing the Scotch have done, my lad; and that again and again; they have had to bring both English literature and art back to nature. It was when people were given over to the wretched artifeecialities of the Pope school that Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd' and Thomson's 'Seasons' got them back out o' that hot-house to look at real nature and human nature—"

"Pope? Is that what you think of Pope?" said his companion, eagerly; for he had his own grudge on that score.

"Pope?" repeated John Ross. "I consider—"

But, as it turned out, there was to be no conjoint dancing on a dead man's grave, for at this moment Ross's attention was drawn to two young ladies who were crossing the Hammersmith Road in front of them.

"Heaven save us!" he exclaimed. "Did ever ye see the like o' that?"

"Their waists, do you mean?" his companion said; for, indeed, the two young ladies, probably sisters, for they were dressed precisely alike, had waists of such small dimensions that more that one person had turned and stared at them.

"The ignorant craytures," said John Ross, half angrily, "to think that men admire a spectacle like that! Have they no common-sense?"

"They must have pretty good muscles, at all events, to have pulled themselves in like that," his companion said.

"But, bless me, common-sense should tell a young lass that it's the foolishest thing in the world for her to remind people that she has an internal economy at all. She ought to have none, in your imagination. She ought to be all spirit and poetry; just an amiable young life looking out on the world with sweetness and innocence and a wish to be friendly. But when ye see a waist like that, confound it, ye're made to ask yourself where the mischief she has put her liver!"

John Ross seemed to resent the appearance of these young ladies as if he had sustained some personal injury.

"I say that anything that suggests that a young lass has a spine, or a liver, or anything of the kind, is a most intolerable nuisance," said Ross, angrily. "And to deform one of the most beautiful things in the world, too—that is, the figure of a young woman from the shoulders to the waist. Look at that; do you know what that is?"

He took out his sketch-book, and made a few rapid lines on one of the blank pages.

"A vase, I suppose."

"That is the Canopian vase; that has always been understood to have been imitated from the female figure. But look what it would be if the base were to be narrowed like the waist of one of those girls! Look; where is your proportion now? What kind of a vase is that?"

"Well, if you only drew the lines down a little bit farther, it would be like one of the Pompeiian earthen jars—"

"Ay, the jars they stuck into the ground. Poor craytures, that's just what they lasses there are working for. I wonder if they havena got a mother to skelp them."

However, the disappearance of the young ladies round a corner removed the cause of his grumbling; and very soon he had quite recovered his equanimity, for now the air was growing clearer, the roads wider, the gardens between the houses were larger, and the sunlight was making the wintry trees and bushes look quite cheerful.

"Look at that, now," Ross said, coming to a sudden halt before some tall maples, the branches of which, reaching away into the blue, were of the most brilliant gold where the bark had peeled off. "Can you get anything stronger in color than that in the middle of summer? Look how fine the blue is above!"

"Yes, but it would look top-heavy in a picture, wouldn't it?"

"No, no, my lad; there you're mistaken. Sunlight always comes out; no fear of yellow not holding its own. If you were painting that, you would find the blue go as far back as ever ye wanted it. I think if I were a king, that's what I would have in my dining-chamber—solid gold up to about the height of your head; and then above that all a pale blue, and the roof a pale blue, so that you could let your eyes go away a great distance when you lifted them from the table. And then,

in case the solid gold of the wall would make you feel as if you were in a metal case, I would have a procession of figures, all in pure scarlet, perhaps mediæval figures, with trellis-work, or better still, a Greek procession—"

"You would have plenty of color, then," said Fitzgerald, laughing. "Gold, scarlet, and pale blue."

"The three primaries; why not?"

But as there was not much apparent chance of either of these two having to study this matter practically, it was abandoned; and very soon they found themselves in the wilderness lying between the formal part of Kew Gardens and the river. Here it was a great delight to Fitzgerald to find himself so completely removed from all the surroundings of town life—watching the squirrels, and the birds, and what not, while his companion now and again took jottings of what he called the anatomy of the different kinds of trees. The sunlight was quite clear here, and there was plenty of rich color among the dark green firs and the browns and reds of withered leaves, and the glowing scarlet of the berries that still remained on the bushes. Then they walked back to the bridge; and for the first time since he had left Inisheen Fitzgerald got into a boat, and enjoyed the new sensation of managing a pair of sculls, while Ross sat in the stern, and seemed pleased that the pull against the heavy current was just about as much as Master Willie wanted. And then they had a snack of luncheon at the nearest hotel; and then they set out to walk back to London, with the chill gray dusk of the afternoon slowly settling down.

But when they did get back to the big hollow-sounding studio, Fitzgerald discovered that he had a very difficult task before him. Whether it was that John Ross was overfond of these children of his brain and skill, and disliked parting with them, or whether it was that he detested the pecuniary side of his profession altogether, Fitzgerald found that he could get no help from him in the selection of the pictures or sketches he wished to take to Mrs. Chetwynd.

"How can I tell what any one's fancy may be?" said he, almost surlily. "Most likely she would rather have a picture of a white lap-dog with a bit of pink ribbon round his neck."

"Well, we will see," remarked Fitzgerald, who had at length chosen out half a dozen canvases, and was tying them together. "And now I must have a cab—for the first time since I came to London; but I expect you to pay that, Ross, if I sell any of your pictures. That will be my commission."

Moreover, he was himself a little anxious. As the hansom (which was not quite so smooth-going as that of Dr. Bude) carried him up to Hyde Park Gardens, he began to suspect that some of Ross's disinclination had probably arisen from the fear that his work might be misunderstood, and subjected to the ignominy of refusal. That was bad enough at the Academy; but in the case of the Academy there was also the consoling possibility that it was want of space which was the practical cause of rejection. Mr. Ross was a proud man in his way, little as he was disposed to overrate the value of his work. And Fitzgerald, when he was actually carrying these canvases upstairs, began to think that he had assumed a very serious responsibility.

There is no doubt that this kind old lady, who examined these landscapes as well as she could with the aid of a large magnifying-glass, would at once, in her good-humored way, have purchased some of them, or perhaps even the whole of them; but this he would not hear of. It was not altogether as a favor to an unknown artist that he wished to dispose of them, he gently reminded her: perhaps if one or two of her friends saw these studies they would be very glad to get them. In any case he would rather have her wait for their opinion.

"Oh, very well," said she, good-naturedly. "And the price?"

Fitzgerald flushed uneasily.

"I could not get my friend to say exactly. Perhaps—perhaps if you were to ask Mr. —— to value them— Being an Academician, he ought to know."

"Oh, but that would never do. So much depends on circumstances. So much depends on your friend's own valuation. Have you no guess?"

"Well," said Fitzgerald, desperately, "I may as well make a guess; for Mr. Ross won't help me. I think they are worth more—but he is not known, of course—and I don't think £20 each would be too much—"

"Would it be too little?" said the little old lady, with a charming frankness.

"For who knows what fancy some of our friends may take for them?"

"If you would not mind asking Mr. ——," he again suggested.

"Well, I will," she said. "On that basis, that if we take them at £20 each, your friend won't be greatly dissatisfied."

"I think he will be very much pleased. Only," he added, with some hesitation, "if I might ask another favor, it would be that, supposing Mr. —— does not come here this evening, or very soon, indeed, you might not be too long in arriving at some decision. The fact is, I would not like Mr. Ross to be thinking that his studies were waiting out on approval, as it were—"

"I understand perfectly," said the good old lady, "and there will be no delay, I promise you."

That night Fitzgerald was in Ross's studio. Both were smoking and talking; but Ross had his sketch-book on his knee, and also handy a box of water-colors. He was illustrating a favorite theory of his that after such a walk as they had had that morning, the memory recalls most clearly, if not exclusively, such objects as were lit up by the sunlight; and he was jotting down memoranda of things he could remember — the brass knob on a house door, the zinc roof of a conservatory, a red cart-wheel against a gray wall, and so forth, and so forth—in an aimless sort of way, and mainly for amusement.

"There's somebody going up your stair," he said.

Fitzgerald went out and called, "Who's there?"

"A letter for Mr. Fitzgerald," said a voice from above.

"All right. Bring it here. Do you want an answer?"

"No, sir," said the lad, "I believe not, sir. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

Fitzgerald hesitated. He knew the letter was from Mrs. Chetwynd, for the address was in Miss Chetwynd's handwriting; and he would gladly, for the sake of preparation, have opened it in his own room. But here was Ross calling from within to know what was the matter, and so he boldly resolved to enter and open the letter before him, whatever the decision might be.

"DEAR MR. FITZGERALD" (this was what Miss Chetwynd's clear, beautiful, precise handwriting said),—"My aunt says you seemed anxious to know as soon as possible the fate of your friend's sketches, and desires me to send you this note to-night. They have been much admired, I believe. Mr. —— took one, Dr. Bude another, and my aunt keeps the remaining four; and I am asked to inclose this check for £120, as she thinks that was about what you suggested.

"Yours faithfully,

"MARY CHETWYND."

"Now isn't that a kind old lady?" said Fitzgerald. "Fancy her taking the trouble to send a message at this time of night! Well, what do you say, Ross? Is it enough? You know I had nothing to guide me. Is it enough?"

John Ross was holding the letter in his hand, and staring at it absently.

"I wonder which one he took? I would give anything just to find that out," said he, apparently to himself.

Fitzgerald took the letter from him, and glanced at it again.

"Why, of course," said he. "I did not notice it. That was the Academician himself who took one. I shall find out to-morrow which one he bought. But I want to know whether the money is sufficient."

"Plenty — plenty. Enough and to spare."

"Then I will trouble you for eighteenpence, that I paid for the cab."

"We'll make a better job of it than that, my lad," said he, coming to the money question at last, and shoving the check across the small table. "Ye'll just take a clear half o' that; and ye'll take a holiday; and go away over to Ireland and see the young lass that ye're aye thinking about, though ye will not say so; and cheer her up. That's sensible."

Fitzgerald gave a slight backward touch to the check.

"No, thank you," said he (his face a little red). "I am not in want of money, thank you all the same. What I am in want of," he added, after a second, and with his eyes grown distant, "is some more certain employment. Then I would go back to Ireland gladly enough for a day or two. But this literary business is so difficult."

"Is it worse than pentin?" the other demanded. "When have I had as much money as that at one time? Never in

all my life? And sooner or later ye'll just drop on your feet like that; and not a mere chance, such as that is, but a settled thing, a permanency; and then I know fine what will happen. 'Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad!' and it's a' smiles, and white satin, and nervousness, and the laughing and joking of your friends; and if ye havena a jar o' good Scotch whiskey for that day, then my name's not John Ross!"

"In the mean time," said Fitzgerald, looking a bit more cheerful, "I propose—"

"In the mean time, are ye going to take the money?" said Ross, in his downright way. "Why not? I could not have got as much for them myself. And I have plenty to go on with."

"No," said Fitzgerald, hastily; "but I'll tell you what you can do, if you like. Next Saturday Mrs. Chetwynd is going down to Hastings until the Monday. Now on the Saturday we shall have a grand holiday, and you shall pay for everything, from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same—in fact, until we get back here."

"Most certainly—most certainly; but where are ye for going this time?"

"Down the Thames—all about the docks and wharves. I have not smelt tar, or stumbled over a rope, or had a chat with a captain, since I left the south of Ireland. And won't you see color there, if the day is fine—the river, the barges, the ruddy sails—"

"It's done with ye," said Ross, decisively. "It's done with you. And we'll get our dinner somewhere—if possible in a place overlooking the river. We will find out some old-fashioned tavern—propped up on piles, maybe—with a buxom landlady in the bar, among the Schiedam bottles and the silver, and the landlord a-coming in to us with a bottle o' Madeira forty years old, and sitting down, of course, and having a crack wi' us. And then—but can ye keep a secret?"

"What is it?"

"Then, I'm thinking, my lad, when that bottle's opened, and mum's the word except for guesses—I'm thinking, without any breach of secrecy on your part, and without any impudence on mine: what do ye say, then, if, when that bottle was opened, we were to drink a glass '*To the lass that's over the water*'?"

CHAPTER XVII.

AN APPARITION.

But it was not fated that Fitzgerald should go to the docks; the docks, or at least a representative of them, came to him. The following day, early in the afternoon, he was working away as industriously as usual—as industriously as if he had had no experience of the coyness or indifference of London publishers and editors. He was deeply intent on what he was about; and so, when he heard outside the preliminary tinkling of a banjo, and made sure he was about to be serenaded by a nigger-minstrel, he rose with much angry impatience and went to the door, not quite sure whether the best way to get rid of the man was to throw something to him or to throw something at him.

When, however, he went outside, a most extraordinary scene was presented to him in the court-yard below. It was raining hard, to begin with. The nigger-minstrel seemed to be very drunk and very merry; and he was not alone; for, backing from him, apparently in abject terror, was a singular-looking creature, whose face Fitzgerald could not see, but who wore a pilot-jacket much too big for him, and sou'wester, and carried a large bundle slung over his shoulder by means of a stick. The further that this little man in the big sou'wester retreated—his gestures indicating a cowering fear—the nearer came this capering soot-faced idiot in the dress-coat, white breeches, and vast pink collar, singing snatches of doggerel, or begging for money with a sort of drunken facetiousness.

"Now, Paddy, a sixpence won't hurt ye. Not a sixpence for the poor musician? A drop o' dog's-nose, Paddy—twopennorth o' gin, then, old man."

Then he twanged his banjo again, and capered and skipped, clearly enjoying the obvious fright of his victim.

"Where's your shillalagh, Paddy? Och, but ye're the broth of a boy. Not twopennorth o' gin for the poor musician, Paddy?"

But the little man had retreated until he had reached the foot of the stairs, and could back no further. In his desperation he shouted:

"Away wid ye! Away wid ye!" and Fitzgerald suddenly fancied that the voice was familiar to him.

The nigger-minstrel was not to be balk-

ed of his drunken fun. He skipped and danced round his victim, poking at his face with his banjo. Then something desperate happened all at once. The little man dropped his bundle, and, with the stick that had supported it in his hand, seemed to jump at his enemy like a wild-cat.

"Blood alive, but I'll bate your head in!" he yelled; and the next moment there was a battering of blows, that seemed all the more terrible because most of them fell on the banjo, with which the nigger was vainly defending himself. Fitzgerald thought it was high time to interfere.

"Here, you!" he called from the top of the stairs. "What are you doing there?"

The scrimmage ceased for a second as the little man looked up; then he uttered a slight cry. In three bounds he was up the stairs.

"Oh, Masther Willie, 'tis yoursilf at last!" he cried. "Glory be to God! Glory be to God! 'Tis yoursilf at last, Masther Willie—"

But in his agitation Andy the Hopper could not get rid of his alarm; and a frightened glance told him that his enemy was also coming up the stairs.

"Away wid ye! Away wid ye, ye bligard! Oh, Masther Willie, what kind of a man is that? Sure I thought he was the divil!"

"Did you never see a nigger-minstrel before?" said Fitzgerald, laughing, but keeping an eye on the musician. "Well, if he isn't the divil, Andy, you'll have the divil to pay; for you've broken his banjo."

"And sarve the bligard right—the dhirty bligard!" said Andy, who was much braver now, with Master Willie in front of him. "Sure I tould him I'd bate him, and I did—the bligard!"

But the minstrel was no longer facetious; nor was he irate either. He was morose. He contemplated the smashed strings of the banjo with a gloomy air. Then he tried to get Fitzgerald to believe that this savage Paddy had attacked him; and when Fitzgerald remarked that he had seen the affair from the beginning, the complaint dwindled down into a lachrymose petition for some compensation. Would the gentleman look at what had been done to his hat and his wig? Would the kind gentleman give a poor man a drop o' something to drink, to keep out the rheumatics? At last he went away, pacified with a shilling; but after Fitzgerald and his new companion had gone inside and shut the door, they heard an extraordinary burst of shrill laughter in the court-yard below, as if the departing minstrel had just remembered again the joke he had played off on the frightened Paddy.

"Well, Andy, sit down and tell me what has brought you to London."

But Andy was quite bewildered. His delight at seeing the young master again; the fright of his encounter with the black creature; the strangeness of this big, bare apartment—these seemed to deprive him of speech. And then he uttered an exclamation:

"Oh, mother o' Moses, if the bligard hasn't taken my bag!"

"What bag, Andy?"

"The bag wid the shnipes, and the tale, and the hares. Sure the sight of your face, Masther Willie, has dhrew away my sinses—"

"You must have left it down below—go and see."

Andy quickly moved to the door, and then as suddenly paused.

"Sure, Masther Willie, axin' your pardon, would ye come too?"

Fitzgerald burst out laughing, but he went to the top of the stairs.

"The fellow's gone, Andy; you need not be afraid. And so is your bag, I imagine."

But, to Andy's great delight, he found the bag, which had been kicked past the corner of the building during the scuffle, and so had escaped observation when they were retiring from the scene of the fight. And a very heavy bag it was—this waterproof sack which Andy the Hopper, having removed his sou'wester and his big pilot-jacket, proceeded to open. There were snipe, and teal, and golden plover, and what not, and there were three splendid plump brown hares. It seemed quite natural to see this little red-haired leprechaun-looking Andy on his knees sorting out the game.

"And where did all these come from, Andy?"

"Sure, some from the bog, and some from the mountain," answered Andy, imperturbably.

"And who shot them?"

"Is it who shot them? Who would be afther shooting them but mesilf, your honor?"

"And who gave you leave to shoot the mountain?"

"Lave?" said Andy, looking up with a quite honest stare of the small clear blue eyes. "There's no one 'd be axing for lave to shoot a shnipe or a hare for yer honor. Yerra, who'd be axing for lave?"

"Oh, Andy! Andy!" said Fitzgerald. "What have you been after?"

For now, indeed, as Andy, with a little hesitation, drew out a brace of fine-plumaged pheasants, and stroked their feathers down, and smoothed out their long tails, even Andy seemed a little bit self-conscious.

"Oh, Andy, what have you been up to?"

"Thrue for you, sir," said Andy, looking very matter-of-fact: "it isn't often thim kind o' birds comes about the mountain—"

"The mountain! Do you mean to say you shot these pheasants up the mountain?"

"It isn't often thim kind o' birds comes about the mountain," said Andy, vaguely.

"You stole them out of Lord Kinsale's coverts—I know you did."

"Auh! To hear the like o' that, now! Shtalin'! Was I ever afther shtalin' whin I was out wid you, Masther Willie, on both bog and mountain, many's and many's the time? They're a foine brace o' birds, yer honor."

There was no denying that, at all events; and Andy avoided further discussion or confession by proceeding to carry the game to the adjacent table, where he laid out the beautifully plumaged birds brace by brace, just as he used to do on the kitchen dresser at Inisheen, after Master Willie and he had come back from the mountain. And then he was invited to come and sit by the fire and light his pipe, the while the young master went and got a pint bottle of ale and a tumbler for him. It was not the first time that these two had had a chat together.

It appeared, then, from Andy's narrative, that a gentleman of the name of Tim Sullivan, who had married Andy's cousin Bridget, had laid under some obligation the captain of a trading smack called the *Molly Bawn*, who had offered in return to Mr. Sullivan a free passage to London—or at least to Limehouse—whenever he chose to make the trip. This Mr. Sullivan seemed to be a person of wide and ambitious views, for, though he could not avail himself of this offer to see the world—owing to his wife being ill, and he having to look after the pigs—he did not wish to have it thrown away; and so he had come to Andy the Hopper and put the chance before him.

"He says to me, 'Andy, would ye like to see London, now?' 'Divil a bit,' says I; 'but it's Masther Willie I'd like to see.' 'Sure,' says he, ''tis the great chance for ye. For what can a gintleman do in London without a sarvint?' says he. 'Baithershin,' says I; 'whose sarvint?' 'Whose?' says he; 'who but Mr. Fitzgerald?' 'Begor,' says I, 'but 'tis the divil's own cleverness ye've got, Tim Sullivan; for who'd have thought of that, now?'"

"But you don't mean to say you've come all the way from Inisheen, Andy, to try your luck in London as a man-servant?"

"Well, Masther Willie," said Andy, scratching his red hair with much perplexity, "not in a gineral kind of way; but if it was yoursilf, sorr—"

Fitzgerald glanced round the apartment.

"Does this look as if I needed a man-servant, Andy?"

Now there is very little doubt that Andy the Hopper had been possessed with the conviction that Master Willie, having gone away to make his fortune, would be living in grand style; but his notions of grandeur were vague. And in any case, was this all of the house that belonged to the young master? Fitzgerald had gently to explain to him that these visions that Mr. Sullivan had awakened were not practical; and he was very much pleased to hear that Andy could get a free passage back in about ten days' time, and that also one of the hands on board the smack had got him a lodgment at Limehouse. Nor was Andy so greatly disappointed. He had always been accustomed to take Master Willie's advice as something that there was no contesting; and he quickly fell in with the notion that, now he was here, the best thing he could do was to see as much of London as he could, that he might be a great person when he got back to Inisheen.

"How you ever got here I don't understand," Fitzgerald said.

"Sure, thin, your honor, 'twas one of the boys that tould me the river went all the way through the town, from ind to ind, and says he, 'Kape to the shtrame, and ask the people from toime to toime.' 'Tis

iver since the morning I've been at it; but glory be to God, I found ye at last, Masther Willie; and that's the best part av the story they'll be wanting to hear about when I get back to Inisheen."

"Well, now, Andy, begin and tell me all the news. Were there many cock about this winter? Was my father out shooting any time?"

Thus invited, the little impish-looking red-haired man, sucking away at a short clay pipe the while, began to tell all that had happened since Master Willie had left Inisheen; and very far and wide did these rambling reminiscences extend. It is impossible to say how interesting these were to Fitzgerald; and yet on one point, the most interesting of all, Andy had nothing to say, and he dared not ask. What, indeed, could Andy know? Miss Romayne had not been back to Inisheen since she had left it shortly after his own leaving; and Andy's visits to Cork were the rarest things in his life—otherwise it is quite possible he might there have made himself familiar with the appearance of a nigger-minstrel. How could he know anything about Kitty? And yet the charm of all this news to Master Willie was that it spoke to him of the neighborhood where he and Kitty had been together.

At last this became too tantalizing.

"Andy," says he, "do you remember the young lady that came down to Inisheen, and staid in Widow Flanagan's house for a time?"

"Faix I do," said Andy, with a facetious grin. "Sure I remimber well enough the poor gyurl your honor made a fool of."

He flushed resentfully. But how could he complain of this familiarity? He had brought it on himself by his injudicious questioning. And then, no doubt, Andy considered this a little bit of astute flattery to regard the young master as a gay Lothario.

"She did not break her heart though ye did lave her, Masther Willie, and that's thrue," he added, with another pull at the pipe.

"How do *you* know? How do *you* know anything about her?" said Fitzgerald, angrily.

"'Twas Corney Malone," continued Andy, with the composure of indifference—for he doubtless thought this was but as another of his items of news—"was up at Cork, to see his daughter Biddy and the two boys—that's Pathrick with the squint eye and young Corney—he was afther seeing them away to Americay—and sure, your honor, that's the way wid 'em all now, and soon there'll be nobody left in the counthry but the gossoons and the ould women—and when he came back to Inisheen he was in the kitchen at the Impayrial, and says he, 'Sure the foine young lady that Masther Willie was sportin' about wid hasn't broken her heart for his laving of her.' 'What d'ye mane, Corney?' says I, for I was in the kitchen too—if it was not for a shnipe or two, or a mallard mebbe, how could a poor man earn his living, your honor?—and says I, 'Corney, what d'ye mane?' 'Faix,' says he, ''tis another one now she's sportin' about wid—a young spark from Dublin.'"

For a moment to Fitzgerald the world seemed to whirl round; a kind of blackness came before his eyes; life was slipping away from him. But the next instant there was a backward rush—of contempt and indignation.

"Who the devil told you to bring your kitchen gabble here?" he said, in a tone that made Andy drop his pipe.

Then he was deeply mortified with himself. As if it was the slightest consequence what reports might be going about Kitty in Inisheen or elsewhere! And was it not shameful that he should have allowed himself to be startled? He instantly assumed a forcedly tranquil air; and said, quite good-naturedly:

"Well, Andy, I suppose there isn't much doing just now in Inisheen: no doubt the people about the Imperial are glad to have things to talk about, however foolish they may be—"

"Thrue for you, sorr," said Andy, contentedly; he seemed quite unaware of having caused any quick pang of dismay.

"Mr. Corney Malone has been putting a lot of nonsense in your head," said Fitzgerald, presently. "I suppose he is vexed because the young lady did not buy any ribbons or pocket-handkerchiefs at his shop—things that he buys in Cork and sells to you Inisheen people at double the price."

"The divil swape him!" said Andy, with heart-felt satisfaction: it was enough for him that Master Willie had declared against Corney Malone.

He invited Andy to continue his gossip; but that was less interesting now. He

scarcely listened. He was thinking of Kitty's letters—the very breathings of her soul. Could any one who had read these charming, inconsequent, affectionate prattlings doubt the honesty of her who had written them? It was at himself he was wondering. Why should he have felt, for even a second, this blackness of death grip his heart? It was for this, then, that she had given him the great treasure of her love—that, at the first idle tale, he should imagine it possible for her to be a common flirt? What Hilton Clarke had said, then, was true? She should not have been left alone? Perhaps she also had the "unappeasable heart"? Perhaps he was ready to believe that the little shoots of tenderness had already gone out to cling to somebody else? Thus it was that while Andy the Hopper was giving a religiously accurate account of the sayings and doings of everybody in Inisheen, Master Willie—fighting for poor Kitty, who was so far away—was proving to himself that he had never deserved to have her love, or he would not have allowed that foolish rumor to have dealt him such a blow.

Still, he wished to get out into the open air.

"Andy," said he, looking at his watch, "I have an engagement now, but I shall be back by a quarter past seven. You can't go away down to Limehouse tonight; you would never get there. I will see if the landlady here can get you a bed for the night somewhere; and you'll want some supper. Wait here till I come back."

"A word wid ye, your honor," said Andy, anxiously. "May I make so bould as to bolt the door when your honor's gone?"

"Oh yes, certainly. But there is no chance of the black gentleman coming back."

It was still raining, out here in the dark night, and he put up his umbrella unconsciously; but there were not many objects he passed during his rapid walk up to Hyde Park Gardens that he noticed or could have remembered. His thoughts were far away. Why should poor Kitty have been made the subject of idle rumors like these? What could Corney Malone know of her? Corney Malone was a small shop-keeper in Inisheen; apparently he had been unable to keep his family or to procure work for them in the old country; so he had been drafting them off to America. And it was likely that, during that short visit to Cork, he should get to know anything of Miss Romayne! Even if he saw her walking with any one—which was absurd—how could he tell that the person was from Dublin? What would Kitty say when he should tell her—as he certainly should—that this bit of tittle-tattle, coming unexpectedly, had very nearly parted soul and body? He recalled that sensation with a sort of shudder. It seemed as if the world were falling away from around him, and that he was blind; and all because Corney Malone, in the back kitchen of the Imperial, had been chattering spiteful nonsense to the idlers about. Perhaps it was well for the symmetry of Mr. Malone's features—which was not much to boast of at the best—that he was not anywhere about Fitzgerald's neighborhood just at this present moment.

He reached Hyde Park Gardens, and set to work to get through the hour mechanically. Fortunately that was easy; for he had brought with him a newly published volume of Arctic travel, which was exceedingly interesting, and was making much stir; and he had had time to mark the salient passages. How strange it was to read of that far white land; and to see behind it all the time the harbor and the hills of Inisheen! It was Inisheen he was thinking of, not Cork. He did not like to think of the streets of Cork. And then, all of a sudden, there sprang into his recollection a phrase in one of Kitty's letters, written long ago when she was in Dublin—"Willie, there's a man bothering me with bouquets." His face grew red. He stumbled on with his reading. But the redness of his face was caused by anger with himself that this recollection could annoy him. He had no time to argue the matter with himself; he was reading about the Arctic zone. Sometimes Mrs. Chetwynd said, "Poor fellows, how they must have enjoyed that Christmas feast!" or, "Dear me, that was a narrow escape!" and he had to read on and on, with the streets of Cork, instead of Inisheen, thrusting themselves in as a background to all his hurried, staccato, agonized thinking.

So glad he was when that hour of unimaginable torture was over, and he could rush out into the night to wrestle with the demons that were seeking to devour him. He would not face them, for he would not

acknowledge their existence. He would not admit to himself that he could have any doubts of Kitty's love, her faith, and honor. He hurried on his way, persuading himself that he was sorry for Andy's waiting there alone. It was kind of Dr. Bude to have interested himself in John Ross, and to have got some friend to offer to take two more sketches. Ross must see Andy the Hopper, and make a drawing of him. Ross might make a little copy of it, and he would send that to Kitty to amuse her—to Kitty who was so lonely away up there on the hill. "Just tell them there's a poor girl in Ireland who is breaking her heart for your sake"—that was what she had written. As for any one sending her bouquets, why not? What more natural? They threw them to her on the concert stage; why not send them? She had not even seen the man. How could they know that Kitty was married already; that her vow had been registered in the unseen world; that her faithfulness had been celebrated in the great hall where the little people sounded their silver gongs, and the care of "Catherine" was given over to them? He knew and she knew; that was enough; the outside world might go its way. "Let this be a love-night," Kitty had said, down by the running water. She could scarcely be got to repeat the curse; she knew there never would be any occasion for that. And to speak of poor Kitty as having been jilted! Well, no matter. He and she knew; the little ringlets round her ears had heard their secrets; the outside world might go its way.

From these dreams, that seemed to grow brighter and brighter the faster he walked, he was awakened by his arrival at his lodging, and the necessity of supplying Andy with some supper and a bed in the neighborhood. There was no difficulty about either. At supper (John Ross could not be found, or he would have been invited to join) Andy insisted on observing the etiquette of the luncheons on the mountain. That is to say, he would wait about until the young master had finished—helping now and again to hand things as well as he knew. Then, when he had followed, and disposed of a hasty meal, he had no objection to light a pipe and chat on the ordinary familiar terms.

But all the fascination had gone from Andy the Hopper's gossip. He found the young master sorely distraught; more than that, he seemed to become impatient from time to time, as though he could not bear having his thoughts disturbed.

"Sure, Masther Willie," said Andy at length, "there was nothing to vex ye in the shtory that Corney Malone brought back from Cork—bad luck to the omadhaun!—"

"Oh, hold your tongue, Andy!" said Fitzgerald, rising and going to the window. "It is still raining. See here, now. Will you be able to make your way back to Limehouse to-morrow?"

"Yerra, your honor, as I came here, I can go back."

"If there's any sun, you can make straight south till you meet the river. If there isn't, ask the nearest way. Then you'll find yourself near Chelsea pier; and the boat will take you down. Can you remember that, now?"

"Sure we'll shpake of it in the marnin, your honor," said Andy, who was very comfortable now by the fire.

"I sha'n't see you in the morning," said Fitzgerald, briefly. "I am going away from London for a day or two—"

"The Lord be marciful to us, Masther Willie; but is it bad news ye've got?"

"No, no. I am coming back in a day or two—long before the *Molly Bawn* can get in her cargo. I'll find you out at Limehouse, and bring you back here. I'll have your portrait painted, Andy. But where's the jacket with the red sleeves?"

"Sure I thought if your honor wanted a sarvint, 'twasn't the ould jacket you'd be afther wishing to have about the house. But that was the jacket that tased the bull into the bog—d'ye mind that, Masther Willie?"

"Don't I!"

This resolution of his once taken—that, come what might, he would start by the Irish mail in the morning, and take the long journey to Cork, and seek out Kitty, just for a moment of holding her two shoulders and gazing into the beautiful, soft eyes—Andy's gossip seemed far more bearable. What was not bearable was that, amid all the vague thoughts conjured up by this aimless talking, now and again his heart should stop short suddenly, as if there was something he dared not face. He could not banish from him the consciousness that, however he might argue himself out of foolish doubt in the daytime, in the night dark things would occupy his mind. And Kitty's eyes were

so loving they would have no reproach in them, if he went to her and asked her to help him to banish forever this ghastly nightmare. Just to take her hand for a moment—that would be enough. Was it not the hand he had held over the little stream running down to the Blackwater and the sea?

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is stated that Mr. Froude has lost social consideration since the publication of his life of Carlyle, and that when reproached for paining so many excellent persons and for tarnishing the reputation of a great man by permitting revelations of his apparent acridity and intolerance, he answers that had he published what he has suppressed, there would have been a still greater uproar. This reply, of course, merely aggravates the offense, because it implies that bad as is the published matter, worse remains behind.

There was probably never so sudden a reaction of public feeling as in the case of Carlyle. He had become one of the most unique and picturesque figures in contemporary England. His genius, his acknowledged service and influence, his independence and simplicity of life, his great age, and the universal sympathy which was felt for him in the midst of the heavy loss that had left him desolate, had softened the general regard for him and pride in him into a feeling of personal pity and tenderness, and the grave closed over him as over one of the great English worthies, for, like Scott and Burns, although a Scotchman, his fame is the peculiar glory of those who speak the language in which he wrote. But scarcely was he gone when the appearance of his *Reminiscences* seemed to persuade the angry public that it had been imposed upon. What he might himself have called huge cisterns of long-gathered contempt and scorn for almost everybody he had known, and especially for his more famous contemporaries, were suddenly opened, and deluged the reading world with a wide-wasting flood of vituperation. The kindliest and the most helpless did not escape. Even Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt were submerged in the scoffing pity and belittling patronage of allusion, and innocent persons in private life upon whom the public had no claim whatever were seen with horror to be equally the victims of this kennel stream of promiscuous sneering.

The mingled amazement, incredulity, and wrath that ensued were unprecedented. It is doubtful whether the general public feeling in regard to any distinguished person ever underwent so sudden and complete a revulsion. And who was guilty—the writer of all this narrow and spiteful snarling, as it was called, or the publisher? Was Carlyle to be called to account for harboring judgments so venomous, or Froude for revealing that he harbored them? What matter to the reader of the *French Revolution*, the *Sartor*, or the *Past and Present* that the author was of a hateful narrowness of soul, even if it were true? What is gained by telling us that Shakespeare was quick-tempered, that Chaucer was profane, that Sir Isaac Newton beat his wife? It is not their vices and defects, it is the works of their genius, which concern the world. But this strain of objection and remark was useless. Carlyle's gospel was manliness, duty, self-sacrifice, patient waiting, faith in God and man. He was preaching it all the time. Literature itself, he insisted, was a sham except as it illustrated and enforced these primal rules of human conduct. But how if the preacher and the prophet were a selfish, snarling cynic, suspicious and envious and treacherous? This would be the most preposterous sham of all.

Even now, in this very summer, Mr. Whately Cook Taylor writes a hot letter to the London *Spectator* about an allusion to his father in Carlyle's *Irish Journey*. This is the way in which Mr. Taylor finds his father described, who admired Carlyle greatly, and had hospitably entertained him at his house: "Strange dialect of this man, a Youghal native. London had little altered that: immense lazy gurgling about the throat and palate regions, speech coming out at last, not so much in distinct pieces and vocables as in continuous erudition, semi-masticated speech." The son's reply is naturally indignant. Carlyle speaks of the elder Taylor as taking snuff. "Surely," cries the son, "the man who used to saturate his drawing-room with tobacco fumes, regardless of the comfort of his wife or household, who used to be encountered by his friends there, seated on the hearth-rug, and sucking at it 'through a yard of clay'—such a one need not have thought bitterly of another who chose to take it through another medium." No, no, retorts the son, Carlyle came over to "star it" in Ireland, and he was so outshone by the superior acquirement and eloquence of the "snuffy Youghal man" that he turned green with envy and hate. He could not forgive superiority. "Even death itself, which in most minds mollifies all resentments, brought no salve to this pitiably mean one. Be it so. It was but natural, after all, that the memory of the most amiable and generous of literary men should be aspersed in a posthumous work of the most spiteful and vindictive."

The intensity of the wrath with Carlyle has produced a certain reaction, of which the reported loss of caste by Froude is an illustra-

tion. The question is already asked, Is all this personal comment quite understood? Has Mr. Froude himself any conception of the man whose life he writes, and of whom he is the literary executor? Deducting the dyspepsia from the *Reminiscences* and the letters, is the remainder pure malignity? Are Carlyle's personal sketches in his journal and for intimate friends to be interpreted like the letters of a Washington correspondent? A stormy, imperious, undisciplined nature it certainly was, but was it also spiteful and cowardly? In dealing with Carlyle is not Froude as helpless as Carlyle insists that Burns's editors and biographers have been in dealing with the poet?

Carlyle was one of the great humorists of the world. His imagination was supreme, like that of a poet. He had a force and felicity of expression not surpassed in literature. His critical perception was morbidly acute, and his life-long dyspepsia gnawed him like the vulture of Prometheus. In this combination may we not fairly find the key to the extraordinary writings which were not meant for the public eye, but which have been revealed to it? Carlyle's imaginative perception of the grotesque in character, of its superficial aspect, of the solemn forms and smug respectabilities, the overestimates, the misappreciations, the distorted comparative importance, the droll want of proportion in life, of the weaknesses of good characters, and the absurd inconsistencies of excellence—would not all this, lending itself to a picturesqueness and hilarious richness of expression quite beyond precedent, constantly intoxicate the man himself, and sweep and lift him into a kind of delirium of speech which can not justly be held to show black-hearted malice, but an overwhelming delight in conscious witty extravagance of expression? The whirlwind of his wit, of his searching perception, of his graphic and marvellous expression, drove him helplessly along, as they drive the reader. He was in this way the victim of his own genius, which by its fantastic play exposed him to the natural indignation of the outraged friends of his own victims.

Supposing him to know that such writings would be published, he was guilty of indifference to wounding the feelings of others. This is a fault, but it may co-exist with the utmost rectitude, and absolute freedom from malice and narrowness and meanness. Carlyle knew as well as the son of Mr. Taylor that a man who sits on his hearth-rug and sucks tobacco-smoke through a long pipe can not consistently laugh at another man who snuffs up powdered tobacco into his nose. But the word "snuffy" is by association too apt a word to be lost to the descriptive portraiture which is made vivid in the highest degree by its grotesque extravagance. The word is dashed in instinctively, as a painter in the rapture of his work snatches the bright color from his palette. Let any reader turn to Carlyle's description of Coleridge in the *Life of John Sterling*. It is one of the best personal portraits in literature. Yet amusing and ridiculing as it is, and in the same general way with the sketches to which exception is taken, nobody could deny that it is a most realistic picture, and, however unpleasant for a son or daughter of Coleridge to read, that it shows neither cynicism nor envy upon Carlyle's part.

We are very sure that this view will become more apparent upon more careful reflection in the light of all that we know of Carlyle. If Mrs. Siddons "stabbed the potatoes," it was not that she was gratifying a rankling purpose of revenge or indulging a wicked heart, but only that she was Mrs. Siddons, and that the grand tragic manner was natural to her even in trifles. If Carlyle spoke with unbounded and pictorial extravagance, it was not that he hated his kind and begrudged praise to others, but that he was the captive of his humor, his insight, his imagination, his marvellous gift of expression, and his dyspepsia.

THERE is a delicate question in newspaper ethics which is sometimes widely discussed, namely, whether "journalism" may be regarded as a distinct profession which has a moral standard of its own. The question arises when an editorial writer transfers his services from one journal to another of different political opinions. Is a man justified in arguing strenuously for free trade to-day and for protection to-morrow? Are political questions and measures of public policy merely points of law upon which an editor is an advocate to be retained indifferently and with equal morality upon either side?

This question may be illuminated by another. Would John Bright be a man of equal renown, character, and weight of influence if, being an adherent of peace principles, he had remained in an administration whose policy was war? This question will be thought to beg the whole question. But does it? Must it not be assumed that a man of adequate ability for the proper discussion of political questions must have positive political convictions, and can a man who has such convictions honorably devote himself to discrediting them, and to defeating the policy which they demand, under the plea that he has professionally accepted a retainer or a salary to do so? Would his arguments have any moral weight if they were known to be those of a man who was not himself convinced by them? And is not the concealment of the fact indispensable to the value of his services?

To continue this interrogation: is not the parallel sought to be established between the editorial writer and the lawyer vitiated by the fact that it is universally understood that a lawyer's service is perfunctory and official; that he takes one side rather than another because he is paid for it, and because that is the condi-

tion of his profession, and that that condition springs from the nature of legal procedure, society not choosing to take life or to inflict punishment of any kind until the whole case has been stated according to certain stipulated forms? For this reason the advocate who defends a criminal is not supposed necessarily to believe him to be innocent. But no such reason existing in the case of the editor, is it not an equally universal understanding that an editor does honestly and personally hold the view that he presents and defends? For instance, the *Times* in New York is a Republican and free-trade journal. If it should suddenly appear some morning as a Democratic and protectionist paper, would not the general conclusion be that it had changed hands? But if it should be announced that it was in the same hands, and had changed its views because of a pecuniary arrangement, could the *Times* continue to have the same standing and influence which it has now?

A distinction may be attempted between the owner of a paper and the editor. But for the public are they not practically the same? It is not, in fact, the owner or the editor, it is the paper, which is known to the public. If the public considers at all the probable relation of the owner and editor, it necessarily assumes their harmony, because it does not suppose that an owner would employ an editor who is injuring the property, and if the paper flourishes under the editor, it is because the owner yields his private opinion to the editor's, if they happen to differ, so that there is no discord. On the other hand, if the paper flags and fails, and the owner, to rescue his property, employs another editor, who holds other views, and changes the tone of the paper, the result is the same so far as the public is concerned. The profit of the paper may increase, but its power and influence surely decline. In the illustration that we have supposed, the proprietorship of the *Times* might decide that a Democratic and protection paper would have a larger sale and greatly increase the profit. But could the change be made without a terrible blow to the character and influence of the paper? Now why is not an editor in the same position? He has a certain standing, and he holds certain views, like the paper. The paper changes its tone for a price. He does the same thing. The paper loses character and influence. Why does not he?

Journalism is not a profession in the sense claimed. It does not demand a certain course of study, which is finally tested by an examination and certified by a degree. It is a pursuit rather than a profession. Of course special knowledge in particular branches of information is of the highest value, and indeed essential to satisfactory editorial writing, as to all other public exposition. There are also certain details of the collection of news, the organization of correspondence, and the "make up" of the paper, the successful management of which depends upon an energetic executive faculty, which is desirable in every pursuit. It is sometimes said that an editor, like the late Mr. Delane of the London *Times*, should not write himself, but select the topics, and procure the writing upon them by others. And so long as a man is merely an anonymous writer for a paper, so long as he writes to sustain the views of the paper, his actual opinions, being unknown to the reader, do not affect the power of the paper. Such a man, indeed, may write at the same time upon both sides of the same question for different papers. But if he have any convictions or opinions upon the subject, he is with one hand consciously injuring what he believes to be the truth, and a man can not do that without serious harm to himself. If he have no convictions, his influence will vanish the moment that the fact is known.

Such strictures do not apply to papers which expressly renounce convictions, and blow hot or cold as the chances of probable profit and the apparent tenor of public opinion at the moment invite. Such papers, properly speaking, have no legitimate influence whatever. They produce a certain effect by mere publicity, and reiteration, and ridicule, and distortion and suppression of facts, and appeals to prejudice. There is a legitimate and an illegitimate power of the press. A lion and a skunk both inspire terror.

But a paper which represents convictions, and promotes a public policy in accordance with them, necessarily implies sincerity in its editorial writing. The public assumes that among papers of all opinions the writer attaches himself to one with which he agrees. The nature of the pursuit is such that he can not make himself a free lance without running the risk of being thought an adventurer, a soldier without patriotism, a citizen without convictions. If the best American press did not represent real convictions, but only the clever ingenuity of paid advocates, it would be worthless as an exponent of public opinion, and could not be the beneficent power that it is.

THE summer pilgrim seeking a retired rural retreat, and the victim of the slack-baked bread, the white doughy pie, the close room, the feather-bed, the general discomfort and tastelessness which have characterized so much country life, hail with delight the advent of the Village Improvement Societies and the Sanitary Associations of recent years. The general aspects of that life, however, are always most gratifying to the observing traveller. The small farms, the pretty villages, the air of general thrift and comfort, in the older parts of the country at least, imply a self-relying, intelligent, and efficient people of equal condition.

The rural traveller in New England, for instance, sees no evidence of vast wealth by the side of extreme poverty, no sign of classes and

ranks, no peasant and no peer, but a vast industrious community of equal citizens. He remembers in picturesque and historic Europe not only a different landscape, but a different suggestion of the landscape. Caste, rank, class, are written all over the face of Europe. There are everywhere the castle and the cottage, the palace and the hut, the great estate, the grand seigneur, the nobleman's seat, ample parks and pleasure-grounds, the vast domain stretching from sea to sea, the lords and the laborers, the chiefs and the dependents. It is still, although, of course, with extreme amelioration, a modified feudal landscape that the traveller beholds. Its suggestions are of rank and class, of dependence, and of vast social inequality, and from the loveliest Italian landscape, from the Saxon Switzerland or the shores of the Danube, his memory turns proudly to the valleys of the Connecticut and the Hudson, to the green hills of Western Massachusetts, or the golden granary of Central New York.

It is not, therefore, from any indifference or any want of patriotic pride and appreciation that the victim of the pie and the beefsteak fried in grease, the wayfarer along the burning and dusty village street, the observer who marks the ruthless cutting of the leaders of young shade trees, and the loss, by mere neglect and unimprovement, of the rich opportunity of beauty which every village offers, salutes the modern spirit which proposes to shade the street, to beautify the grounds, to train the vines over the porch, to trim the walks and edges of the grass, to shave a little lawn, to banish unsightly rubbish, to level the fences where they can be spared, to keep walls and hedges in repair, and to develop inexpensively the natural advantages of the village, while within the house it gently browns the bread and broils the steak, and opens the blinds and windows, and airs and suns the rooms, and restores the fire-place, and secures the pretty view, and cares for grace and taste as well as for cleanliness and order.

This sanitary and decorative spirit has already produced the Village Improvement Associations, and this summer a national association for sanitary and rural improvement has been formed, with an excellent list of officers, and with a capital series of papers read at the first meeting, which was held at Greenwood Lake, in New Jersey. It is evident that no point involving health, comfort, or beauty will escape attention, from arsenic wall-paper to malaria, tree-planting, and the proper school age of children. Nothing could more plainly reveal the identity of all common interests than this movement for health and beauty. The farmer who thinks that beauty means lazy boys and girls dawdling in silk gowns holds that money is the test of value, and he wants to increase the worth of his land and to extend his market, not to bother about trimming grounds and beautifying things. Now, as the man says in the play, "Why, cert'nly." And how would the farmer do it? He is as near to the city as he will ever be, and it is by contact in some form with the city that his lands will rise in value. If the mountain will not come to the Prophet, let him go to the mountain. If the farmer can not go to the city, let him draw the city to him. And how shall he do it?

By making his land attractive. Let him consider. If the village near him is quiet and pleasant; if the street is well shaded with trees, and the walks are well laid and trimmed; if the green about the meeting-house is carefully kept, and is not a mere bare pasture; if the houses are neatly painted and the grounds are nicely kept, though they be only a grass-plot; if the rooms are airy and the plain food well cooked; if the village shows interest and care and pride upon the part of the villagers —does he not see that it is the place to which the city will come with delight, and in which citizens who wish to have a snug and refreshing retreat for the summer will be sure to plant themselves? It is in this way that the farmer will learn "the uses of beauty," of which Ik Marvel told us in his charming lecture long ago. And it is the object of the new national association not only to show that this kind of improvement is desirable for every rural community, but to point out the simple and efficacious methods of securing it.

No musical event in all Europe has ever awakened more simultaneous interest among us than the production of Wagner's new opera, *Parsifal*, at Baireuth, in Bavaria. This is partly explained by the fact that the Wagner day at the Thomas Musical Festival of this year was to many persons virtually a revelation and a conversion; and by the interest felt at the same festival in the prima donna who takes the "leading woman's" part in *Parsifal*, Madame Materna. The grand style of this singer, who belongs to a school so different from that of Madame Gerster and the other Italian vocalists that they are hardly to be compared, the singular fitness of her style for the music of Wagner, with her evident deep and sincere interest in the music, and the charm of her fresh and simple personal manner, had given us a peculiar interest in the performance at Baireuth.

Thirty years ago this point of attraction for the musical world was a dull little German town, interesting to the traveller who entered it on a gray, chilly autumn day as the home for some time and the burial-place of Jean Paul, *der Einzige*, the only one, the greatest of German humorists, first revealed to English readers by Carlyle's essay, and his translation of *Quintus Fixlein*. There was little to see of Jean Paul in the dull town, except the house in the suburbs where he lived. But his genius fills the place with charm for the young foreign pilgrim. This, at least, was the landscape he saw. Along these streets he walked.

Under this tree, perhaps, he rested. A man would go far to sit in a chair in which Shakespeare had sat. He would drink with singular emotion out of a glass from which Burns had drank. He would touch with reverence the keys of the organ which Milton's hands had played. The spell which Goethe and Schiller have laid upon Weimar is that with which Richter has enchanted Baireuth. Time only can show whether Wagner is to be accepted as another master, whose presence and performance in the town its traditions will cherish with pride like that with which they treasure the genius of the Only One.

The Wagner afternoon at the May Festival, we said, was both a revelation and a conversion. There were many persons who had been in "the misty mid-region" of doubt about his music. But after that wonderful performance they felt that they had seen a great light, and that there could be reasonable doubt no longer of the power and beauty of the music. In this last spring, also, the Wagner opera has captivated London, and it is plain from the newspapers of both countries that the younger critics will no more permit the old times and the old masters to monopolize all the fame of great music than Charles Wesley would permit the devil to have all the good music. Indeed, when a composer draws princes and potentates with their glittering trains, and pilgrims of every lesser degree, from all parts of Christendom to a dull little town in Germany, and when the great newspapers all over the world give greater space to the description of the performance of his music than to political events and battles which menace the existing limits of states and nations, and when all this betokens a universal curiosity and interest in intelligent and art-loving circles everywhere, it can hardly be allowed that the significance of the composer in the world of art should be contemptuously challenged. The nature and value of the power which produces this result it may not be easy at once precisely to determine. But to stigmatize it as merely eccentric charlatanry is laughable. There was quite as much skeptical and scoffing head-shaking over Beethoven as there has been over Wagner. That does not prove Wagner to be a new Beethoven. But it certainly does not help the theory that he is a pretentious quack and a mere grotesque sensationalist.

The performance of *Parsifal* was apparently successful. Indeed, where there has been so much preparation and anticipation, not to fail is to succeed. There was the inevitable comparison with other works of the same composer, but there was the undoubted touch of the same hand, and an actual addition to the mythological opera. Wagner's theories of opera need not disturb the hearer. So long as he produces such music as was heard on the Wagner afternoon in May, he may write it according to what dogmas he will, since no one susceptible to exquisite musical effects can deny its charm and power. He can not, indeed, destroy the universal delight in melody, in tune, and despite the enthusiasts, it is still possible to enjoy other music of other schools. Nothing could well be more strikingly contrasted than the singing of Materna and the singing of Gerster. But it is a poverty-stricken taste that can not enjoy both, each in its own kind.

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

There still remains, indeed, the question, "whether is greater," the Guelf or the Ghibelline? But that is a question which vexes only the contentious, not the contented, mind. The man who can see only one color, who can enjoy only one scent, who can hear but one strain, is bereaved of more than half the charm of the world.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE steps in the process by which the germ theory of contagious disease has been worked out by scientific investigators are very clearly presented by Professor Tyndall—whose own contributions to the results attained have been important and conclusive—in an interesting volume of *Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection*.[1] Of the five essays comprised in the volume three are the substance of papers read before the Royal Society in 1870–71 and in 1876 and 1877 on the theory which ascribes epidemic diseases to the development of low parasitic life within the human life, which parasites are not spontaneously generated, but have been wafted from without, from living organisms in the air, to those afflicted with disease; and two are reproductions of a lecture delivered in 1877 before the Glasgow Scientific Lecture Association, on the causes of fermentation, and its bearings in surgery and medicine, and of a paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, in 1878, refuting the arguments that had been advanced and discrediting the experiments that had been relied on by Bastian and others in support of the theory of the spontaneous generation of living organisms. The gradual steps by which the germ theory of contagion has been developed are of great interest. In 1680, Leuwenhoek found yeast to be a mass of floating globules, but had no notion that the globules were alive. One hundred and fifty years afterward, in 1835–6, Cagniard de la Tour and Schwann

[1] *Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection.* By JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S. 12mo, pp. 388. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

proved this by the independent discovery that yeast, instead of being matter in a state of decomposition, or motor-decay, which propagated indefinitely its own decay, was a living organism, the yeast-plant, which, when placed in a proper medium, feeds, grows, and reproduces itself, and in this way carries on the process called fermentation. In 1837, Schwann announced the important result that when a decoction of meat is effectually screened from the ordinary air, and supplied solely with calcined air, putrefaction never sets in, and therefore that putrefaction is not caused by the air, but by living germs in the air, which could be destroyed by a sufficiently high temperature. In 1867, thirty years later, Professor Lister, the distinguished Edinburgh surgeon, extended the generalization of Schwann from dead to living matter. He found that the pus or putrid matter of wounds, abscesses, etc., teemed with myriads of minute jointed living organisms called *vibrios*, which had been introduced to the human body by particles of air dust—either communicated directly by the air in which they were floating or by surgical instruments—containing the germs of putrefactive organisms, which develop rapidly and propagate indefinitely at the high temperature of the body; and he further found that by defending every part of the tissue to be operated upon by antiseptic bandages, and by showering the knife and the exposed surfaces with a spray of carbolic acid, which is particularly deadly to germs, the terrible hospital scourges pyæmia, erysipelas, and gangrene are absolutely preventable, and he contends that if he could surround wounds with properly filtered air, the same result would follow. In the mean time, Pasteur, the celebrated French chemist, in a series of investigations patiently prosecuted from 1853 to 1867, discovered that the vine and silk-worm plagues of France were due to microscopic living organisms, and could be stayed by the destruction of this life; and in fact they were stayed by Pasteur's discovery of the origin of this life, and by the methods that were employed under his direction for its destruction, with the result of restoring to France her silk and wine industries, of rescuing thousands from ruin, and of setting not only her own idle looms, but the idle looms of Italy, again at work. Even before the results of Pasteur's investigations were announced, the application of the "germ theory" to the origin of contagious and epidemic human diseases had been vigorously urged by English investigators, and the theory broached—now generally adopted by the advocates of the "germ theory"—that both putrefactive and epidemic diseases arise, not from the air, but from something contained in the air; that this something is not a vapor nor a gas, nor, indeed, a molecule of any kind, but a *particle;* and that just as when the living yeast-plant is destroyed the ferment disappears, so, if the living organisms which float in the air and cause epidemic or contagious disease can be destroyed, the disease of which they are the seed may be prevented. Professor Tyndall's researches, as reported in the volume before us, have been directed to an exhibition of the facts that the power of atmospheric air to *produce life* in organic infusions and its power to *scatter light* go hand in hand; that the "scattering" is due, not to the air itself, but to foreign matter suspended in the air; that the air, placed under proper conditions, goes through a process of self-purification; that when this purification is complete, the power to scatter light and to generate life disappears; that putrefaction is not due to the spontaneous generation of living organisms, but to the transmission from the air of floating living organisms which reproduce other living organisms, each after its own kind—a bacterium ever remaining a bacterium, a vibrio a vibrio, the penicillium a penicillium, and the torula a torula; that if either of these is sown in a state of purity in an appropriate liquid, you get it and it alone; that, in like manner, if by the agency of germs of living organisms you sow smallpox in the human body, your crop is smallpox; if you sow scarlatina, your crop is scarlatina; if you sow typhoid or cholera virus, your crop is typhus or cholera, the disease in all cases bearing as constant a relation to its contagium as the microscopic organisms do to their seed, or as a thistle or an oak does to its seed. With analogies so obvious and striking, Professor Tyndall is of the opinion that the conclusion is justified that reproductive parasitic life is at the root of epidemic disease; that living ferments finding lodgment in the body increase there and multiply, directly ruining the tissue on which they subsist, or destroying life indirectly by the generation of poisonous compounds within the body—which conclusion, coming to us with a presumption almost amounting to a demonstration, is clinched by the fact that virulently infectious diseases have been discovered with which living organisms are as closely and indissolubly associated as the growth of the torula is with the fermentation of beer. The experiments, many thousand in number, by which Professor Tyndall renders the floating dust of the air visible, and by which he demonstrates the perfect immunity from putrefaction which accompanies the contact of germless infusions and moteless air, were conducted with the utmost care and precision, are described so simply and luminously as to be almost universally comprehensible, and are most convincing in their results, revealing the cause of the epidemic and contagious diseases that have been the scourges of mankind, and by exposing the cause of these calamities pointing out the way for their mitigation or prevention. Professor Tyndall's investigations are profoundly interesting, and of the highest practical importance to students of surgery and of sanitary science generally.

No poet who wrote so little enjoys a reputation as brilliant as that which has been accorded to Thomas Gray. His fame has been out of all proportion to the sum of his writings. And although his immortal "Elegy," and his fine Pindaric ode "The Bard," fully vindicate his claim to poetical eminence, doubtless it is still the fact that much of his renown is a legacy we have inherited from his contemporaries, who were dazzled by his learning, and were of the opinion that no limitations could be imposed upon his genius. Nor can we wonder greatly at the extravagance of their estimate while we are under the influence of the lyrical ardor and poetical enthusiasm of his odes, or while our sensibilities are touched to the core by the pathos and tenderness, the variety, the grace and beauty, the subtle imagery and the felicitous melody, of his ever fresh "Elegy." That Gray wrote so little was probably largely due to the circumstance that he lived in an age when poetical taste was in a state of transition, when the didactic verse of the school of Dryden and Pope was westering to its setting, and when the new school of romantic poetry had not yet dawned. His rich imagination and severe taste revolted against the sing-song couplets, with their pendulum-like beat, the ingenious conceits, and the trite moral and philosophic apothegms of the moribund school, and he was feeling his way to the new and as yet undiscovered Parnassus. Moreover, he was an exacting critic of himself, and for a long time had not discovered—perhaps never clearly discerned—where his true strength lay. Besides, he was naturally indolent and unambitious; and to crown all, was a chronic valetudinarian throughout the greater part of his prime. But small as is the volume of his poetical writings, it is not extravagant to say that no modern poet has exerted a more powerful and beneficent influence than he upon the form and spirit of English verse, or has given finer examples of its variety and capabilities. Quiet, studious, and reserved, attempting many things, and leaving many things unfinished, the whole life of Gray was peculiarly the life of a man of letters. If he was not a lavish producer, he was an assiduous and insatiable consumer. He wrote little and he read much, but whether he wrote or read, both were of the best. A careful study of his life and writings, of the minutiæ of his pursuits as poet, scholar, musician, architectural amateur and enthusiast, traveller, naturalist, and antiquarian, were in itself almost a liberal education. Mr. Gosse's volume on Gray,[2] just published in the "English Men of Letters" series, though not exempt from small errors and imperfections, is an admirable introduction to such a study, giving the amplest particulars of Gray's life we have yet seen in any American edition of his works, coupled with able and discriminating accounts and criticisms of his various writings while in the process of preparation and when completed, and capable estimates of their and their author's place in literature. We trust Mr. Gosse's thoughtful study may suggest the collection by some enterprising American publisher of Gray's complete writings, no really good or full edition of which, including his poems in English and Latin, his letters, notes, dissertations on art and architecture, and facetious poems and epigrams, is in existence.

It is refreshing to turn from the diatribes that have recently been levelled against Mr. Lowell by some politicians to the kindly optimism of Mr. Underwood's *Biographical Sketch*[3] of the poet; and there is encouragement in the thought suggested by the pleasant volume that there are still among us, in the quiet nooks and by-paths of letters, men whose literary admiration is unaffected by the political barometer, and who find as much pleasure in bestowing liberal and ungrudging praise as these others take in administering unstinted blame. So far as it is biographical, Mr. Underwood's sketch is vigorous and readable; but it has its share of the defects that are inseparable from any contemporaneous memoir, arising from the incompleteness of the record of a life that is not yet spent, the reserve that must necessarily leave many things untold that are worth telling, until the final scene has closed, and the tendency of the biographer to fall into a strain of eulogy more florid and unvarying than is quite consistent with good taste or strict justice. Only a small portion of the volume, however, is appropriated to purely biographical material, the greater part being devoted to thoughtful and appreciative studies of Mr. Lowell's various poetical productions, in the order of their publication, including statements of the incidents and motives that suggested or inspired them, and elaborate analyses and critical and comparative estimates of them as works of poetic art. The tendency to eulogy that is perceptible in the biographical jottings is observable here also; and, besides, Mr. Underwood betrays a proneness to extravagances of assertion and comparison which, despite their spiciness and clever incisiveness, detract from the value of his judgments as a literary critic. The typography of the book is perfect, and it is embellished with a fine likeness of the poet, and a number of excellent engravings reproducing his birth-place and home, their interiors and surroundings, and some of the scenes idealized in his poems.

The representatives of Mr. Longfellow have collected in a little volume, entitled *In the Har-*

[2] *Gray.* By Edmund W. Gosse. "English Men of Letters" Series. 12mo, pp. 223. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *James Russell Lowell.* A Biographical Sketch. By Francis H. Underwood. Sq. 8vo, pp. 167. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

bor,[4] all his unprinted poems which will be given to the public, with the exception of two sonnets reserved for his biography, and "Michael Angelo," a dramatic poem, which will be published later. None of the poems betray any diminution of the poetic faculty, and several of them—for instance, "Hermes Trismegistus," "Auf Wiedersehen," "Moonlight," "The Bells of San Blas," and the sonnets inscribed "Chimes," "Memories," and "My Books"—will rank with the best productions of the poet's prime for the graciousness of their tone, the gracefulness of their sentiments, the native sweetness of their melody, and their quiet but vigorous imaginative power. Some of them are tinged with the pensive retrospectiveness that marked the poems collected by Mr. Longfellow shortly before his death, under the title *Ultima Thule*, while others sparkle with all the fresh and buoyant playfulness of early youth. The contents of the chaste little volume form a fit close to the utterances of the gentle moralist and thoughtful master, whose verse was flowing music, and whose quiet musings were insensibly clothed with "the diviner air" of poesy.

Few compilers of compendiums have the art, in which Goldsmith excelled, of making their epitomes interesting reading. Too commonly their labors amount to little more than an expanded index, presenting a subject in the dry and uninviting form of a skeleton of facts, dates, and events, which, however useful and convenient it may be to adult scholars, is hard and repulsive reading to the young, by whom it is regarded in much the same light that the Hebrews regarded the burdens that were imposed upon them by their Egyptian task-masters. Mr. Myers's *Outlines of Ancient History*[5] is not a compendium of this kind. For, although it is in outline, and omits the trivial records of court intrigues and genealogies, together with those political annals and petty wars which have exerted no important influence on the stream of the world's history, as must needs be the case in a work of less than five hundred duodecimo pages, which traces the origin and growth of customs and manners, of arts, science, and civilization, of government, religion, and literature, among men, from the first appearance of man upon the earth until the year of grace 476, it is a rounded and continuous outline, judiciously filled in and illustrated with graphic brief sketches of the character and work of those representative races and of the movement of those representative forces and events which have been the most potent elements in the progress and civilization of mankind. Mr. Myers thus inspires the reader with a feeling of interest in his recital; and this interest is further promoted by his adoption of a combination of the ethnological and chronological methods in the treatment of his historical outlines, and his rejection of the barren synchronistic plan which has been usually followed in historical compends. Instead of carrying forward simultaneously the historical record of all the peoples and nations that were contemporaneous—a plan, as he observes, that "has been likened to working down all the streams at once by constant crossing and recrossing from valley to valley," with the result of a bewildering and hopeless interlacing of historical events—he deals separately with each typical people, family, or representative nation, tracing its history continuously from the beginning throughout its entire course—a mode of treatment which, as he further appositely observes, "has been compared to the tracing separately of each tributary of a great river system from its source to its union with the main stream." By this plan, when Mr. Myers is once upon a historic stream, he follows it to its junction with the principal current, or to the point where some sub-tributary has joined it of such size or importance as to induce him to turn aside temporarily to explore the sources and character of the new affluent; and he thus secures a continuity, a simplicity, and a lucidness of narrative that is impossible if the synchronistic plan be pursued. Mr. Myers embodies in his outlines the fruits of the latest and most authentic researches, discriminating scrupulously between that which is conjectural in history from that which is ascertained, and stating with fairness and intelligence the points of any magnitude on which eminent ethnographical and historical scholars are divided in opinion. His work is admirably adapted for current popular reading, and is invaluable as a manual of instruction.

By the publication of a fine Greek-English edition of *The Revised New Testament*[6] the Messrs. Harper have added another to the long list of important services that publishers have rendered to literature by their own seasonable and eminently practical undertakings. They had already published editions of the English Revision in several acceptable forms, and also an edition of Westcott and Hort's admirable Greek text of the New Testament, the latter accompanied by a scholarly critical and bibliographical introduction by Dr. Schaff, setting forth the merits of the text as settled by West-

[4] *In the Harbor: Ultima Thule.* Part II. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 18mo, pp. 90. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[5] *Outlines of Ancient History:* From the Earliest Time to the Fall of the Western Roman Empire, A.D. 476. Embracing the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Phœnicians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. By P. V. N. Myers, A.M., President of Farmers' College, Ohio. 12mo, pp. 484. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* Translated out of the Greek. Being the Version set forth A.D. 1611. Compared with the most Ancient Authorities and Revised A.D. 1881. 8vo, pp. 539. —*The New Testament in the Original Greek.* The Text Revised by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., and Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. American Edition. With an Introduction by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 539. New York: Harper and Brothers.

cott and Hort, describing the sources of the text, the variations in the numerous manuscripts of it, and the principles of textual criticism these variations necessitated, and furnishing a valuable bibliographical account of the various printed editions of the Greek text prior to that of Wescott and Hort. In the present volume the revised English version has been arranged so as to correspond as nearly as possible, page by page, with Westcott and Hort's Greek text of the New Testament, the two being presented on opposite pages, thus combining the latest English translation and the latest and purest Greek text, so as to render a comparison of the two easy. In addition the volume contains Dr. Schaff's introduction to Westcott and Hort's Greek text, above adverted to, and a full and valuable list of all the noteworthy variations between the text of the Revision and that of Westcott and Hort. The edition can not fail to realize the reasonable hope expressed by the publishers in a prefatory note, that "it will win for itself a useful and conspicuous place among the apparatus of the student and the Biblical scholar."

THERE can be no hesitation in assigning the first place among the novels of the month to the historical tale, *Unknown to History*,[7] by the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. It is based on the story of the captivity of Mary Queen of Scots, the real events of which, and of Scottish and English history associated therewith, it depicts with some embellishments of fancy, but in the main with a substantial adherence to the facts. Although historical events and personages are prominent in the story, the interest of the reader is specially enlisted in the fortunes of a daughter supposed to have been borne by Mary, as the fruit of her marriage to Bothwell, while she was a prisoner at Lochleven, whose birth was kept a strict secret from her jailers, and especially from Elizabeth of England, and was known only to a few of her most devoted attendants. As the child, in the event of the death of James, would be the heir to the throne of England and Scotland, her present safety was considered by Mary to be endangered, and in an attempt to smuggle her by sea to the keeping of some of Mary's relatives in France, the vessel that carried her was wrecked, and all on board were supposed to have perished. The babe was rescued, however, by a gallant sailor and gentleman, one of Elizabeth's captains, of the strain of Drake and Frobisher and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and was adopted as their own by him and his true-hearted wife, and reared by them in the innocence, purity, and vigorous mental and bodily healthfulness of a loving and robust English home. The romantic and ingeniously conceived incidents by which the child's real parentage is revealed to the foster-parents, to herself, and finally to Mary, are related with grace and spirit by Miss Yonge; and the relations of the child to Mary and to her foster-parents, and the contending feelings and emotions which she experiences, are delineated with a tenderness that sometimes melts into pathos. Miss Yonge's descriptive sketches of the personages who figured in connection with Mary's captivity, of the inception and development of the Babington plot, and of the social and domestic manners of the noble and middle classes of the period, are a delightful blending of fact and romance.

So They were Married,[8] the latest joint production of Walter Besant and James Rice, is invested with a pathetic interest from the death of Mr. Rice soon after its completion, and the consequent sundering of a close literary companionship which had existed for many years, and had resulted in the production of a number of successful romances, remarkable for their purity, the delicacy of their fancy, their spirit and vivacity, the artistic excellence of their workmanship, and the singular unity of their design and execution. Aside from these circumstances, however, their last joint effort has a strong intrinsic interest of its own, first, for its finely contrasted conceptions of varied types of womanhood, and its subtle delineation of their bearing under the pressure of incidents that make trial of their character and influence its development; and again, for its idyllic descriptions of life and manners, social incidents and usages, and natural sights and scenes in one of England's fairest tropical islands. The authors accompany their pen pictures with spirited illustrations, some of them full-page drawings, but consisting for the greater part of exquisitely minute initial-letter illuminations, depicting with rare gracefulness scenes, incidents, and characters referred to in the text.

THE other more noticeable romances of the month are two genuine sea-stories, *The "Lady Maud"*[9] and *My Watch Below*,[10] by the author of *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor"*; and *The Minister's Son*,[11] a fine Scottish love tale, by M. C. Stirling, whose touching story *The Grahams of Invermoy* it resembles in its rapid transitions from gayety to pathos, and its spirited delin-

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[7] *Unknown to History.* A Story of the Captivity of Mary of Scotland. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 82. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] "*So They were Married.*" A Novel. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE, authors of The Chaplain of the Fleet, etc. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 64. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *The "Lady Maud": Schooner Yacht.* From the Account of a Guest on Board. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 68. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *My Watch Below; or, Yarns Spun when Off Duty.* By W. CLARK RUSSELL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *The Minister's Son.* A Novel. By M. C. STIRLING. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 67. New York: Harper and Brothers.

eations of character. Scarcely equal to these in interest, but still quite clever and readable, are *Leone*,[12] an anonymous story in the "Round Robin Series"; *Abbé Constantine*,[13] by Ludovic Halévy; *Lady Beauty*,[14] by Alan Muir; *Eliane*,[15] by Madame Craven; *At the Eleventh Hour*,[16] by Annie Edwardes; *The Marquis of Carabas*,[17] by Harriet Prescott Spofford; *A Model Father*,[18] by David Christie Murray; and *The Annals of a Baby*,[19] by Mrs. Sarah B. Stebbins.

[12] *Leone.* "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 370. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[13] *Abbé Constantine.* By Ludovic Halévy. 12mo, pp. 224. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[14] *Lady Beauty; or, Charming to her Latest Day.* By Alan Muir. 12mo, pp. 433. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[15] *Eliane.* By Madame Augustus Craven. Translated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 18mo, pp. 340. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[16] *At the Eleventh Hour.* By Annie Edwardes. 12mo, pp. 498. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[17] *The Marquis of Carabas.* By Harriet Prescott Spofford. 16mo, pp. 211. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[18] *A Model Father.* A Novel. By David Christie Murray. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 24. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *The Annals of a Baby.* By Sarah Bridges Stebbins. Sq. 12mo, pp. 226. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of August. —The first session of the Forty-seventh Congress, after sitting 247 days, adjourned *sine die* August 8. Of all the bills presented, 251 public acts, 233 private acts, and 84 joint resolutions became laws. There were three vetoes. The appropriations voted as compared with those of last year (according to Representative Hiscock) were as follows:

	1882.	1883.
Legislative	$18,565,554	$20,209,000
Sundry Civil	24,715,402	25,500,000
Post-office	43,350,783	44,643,900
Army	27,207,800	27,258,000
Navy	14,991,444	14,751,996
Rivers and Harbors	11,441,300	18,743,875
Fortifications	575,000	375,000
Military Academy	322,435	335,557
Pensions	66,000,000	100,000,000
Indians	5,628,648	5,229,376
Consular and Diplomatic	1,229,435	1,256,655
Agriculture	335,500	427,280
District of Columbia	1,724,163	1,695,098
Miscellaneous	3,280,426	4,664,700
Total	$219,367,890	$265,091,437

The following were the most important measures passed during the month: House bill to provide additional industrial training schools for Indian youth, Senate, July 22; bill to pay Mrs. Garfield $50,000, Senate, July 22; Steerage-passenger Bill, House, July 22; Naval Appropriation Bill, Senate, July 31; House bill to establish diplomatic relations with Persia, Senate, August 4.

President Arthur vetoed the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill August 1. The next day both Houses passed the bill over the veto.

The following nominations were confirmed by the Senate: U. S. Grant and W. H. Trescott, commissioners to negotiate a commercial treaty with Mexico; W. W. Astor, Minister to Italy.

State Conventions met and nominated as follows: New York Greenback-Labor, Albany, July 19, Epenetus Howe, Governor. Texas Democratic, Galveston, July 19, John Ireland, Governor. Georgia Democratic, Atlanta, July 20, Alexander H. Stephens, Governor. Delaware Republican, Dover, July 27, Albert Curry, Governor. South Carolina Democratic, Columbia, August 1, Colonel Hugh S. Thompson, Governor. Georgia Republicans (two Conventions), Atlanta, August 3, General L. J. Gartrell, Governor. Massachusetts Prohibition, Boston, August 9, Charles Almy, Governor. Kansas Republican, Topeka, August 10, J. P. St. John, Governor. Vermont Greenback, Waterbury, August 15, C. C. Martin, Governor.

The election in Tennessee, August 4, resulted in the defeat of the proposition to call a Constitutional Convention. The Alabama election, August 7, was carried by the Democrats.

There has been no fighting of any consequence in Egypt during the month. On July 23 the Khedive dismissed Arabi Pasha from the office of Minister of War, and warned the army not to obey him. On the 15th of August General Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Alexandria, and on the following day, with the authority of the Khedive, he issued a proclamation to the people of Egypt representing the sole object of the British to be to restore the authority of the Khedive. He declared that all peaceful inhabitants would be respected, and all supplies paid for.—The Khedive promulgated two decrees, one authorizing the British admiral and the commander of the troops to occupy such points on the Isthmus of Suez as they consider useful for military operations against the rebels, and inviting the Egyptian authorities to acquaint the inhabitants, particularly the canal employés, with the decree; the other authorizing the British authorities to prevent the importation of coal and munitions of war along the coast between Alexandria and Port Said, and in the event of contravention of the order, to seize the prohibited articles.—The Porte, July 20, consented to participate in the Conference of the powers. On August 15 the Conference decided upon a collective police supervision of the Suez Canal.

The French Ministry resigned, July 20, because of an overwhelming defeat on the veto

of credit for the protection of the Suez Canal. A new cabinet was announced August 7, as follows: M. Duclerc, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Falleres, Minister of the Interior, and M. Develle, Under-Secretary of the Interior; M. Deves, Minister of Justice; M. Duvaux, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Tirard, Minister of Finance; General Billot, Minister of War; Admiral Jaureguiberry, Minister of Marine; M. Cochery, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs; M. De Mahy, Minister of Agriculture; M. Pierre Legrand, Minister of Commerce, and *ad interim* of Public Works.

The Arrears Bill passed both Houses of the British Parliament.

DISASTERS.

July 19.—News of great fire in Smyrna, destroying 1400 houses.

July 21.—Forty-seven persons drowned by floods in Bohemia.

August 7.—Boiler of steamer *Gold Dust* exploded on the Ohio River, near Hickman, Kentucky. Seventeen lives lost.

August 14.—Many children in a school-house in Grodno, Russia, killed by an explosion of gunpowder in a shop near by.

OBITUARY.

July 24.—At Vallombrosa, Hon. George P. Marsh, United States Minister to Italy, in his eighty-second year.

August 3.—At Bridgewater, Massachusetts, Artemas Hale, the oldest ex-member of Congress, in his ninety-ninth year.

August 8.—In Newport, Rhode Island, General G. K. Warren, U.S.A., in his fifty-third year.

August 14.—In this city, Jesse Hoyt, in his sixty-eighth year.

August 16.—At Augusta, Georgia, United States Senator Benjamin H. Hill, aged fifty-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.

"ANOTHER DISH, PLEASE."

OUT under the star-gemmed heavens Daphne McCarthy and Bertie Cecil were sitting this beautiful summer night—sitting side by side beneath the spreading branches of an oak that had braved the storms of centuries, while the silvered pencillings of moonlight dancing so gayly among the verdure-clad branches that waved languidly above their heads gave to the scene a touch of weird beauty and silent splendor.

"Did you speak, darling?" asked Bertie, bending over the girl, and gazing at her with eyes whose glances told more eloquently than words of the great love he bore her. But back of the tender look, back of the love-laden tones, there was a haunting fear, a ghastly horror, which all the sensuous languor of the place could not dispel. Up from the meadow beyond the brook-side came the noisy chirping of the crickets, and the wind, which had risen as they sat there, began to blow in strange, sobbing cadences through the evergreens and larches in the village church-yard. The sheen of fleecy clouds that had flecked the zenith, lending an added splendor to the turquoise bloom of the horizon, had suddenly faded away, and in its place appeared an inky mass, from whose black bosom the forked lightning leaped like hissing serpent from the darksome jungle of an Indian forest. Already the rain-drops were plashing among the dust-covered leaves of the tree.

"Did you speak, sweetheart?" asked Bertie again.

"I was thinking," replied Daphne, in low tones that showed the intensity of her yearning, "of having another dish of cream; but it is too late now," and rising from the table, she led the way to the street car.

Bertie followed her in a dazed way, but under the sombre look of his pure young face there was a peaceful, almost holy joy. "Heaven has headed her off," he said, softly; "but I shall pay dearly for this when the oysters come, for it does not rain in winter."

TEN EYCK WHITE.

HEALTH ITEM.

ABOUT a year ago the small-pox prevailed to some extent in Austin, and there were great apprehensions at the time of the dread disease becoming epidemic. It was during this excitement that a sad-eyed colored man entered a pawnbroker arena on Austin Avenue with a blanket under his arm, which he offered as collateral security for a temporary loan of a dollar. The contracting parties disagreed on financial issues, the pawnbroker asserting, with considerable positiveness, that he was inviting financial ruin to take possession of him if he advanced more than a slick quarter on the blanket, while the negro stated if the times were not so panicky, five dollars would be no inducement for him to part with the blanket.

"Why, you are out of your mind," said the pawnbroker, running his arm through a hole in the blanket. It was not worth three dollars when it was new."

"I know dat, boss, but I hates to part wid dat blanket on account ob de tender recollecshuns connected wid it."

"Eh?" exclaimed the alarmed pawnbroker.

A pearly drop ran down the dusky nose, and as he tried to swallow a big lump, the colored

man said, "Dat blanket belonged to my wife's mudder, who died yesterday wid de small-poxes, but yer can hab it fer a quarter."

People wondered why the colored man with a blanket came out of the shop in haste, as if fired out of a cannon, but he knew why. He wanted to get a good start, so as to beat a load of buckshot, with which the pawnbroker was preparing to vaccinate him. A. E. SWEET.

SUNDAY FISHIN'.

Heyo! you niggers, dah, I like ter know
Wut dat you up to yere! Well, toe by sho!
Ef you ain't fishin' on de good Lawd's day,
Des like you done gone clah forgit de way
Up to de meetin'-'ouse! Yere, come erlong
Er me, en *I'll* show you de place you b'long.

Fer members uv de church, dish yere gits me!
Uv all de owdacious doin's I ever see,
Dis tak'n' de Sabbaf-day in vain's de wuss
Fer mortifyin' de morals uv— *You Gus!*
Look at dat bite you got! Law bless de Lam',
He's a joedahter! Look out dah, doe jam
Dat pole up dah! You trine, peahs like to me,
To knock de fish fum off dat 'simmon-tree;
Now look! Doe jerk dat way! Law love my soul,
You gwiner lose 'im! Yere, gimme dat pole;
I'll show you how to lan' 'im! Stiddy, now—
Pulls like a cat-fish. Hit's de boss, I swow!
Des wait a minute; one mo' pull is boun'
To git 'im. Dah he is, safe on de groun'.

Hain't he a whopper, dough! Hoo-wee! I lay
Y'all dat ah fish dis blessid day 'ull weigh
'Bout forty— Laws-a-massy! ef I ain't
Done broke de Sabbaf 'fo' I knowed it! 'Tain't
No use to laugh—you reckon I wuz gwine
Ter let dat fish take off dis pole en line?

But 'tain't too late—I'll fix it mighty quick.
Yere, Gus, gimme dat fish—you neenter kick;
I's gwine, fer sho, ter pitch it right away
Back in de water. Yere, leggo, I say!
You'll peck de wrong June-bug, you biggity goose!
Fo' God, now, nigger, ef you doe tu'n loose
Dis fish, I'll chuck *you* in de river! Dah!
Hit's in. En now my conshus is mo' clah.

I tells you wut, boys, dish yere chile is had
Speunce er Sunday fishin', en he glad
Dat he's alive! De las' time dat I broke
De Sabbaf-day dis way, it wa'n't no joke—
You heered me now! Dat wuz de time, you know,
I ketched de debble, en I thought, fer sho,
Dat he'd ketch me!

You see dish yere de way
It wuz: I tuck my pole one Sabbaf-day
En went down to de river, at de place
Wut I kep' baited, up above de race.
Dey use ter be a little dogwood-tree
Up on de bank, des big ernough fer me
To set en fish in; en I use ter clime
Into it alluz in high-water time;
It growed right on de steep bank's aidge, en lent
'Way out above de water.

W'en I went
Up dah dat day de muddy river den
Had riz en overflowed 'bout nine or ten
Feet fum de bank, en so I tuck en role
My breeches up, en waded wid my pole
Out to de tree, en clime into de fawk,
En 'gin ter fish.

'Twa'n't long befo' my cawk
Duckt down clean outer sight, en den I felt
De pole jerkt mos' away. I lay I helt
On to dat pole, but 'twa'n't no mortal use—
Dat fish wuz boun' to make sump'n come loose.
I had a monst'ous strong big cat-fish line,
En so I tuck en fix my legs entwine
Erround dat tree, en froze on to de pole,
'Termint to swing 'twell sump'n los' der hol'.

But, Laws-a-massy! 'twa'n't no yethly use:
Fo' long I felt dat tree a-givin' loose;
En treckly down she come, sho 'nough, kerflop,
Into de b'iliń' water, me on top.
Yes, sir, right in de river; den dat thing
Wut I done ketched hit give a suddint swing,
En 'way hit tuck straight down de stream, wid me
Er-follern atter, settin' on de tree!

Sakes, how we trabbled! en'z we rolled along,
Hit struck me all to wunst sump'n 'uz wrong
Erbout dat fish! He wuz a pow'ful sight
Too peart. En den I seed a jay-bird light,
En keep a-lightin' 'long de bank in front;
En den a mush-rat swosh aroun' en grunt,
En tu'n a water-snake aloose, en den
De snake swum *wid his head up stream* 'twell w'en
He got in front er me, den tuck en dive
Straight down; en atter dat—good saints alive!—
A she-kingfisher up en squawk, en sail
Across, en drap a feather fum her tail.
Good Lawd! I knowed it wa'n't no use denine
De debble got a holt dat hook en line,
Headin' wi' me fer home, en strikin' out
A-clippin' by de shortes' water route!

Dat's wut *I* got by goin' dat Sabbaf-day
A-fishin'. 'Twas a caution, folks, de way
We shot dat river, makin' down it straight
Fer Cooper's dam, right todes de "Debble's Gate,"
Dey calls dat suck whah all dat wunst goes in
Ain't never seed, dey say, to rise agin.

De fus' thing wut I thought I better do
Wuz tu'n aloose dat pole; but, thinks I, "Shoo!
I couldn't fool *him* dat away, en he
Mout tu'n loose too, en grab aholt er me."

En den I 'gin to pray, en prayed en prayed—
Law love you, chillun! reck'n I fa'rly made
De woods howl, 'seechin' dat de throne er grace
Fergimme fer backslidin', en make 'as'e
Ter git me out dat scrape; en w'iles I prayed
I helt de pole wid one han' en I laid
Holt uv my galluses wid t'er, en to'e
Um off; en den I tied de pole befo'
Me to de tree, so ez to make Ole Nick
Still b'lieve I helt on to it.

Putty quick
I seed out in de river, right ahead,
Joe Taylor's fish-trap, en de good Lawd led
Us long up side it, en you mighty right,
I jumpt on to it mighty free en light!
En Mr. Smarty Nick, wid his ole tree,
Sailed on, a-thinkin' still he haulin' me!

Dat's wut de matter!

Niggers, dat de way
I quit dis fishin' on de Sabbaf-day.
Dah ain't no pole ermong yo' all *I'd* tech;
En if you ain't a-hankerin' to ketch
Sump'n you didn't barg'in fer, I lay
You better put dem hooks en lines away.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

FROM DANBURY.

THE man who never owned a two-months-old puppy, with a good constitution, of an inquiring turn of mind, and with well-developed analytical powers, doesn't know what he has missed, and consequently is not as grateful as

he should be. The scoundrel it is my misfortune to board is at the present writing asleep. He lies at full length on the carpet. His fore-paws are stretched out, and his chin rests on them. He is quiet enough now, but it is the calm of a slumbering volcano. If I had an axe handy, I would be tempted to take advantage of his unconsciousness to split him open. I know that within an hour hence I shall bitterly regret not having done it.

It is astonishing the amount of sin there is in that small frame. Its capacity is as illimitable as that of a street car. If there is a single opportunity for exasperating mischief which that dog has failed to see and improve, none of us in the house knows anything of it. When he is awake, he is awake all over. When he is asleep, he is thinking up new grades of misery.

The refined tastes of the dog are the chief curse. He likes foliage plants and roses and lawn dresses. In the month I have owned him I never saw him pull up a weed. He will climb over an acre of them to get at a single foliage plant or a rare rose-bush. I have known him to sweep through a bed of foliage plants three times in succession, carrying down the choicest sets at every sweep. Where a rose-bush is too sturdy to pull up, he chews off the blossoms. The bulb plants he does not touch. He admires the long graceful sweep of their leaves. He simply digs the earth away from the roots. He needs the earth to cover some bone with. He never thinks of taking a pail and going out into the road after it.

Speaking of bones, it is surprising the number he gets hold of. What he doesn't bury in the yard he brings into the house, and some one is constantly turning his or her ankle by stepping on one of them. He is content to leave the bones in the kitchen or dining-room, unless he should happen to find the parlor doors open. Then he carries them in there, and secretes them behind the drapery, where they unexpectedly appear to Mrs. B., and save the expense of a battery.

They say there is nothing made in vain. I used to think a flea was, but I know better now. I don't know how to be sufficiently grateful to fleas. They have rendered me incalculable service. I have seen that dog, on a Sunday morning when I was dressed for church, dash into a puddle, plough around into its reprehensible contents, and then strike a bee-line for my white breeches. I have watched him come like this, seen his eyes glow with a Satanic light, have had my hair stand up until my hat fell off, have shivered with a horror I was unable to control. And just as the fatal plunge was to be taken that was to transform the snowy fabric into a picture of Water Street and vicinity, that dog has dropped like a shot, and twisted himself into a circle to get at the root of his tail, and by the time the flea in question was either destroyed or frustrated I have made my escape and saved the breeches.

I don't know but that I had better go after that axe, and finish him at once as he sleeps here, he has been so coliseumly mean. It was only this morning that he got up from the cellar before I was out of bed, and finding his way to our room, made off with both my stockings and under-garments. The former have not been found yet; the latter, a valuable article, was recovered from under the cellar stairs, with one leg chewed off. At breakfast he bolted off with a napkin, and got clear outdoors before the act was discovered. It was one of a half-dozen presented to Mrs. B. by a dead aunt on her father's side, and which she prizes very much. I was obliged, bare-headed, to chase that scoundrel into three streets before I succeeded in throwing myself on top of him and securing the napkin. I must have been an interesting study to the neighbors.

He is a very wicked dog, without doubt.

There is much to see in a stroll out into the country at this season. There are the waving fields of grain, the sturdy reapers at work, the wild blossoms nodding their pretty heads by the way-side, and the brilliantly colored butterflies darting here and there. These are all objects of interest. But I think that which holds the attention the most is the fact that in going out, all the teams are coming in, and in coming in, all the teams are going out, and you are obliged to hoof it the entire distance.

Economy can, I think, be carried too far, especially in eating a water-melon.

As this is the season of flies, any suggestion that will tend to reduce their census must be welcome. A towel is useful in urging them to move on, but a table-spread is much better. With a table-spread every vase on a mantel can be hit at one sweep, and in falling to the floor it is eminently probable that one or more of them will drop on a fly and kill him.

J. M. Bailey.

MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

The Southern darky does not always comprehend the meaning of words, and he does not always appreciate executive clemency, as witness the following incident:

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" asked Justice Gregg of a colored culprit, who was accused of stealing a whole line of dry-goods that had been hung out in an Austin back yard to dry.

"Dat ar depends on de mitigatin' sarcumstances," responded the prisoner.

"What mitigating circumstances?"

"Well, jedge, las' time I was up heah for stealin', you said dat owin' to de mitigatin' sarcumstance ob hit bein' my fust offense, you would let me off wid a repreman'."

"Yes, and here you are again."

"Jes so, jedge. Now I wants ter know before I pleads guilty to dis heah second offense, ef you is gwine ter let me off again wid a repriman' on account ob hit bein' my fust offense. Ef yer am gwine to let me off wid nuffin but a repriman', den I pleads guilty ter habin' lifted de line ob clothes, and while I's about it, I mout jes as well plead guilty to anudder fust offense. I refers to dat poultry Colonel Parsons missed las' week."

"Have you been guilty of any more first offenses?" asked the amused justice.

"Ef I am gwine ter be let off wid a repriman', I mout as well own up ter anudder fust offense."

"What is it?"

"Four shirts, six pilly-slips, and par ob linnen pants from de yard ob Mrs. Flapjack's boardin'-house, and de wood-pile ob Colonel Terrell in de Fust Ward."

"When were you guilty of that first offense?"

"I hain't been guilty ob dat ar fust offense at all yit. Dat ar am de fust offense I'm gwine ter to be guilty ob ter-night, or as soon as you turns me loose on account ob de mitigatin' sarcumstances." A. E. SWEET.

FIFTY-TWO.

REFLECTIONS OF A CYNIC.

BRIGHT is the *morn*, but *I* am blue.
Alas! this day I'm fifty-two.

What *can* a creature say or do
That's joyful, at grim fifty-two?

I'm cursed with corns, despite a shoe
As old and worn as fifty-two.

Rheumatic arrows pierce me through,
My back's a *butt*, at fifty-two.

Where once my unthinned grinders grew,
What dismal gaps at fifty-two!

Stern warnings—ah, how oft!—renew
My dread of gout at fifty-two.

Though all Muses I should sue,
They'd stint their fire to fifty-two.

Beauty and Grace may fill my view:
They tempt in vain: I'm fifty-two.

Nature! Alack! 'tis "mountain dew"
One prizes most at fifty-two.

Ideals!—pshaw! I marvel who
Dotes on the moon at fifty-two!

Taste! Art! One tries with racier *goût*
Pâtés de foie at fifty-two;

Or even a piquant Irish stew
(Just dashed with wine), at fifty-two.

Pass on, O world; your false ado
Moves not the phlegm of fifty-two.

Your sweets, soon changed to bitter rue,
Deceive no more at fifty-two.

Come, friend, a modest game of "loo";
Mild stakes, mild port, at fifty-two.

Diversions not too flushed of hue
Just suit the nerves of fifty-two.

PAUL HAYNE.

A GENTLEMAN sauntered into a large dry-goods store in the city of L—— a few days before Christmas, and remarked casually to the attentive clerk: "I want something for a Christmas present for my wife. What have you got?"

The clerk suggested various things, but the customer seemed not quite satisfied.

At last he asked, "Have you cotton cloth?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I need some new shirts. How much cloth does it take for a shirt?"

"About four yards."

"Well, let's see. I want eight new shirts. Eight times four are thirty-two. I'll take thirty-two yards."

The gratitude of the wife at receiving as a Christmas present the cloth for eight new shirts for her husband can be better imagined than described.

ODD TITLES OF OLD BOOKS.

MOSTLY PUBLISHED IN THE TIME OF CROMWELL.

"A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at."

"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant."

"Eggs of Charity laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take ye and eat."

"High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness."

"The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion."

THIS comes to the Drawer from away "down in Maine":

Doctor ——, whose belief in the future accords with that of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, had occasion recently to perform a surgical operation upon a man who was illiterate and not select in his language. After etherizing his patient, the operation was successfully performed. When the effect of the ether had passed off, the subject, looking wildly around the room, exclaimed, "Where am I?"

The doctor replied, "Oh, you are all right."

"But," said the man, "it may be all right, but where am I?"

The doctor answered, jocularly, "In heaven."

The patient responded, "If that's so, I'd like to know what *you* are doing here!"

"WHEN living in Vermont," writes an Iowa clerical correspondent, "I was often called to attend funerals in the remote mountain towns. On one of these journeys I had driven over the mountain near Killington, and came upon a little hamlet which I supposed might be the place to which I had been called, and meeting a citizen, began to inquire for the person who had sent the call, and among other directions was pointed down the street, with the information that 'the corpse lives right down there.' On another occasion, at the funeral of a somewhat humble member of the community, the choir had assembled, and waited somewhat impatiently for the leader. One remarked: 'Wa'al, I guess he don't mean to come. This corpse never was very popular, anyway.'"


W. Hamilton Gibson
'88
REVERIE

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THE EARLY QUAKERS IN ENGLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

I.—THE RISE OF THE QUAKERS IN ENGLAND.

LYING on a flat unbroken shore close to the edge of the Delaware River, where, taking a long sweep just beyond the head of the Bay, it widens into a broad sheet of water, lies the town of New Castle. In these days it is a quiet, sleepy place; but many pretentious old mansions of the last century standing along the sidewalks, and shaded by maple-trees and elms, show that it was in its time something of a town.

It was here, two hundred years ago, that William Penn first placed foot upon the soil confirmed to him by a royal grant in England, in which territory he proposed establishing a colony, endowing it with all the wealth of his thought and energy.

Few relics still exist marking the real antiquity of the place. An old Dutch house near the river-front bears upon its face the date 1674 in iron letters, another is pointed out as being where Penn stopped overnight when first he landed; but besides these there is little, if anything, dating back prior to the last century. But in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and eighty-two it was a flourishing little borough of Dutch and Swedish settlers, with just a sprinkling of English, from over the water and the neighboring colony of Maryland.

Mixed with the Indian titles plentifully distributed throughout this region are many English names familiar to our ears, synonyms of agriculture in the old country, Kent, Sussex, Berks, and others speaking for themselves in this New World of what class they were who settled thereabouts from the Old. It is unnecessary to say that such people were the stout yeomanry and farmers of England. They were a prosperous folk, as rural English prosperity goes, hard-headed, hard-handed, unimaginative, but with a love withal for the place they were born and reared, and their fathers born and reared before them, such as only the English yeomanry feel, and such as seems at total variance with their stolid British character.

When that people came to this country they expected nothing that they did not find. They knew just what hardships they were facing, and desired nothing in return but to hew for themselves farm lands and meadows from the trackless forests which covered the country as far back as man had penetrated. Why, then, did they leave their other farms, fertile and cultivated, endeared to them through generations of possession from father to son? Why did they leave all their friends and familiar associations in Yorkshire, Sussex, and Kent, to seek their fortunes in this unknown and far-off wilderness?

To answer these questions we must take a step still farther back into the past, and follow the development of a sect, and the life of a man from whom that sect took its rise. That body was the Society of Friends, or Quakers. That man was George Fox.

The early half of the seventeenth century in England was one of the culminating epochs in its history. For nearly one hundred years a disintegration of society had been going on, kept in check only by strong bonds of repression; at last these bonds were broken, the popular will took a positive shape, and blow after blow fell upon the social structure of the old, overthrowing it and tearing it away to make place for the new.

The Society of Friends was a natural outgrowth of those times. Taking its rise at the period of general upheaval and dissolution of existing customs, religious, social, and political, holding in its doctrines

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THE TILE HOUSE, NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE.

principles similar to those formulated by the leaders of the period, but carrying them to far greater extremes, finding no prescribed check upon the free and unlicensed expression of its theories, it reached a bound of radicalism compared to which Puritanism itself was conservative, and which all classes combined to oppose with an intense animosity that brought a deluge of persecution and abuse upon the devoted sect.

The Puritans were willing to decapitate a king that stood in the way of the advancement of progress. They did not hesitate to tear down an existing religious institution, but even the most extreme Puritan never advocated such measures as the entire abolition of all clergy, the levelling of all classes, whether monarchical or aristocratic, into a universal brotherhood, or the undermining of all laws, whether national or civil, to make place for a law of brotherly love that alone was to guide all mankind. But this virtually was what the new sect demanded. They were religious Nihilists.

But, they maintained, man must prepare himself to be a fit agent to govern his own actions. He must depend upon the word of the Lord for guidance, therefore he must open his heart to receive that word, and in such a way that the truth shall not be distorted by the lusts of a carnal heart. To so prepare himself he must abjure all the joys of this world that else might tend to turn his heart toward it and away from the world to come. He must live upon the simplest food, and dress in the plainest garments. He must obey none of the mandates of the world, even in their smallest observances, for the ways of the world were the ways of man, and not of God. Personal cleanliness and chastity must be observed, for, said they, if the outer man is unclean, how can the inner man be otherwise? Only to the man who had followed such a life as these principles pointed out could the word of the Lord

come in all its strength and purity; but when it came to such a one it must be obeyed implicitly, no matter to what it directed. This was the doctrine of "inner light."

Above all other institutions, the clergy, whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian, was most obnoxious to this sect. The word of the Lord, said they, is the highest of all good; but if a man receives a stipend for preaching that word, he debases it, and his heart is turned more to the benefit of himself than to the exaltation of religion. Again, if he preaches upon the seventh day of the week that which his intellect alone has gathered together the other six days, it is the fruit of mere human intelligence, and not of Divine light. These men, said they again, build houses, calling them the houses of God, while they are consumed with worldly pride at their beauty, and the labor and money expended in erecting them, thus again turning their hearts from heaven to this world. Moved by all these considerations, and looking upon the ministers as false prophets and blasphemers, they entered churches during the hour of divine worship, only waiting until the service was through to pour forth floods of denunciation upon minister and people alike. Thus, for instance, the founder of the sect speaks of such an experience himself. "I went," said he, "into the steeple-house and staid till the priest had done. The words which he took for his text were these: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' Then was I moved of the Lord to say to him: 'Come down, thou deceiver; dost thou bid the people come freely, and take the water of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them for preaching the Scriptures to them?'"

This is only one example of the kind; similar instances might be multiplied to any extent, not only of Fox himself, but of all those prominent in the sect.

However, it was not the clergy alone that were thus attacked, but all other existing institutions of the time. Courts of law were entered, and justice such as they believed in demanded for the people. Legislators and those in power received communications calling upon them to come down from the vanity of their place, and veil their stomachs in humility. Prominent officers of the army also were called upon to give up the ways of blood and wickedness, and live in peace with all mankind. Of course persecution followed, swift and terrible.

Any one directing his attention to the rise and development of this peculiar sect finds no lack of material at hand; the only difficulty is to decide what to select from the mass. A score of volumes have been written upon their principles and teachings, and a dozen or more of the immediate disciples of the founder have given an account of their experiences, the life of the time, and the developments of their theory of ethics. But pre-eminently above all stands the volume written by the founder of the sect himself—a journal of his own life. One need seek no farther than this for a true picture of the period, and the growth of the religious body which he instituted.

Early in the volume he strikes the keynote of his whole life. He says: "Even in those my young years" (he was at the time of which he speaks about eight years of age), "when I have seen old men carry themselves wantonly toward each other, a dislike thereof hath risen in my heart, and I have said within myself, 'If ever I come to be a man, surely I should not do so, nor be so wanton.'"

Ten years later we find him living in solitude, suffering that travail of spirit from which sprang the code of ethics which he afterward taught. It is of this period that he says: "During the time I was at Barnet strong temptations to despair came upon me. I then saw how Christ was tempted, and mighty troubles I was in. Sometimes I kept myself retired in my chamber, and often walked solitary in the chase to wait upon the Lord. I wondered why these things should come to me. I looked upon myself and said, 'Was I ever so before?' But temptation grew more and more, and I was tempted almost to despair; and when Satan could not effect his design upon me that way, he laid snares and baits to tempt me to commit some sin whereby he might take advantage to tempt me to despair. I continued in that condition, in great trouble, and fain would I have put it from me. I went to many a priest to look for comfort, but found no comfort from them." Again he says: "When it was day I wished for night, and when it



"I OFTEN TOOK MY BIBLE AND SAT IN HOLLOW TREES."

was night I wished for day..... I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on, and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself; for I was a man of sorrows in the time of the first workings of the Lord in me. But yet," said he, "were not my troubles so continued but that I had some intermissions, and was sometimes brought into such a heavenly state that I thought I had been in Abraham's bosom."

How like a mediæval anchorite it reads, all this trouble and temptation, this seeking "hollow trees and lonesome places"! what a chaos from which to arrange an order of thought and a code of life! But order came at last, and the tempest was stilled.

And now, when George Fox felt that the breath of the Word was strong in him, he girded up his loins and went forth among the people, preaching to them as John the Baptist preached in the wilderness sixteen hundred years before. His wilderness was the wilderness of sin, for he says: "On a certain time, as I was walking in the fields, the Lord said unto me, 'Thy name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, which was before the foundation of the world,' and as the Lord spake it, I beheld and saw in it the new birth. Some time after, the Lord commanded me to go abroad into the world, *which was like a briery thorny wilderness.* When I came in the Lord's mighty power with the word of life into the world, the world swelled and made a noise like the great raging waves of the sea. Priests and professors, magistrates and people, were all like the sea when I came to proclaim the day of the Lord amongst them, and to preach repentance to them."

Into what strange acts his theory of Divine inspiration led him! We can not forbear quoting here a most striking and remarkable scene, which he describes as follows: "As I was walking with several friends, I lifted up mine eyes and saw three steeple-house spires, and they struck at my life. I asked them what place that was. They said Lichfield. Immediately the word of the Lord came to me that I must go thither. Being come to the house we were going to, I wished friends to walk into the house, saying nothing to them whither I was to go. As soon as they were gone, I stept away, and went by my eye over hedge and ditch until I came within a mile of Lichfield, where, in a great field, shepherds were keeping their sheep. Then was I commanded by the Lord to put off my shoes. I stood still, for it was winter,

and the word of the Lord was like fire in me. So I put off my shoes, and left them with the shepherds, and the poor shepherds trembled, and were astonished. Then I walked on about a mile, and as soon as I was got within the city, the word of the Lord came to me again, saying, 'Cry, WOE TO THE BLOODY CITY OF LICHFIELD!' So I went up and down the streets, crying with a loud voice, 'WOE TO THE BLOODY CITY OF LICHFIELD!' It being market-day, I went into the market-place, to and fro in the several parts of it, and made stands, crying, 'WOE TO THE BLOODY CITY OF LICHFIELD!' And no one laid hands on me. As I went thus crying through the streets, there seemed to me a channel of blood running down the streets, and the market-place appeared like a pool of blood. When I had declared what was upon me, and felt myself clear, I went out of the town in peace; and returning to the shepherds, gave them some money, and took my shoes of them again. But the fire of the Lord was so in my feet, and all over me, that I did not matter to put on my shoes again, and was at a stand whether I should or no, till I got freedom from the Lord to do so; then, after I had washed my feet, I put on my shoes again."

And so he went forth into the world, preaching repentance unto the people. At fairs, at market-places, wherever there was revelry and merriment, there would he appear, reminding them that their life was but a span, and calling upon them to repent, and turn their eyes toward an eternal hereafter.

Great crowds gathered to hear him preach, and wherever they so gathered "the Lord opened his lips and he spake to them." He often describes those gatherings in his very simple words, such, for instance, as the following: "I passed to another town, where was another great meeting, the old priest [a late convert] being with me; and there came many professors [of religion] of several sorts to it. I sat in a hay-stack, and said nothing for some hours, for I was to famish them from words. The professors would ever and anon be speaking to the old priest, and asking him when I would begin, and when I would speak. He bade them wait, and told them that the people waited upon Christ a long time before He spoke. At last I was moved of the Lord to speak; and they were struck by the Lord's power. The word of life reached them, and there was a general convincement amongst them."



"THE WORD OF THE LORD CAME TO ME, SAYING, 'CRY, WOE TO THE BLOODY CITY OF LICHFIELD!'"



"I SAT IN A HAY-STACK, AND SAID NOTHING FOR SOME HOURS."

What there was in his teaching so especially hateful to the people it is hard to tell, but hateful it certainly was. It is almost incredible to believe that which one reads of the persecution of this people, but the evidence of such persecution is only too well founded.

Fox had been "holding forth" in a certain "steeple-house" when there entered a magistrate, one of the most cruel to the much-suffering sect, who, ousting him, gave him into the hands of the constables, with instructions to have him scourged. He says: "They led me about a quarter of a mile, some taking hold of my collar, some by my arms and shoulders, who shook and dragged me along. When they had haled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with their willow rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude; who, having furnished themselves with stones, hedge stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me on my head, arms, and shoulders till they had deprived me of sense, so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me; so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said, in a loud voice, 'Strike again; here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks.' There was in the company a mason, a professor, but a rude fellow, who with his walking rule-staff gave me a blow with all his might just over the back of my hand, as it was stretched out; with which blow my hand was so bruised and my arm so benumbed that I could not draw it to me again; so that some of the people cried, 'He hath spoiled his arm from ever having the use of it any more.' But I looked at it in the love of God (for I was in the love of God to all that persecuted me), and after a while the Lord's power sprang through me again, and through my hand and arm, so that in a moment I recovered strength in my hand and arm in the sight of them all. Then they began to fall out amongst themselves. Then was I moved of the Lord to come up again through the midst of the people and go into Ulverstone market. It was the manner of the persecutors of that country for twenty or forty to fall upon one man. They fell so upon Friends in many places, so that they could hardly pass the highways, stoning, beating, and breaking their heads."

This was no peculiar instance, for wherever this unhappy sect had established itself we find the same record of abuse and persecution.



"THEY LED ME, TAKING HOLD OF MY COLLAR, AND BY MY ARMS."

In time, however, the universal persecution that they had suffered for so long gradually diminished; a reaction of popular sympathy began to manifest itself, and in direct ratio with this increase of sympathy the more outrageous acts of fanaticism grew less frequent. It became no longer a common sight in certain of the midland districts of England to see a man clad in sackcloth, girded about the loins, appear in a church during divine service to interrupt the ceremonies. Men of more reasonable and better-balanced minds began to join with them, for there was much that was most excellent in their principles, and such as was worthy to survive, as it has, the storms that swept over them.

At this time, too, a great change was impending: a political reaction was taking place that resulted in the restoration of the Stuarts once more to the throne of England. It was a bloodless reaction, but it was none the less pregnant with interest to every branch of the bodies politic and social.

For years the struggle that had stirred England to the core was a religious rather than a political conflict; but now, with the reactionary wave, the mind of the nation was turned to a practical analysis of the situation, uninfluenced by sectarian considerations.

Although during this anti-sectarian state of the popular mind the growth of the Quakers was less alarming to the public, the enmity expressed toward them did not entirely cease. Persecution diminished, however, to petty fines and imprisonments; their meetings were broken up by force, and they themselves were insulted and abused.*

They now began to turn their minds to the bettering of their own condition, and to consider what they should do, and where they should turn for shelter and peace.

Although but little was actually known of that great New World across the Atlantic which had been discovered some hundred and fifty years before, the English masses, as a rule, were aware that some of their own countrymen had made their way across the ocean from time to time, settling along that vast stretch of seaboard that reaches from the Carolinas to

* The Nonconformist acts which were passed about this period of Charles's reign, although severe in the extreme, were not more so toward Quakers than other sects of more importance, against whom, indeed, they were chiefly directed.

Maine. It seemed to them that there might be a place in that new land, so far from the Old World and the Old World prejudices, where they might live in peace.

Some of them went about the middle of the century. What they met we all know only too well. In Old England they were scourged; in New England they were hanged. In the one they had been imprisoned; in the other sold into slavery. Some few of the sect settled in Eastern New Jersey, and many more in liberal Rhode Island, but along the whole stretch of land there seemed to be no real place of refuge for them.

At last one came that found them such a place of retreat, a corner of the world where they might hew out a land and build a community for themselves. And thither they went, ship-load after ship-load, until they peopled it with a people among whom the name of Quaker is honored and respected.

II.—HOW THEY FOUND A REFUGE.

Among the disciples of George Fox was a young man unknown to the world at that time, except as being the son of a famous naval officer. His name was William Penn. That name was destined to ring down through the changes of time, for generation after generation, as long as a great nation should exist, upheld on the firm foundation of a free and mighty people.

A score of biographies have been written of him, and half a hundred histories speak of him, but of all those very few give a fair and unbiassed picture of his surroundings, his life, and his character.

Every one knows how Macaulay has blackened his memory with an accusation of vileness that has continued to cling to it in spite of all opposing evidence. It is a stain upon Penn that he never merited. On the other hand, however, his biographers have lifted him into a position equally untenable, clothing him with most extraordinary attributes of greatness. In their hands he becomes the wisest of statesmen, the noblest of men, without blemish, without fear, and without fault. In point of fact he was a good, honest, upright man. Endowed with no very especial ability, he possessed a fair intellect, good sterling common-sense, and enough of the "Adam" to make him a fit companion to his fellowmen.

He appears at least advantage during his young college days, in which period we see him vacillating, uncertain, unbalanced in his character. At one time moved to his inmost heart by religious conviction, at another he appears as a flippant, rakish youth of the French school. And so all throughout his greener years he appeared swayed, now this way and now that, as any stronger character with whom he temporarily came in contact directed him.

In the pages of Pepys's Diary we see him in one of these his youthful phases. He says in one place: "Mr. Penn, Sir William's son, is come back from France, and come to visit my wife: a most modish person, grown, she says, a fine gentleman." Again he says: "Comes Mr. Penn to visit me; I perceive something of learning he hath got, but a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of French garb, and affected manner of speech and gait." A year or so previous to the time of this entry he was so far influenced by a well-known Quaker preacher of Oxford as seriously to contemplate joining that sect. When this reached his father's ears, he was packed unceremoniously across to the Continent, where we see how quickly he was cured of his proclivities.

As a man, this lack of ballast appears to have passed away; his convictions grew stronger, his character more determined, and his life consistent. When old enough to become thoroughly established in his religious principles, he never abated a hair's-breadth from the standard he took. He is even known to have gone so far as to remain covered in the "presence," for one of the articles of his faith was to remove his hat to no man, and he obeyed the mandate implicitly.

An amusing and well-authenticated account is told of him in connection with his patron, James II. Shortly after the accession of that monarch, Penn was admitted to an audience. He found the King standing, surrounded by several of his courtiers. The Friend entered, as he had been used to do when James was Duke of York, without uncovering. Immediately, with a great show of deference, the King removed his hat.

"Why dost thou take off thy hat?" asked Penn, rather taken aback.

"Because," answered James, dryly, "I am accustomed now to seeing only one man in the company covered."

Such was the man who was destined to

found the province of Pennsylvania: in his youth flippant and unstable; in his manhood staid, upright, honorable, and just.

During the half-century preceding that period when the Quakers first began to direct their attention to America, infant colonies had been planted here and there in that far-off world. At the time of Elizabeth and James I. it had been brought to a degree of notoriety with a certain class, more or less adventurous in its character, because of the fabulous wealth which this new land was reputed to contain. These expectations, never having a shadow of reality to back them, had speedily failed, and the new continent had dropped almost entirely from popular attention. It was at the time of Penn about as well known as the Territory of Alaska is to us of the present day. If it was thought of at all, it was as an unexplored, mysterious wilderness, separated from the Old World by a boundless waste of storm-troubled waters.

Still it was known that infant colonies of various nationalities had been planted, and were now scattered along the whole seaboard from Florida to Maine. Some refugee Quakers had made their way to certain of these colonies, as has been said. Their reception in New England was such as hardly to encourage further emigration; and although those who found their way to Dutch New Jersey and Catholic Maryland were more fortunate in their conditions, they still had not found a place that could be made peculiarly their own.

At last, however, after long waiting, it seemed as though an opportunity for the centring of such a settlement began to appear.

When the Dutch provinces in America came by conquest into possession of the English crown, the King had graciously made a present of the whole of that vast tract of new-settled country to his brother, his Royal Highness the Duke of York. His Royal Highness had in turn granted that portion of his territory now comprising the State of New Jersey to his humble servants Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. At that time (about 1665) the northeastern part of this province had begun to be sparsely settled here and there. Elizabethtown had grown to four houses, and was the capital of the province. Middletown, too, had been planted, and Shrewsbury. But all the western part, lying upon the Delaware River and Bay, was still untouched, saving by a few scattered Swedish and Finnish settlers.

Toward this tract of country, comparatively near the ocean coast upon one side, and washed by a broad river and bay upon the other, the attention of certain Quakers began to be directed. John Fenwick and Edward Byllinges, the former of Buckinghamshire, the latter a London merchant, both prominent members of the Society, purchased of Lord Berkeley all his rights and interests in the Jerseys for the sum of one thousand pounds sterling. The province was then divided by agreement with Sir George Carteret into East and West Jersey, called collectively in the old times "The Jerseys." This was accomplished by a line drawn from Little Egg Harbor to a point on the Delaware River in the 41st degree of north latitude.

But in the mean time the settlement of this territory with a regular provincial government came practically to naught. Fenwick seems to have been of a litigious, disputatious disposition; bickerings and back-talk ensued between the two proprietaries. Unable, because of the rules of their sects, to have the matter settled by law, the difficulty reached such a stage that it became necessary to call for arbitration to arrange the matter between them. After casting about for some one to whom to appeal, William Penn was selected to finally adjudge the matter. And so his attention first became attracted to the New World, and his interest awakened in it. The matter was satisfactorily adjusted, but West Jersey was destined never to become a proprietary—or rather a bi-proprietary—government. Both Byllinges and Fenwick became involved in financial difficulties, and their estates passed into the hands of trustees, one of whom was William Penn. In this position he became still more interested in the country; he devoted his attention wholly to the settlement and improvement of this part of the Jerseys, and, as his letters afterward showed, he thereby made himself well acquainted with the resources of that which was to him heretofore an almost unknown world. He saw at a glance the vast possibilities it held forth to such as would undertake the development of them, and finally determined to found a province there himself, not in the loose, unsystematic way in which West Jersey was being

peopled, but endowed with a good internal government for its foundation and support.

It is thus that great events move upon little things, as a heavy door does upon small hinges. If John Fenwick had not been of a disputatious nature, in all likelihood William Penn would never have founded a province.

We now find him inquiring more closely into the geographic boundaries, and the situation of that far-off country across the seas.

That portion of America granted to the Duke of York comprised all the territory now included within the boundaries of the States of New York, New Jersey, and Delaware. Between the southern boundary of New York and the northern boundaries of Maryland and Delaware lay a vast tract of country west of the Delaware River. It commanded a broad water highway, easily navigable for the largest ships, lying along the whole extent of its eastern limit, and giving access from the territory to the ocean one hundred miles below. Although covered with a dense, almost impenetrable wilderness of virgin forest, it was fertile in the extreme, the back-lying hills and intervening vales offering excellent opportunities for grazing and dairy lands.

Penn saw at once that this was just the country to serve the purpose he had in his mind, and for it he made application.

Admiral Sir William Penn was, in the later days of the Commonwealth, an able and gallant naval commander. When that government was transformed into a monarchy, he, along with others who had rendered equally honorable service under Parliament, thought that he could now best serve his country by serving his King.

From all the records we have of him he seems to have been a frank, rugged man, little accustomed to the finer shades of life. He was no carpet knight, such as were too common at Whitehall and St. James, but a brave and gallant sailor, whose very honesty and high merit won him a way into royal and ducal favor, when honesty and merit, as a rule, did not count for very much.

With the Duke of York, who commanded the navies of England as Lord High Admiral, he became an especial favorite, for the marine war at that time raging between England and the Dutch gave an ample opportunity for courageous and able captains, such as Sir William, to win their way into high favor by valuable service. Nor did he neglect such opportunity, for so well did he perform the duties imposed upon him that at last he reached a position only second in command to the Duke himself.

The culminating point of his service was in the great naval battle of June, 1665, in which the English, after a long period of humiliation and defeat, won a decisive victory over their enemies—a victory largely due to Admiral Penn's ability. In the delightfully humdrum pages of Mr. Samuel Pepys's Diary we catch a glimpse of the jubilation of the Penn household on the occasion. "Then to my Lady Pen's," he says, "where they are all joyed, and not a little puffed up, at the good successes of their father; and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate; and I, with my Lady Pen's people and others, to Mrs. Turner's great room, and then down into the street. I did give the boys 4*s.* among them, and mighty merry; so home to bed, with my heart full of great rest and quiet, saving that the considerations of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend."

Loud and long were the rejoicings in England, and great the honors bestowed upon the man to whom the glory was so largely due.

Thus we find him at the pinnacle of his career, Vice-Admiral of England, the favorite of a King and a King's brother, the lauded of a nation. But an end came to his glory, as it comes to the glory of all. A terrible enemy, the gout, seized upon him, and held him for a year or two of lingering suffering, until, as the inscription on his monument hath it, "with a gentle and even gale, he arrived and anchored in his best port at Wamsted, in the county of Essex"; and William, his eldest son, fell heir to his estates.

William had never been a favorite with his father. From the time that, as a young man, he had been sent to Oxford, he was as a thorn in the Admiral's side. Sir William regarded the Quaker principles of his son with all the detestation that a man of the world feels for any peculiarity or eccentricity, whether mundane or otherwise. There was a constant succession of disagreements between them,



"THE ADMIRAL LOST ALL CONTROL OF HIMSELF, AND IN A RAGE ORDERED HIS SON TO QUIT THE HOUSE."

culminating at last when William, in spite of the earnest request of his father, refused to remove his hat, even in the presence of the King and the Duke of York. This refusal was too much; the Admiral lost all control of himself, and in a rage ordered his son to quit the house, and never show his face beneath the paternal roof again. Then a family "scene." My Lady Penn and Mistress Peggy wept; and William, feeling all the dignity of a martyr upon him, marched out with the inevitable hat firmly fixed upon his head. Toward the close of the Admiral's life, however, when the disease held him in its fiercest grip, he and his son were reconciled. Both had grown some years older, and were more inclined to bear and forbear toward one another. So it was that at his father's death William fell heir to his estates in spite of his Quaker proclivities.

When those estates came to be finally settled, it was found that the crown still owed the Admiral a balance of £16,000, for services rendered both in the Dutch war and in the position he formerly held as Comptroller of the Navy. It was this that gave William a claim upon the King, of which he speedily took advantage by petitioning for the grant of that territory upon which he had fixed as a proper locality for the proposed settlement of Quakers.

The poor shiftless impecunious King was willing to make any grants whatsoever if he could thereby escape the payment of his just debts. He would doubtless have granted the whole of North America if he could have done so. There seems to have been no trouble in that direction; the greatest difficulty arose from the conflicting claims of the Duke of York, and the delays incident upon the unravelling of an almost interminable tangle of red tape connected with a transfer of such extent. But even the delays of the law must have an end some time, so at last the matter was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and William Penn, the Quaker pamphleteer, who had suffered imprisonment at Newgate, and insult and obloquy at the hands of magistrates and people, found himself the most considerable private landed proprietor the world ever saw.*

* The royal signature was affixed to the patent that thus granted him his province under date of

It was the King himself that endowed the territory with the name that it yet bears. Penn, with a semi-apology, thus describes the manner in which it came about, in a letter written immediately after his grant had been finally confirmed to him, and while he was still warm and jubilant over his success. He says:

"For my business in hand here, know that after many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in council, this day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large honors and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania: a name the King would give it in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being, as this, a pretty hilly country, but Pen being the Welsh for a head—Penmaen Mawr in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England—called this Pennsylvania, which is high or head woodlands; for I proposed, when the secretary, a Welshman, refused to have it called New Wales, *Sylvania*, and the King added Penn to it; and though I much opposed it, and went to the King to have it struck out and altered, he said it was passed, and would take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the under-secretary to vary the name; for I feared lest it might be looked upon as vanity in me. It is a clear and just thing, and my God that hath given it to me through many difficulties will, I believe, bless *and make it the seed of a nation.* I shall have a tender care to the government that it will be well laid out at first."

That must have been a curious scene to some at Whitehall, when, in the midst of a gay, brilliant, volatile assembly, only two men remained covered, the one a King, the other a Quaker who asked that his name might not be affixed to a province that was destined to become a great and influential commonwealth.

Under the charter thus granted, Penn was vested with powers that gave him almost the rights of an independent prince. He was permitted to make laws, and levy taxes and imposts, subject only to confirmation by an assembly of the representatives of the people. He was authorized to appoint magistrates and judges, and possessed all the authority of a Captain-General to "levy, muster, and train all sorts of men," and "to make war upon sea or land against pirates, robbers, or barbarous nations," besides other rights and privileges of an extreme executive character.

His first care was to direct a letter to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania apprising them of his grant from the King. At the same time he assured them of his intention of dealing honestly and justly with them. In one passage of the communication he says: "*You shall be governed entirely by laws of your own making*, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people."

After dispatching this notification, together with certain letters of authority from the King, he set himself vigorously to work framing a constitution, and forwarding prospectuses to various influential members of the Society.

This paper is too limited as to space and is not of a nature to admit of a disquisition upon this constitution, composed as it was of twenty-four articles. Suffice it to say that its measures were such as to embrace —rudely formulated, to be sure—a draft of a representative government such as is now embodied in our own Federal Constitution. It has been but little changed in Pennsylvania, which remains essentially governed now as it was when this draft was first adopted and completed by the Assembly.

In his letters and prospectuses the most liberal terms were offered to all who desired to purchase land in the new province. No flaming inducements were set forth to cajole people into securing shares in his country. He stated precisely, and with a knowledge acquired by long experience in business connected with the New World, just what they might expect if, giving up their lands in England, they sought a new home for themselves across the ocean. He says, for instance: "I know how much people are apt to fancy things beyond what they are, and that imaginations are great flatterers of the minds of men, to the end that some may delude themselves with an expectation of an immediate advancement to their conditions, so soon as it shall please God that they arrive; then would I have them understand they must look for a winter in their affairs before a summer comes; they must be willing to be two or three years without some conveniences that they enjoy at home." Further, he says, expressing his design in obtaining

the 4th of March, A.D. 1681. Hazard in his *Annals* (page 500) says: "This remarkable document, which is still preserved, and now hung up in the office of the Secretary of State at Harrisburg, is written on strong parchment in the old English handwriting, each line underscored with red ink, and the borders gorgeously decorated with heraldic devices." The weight of evidence, however, seems to point to the fact that this is not the original patent granted to Penn, but only an officially attested copy.



QUAKER AND KING AT WHITEHALL, 1681.

the grant: "As for my country, I eyed the Lord in the obtaining of it, and desire that I may not be unworthy of His love, but do that which may answer His kind providence, and serve His truth and people; that an example may be set to the nations. *There may be room there, though not here, for such an holy experiment.*"

All seemed to be going prosperously with him; shares were being bought rap-

idly in the new scheme; several shiploads of emigrants had already departed, and he himself intended soon following them. But just when he was ready for his own departure to his territory he received a letter from his agent informing him that according to his grant, as given by the crown, the most populous portions of his province would come within the boundaries of Lord Baltimore's possessions, and furthermore, that that portion of the Duke of York's lands comprising what is now the State of Delaware commanded the whole of the lower and more navigable portion of his waterway. Here was a very serious check to his plans, and a check that needed his immediate and undivided attention.

Penn had for some time felt the necessity of obtaining possession of that lower strip of coast-line, not only as a protection to him in the matter of boundaries, such as this difficulty involved, but also because he felt the necessity of having undisputed right to a road of egress from the northernmost parts of his province to the ocean. Already the Duke of York was showing marks of a favor that ripened some years later into a real friendship between him, then a King, and the Quaker. Depending upon these signs of princely complacency, Penn now made application for the tracts of land that he so much desired. After troubles only a little less intricate than those attending upon the obtaining of the royal grant, he was at last confirmed in the possession of the desired territories under two deeds from the Duke. One of these deeds granted him the town of New Castle and all the land comprised in a circle the radius of which was a line drawn twelve miles from the centre of the town; the other was for the lower counties of St. Jones and Whoorekill, now Kent and Sussex. The boundary of the land granted by this second deed was a line drawn from Cape Henlopen (now Fenwick's Island) westward to the province of Maryland, then northward to the circle circumscribed around New Castle.

The first of these deeds is still in existence, and is probably the only original grant of land to William Penn that has not been lost or destroyed. We give on the opposite page a fac-simile of this deed.

The northern border of Delaware and Maryland, separating them from Pennsylvania, was destined to become a fruitful source of trouble for many a long year, involving the Penns and Baltimores in legal difficulties and costs, that ended only in 1767; for in that year the line was finally surveyed and marked out by two experts, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, and has since been known as "the Mason and Dixon Line."*

Penn, feeling himself at last confirmed in the possession of his province, a little prince in his own right, with a great waterway feeding the whole eastern limit of his domain, gathered together a number of his people among the Society, wrote a long and tender letter of instruction and admonition to his family, whom he expected in time to follow him, and departed across the great ocean, to himself attend to the planting of his colony and the administration of his laws.

III.—THE DEPARTURE.

The old court records of New Castle, in Delaware, bear the following entry:

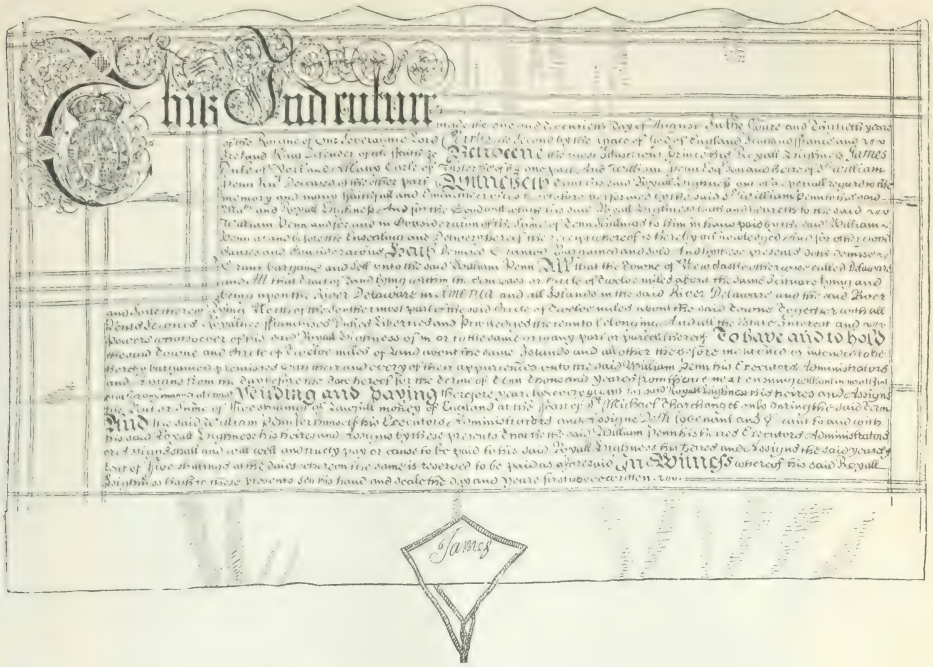
"Oct. 28th, 1682.†

"On the 27th day of October, 1682, arrived before y^e^ Towne of New Castle in Deleuer from England, William Penn Esquire, Propriet'y of Penluiania, who produced two certain deeds of feoffment from y^e^ Illustrious Prince James Duke of York and Albany etc. for this Toune of New Castle and twelve myles about it, and also for y^e^ two Lower Counties Whoorekill and St. Jones, w'ch s'd Deeds were date 24 August 1682 and persuant to the true Intent Purpose and meaning of his Royall Highness in y^e^ same deeds hee y^e^ s'd William Penn Received possession of y^e^ Toune of New Castle y^e^ 28th of October 1682."

Already Fenwick, with a number of Quakers, had made his way to America, settling near the eastern shore of the Delaware, at a spot where now stands the town of Salem. One of this party, by name Robert Wade, subsequently moved across the river, and some few miles further northward, to where a prosperous settlement of Dutch and Swedes had gathered together into a little village called Upland, now known as Chester. He probably was the first Quaker that settled within the borders of what afterward was the Province of Pennsylvania. But from the time when Penn received his royal patent of 1681, immigrants began rapidly pouring into the country, until settle-

* An elaborate account of the provincial troubles that culminated in the surveying of the Mason and Dixon line can be found in *Harper's Magazine* of September, 1876.

† Old style (November 7 by Gregorian calendar).



FAC-SIMILE OF THE DEED CONVEYING NEW CASTLE TO WILLIAM PENN.

ments were scattered along the western shore of the Delaware River from the Schuylkill to New Castle. Such was the state of that province when the Proprietor set sail from England on the first day of September, in the year of grace sixteen hundred and eighty-two.

One can picture the scene to one's self, that day in the early autumn, when the good ship *Welcome*, 300 tons burden, Robert Greenaway, master, lay at Deal, with two consorts, waiting for its cargo of one hundred human beings, with all their hopes and fears, expectations and doubts. What a bustle! What a running hither and thither! What a clattering of pots and pans and household utensils, all blended in a hubbub of noises of crying children, squealing swine, lowing cattle, bleating sheep, crowing cocks, and shouting of petticoated sailors stowing away the promiscuous cargo of the voyagers! We can imagine the loungers gathered about, gaping at the people who were about to sail away across the ocean, that boundless, mysterious stretch of immensity, wondering what manner of land it was toward which they were turning their faces.

And now at length the last long sorrowful leave-takings come; friend parts from friend, brother from brother, parent from child, each from the other, whom they knew in all likelihood they were never to see again this side of the grave. In many a one the warm stream of underlying human nature must have burst forth even through that stony crust of self-repression that years of stern Quaker discipline had built around the heart. The ship, the sky, and the ocean must have blurred together to many an eye that watched the vessel, slowly moving with the tide and wind down the broad Dover Channel, until it faded away into the haze of the distance, glimmered for a space, and was gone.

One hundred emigrants entered that good ship *Welcome* at the town of Deal; only seventy left it at Upland. All alone on the empty ocean, where no aid could be had, and no escape was possible, the small-pox, that awful plague of old times, appeared among the crowded mass of terror-stricken people. One day after another those who escaped gathered on the decks, stood for a time, while perhaps some noted preacher among them spake a few simple words; then followed the plunge that told them that one more of



THE DEPARTURE OF THE "WELCOME."

their number was left behind as they sailed away to the westward.

Little is known of the horrors of that awful voyage. One of the emigrants speaks, with a simplicity that characterizes all that the Quakers wrote, concerning the care and solicitude of the Governor for their welfare. He says: "The good conversation of William Penn was very advantageous to all the company. His singular care was manifested in contributing to the necessities of many who were sick with small-pox on board, of which more than thirty died. During the passage we had many good meetings on board."*

At last, however, on the 24th of October, the *Welcome* rounded the Capes of Delaware Bay,† and sailed with even and gen-

* Testimony of Richard Townsend.

† In a letter to the Board of Trade, Penn gives the date of his arrival in America as the 24th of October. As the records at New Castle place it upon

tle winds, up the broad and beautiful waterway that must have gladdened the eyes of the man to whom it virtually belonged. Three days later the storm-beaten ship rounded to, dropped her anchor, and lay at rest in front of the town of New Castle.

What followed we leave stout Commissioner John Moll, the agent of Sir Edmund Andross, Governor of New York, himself to tell:

"These are to certify all whom it may concern, that William Penn, Esq., proprietary and governor of the province of Pennsylvania and the territories thereunto belonging, at his first arrival from England, by the town of New Castle, upon Delaware, in the month of October, 1682, did send then and there one messenger ashore to give notice to the commissioners of his desire to speak with them aboard; I being left then the first in commission, by Sir E. Andross, governor-general under his royal highness James, Duke of York and Albany, etc., of all his territories in America, did go aboard with some more of the commissioners, at which time Esquire Penn did show me two sundry indentures or deeds of enfeoffment from under the hand and seal of his royal highness, granted unto him, both bearing date the 28th day of August, Anno 1682, the one for the county of New Castle, with twelve miles distance north and south thereunto belonging, and the other beginning twelve miles below New Castle, and extending south unto Cape Henlopen, together with the mills and waters of said river, bay, rivulets, and islands thereunto belonging; and underneath both which said indentures or deeds of enfeoffment were added, by his royal highness, letters of attorney directed unto me and Ephraim Harmon, deceased, with full power and authority for to give, in his royal highness's name, unto said William Penn, Esq., quiet and peaceable possession of all what was inserted in the said indentures, as above briefly specified; that the said Ephraim Harmon happened to be gone from home, so that he was not at the time aboard with me of the said ship; I therefore did desire from Esquire Penn twenty-four hours' consideration, for to communicate with the said Harmon and the rest of the commissioners about the premises, in which compass of time we did unanimously agree to comply with his royal highness's orders. Whereupon, by virtue of the power given unto us by the abovementioned letters of attorney, we did give and surrender, in the name of his royal highness, unto him the said William Penn, Esq., actual and peaceable possession of the fort of New Castle, by giving him the key thereof, to lock upon himself alone the door, which being opened again by him, we did deliver also unto him one turf with a twig upon it, a porringer with river water and soil, in part of all what was specified in the said indenture or deed of enfeoffment from his royal highness,

the 27th, it is altogether reasonable to suppose that the former date was the time of his entering the Capes of the Delaware.



A BURIAL AT SEA ON BOARD THE "WELCOME."



WILLIAM PENN AND THE COMMISSIONERS IN THE CABIN OF THE "WELCOME."

and according to the true intent and meaning thereof.*

And so these persecuted people found at last a haven of rest for themselves, where they might live in peace, and make their name an honored word in the community. Many histories have spoken of that which followed—how Penn sailed up the river to Upland, giving it the name of Chester, building there, with Caleb Pusey and others, the well-known Chester Mills, that so long supplied that part of the province with the flour necessary for its life; how he again took boat, and made his way further up the river, founding a city on a neck of land between two rivers, and calling it Philadelphia, or "Brotherly Love," to commemorate in an everlasting monument that feeling which knotted the members of the Society of Friends together.

As for these settlers, they suffered indeed the winter in their affairs before the summer came. But through their industry, temperance, and economy their summer came at last, bringing with it increase of power and wealth, until the fruits of that season are such as we of the present day behold them. Where they found a measureless wilderness of forest, we behold a country teeming with population, ripe in wealth, and strong in the beneficent government which they founded.

William Penn was destined never to establish himself in this country as he desired to do; twice he attempted it, but in both cases, after a short stay, he returned again to England. His province never brought him anything but trouble and perplexity. But such a government as he established, and such a land as he planted, are in themselves sufficient compensation for the best endeavor of any man's life. They will carry his name down through many years of time, in the emptiness of which it would long since have been forgotten but for this his ripest life's work.

* Recorder's Office, New Castle, Record B., pp. 407–412.

PORDENONE.

I.

Hard by the Church of Saint Stephen, in sole and beautiful Venice,
Under the colonnade of the Augustinian Convent,
Every day, as I passed, I paused to look at the frescoes
Painted upon the ancient walls of the court of the Convent
By a great master of old, who wore his sword and his dagger
While he wrought the figures of patriarchs, martyrs, and virgins
Into the sacred and famous scenes of Scriptural story.

II.

Long ago the monks from their snug self-devotion were driven,
Wistful and fat and slow: looking backward, I fancied them going
Out through the sculptured doorway, and down the Ponte de' Frati,
Cowled and sandaled and beaded, a plump and pensive procession;
And in my day their cells were barracks for Austrian soldiers,
Who in their turn have followed the Augustinian Friars.
As to the frescoes, little remained of work once so perfect.
Summer and winter weather of some three cycles had wasted;
Plaster had fallen, and left unsightly blotches of ruin;
Wanton and stupid neglect had done its worst to the pictures:
Yet to the sympathetic and reverent eye was apparent—
Where the careless glance but found, in expanses of plaster,
Touches of incoherent color and lines interrupted—
Somewhat still of the life of surpassing splendor and glory
Filling the frescoes once; and here and there was a figure,
Standing apart, and out from the common decay and confusion,
Flushed with immortal youth and ineffaceable beauty,
Such as that figure of Eve in pathetic expulsion from Eden,
Taking—the tourist remembers—the wrath of Heaven *al fresco*,
As is her well-known custom in thousands of acres of canvas.

III.

I could make out the much-bepainted Biblical subjects,
When I had patience enough: The Temptation, of course, and Expulsion;
Cain killing Abel, his Brother—the merest fragment of murder;
Noah's Debauch—the trunk of the sea-faring patriarch naked,
And the garment, borne backward to cover it, fearfully tattered;
Abraham off'ring Isaac—no visible Isaac, and only
Abraham's lifted knife held back by the hovering angel;
Martyrdom of Saint Stephen—a part of the figure of Stephen;
And the Conversion of Paul—the greaves on the leg of a soldier
Held across the back of a prostrate horse by the stirrup.
But when I looked at the face of that tearful and beauteous figure—
Eve in the fresco there, and, in Venice of old, Violante,
As I must fain believe (the lovely daughter of Palma,
Who was her father's Saint Barbara, and was the Bella of Titian)—
Such a meaning and life shone forth from its animate presence
As could restore those vague and ineffectual pictures,
With their pristine colors, and fill them with light and with movement.
Nay, sometimes it could blind me to all the present about me,
Till I beheld no more the sausage-legged Austrian soldiers
Where they stood on guard beside one door of the Convent,
Nor the sentinel beggars that watched the approach to the other;
Neither the bigolanti, the broad-backed Friulan maidens,
Drawing the water with clatter and splashing, and laughter and gossip,
Out of the carven well in the midst of the court of the Convent—
No, not even the one with the mole on her cheek and the sidelong,

Look, as she ambled forth with her buckets of bronze at her shoulder,
Swinging upon the yoke to and fro, a-drip and a-glimmer.
All in an instant was changed, and once more the cloister was peopled
By the serene monks of old, and against walls of the cloisters,
High on his scaffold raised, Pordenone* wrought at his frescoes.
Armed with dagger and sword, as the legend tells, against Titian,
Who was his rival in art and in love.

IV.

It seemed to be summer,
In the forenoon of the day; and the master's diligent pencil
Laid its last light touches on Eve driven forth out of Eden,
Otherwise Violante, and while his pupils about him
Wrought and chattered, in silence ran the thought of the painter:
"She, and forever she! Is it come to be my perdition?
Shall I, then, never more make the face of a beautiful woman
But it must take her divine, accursèd beauty upon it,
And, when I finish my work, stand forth her visible presence?
Ah! I could take this sword and strike it into her bosom!
Though I believe my own heart's blood would stream from the painting,
So much I love her! Yes, that look is marvellous like you,
Wandering, tender—such as I'd give my salvation to win you
Once to bend upon me! But I knew myself better than make you,
Lest I should play the fool about you here before people,
Helpless to turn away from your violet eyes, Violante,
That have turned all my life to a vision of madness." The painter
Here unto speech betraying thoughts he had silently pondered,
"Vision, visions, my son?" said a gray old friar who listened,
Seated there in the sun, with his eye on the work of the painter
Fishily fixed, while the master blasphemed behind his mustaches.
"Much have I envied your Art, who vouchsafeth to those who adore her
Visions of heavenly splendor denied to fastings and vigils.
I have spent days and nights of faint and painful devotion,
Scourged myself almost to death, without one glimpse of the glory
Which your touch has revealed in the face of that heavenly maiden.
Pleasure me to repeat what it was you were saying of visions:
Fain would I know how they come to you, though *I* never see them,
And in my thickness of hearing I fear some words have escaped me."
Then, while the painter glared on the lifted face of the friar,
Baleful, breathless, bewildered, fiercer than noon in the dog-days,
Round the circle of pupils there ran a tittering murmur;
From the lips to the ears of those nameless Beppis and Gigis
Buzzed the stinging whisper: "Let's hear Pordenone's confession."
Well they knew the master's luckless love, and whose portrait
He had unconsciously painted *there*, and guessed that his visions
Scarcely were those conceived by the friar, who constantly blundered
Round the painter at work, mistaking every subject—
Noah's drunken Debauch for the Stoning of Stephen the Martyr,
And the Conversion of Paul for the Flight into Egypt; forever
Putting his hand to his ear and shouting, "Speak louder, I pray you!"
So they waited now, in silent, amused expectation,
Till Pordenone's angry scorn should gather to bursting.
Long the painter gazed in furious silence, then slowly
Uttered a kind of moan, and turned again to his labor.
Tears gathered into his eyes, of mortification and pathos,

* Giovanni Antonio Licinio, called *Pordenone* from his birth-place in the Frioli, was a contemporary of Titian's, whom he equalled in many qualities, and was one of the most eminent Venetian painters in fresco.



"THEN HE FRONTED TITIAN, WHO STOOD WITH HIS ARMS LIGHTLY FOLDED."—[SEE PAGE 832.]

And when the dull old monk, who forgot, while he waited the answer,
Visions and painter and all, had maundered away in his error,
Pordenone half envied the imbecile peace of his bosom;
"For in my own," he mused, "is such a combat of devils,
That I believe torpid age or stupid youth would be better

Than this manhood of mine that has climbed aloft to discover
Heights which I never can reach, and bright on the pinnacle standing
In the unfading light, my rival crowned victor above me.
If I could hint what I feel, what forever escapes from my pencil,
All after-time should know my will was not less than my failure,
Nor should any one dare remember me merely in pity.
All should read my sorrows and do my discomfiture homage,
Saying: 'Not meanly at any time this painter meant or endeavored;
His was the anguish of one who falls short of the highest achievement,
Conscious of doing his utmost, and knowing how vast his defeat is.
Life, if he would, might have had some second guerdon to give him,
But he would only the first; and behold! Let us honor
Grief such as his must have been: no other sorrow can match it!
There are certainly some things here that are nobly imagined:
Look! here is masterly power in this play of light, and these shadows
Boldly are massed; and what color! One can well understand Buonarotti
Saying the sight of his Curtius was worth the whole journey from Florence.
Here is a man at least never less than his work—you can feel it
As you can feel in Titian's the painter's inferior spirit.
He and this Pordenone, you know, were rivals; and Titian
Knew how to paint to the popular humor, and spared not
Foul means or fair (his way with rivals) to crush Pordenone,
Who with an equal chance'—
"Alas, if the whole world should tell me
I was his equal in art, and the lie could save me from torment,
So must I be lost, for my soul could never believe it!
Nay, let my envy snarl as fierce as it will at his glory,
Still, when I look on his work, my soul makes obeisance within me,
Humbling itself before the touch that shall never be equalled."

As one who sleeps in continual noise is wakened by silence,
So Pordenone was roused from these thoughts anon by the sudden
Hush that had fallen upon the garrulous group of his pupils;
And ere he turned half-way with instinctive looks of inquiry,
He was already warned, with a shock at the heart, of a presence
Long attended, not feared; and he laid one hand on his sword-hilt,
Seizing the sheath with the other hand, that the palette had dropped from.
Then he fronted Titian, who stood with his arms lightly folded,
And with a curious smile, half of sarcasm, half of compassion,
Bent on the embattled painter, cried: "Your slave, Messer Antonio!
What good friend has played this bitter jest with your humor?
As I beheld you just now full-armed with your pencil and palette,
I was half awed by your might; but these sorry trappings of bravo
Make me believe you less fit to be the rival of Titian,
Here in the peaceful calm of our well-ordered city of Venice,
Than to take service under some Spanish lordling at Naples,
Needy in blades for work that can not wait for the poison."

Pordenone flushed with anger and shame to be taken
At an unguarded point; but he answered with scornful defiance:
"Oh, you are come, I see, with the favorite weapon of Titian,
And you would make a battle of words. If you care for my counsel,
Listen to me: I say you are skillfuler far in my absence,
And your tongue can inflict a keener and deadlier mischief
When it is dipped in poisonous lies, and wielded in secret."
"Nay, then," Titian responded, "methinks that our friend Aretino*

* Pietro Aretino was a satirical poet of Venice, and a friend of Titian, whose house he frequented. The story of Tintoretto's measuring him for a portrait with his dagger is well known.

Makes a much better effect than either of us in that tongue-play.
But since Messer Robusti has measured our wit for his portrait,
Even he has grown shyer of using his tongue than he once was.
Have you not heard the tale? Tintoretto was told Aretino
Meant to make him the subject of one of his merry effusions;
And with his naked dirk he went carefully over his person,
Promising, if the poet made free with him in his verses,
He would immortalize my satirical friend with that pencil.
Doubtless the tale is not true. Aretino says nothing about it;
Always speaks, in fact, with the highest respect of Robusti.
True or not, 'tis well found." Then looking around on the frescoes:
"Good, very good indeed! Your breadth and richness and softness
No man living surpasses; those heads are truly majestic;
Yes, Buonarotti was right, when he said that to look at your Curtius
Richly repaid him the trouble and cost of a journey from Florence.
Surely the world shall know you the first of painters in fresco!
Well? You will not strike me unarmed? This was hardly expected
By the good people that taught you to think our rivalry blood-red.
Let us be friends, Pordenone!"
"Be patron and patronized, rather;
Nay, if you spoke your whole mind out, be assassin and victim.
Could the life beat again in the broken heart of Giorgione,
He might tell us, I think, something pleasant of friendship with Titian."
Suddenly over the shoulder of Titian peered an ironical visage,
Smiling, malignly intent—the leer of the scurrilous poet:
"You know—all the world knows—who dug the grave of Giorgione.*
Titian and he were no friends—our Lady of Sorrows forgive 'em!
But for all hurt that Titian did him he might have been living,
Greater than any living, and lord of renown and such glory
As would have left you both dull as yon withered moon in the sunshine."
Loud laughed the listening group at the insolent gibe of the poet
Stirring the gall to its depths in the bitter soul of their master,
Who with his tremulous fingers tapped the hilt of his poniard,
Answering naught as yet. Anon the glance of the ribald,
Carelessly ranging from Pordenone's face to the picture,
Dwelt with an absent light on its marvellous beauty, and kindled
Into a slow recognition, with "Ha! Violante!" Then, erring
Willfully as to the subject, he cackled his filthy derision:
"What have we here? More Magdalens yet of the painter's acquaintance?
Ah—!"
The words had scarce left his lips, when the painter
Rushed upon him, and clutching his throat, thrust him backward and held him
Over the scaffolding's edge in air, and straightway had flung him
Crashing down on the pave of the cloister below, but for Titian,
Who around painter and poet alike wound his strong arms and stayed them
Solely, until the bewildered pupils could come to the rescue.
Then, as the foes relaxed that embrace of frenzy and murder—
White, one with rage and the other with terror, and either with hatred—
Grimly the great master smiled: "You were much nearer paradise, Pietro,
Than you have been for some time. Be ruled now by me and get homeward
Fast as you may, and be thankful." And then, as the poet,
Looking neither to right nor to left, amid the smiles of the pupils
Tottered along the platform, and trembling descended the ladder
Down to the cloister pave, and, still without upward or backward
Glance, disappeared beneath the outer door of the Convent,
Titian turned again to the painter: "Farewell, Pordenone!

* Giorgione (Giorgio Barbarelli) was Titian's fellow-pupil and rival in the school of Bellini. He died at thirty-four, after a life of great triumphs and successes.

Learn more fairly to know me. I envy you not; and no rival
Now, or at any time, have I held you, or ever shall hold you.
Prosper and triumph still, for all me: you shall but do me honor,
Seeing that I too serve the art that your triumphs illustrate.
I for my part find life too short for work and for pleasure;
If it should touch a century's bound, I should think it too precious
Even to spare a moment for rage at another's good fortune.
Do not be fooled by the purblind flatterers who would persuade you
Either of us shall have greater fame through the fall of the other.
We can thrive only in common. The tardily blossoming cycles,
Flowering at last in this glorious age of our art, had not waited
Folded calyxes still, for Pordenone or Titian.
Think you if we had not been, our pictures had never been painted?
Others had done them, or better, the same. We are only
Pencils God paints with. And think you that He had wanted for pencils
But for our being at hand? And yet—for some virtue creative
Dwells and divinely exists in the being of every creature,
So that the thing done through him is dear as if he had done it—
If I should see your power, a tint of this great efflorescence,
Fading, methinks I should feel myself beginning to wither.
They have abused your hate who told you that Titian was jealous.
Once, in my youth that is passed, I too had my hates and my envies.
'Sdeath! how it used to gall me—that power and depth of Giorgione!
I could have turned my knife in his heart when I looked at his portraits.
Ah! we learn somewhat still as the years go. Now, when I see you
Doing this good work here, I am glad in my soul of its beauty.
Art is not ours, O friend! but if we are not hers, we are nothing.
Look at the face you painted last year—or yesterday, even:
Far, so far, it seems from you, so utterly, finally parted,
Nothing is stranger to you than this child of your soul; and you wonder—
'Did I indeed then do it?' No thrill of the rapture of doing
Stirs in your breast at the sight. Nay, then, not even the beauty
Which we had seemed to create is our own: the frame universal
Is as much ours. And shall I hate you because you are doing
That which when done you can not feel yours more than I mine can feel it?
It shall belong hereafter to all who perceive and enjoy it,
Rather than him who made it: he, least of all, shall enjoy it.
They of the Church conjure us to look on death and be humble:
I say, look upon life and keep your pride if you can, then:
See how to-day's achievement is only to-morrow's confusion;
See how possession always cheapens the thing that was precious
To our endeavor; how losses and gains are equally losses;
How in ourselves we are nothing, and how we are anything only
As indifferent parts of the whole, that still, on our ceasing,
Whole remains as before, no less without us than with us.
Were it not for the delight of doing, the wonderful instant
Ere the thing done is done and dead, life scarce were worth living.
Ah, but that makes life divine! We are gods, for that instant immortal,
Mortal for evermore, with a few days' rumor—or ages'—
What does it matter? We, too, have our share of eating and drinking,
Love, and the liking of friends—mankind's common portion and pleasure.
Come, Pordenone, with me; I would fain have you see my Assumption
While it is still unfinished, and stay with me for the evening:
You shall send home for your lute, and I'll ask Sansavino to supper.*
After what happened just now I scarcely could ask Aretino;
Though, for the matter of that, the dog is not one to bear malice.
Will you not come?"

* Sansavino, the architect, was a familiar guest at Titian's table, in his house near the Fondamenta Nuove.

V.

I listen with Titian, and wait for the answer.
But, whatever the answer that comes to Titian, I hear none.
Nay, while I linger, all those presences fade into nothing,
In the dead air of the past; and the old Augustinian Convent
Lapses to picturesque profanation again as a barrack;
Lapses and changes once more, and this time vanishes wholly,
Leaving me at the end with the broken, shadowy legend,
Broken and shadowy still, as in the beginning. I linger,
Teased with its vague unfathomed suggestion, and wonder,
As at first I wondered, what happened about Violante,
And am but ill content with those metaphysical phrases
Touching the strictly impersonal nature of personal effort,
Wherewithal Titian had fain avoided the matter at issue.

THE HOME OF THE DOONES.



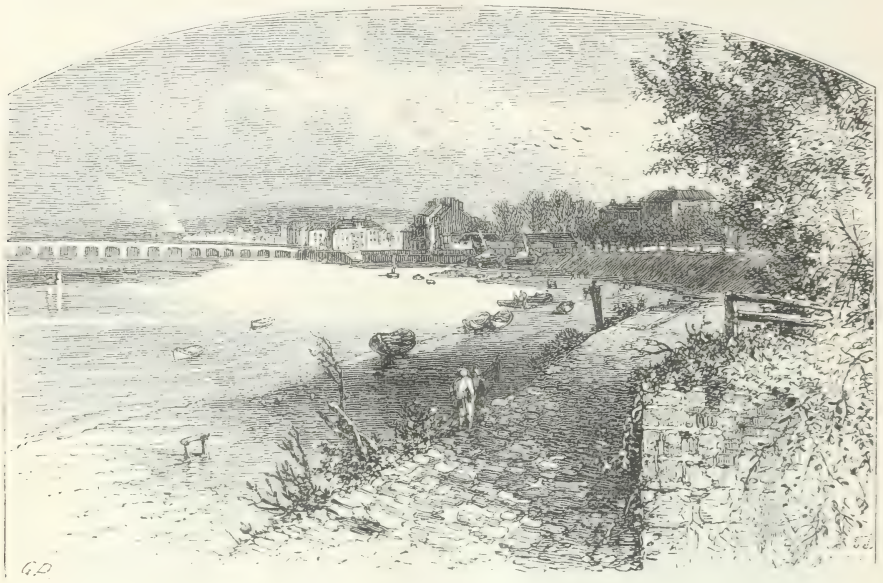
ON EXMOOR, THE LAND OF THE DOONES.*

WHOEVER has read Mr. Blackmore's clever novel of *Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor* (and who has not?), has become familiar with the eastern part of that region whose western shore Kingsley has immortalized in his *Amyas Leigh, or Westward Ho.* Westward Ho is not an exclamation addressed to aspiring young men, as might be supposed, but a little village on the western coast of North Devon, the westward *hold* or *height* of the land. It was chiefly Kingsley's enthusiastic descriptions of this coast of North Devon which first led our errant footsteps in that direction, for we had no idea, until we were fairly within the enchanted region, that *Lorna Doone* was so largely historical, so made up of all the traditions

* This illustration, and those on pages 839 and 842—"The Torr-Steps" and "Oare Church"—are taken by permission from the sumptuous illustrated edition, just issued, of Mr. R. D. BLACKMORE'S celebrated novel *Lorna Doone.* London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

that were still clinging to the places therein mentioned—places where records of the prowess of Tom Faggus and the cruelty of the Doones meet one at every turn, till one begins to believe the whole novel, and is disappointed to find any of it fiction.

It was market-day at Bideford, the principal village through which we passed, and the roads were full of farmers' wagons and little donkey-carts driven by old women, so that our Goldfinch had plenty of things to pass. He drove that



BARNSTAPLE.

Therefore we began with coast scenery, after leaving Barnstaple, over the parapet of whose bridge Tom Faggus, the gallant highwayman, leaped that wonderful mare of his when the soldiers had beset him behind and before, and swam safely to land again. We rode on the top of a stage-coach driven by a gentleman-driver to Clovelly, that village which hangs on the face of the cliff like a snail on one of its own walls. It is an experience to take such a ride as that. Our Goldfinch (for he might have walked out of the *Road to Ruin*) was a dapper little fellow in light overcoat and light hat, with light hair and light mustache and light blue eyes with an affected little leer in them. He was as excitable as champagne with the wires half cut, and danced about on his high box-seat with perilous vivacity. He leaned over backward and exchanged confidences with the guard; he bent sideways to throw pretty girls a kiss, or to touch up some straggling youngster by the roadside; he flourished and ogled and nodded and chattered, while he drove like Jehu. great thundering coach with its four horses at full gallop up hill and down, within half an inch of every vehicle we passed; and we looked down from our airy heights upon the box to see the poor old market-women crouching in terror as we tore by them, and trying in vain to tuck their obstinate donkeys a little closer into the hedge. One plucky little black pony raced us for a mile or two, and as we rushed along in our swaying pace, it seemed as if we must topple over upon that insignificant little go-cart so far below us. But Goldfinch proved equal to the occasion, and nobody was hurt. He gave us a very exciting drive, however, and took his half-crown tip at the end of it with a coachman-like indifference that did credit to his powers as an actor.

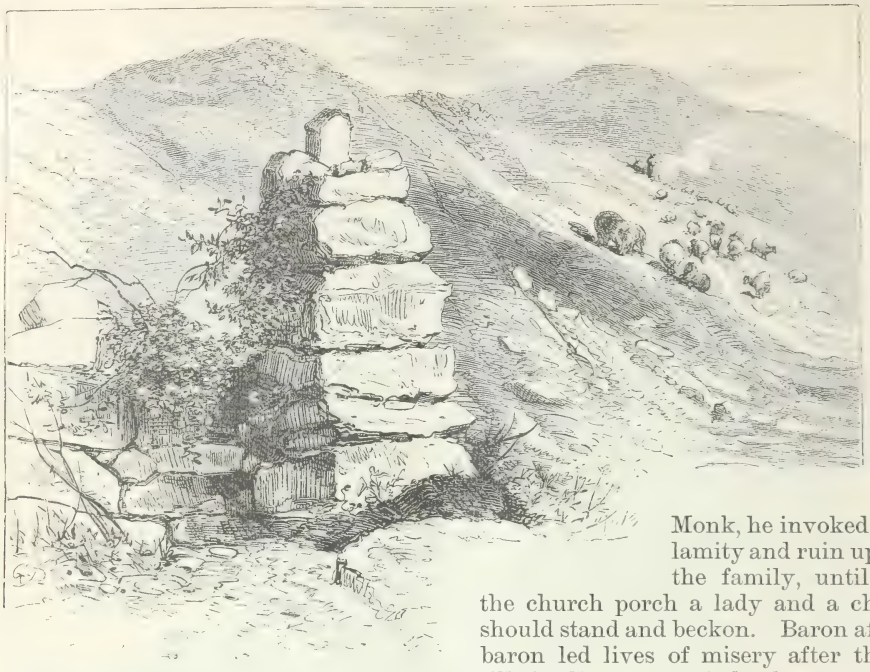
This is not the place to dwell upon the quaint charm of Clovelly, most fascinating of villages, whose little inn is so full of old china that one is almost crowded out by the plates and tea-cups, and whose only street is a staircase that leads down into the sea. We went next by an-



LYNMOUTH.

other coach to Lynton, and here the Doone legends fairly began to surround us.

The whole coast of North Devon is a series of rocky headlands jutting out into the sea, and holding between their stretching arms deep fertile wooded valleys called *combes* (pronounced *coomes*), watered by streams full of trout, and, in the autumn, salmon of twenty pounds weight are not uncommon, while mullet and bass come in with the tide. Two rivers, the East and the West Lynn, meet in the village of Lynmouth, and rush roaring over their rocky bed into the sea, while on a mountain plateau, four hundred feet higher, stands the village of Lynton, with its almost Italian beauty of vegetation. A narrow little road, whose walls are hung with a luxuriant tapestry of ferns and ivies and blossoming vines, goes corkscrewing down from Lynton to Lynmouth, and one may get more agony on a warm day out of the perspiring perpendicularity of that road than from any other that we know of. From the terraces of Lynton you look off upon the flashing waters of the Bristol Channel, and the low coast of South Wales lies like a dim white cloud upon the horizon. Countisbury Foreland stretches its bold bluff, 1100 feet high, on the right of the little bay, and Hollarday Hill guards it upon the left. Below the crest of the latter, and overhanging the sea, winds the North Walk, a narrow path leading from the village of Lynton to the famous Valley of Rocks. One walks for about half a mile along the sloping hill-side, the heathery turf above and below, with not a sign of human habitation to be seen, the active little mountain sheep scrambling out of the way like goats, and the querulous sea-gulls flashing their white wings in the sunshine as they dart in and out of the rocky caverns at the water's edge far below the crest of turf. Then we come out under the irregular towers of the Devil's Chimney and Ragged Jack, and enter upon the Valley of Rocks, the Devil's Cheesewring on the left, and Castle Rock rising grandly in the foreground. These piles of rock perplex the eye and the imagination, they



THE DEVIL'S CHEESEWRING.

are so suggestive of a purpose, and yet so purposeless. To come from the leafy terraces of Lynton, and pass so quickly into this wild and desolate valley, where the Titans seem to have been making wild experiments in architecture, abandoned as soon as begun, is like being transported from Como to Baalbec. Great bowlders are strewn over the turf, half hidden by the bracken, the remains of Druidic circles occupy the centre, and it is hard to persuade one's self that the ragged towers that rise on either hand were the result of natural forces alone.

Southey laid the corner-stone of the fortunes of Lynton as a watering-place, and wrote glowing descriptions of the village and of the Valley of Rocks. Of the latter he says, "A palace of the pre-Adamite kings, a city of the Anakim, must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped, after the waters of the flood subsided." It is a fitting place for legends, this wild rough valley between the mountains and the sea, and we are ready to believe all that guide-book or novelist can tell us of it. It is said that a stately castle once stood here, but that its châtelaine having refused some petition offered by a Black Monk, he invoked calamity and ruin upon the family, until in the church porch a lady and a child should stand and beckon. Baron after baron led lives of misery after that, till finally a son of the house, a repentant and returning prodigal, saw the forms of his dead mother and baby sister beckoning to him from the church porch. In vain the Black Monk appeared, and strove to allure him in the opposite direction: he rushed toward the heavenly vision, and the three were wafted together to celestial regions, while the Black Monk leaped headlong into the sea, and the castle, with a sudden crash, fell into those scattered and picturesque ruins now called the Valley of Rocks.

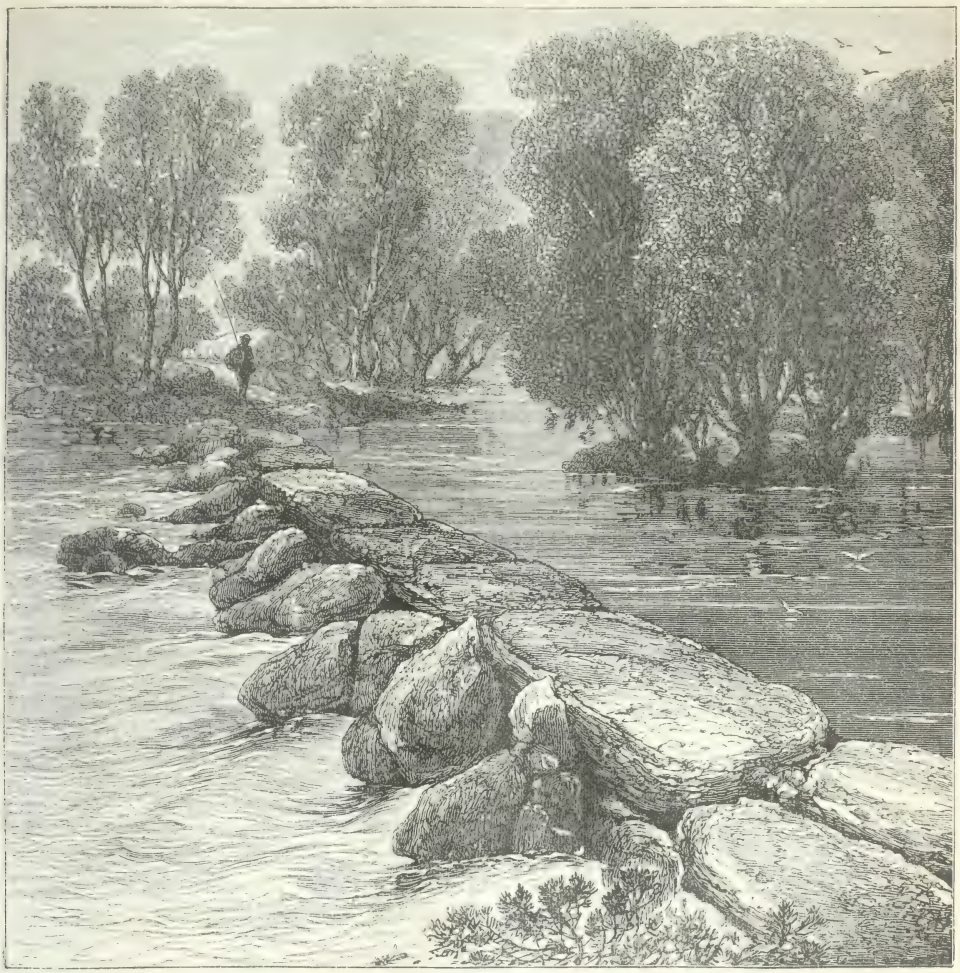
Is it not a pity that a guide-book, having the good fortune to be able to tell such a tale as this, should think it necessary to add, "Of course this is all legendary; there never was a Castle of Lynton or a Church of St. John hereabouts"?

"Our home-folk always call it the 'Danes,' or the 'Denes,' which is no more, they tell me, than a hollow place, even as the word 'den' is," says John Ridd, in *Lorna Doone*. "It is a pretty place," he adds, "though nothing to frighten anybody unless he hath lived in a gallipot." He makes a mistake, though, when he calls the strange pile of rocks on the land side of the valley the "Devil's Cheese*ring*," or scoop, its real name being the Cheese*wring*, or press, which, indeed, one may fancy it to resemble.

It was in a hole under this pile of irreg-

ular stones that the wise-woman of *Lorna Doone*, Mother Melldrum, had her winter-quarters. For the valley is well protected from the wind, and "there is shelter and dry fern bedding, and folk to be seen in the distance from a bank whereon the sun shines." Here John Ridd came to consult the wise-woman toward the end of March, while the weather was still cold and piercing. In the warm days of summer she lived "in a pleasant cave facing the cool side of the hill, far inland, near Hawkridge, and close above Torr-Steps—a wonderful crossing of Barle River, made (as everybody knows) by Satan for a wager." But those dreadful antiquarians, who are always contradicting everybody, say that the curious steps were made by the early British.

The legends of Lynton do not end with the Valley of Rocks; every cove and headland has its story. Not far beyond Castle Rock are the grounds of Ley Abbey—a modern mansion, but occupying the site of one built by Von Wichehalse, a wealthy Fleming, who was driven from Holland by the tyrannies of the terrible Alva. One of the daughters of the house, nearly a century later, the fair Jennifred von Wichehalse (white neck?), was betrayed by a courtier of James II., and was found dead at the foot of the rocky headland still known as "Jennifred's Leap." Nor was this the end of the tragedy. The angry



THE TORR-STEPS.



PORLOCK VALE AND BAY.

father, unable to obtain justice from the king, enlisted under Monmouth, and after the defeat of Sedgemoor, rode hastily home, embarked his family in a small boat, and attempted to escape by night; but a storm came up, the overloaded boat foundered, and all on board were lost. This was in 1685, the year of the great snow-storm described in *Lorna Doone*, and it is to the Baron de Wichehalse, of Ley Manor, that John Ridd accompanies Master Huckaback, when the latter goes in search of a warrant against the Doones; while it was for kissing John's sister Annie that the heir to the barony was laid low among the milk-pans by a cuff from the brother's sturdy hand.

One may pick up stories at every turn all along this picturesque coast, with its wonderful combinations of luxuriant foliage and barren headlands, myrtle groves and rocky shores. You may gather an exquisite bouquet from the top of any stone wall, and the thatched roofs of the cottages blossom with red and yellow stone-crops, tall white spikes of pennywort, and even tufts of crimson gillyflowers and clove-pinks nestling in the shelter of the chimneys and the dormer-windows. But our interest was with the stories of the Doones, and they took us over the border into Somerset, and first to the quaint little village of Porlock.

It was while riding home from Porlock market that John Ridd's father was murdered by the Doones; nor is Porlock otherwise unknown to fame. Southey and Coleridge have made it illustrious, and Coleridge wrote his "Kubla Khan" in one of its outlying moorland farm-houses. Some connection, too, the town boasts with the famous Lady Godiva; and to go still farther back into the past, Porlock was the battle-ground of Ohter and Rhoald, of Algar and Harold the Saxon. To Porlock appertains Ashley Combe, the seat of that Lord Lovelace who married Byron's daughter, and in a deep cleft of the same estate lies Culbone, tiniest of villages. It consists of two cottages and a church, the latter at least five hundred years old, with a tiny porch, a Norman font, and a little octagonal spire that looks like a handle by which one might lift the sacred edifice about. For it is only thirty-three feet long and twelve broad. In the miniature church-yard stands a fine old pedestal, which, within the memory of the third generation back, bore a tall carved cross. The shady dell is so deep that for three months in the year the sunshine never comes there.

The church at Porlock, dedicated to St. Dubritius, is of the same order of architecture, but more spacious. It has a similar spire, and a similar pedestal in its yard,

surmounted, however, by an obelisk, and not a cross. The church contains several remarkable monuments, one having two alabaster full-length figures—a knight and a lady (apparently time of Edward III.)—reclining under a canopy, with a lion and a wild boar at their feet. Tradition says that they were killed by these wild beasts in the neighboring forests—a story evidently invented, as is tradition's wont, to account for the armorial animals aforesaid. But the most interesting things were the mural tablets, adorned with buxom angels who might have taken the prize at any baby show for plumpness. The



THE PORLOCK CHERUBS.

cherubs associated with them did not partake of the angelic adiposity, nor were their countenances of that type which we are accustomed to connect with beings incapable of corporal punishment. In fact, most of them had a peculiarly soured and belligerent expression, as if they had been deprived of their rights in the matter of flesh, and were determined to resent it. A certain tablet erected to one William Pool, who died in 1786, bore three of these wild fowl, two above and one below the inscription, whose countenances we were fain to copy, a thing of beauty being a joy forever. The likenesses are strikingly faithful; and it will be seen that the upper cherubs belong to a new, one-winged species. Whether they will ever supersede the Dresden cherubs in the popular favor remains to be seen.

Outside, in the little church-yard, under the spreading branches of a gnarly old yew-tree, we found many curious specimens of grave-stone literature. Among the Frys was one named Thomas, who seemed, from the uncertain character of his pronouns, to have begun his epitaph himself, and left it to be finished by his surviving friends. The suddenness of their appeal to the spectator is quite startling; but probably they were hard pressed. This is the poem:

"For many weeks my friends did see
Approaching death attending me.
No favor could his body find
Till in the dust it was confined.
All you that are spectators here
Prepare for death—your time draws near."

This seems sufficiently peremptory; but it is nothing to the excited warning of another departed saint, who exclaims from his tombstone, with a noble disregard of grammar:

"Think with yourself as you pass by,
As you am now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must you be,
Therefore prepare to follow me."

And upon the headstone of one Thomas Hellings, who died in 1719, was the following quaint inscription, in queer straggling, broken lines, the last almost buried in the turf:

"Dear Wife who was my only friend
Grieve Not tho I Am gone
Alltho My time with you was short
Your own will not Be long
Mourn Not Dear Wife no more for me
Your tears are all in Vaine
I am not lost I Hope y^{t} Wee
In Heaven shall meet again."

From Porlock we drove in a pony trap over the high moors to Malmsmead, in search of the ruined huts of the Doones. It was a cold day in July, the English summer having set in with more than its usual severity, and a strong southwest wind was sweeping across the hills. Our road lay over the heights of Yarner Moor, whose far-reaching slopes were all planted with young evergreens, as yet scarcely taller than the heather in which they were set, and then down again along the terraced hills to the banks of the little river Oare, that seems, with strange perversity, to turn its back upon the sea and run inland. Past Oare Ford we went, now bridged over, past the old church of Oare, where Lorna Doone and John Ridd were married, and then into the deep flowery lanes that are the pride of Devon and Somerset, with all their fragrant festoons of roses and honeysuckles, and feathery ferns and crimson fox-gloves, and all the floral bravery of this rich season. There is nothing more beautiful than a Devonshire lane, except a Somersetshire lane,



OARE CHURCH.

and this was a fine specimen of what the "Summerland," as the old Northmen called it, could produce. We were far enough from the sea now, and fertile fields took the place of barren moors, and beautiful elm-trees made the landscape picturesque. Malmsmead we found to be a little cluster of heavily thatched cottages, nestled under overhanging trees, where stood an ancient sign-board, with "Ba*d*gworthy" on one of its arms, pointing us the way that we should go. This *d* on the old sign-board accounted for the local pronunciation of *Badgery*, as the river is everywhere called.

At Malmsmead the road ended, and here we left the pony trap, and proceeded on our pilgrimage of two or three miles up the river. We went first through several deep and flowery lanes, till at length we came out upon the river, with a lonely stone cottage on the further brink. This was Clowd Farm, and here all paths ceased. Two hundred years ago, they say, in the time of Lorna Doone, the narrow valley through which the Bagworthy now dances in the open sunshine was filled with trees; but now, with the exception of a withered and stunted old orchard and grove near the farm, there is not a tree to be seen. That was a pretty description that John Ridd gave of the river, as "strongly overwoven, turned, and torn with the thicket-wood; bars of chafed stakes stretched from the sides half way across the current, and light outriders of pithy weed, and blades of last year's water-grass trembling in the quiet places, like a spider's threads, on the transparent stillness, with a tint of olive moving on it. And here and there the sun came in as if his light was sifted, making dance upon the waves, and shadowing the pebbles."

But the trees have all gone now, and the grass has grown over the walls of rock, if, indeed, such there ever were. We found the Bagworthy a lonely but cheerful stream, still haunted by the trout-fisher, but otherwise rattling along in the broad sunshine through a deep valley whose sides sloped steeply upward from its banks. The crimson heather and the pink orchis diffused the hill-sides with a rosy glow, and along the path, where the little springs oozed out, were bright clusters of blue forget-me-nots. Path by courtesy: sometimes there was a sheep-track and sometimes there was none, but always there was the bright, babbling river to be our noisy guide. We walked on, undaunted

by the loneliness, though not a vestige of humanity was to be seen after we first struck the river at Clowd Farm, and the look of the hills grew wilder every minute. The two hundred years dwindled to a span, and it began to look very much as if we might at any moment meet some of the robber band sallying out from their mountain fastnesses. We began to recall the experience of John Ridd's mother when she made her first appearance before the terrible Doones.



WATER-SLIDE ON THE BAGWORTHY.

"For she stood at the head of a deep green valley, carved from out the mountains in a perfect oval, with a fence of sheer rock standing round it, eighty feet or a hundred high, from whose brink black wooded hills swept up to the sky-line. By her side a little river glided out from under-ground with a soft dark babble, unawares of daylight; then growing brighter, lapsed away, and fell into the valley. There, as it ran down the meadow, alders stood on either marge, and grass was blading out upon it, and yellow tufts of rushes gathered, looking at the hurry. But farther down, on either bank, were covered houses, built of stone, square and roughly cornered, set as if the brook were meant to be the street between them.....Fourteen cots my mother counted, all very much of a pattern."

After walking about three miles into the heart of the wilderness, we were to reach the ruins of the huts, and this is what we saw. Another deep glen, shut in by the same sloping heather-covered hills, suddenly opening at our right hand, no cliffs, no overhanging trees, not even a bush, but all along the stream, with its "soft dark babble," heaps and half circles of stone, nearly buried in the turf, and



RUINED HUTS OF THE DOONES.

half hidden by tall ferns and fox-gloves. The one that bore most semblance to a house we made a rough sketch of; the others were but bits of stone wall, without shape or comeliness. There could not be more disappointing ruins. Two hundred years had effectually extinguished all their distinctive traits, and they might have been sheep-folds, or pig-sties, or any other innocent and agricultural erections, for aught that we could see. In the broad light of the July sun, they had anything but suggestions of murder and rapine clinging to them. "Not a single house stood there but was the home of murder," we read. The suns and rains of two centuries have effectually washed out their wickedness, and the crimson of the fox-glove has taken the place of their blood-stains.

Some way beyond the huts our astonished eyes beheld a small stone cottage of the most conventional order. We made for it at once, that we might assure ourselves of the identity of the ruins. We found it the dwelling of a shepherd, now away with his flock on the hills, but his wife and children were at home, and gave us a hearty welcome. This shepherdess was not of the ornamental Dresden china description; she had no crook, nor any pink ribbons; but she was a jolly, hearty dame, and literary withal, for she had read *Lorna Doone!* We know of a fair lady not a thousand miles from New York who said that her son was very literary —he did nothing but read novels; so we have authority for the adjective. The shepherdess was in a state of intense delight at our disappointment about the ruins, and discussed the situation in that soft Somersetshire accent that gives such heartiness to the language. "'Ee'll not vind it a beet loike ta buik," she said, with her jolly laugh. "Buik's weel mad' up; it houlds 'ee loike, and 'ee can't put it by; but there's nobbut three pairts o't truth. Hunnerds cooms up here to see't," she added, with a chuckle.

The fact is that the real and the ideal are as inextricably mixed in the charming story of *Lorna Doone* as the thousand varieties of seeds, in the fairy tale, which the princess was expected to sort, and it would be almost as difficult to separate them. The legends of the Doones and of Tom Faggus cling to all the north coast of Devon and Somerset, and one is really disappointed to have to rein in the imagination on the very brink of a sea of in-

vention, and say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." What would a Scotchman say if you laughed incredulously at Ellen's Isle in Loch Katrine, or demurred at the identification of the "silver strand"? and yet was the chieftain's daughter a whit less a child of the imagination than our favorite Lorna Doone? So we sketched the ruin that looked most like a hut, and decided that it must have been hers; we reclothed the hills with the trees of two hundred years ago, and relinquished with a sigh her bower among the rocks as unmitigated fiction; we plucked some rose-tinted heather from the very doorway of the ruin, and then we bade farewell to the home of the Doones, and resolutely sought our own. After all, it was rather a comfortable thing to think of all those robbers as safely dead and buried; to feel that we could wander peacefully along the lonely glens without fear of being suddenly caught up on some ruffian's saddle-bow and carried off to unknown perils; and at the end of our six-mile walk we were content to relinquish the last shred of romance connected with the Counsellor, for the sake of once more mounting the pony trap in security, and jolting comfortably over the sweeping moorlands back to Yarner Farm.

SIMILIA.

In sweetest verdure near my home
A rose-bush grows to glad my eye;
Its spreading branches form a dome
As perfect as the arching sky.
Its leaves are soft and blithely green,
As virgin snow its blossoms white,
Its roses' blush the lovely sheen
Of Nature bathed in morning light;
The sunshine gives their perfumed sigh,
And breezes kiss them passing by.
My bush, with love and light aglow,
Is childhood's dream of long ago.

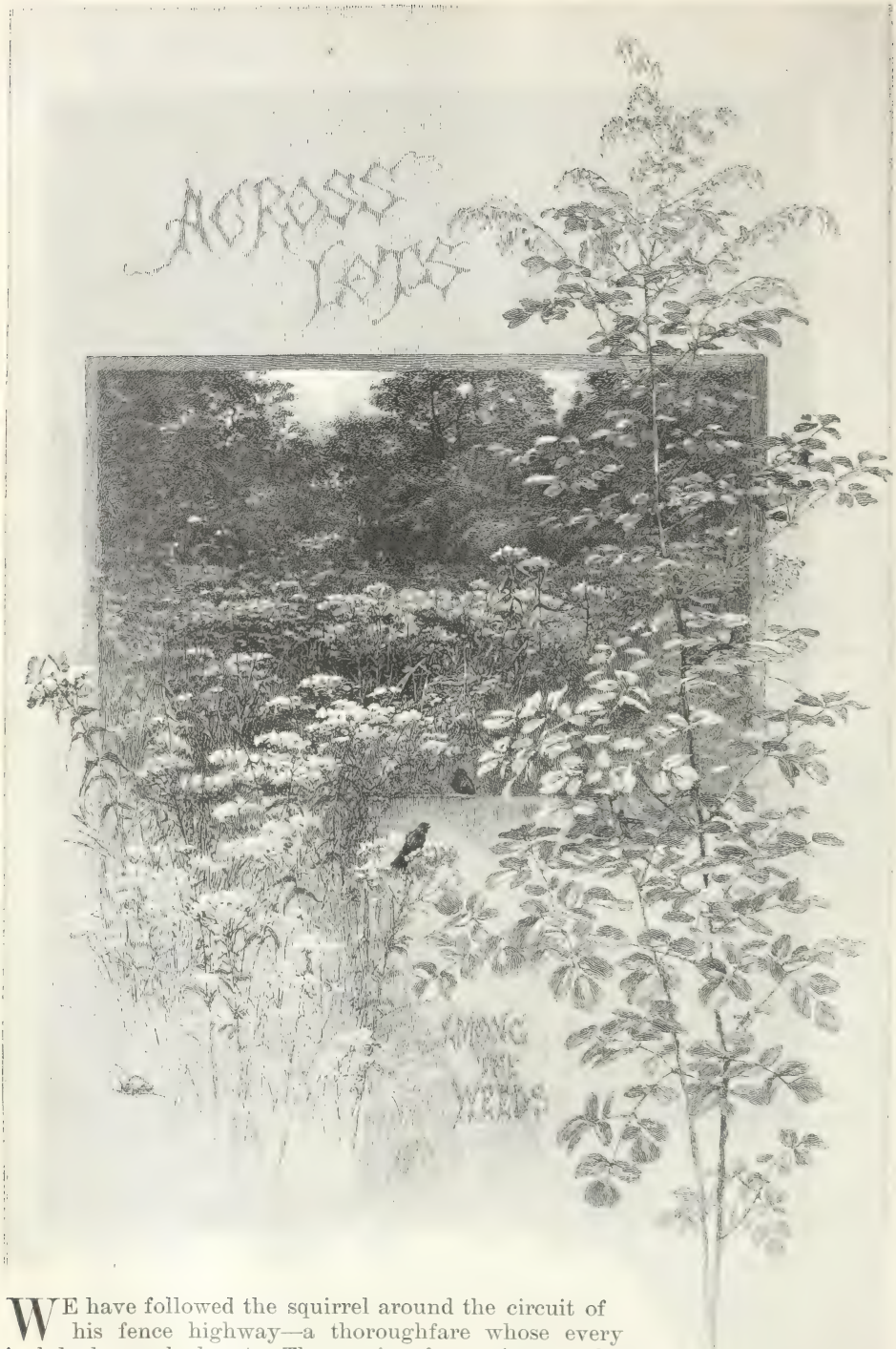
One day a lowly larva sped
With toiling stretches toward my pet;
Anon it stopped and raised its head,
As 'twere to gauge the distance yet.
At last it gained its goal of love,
And climbed with eager haste and keen
Until it reached a branch above,
And rested there in joy serene.
It thought, "No more the earth I'll tread;
I'll wait my wings in pleasure's bed."
"Ah me, poor grub," I said, with tears,
"'Twas thus I spent my early years."

Ere long this child of sun and rose,
The pupa, spread its gaudy wings;
Its father's light in beauty glows,
Its mother's love in curves and rings.
As free and fleet as wind to roam,
With wond'ring pride in life so new,
One look it gave to native home,
Then off to meadows fair it flew.
All day it roamed 'mid fruit and flow'rs,
And giddy joy beguiled the hours.
"Poor wingèd rose," I thought; "ah me,
My manhood wasted time like thee."

At eve my truant came again—
I knew, for I had watched it so;
But now, alas! 'twas not as when
In gladsome flight I saw it go.
Not all were flowers in his way,
A thorn had rent a wing in twain,
And now upon the ground he lay,
In hopeless, helpless grief and pain.
In vain he tried to mount the air—
Each effort ended in despair.
"Ah me, poor bruised and broken friend,
My own career had such an end."

'Mid sand and stones he found no rest—
A hollow place and then a plain,
And ever as he gained the crest,
His efforts flung him back again.
The very wing that still was whole
Was now, in need, his greatest foe;
As pride misleads an erring soul,
It turned him round to ways of woe.
At length he worked his upward way,
And tired upon the mound he lay.
"Ah me, poor wayward thing," I thought,
"Like thee my peace was dearly bought."

The hapless insect, lost to bliss,
Had reached a glade in mellow light;
This ended in a dread abyss,
And all beyond was dark as night.
He made no effort now to soar,
But rested there in calm content,
As though he felt that life no more
Had aught for him but to repent.
He moved again—'twas Mercy's thought—
His final rest was all he sought;
He reached the verge and fell from sight.
Like his, my day, and then? Good-night!



WE have followed the squirrel around the circuit of his fence highway—a thoroughfare whose every inch he knows by heart. The courier of a routine tour, he is without a peer. But in our present random trip across the fields we must needs look elsewhere for our guide. We shall find him close at hand. I have bespoken him, and he awaits us

in yonder tufted blossom bed, where we shall discover him dozing in the lap of luxury, or perhaps surprise him in a mood of all-absorbing industry as he revels among the plumy petals, and drains the nectar from the blossom cups.

His is the random flight that I would follow; his the rare prerogative which would be my prototype.

> "Seeing only what is fair,
> Sipping only what is sweet,"

in this flight of fancy; recalling a few such episodes as have furnished sweets to me in my random walks, and which still invite the bee in every meadow, wood, and field.

Would that my wings possessed the magic hum that should call the swarm from the busy hive into the gladness of these pleasant fields!

There is something new to be learned in every square foot of nature, if one will only look with open eyes. Indeed, on every hand,

> "Whether we look or whether we listen,
> We hear life murmur or see it glisten."

I have known our lovely fringed orchis (*Habenaria fimbriata*) nearly all my life, but only recently did I discover that I had looked it in the face all these years with half-intelligent recognition: the true significance of its flower, its most wonderful and vital attribute, had escaped me.

For years I thought I knew all there was to be known about our common milkweed. I knew the savory relish of its early sprouts in spring. I knew as well every natural dependent upon its bounty, from the small red beetle, and striped *Danais* caterpillar—its woolly herds upon its leaf, and jewelled nymph beneath its shadow—to the quivering butterflies which I had so often picked half tipsy from the heavy nectar of its plethoric blossoms. Its floating cloud of silken sheen had always been my delight, and with its lush nutritious growth and generous pulse I had often wondered at the apparent neglect and inutility of a weed so richly blessed in seeming possibilities of usefulness. I had analyzed its flower, had seen the bee at work upon its horns of plenty, but even with all this considerable acquaintance "the secret of a weed's plain heart" was yet denied me. I had failed to discover the most remarkable feature of the plant, the actual secret of its existence, in the strange fertilization of its flower by the very insects I had so often seen upon it.

It were a rash man who should say he knows the wild flower when he sees it—the violet, the orchid, or columbine. A nodding acquaintance there may be, but one does not thus become a confidant.

There are few of us, I imagine, but could call by name the everlasting flowers that whiten our pasture-lands and clearings, scenting the summer air with their nut-like fragrance; but how many of us possess their confidence sufficiently to have discovered the recluse that hides among their blossoms?

The transformation of the insect is a theme which has always possessed a strange fascination for me. Even as far back as I can remember, while yet the sacred story of the resurrection was but a weird and ghostly picture in my mind—a mind as yet too immature to realize the significance of deeper spiritual truth—I know that in the study of the insect, in the contemplation of its strange metamorphic sleep, and in the figure of the bursting chrysalis, I found my earliest divine interpreter.

"Man can not afford to be a naturalist," says the rapt philosopher of Walden, "to look at Nature directly. He must look through and beyond her. To look at her is as fatal as to look at the head of Medusa. It turns the man of science to stone."

Here is a phenomenon that is well-nigh as common in nature as the bursting of a bud or the unfolding of a leaf, and yet how rarely is it noted! We have seen that withered sassafras a thousand times, and passed it by in ignorance. The leafy hammock of the nettle has shielded close its willing captive, not only from the searching scrutiny of bird, but from our eyes as well. Among the meadow milkweeds a pendent gem of emerald and gold has often touched our unconscious hands. And why have we never thought to look beneath that artificial tent of the drooping hop leaf for the rare jewel hanging there?

Years ago the tell-tale contour of a nodding leaf upon the wood-nettle arrested my attention in a shady walk—a quaint drooping canopy formed by the cutting of the three main ribs of the leaf close to the petiole. I plucked it, and looked beneath, and forgetting the sting, I held my breath in contemplation of the beautiful object that met my eyes. Wondrous aurelia!



A CLEARING.

divine mosaic! paragon of symbolic art! Ye famed emblazoners of ancient Egypt, elect of Memnon, illuminators to the God of Thebes, where is the glory of your gorgeous gilded sepulchres, mockeries of the chrysalid, your royal glittering incasements of your mummied princes, queens, and kings? How does that mortal splendor pale beside this tiny marvel of divine illumination!

Ye modern revellers in jewels and fine gold, behold how idle is your worship! Where the gaud, among all your idle trinketry, with its mimetic modelling and rare embellishment of superficial art, that is not bedimmed like dross in the presence of this perfect master-work beneath the nettle leaf?

Here are palpitating opals, lustrous ashen films smouldering with living fires of iridescent light; here are marvellous glittering mosaics, beautiful unsolved hieroglyphs of another world; here are rainbow tints of nacre borrowed from the mother of no earthly pearl; symbols and characters in nameless filmy hues underlaid with malachite and emerald, glistening in frost of silver or embossed in burnished gold, pure and untainted with alloy, refined beyond mortal skill. Verily the dross of material earth yields no such precious metals.

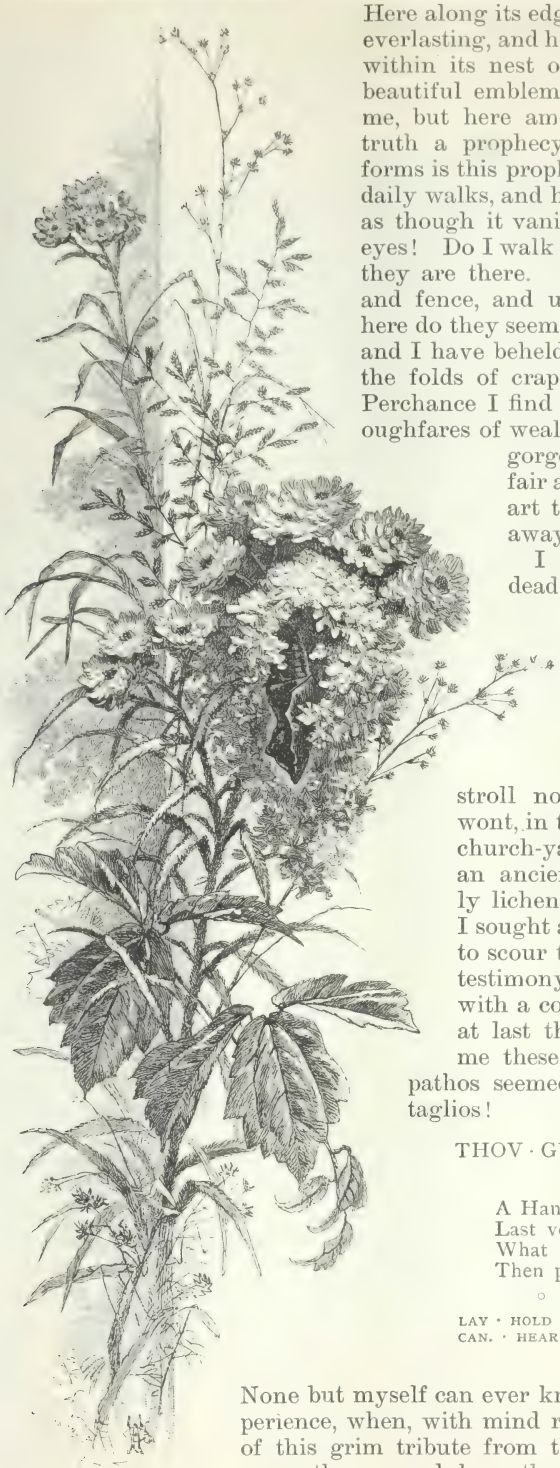
Well may the alchemists of old, blinded by their worldly avarice, have sought their elusive talisman in these brilliant emblems. Well, too, might they have discerned, without the test, that ethereal metals such as these defy aught but the mental crucible, that they but elude the flame to ascend and mingle with the light that gave them being—bright promises from heaven; textures woven from sunbeams, and wrought into this evanescent winding-sheet, lent to the slumbering aurelia: a brief heritage from the spirit world.

Here we come upon that blessed meadow outburst, my infinite delight, where lifetime offerings bend on swaying stalks, and nature's book is bursting with its beckoning leaves:

> "Only a bank of simple weeds,
> Of tangled grass, and slender wind-blown reeds,
> And yet a world of beauty garners there"—

a realm of singing shadows and filmy wings, where

> "There's never a blade or a leaf too mean
> To be some happy creature's palace."



TESTIMONY OF THE IMMORTELLES.

Here along its edge we come again upon that bed of everlasting, and here for the hundredth time, hidden within its nest of blossoms, I discover that same beautiful emblem—always a suggestive symbol to me, but here among the immortelles it seems in truth a prophecy. But how often in its varied forms is this prophecy thrust upon my vision in my daily walks, and how strangely often would it seem as though it vanished beneath the glance of other eyes! Do I walk the streets of cruel crowded cities, they are there. They "make their beds" on tree and fence, and upon the lowly tenement. Yea, here do they seem to find their chosen resting-place; and I have beheld them weave their shroud among the folds of crape upon the shadowed threshold. Perchance I find their testimony among the thoroughfares of wealth woven upon the rich façade or gorgeous vestibule. But not long, my fair aurelia. Grim irony! How often art thou forbidden entrance or swept away!

I stroll among the "cities of the dead," and they meet me there. I have seen the shrouded nymph nestling in the worn inscription, the pendent emblem hanging in the sculptured niche, and the new-born image creeping on the crumbling tomb. While in a memorable stroll not long ago, loitering, as is my wont, in the peaceful confines of the village church-yard, the revelation came again: an ancient tottering slab that with closely lichened surface seemed to beckon me. I sought a piece of broken stone with which to scour the surface, that I might learn the testimony thus so effectually hidden, almost with a consciousness, it would seem, when at last the quaint inscription revealed to me these sentiments, and what a strange pathos seemed to lurk amid these strange intaglios!

THOV · GVISE · OF · MORTAL FLESH ·
PAVSE & · READ.

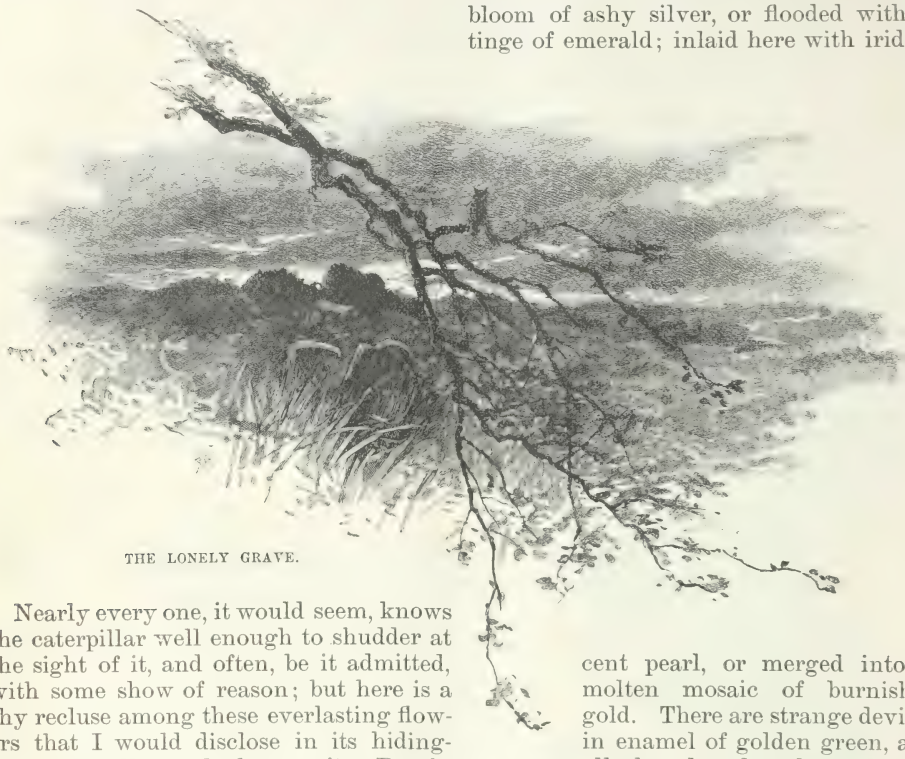
A Handfull of Dvst lyes burid hear
Last vestige of what Earth held de^{ar}
What I am now. So yov mvst be.
Then ponder well this my apostrophe.

LAY · HOLD · ON · LIFE · ACQUIRE · WH'T · MORTALS
CAN. · HEAR · SEE · WITH · DEEP CONCERN. · Y^{e}
END · OF · MAN:

None but myself can ever know the thrill of that beautiful experience, when, with mind rapt for the moment in the heresy of this grim tribute from the tomb, my eye chanced to fall upon the ground beneath, where among the faded grass I discovered again that omnipresent prophecy here—an open mummy case of the polyphemous moth, from which its life had

flown. Such has been the impress of the insect in my daily saunterings. Such I hope it always may be. For verily it is my belief that

> "he who feels contempt
> For any living thing hath faculties
> Which he has never used. Thought with him
> Is in its infancy."



THE LONELY GRAVE.

Nearly every one, it would seem, knows the caterpillar well enough to shudder at the sight of it, and often, be it admitted, with some show of reason; but here is a shy recluse among these everlasting flowers that I would disclose in its hiding-place that all may look upon it. Rarely is this insect noticed by the casual eye, and naturally enough, for it is a creature of the darkness, and seldom comes out to feed among the leaves except at night-fall, secluding itself through the day in a quaint nest made from the petals of the everlasting flowers woven in the meshes of a silken web, and hung therewith among the blossom clusters. More often their petal bowers are hidden directly among the flower-heads, but I have found many specimens four and five inches in length hanging pendent beneath. Near the upper side a small opening may be discovered, and if we look within, or tear the nest asunder, we surprise the little hermit in its solitude—perhaps a formidable-appearing creature, beset with spines, ornamented with yellow spots, and banded with belts of yellow and maroon. Such is its more common complexion, but occasionally we disclose its sleeping chrysalis, an exquisite disguise that well might win the laurel as a product of rare bijoutry. Bright indeed is the sleep of this beautiful aurelia if these testimonies paint its dreams. A pendent form of solid gold, lit from beneath with faint flames of opal, here smouldered and half lost beneath a bloom of ashy silver, or flooded with a tinge of emerald; inlaid here with iridescent pearl, or merged into a molten mosaic of burnished gold. There are strange devices in enamel of golden green, and all chased and sculptured with ornate art that defies the lens, and to which the microscope is but an eye to infinite realms of exalted splendor. Such is the rare jewel that hangs among the immortelles.

Thus one by one did the weeds and vines, the folded leaves and blossoms, yield their confidences to me. But, alas! as the years stole on, laden with their accumulated store of experience and discovery, there came with them a host of troublous thoughts and testimonies inexplicable. The chrysalis had become my ensign, my unfailing promise of the butterfly, and the butterfly the imago of my aspirations. But on a fated day I saw my idol arrested in its flight, pounced upon in mid-air, torn to pieces, and devoured before my eyes by its arch-enemy, the sand-hornet; and I suddenly was brought to realize,



THE SIDE-HILL MEADOW.

in my boyish fashion, that the glory of the gorgeous wing was, after all, but dust, that this member must soon cease to flutter, and my emblem of the soul "must needs perish, and inherit the doom, the oblivion, of all flesh."

Neither was this all; for, as the record of discovery increased, perplexities innumerable seemed thrust upon me. My caterpillar still lived his life of luxury; my chrysalis shone resplendent in its gold; but my butterfly, alas! not only did it perish in the dust, but, woe is me! it finally ceased to appear at all. For, look! false promise—the gold upon its fair incasement has faded in corruption, the pearl has disappeared, and where I had learned to watch for the coming resurrection there now appears a nameless shape—a ghoul—an impish throng, perhaps, that gnaw their way through the prison sepulchre, and leave in their flight but an empty tainted shell—a hollow mockery, whereon is yet discernible the irony of folded wing.

If in the figure of the butterfly we welcome the accepted sign of immortality, personating the flight of the soul, what then is the spiritual correspondence of this dread ichneumon of the insect world by whose demoniacal intervention the identity of the perfect being is annihilated, absorbed, and replaced by this unnatural progeny?

The parasite is omnipresent, and often it would seem almost omnipotent. It appears in endless disguises; an army that peoples the air we breathe, and that sows broadcast the seeds of destruction. No creature of the insect world is exempt from its attack.

But the vegetable kingdom knows their dominance as well. Have you seen that swollen bud upon the osier, the abnormal scaly cone upon the cordate willow, that thorny ball upon the brier-rose, or the crimson berry on the cinquefoil? These are but the wily pranks of some insinuated egg and of its artful elf that holds the growing fibre in the bondage of its whims.

Strange mimic fruits are borne on leaves bewitched, the tiny bud becomes a tessellated tenement, the stem a bastioned castle. But not invulnerable, for these in turn are invaded by the parasite with weapons from without. New guests are ushered into the tempting domiciles, unbidden patrons that proceed to eat the host at his own table, and then usurp his luxury.

What with its parasites and its high-handed murderers, it would seem that nature is a vast arena (a mirror held up to the world of human life) where the mighty oppress the weak, and that universal massacre and destruction are the key-note of the world's economy.

Consider for the moment how "these thorns upon the rose of life" pierced the heart of "our Lord Buddha" when,

> "Looking deep, he saw
> How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
> And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
> The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
> The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase
> The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
> Each slew a slayer, and in turn was slain,
> Life living upon death. So the fair show
> Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
> Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
> Who himself kills his fellow."

Who shall solve these dark problems of nature? for it is not alone the hieroglyph of chrysalis or the painted wing, the figure of resurrected moth or the mockery

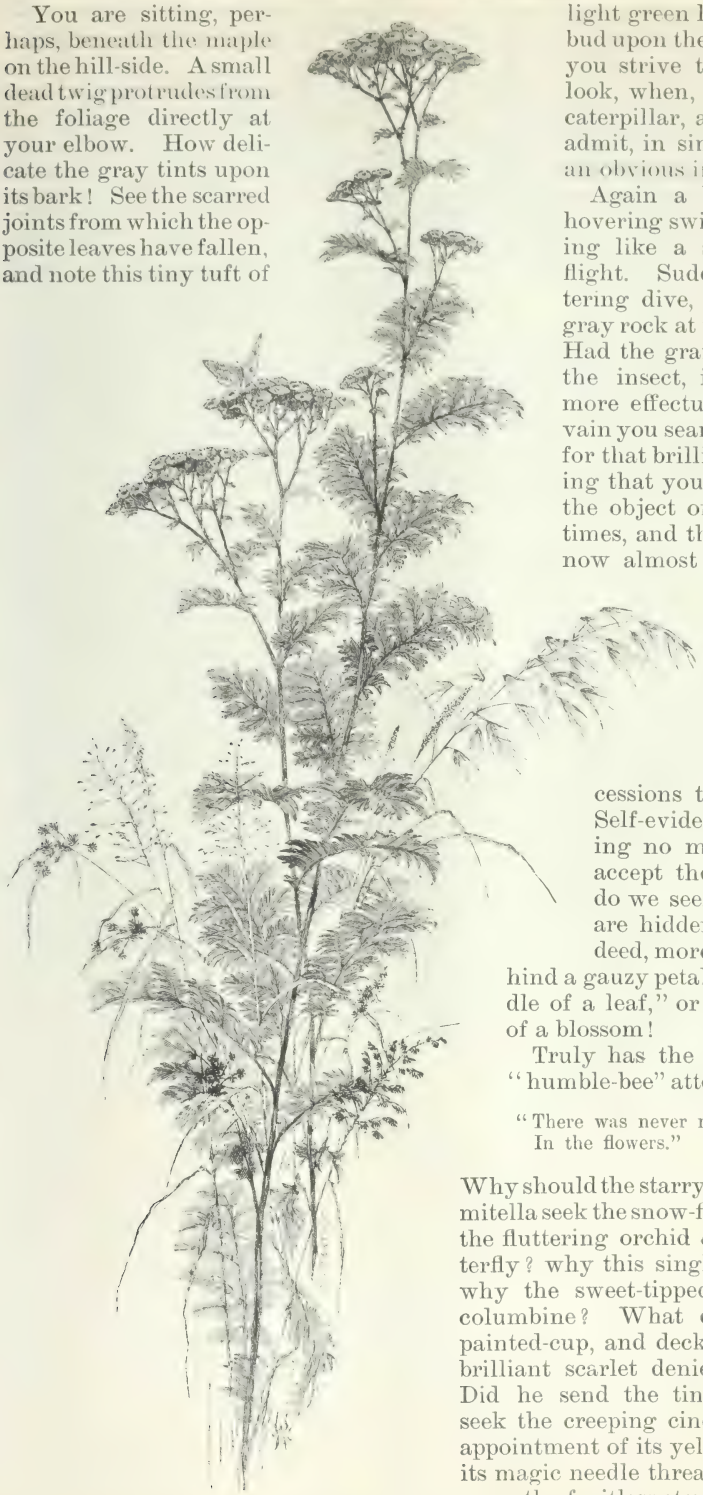


FIELD BOUQUET.

of the blighted sepulchre, that tests our thought, but every living or inanimate thing in some form invites our seeking, even as in the new-born fern it takes an open symbol, and mimics the interrogation point.

There are stupendous questions even in leaves, questions yet unanswered in opening buds, questions that glisten in the air on plumy seeds, riddles in rainbow colors imprisoned in a petal, and an endless catechism hangs on many a fragile stem.

You are sitting, perhaps, beneath the maple on the hill-side. A small dead twig protrudes from the foliage directly at your elbow. How delicate the gray tints upon its bark! See the scarred joints from which the opposite leaves have fallen, and note this tiny tuft of light green lichen, and this double bud upon the swollen tip. Perhaps you strive to pick it for a closer look, when, lo! it moves. It is a caterpillar, and you are bound to admit, in simulation such as this, an obvious intention.



THE SIMPLER'S FAVORITE.

Again a brilliant moth comes hovering swiftly toward you, flashing like a scarlet meteor in its flight. Suddenly it makes a fluttering dive, and alights upon the gray rock at your feet, and is gone. Had the granite bowlder absorbed the insect, it could scarce have more effectually disappeared. In vain you search its lichened surface for that brilliant glow, little knowing that your eyes have rested on the object of your search a dozen times, and that your hand is even now almost in contact with that living coal which but smoulders for a moment beneath the ashes of its covering wings.

These are but types of nature's lavish hints, concessions to the superficial eye. Self-evident truths, and involving no mental tax, we readily accept them. But how rarely do we seek the testimonies that are hidden from our view—indeed, more often only veiled behind a gauzy petal, wrapped in the "cradle of a leaf," or nestled in the chalice of a blossom!

Truly has the rapt follower of our "humble-bee" attested that

> "There was never mystery but 'twas figured
> In the flowers."

Why should the starry blossom of the fringed mitella seek the snow-flake as its model? why the fluttering orchid coquette with the butterfly? why this single violet with a spur? why the sweet-tipped cornucopias of the columbine? What elf took pity on the painted-cup, and decked its leaves with the brilliant scarlet denied its hidden flower? Did he send the tiny-winged mignon to seek the creeping cinquefoil, learn the disappointment of its yellow blossom, and with its magic needle thread those crimson beads upon the fruitless stems?

The dandelion spreads its starry tufts upon



THE SHEEP LOT.

the lawn. Who shall be the true interpreter of this "El Dorado in the grass," this

"Dear common flower that grows beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold"?

Why the quick concealment of its smothered glow? Is it with conscious shame that this bending stem, mantling with crimson blush, withdraws its faded gold, and hides beneath the lowly leaves? or may it be with patient consciousness of that coming miracle, when, freed from its cumbrous dross, it shall rise again perfected in its beauty, transfigured as a vision to the new-blown faces crowding humbly at its feet?

Who shall despoil those cloistered walls of blue, and learn the secret of the gentian's chastened heart? The veiled mag-

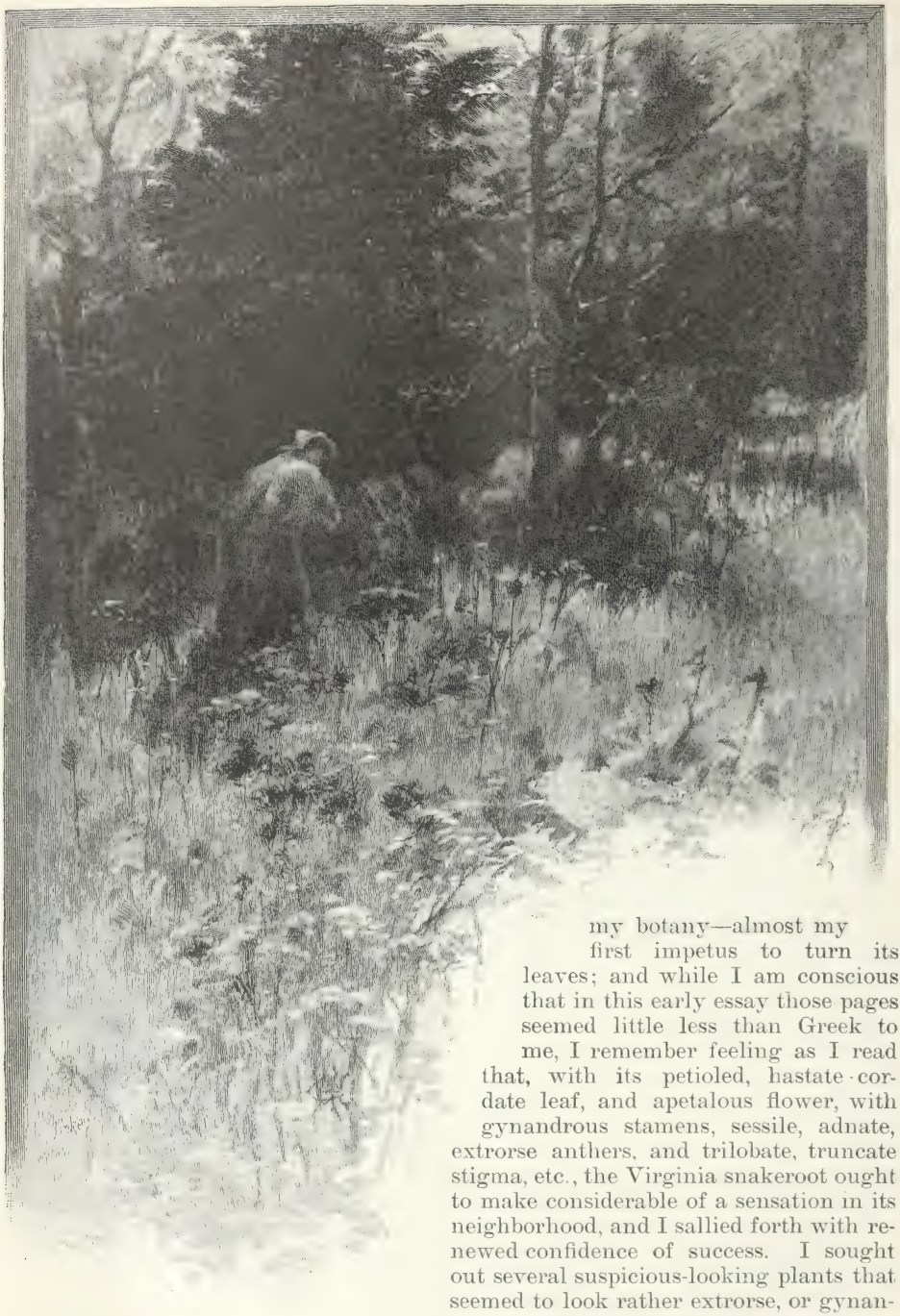
nolia, too—was ever else than fragrance found in the whisper of that sweet breath floating from its illumined prison cell? Why should the iris shield its gold, or the twin-leaved colt's-foot seek to screen its flower? Why indeed, my humble birthwort, unless from wounded pride lest the world should chance to see thy grovelling offspring?

Once I heard an orchid say, "Why do my petals simulate the swan? Why does my blossom twirl upon its stem, and yet unfold again with faded bloom?" Another, long before me, heard that self-same voice—a great high-priest of nature, one who "took no private road," but looked "through nature up to nature's God." He yielded to the invitation of that mysterious flower; he won its confidence, and has since made known, to the wonder of the scientific world, the revelation that had lain screened behind a petal, awaiting through the ages for its chosen confidant and disciple—a revelation that reads like the mystic chronicle of some realm of wonder-land, illumined with that supernal lamp, in truth, "the light which never was on sea or land."

Here among this blossoming tangle another old acquaintance claims our recognition, shedding its spicy fragrance as we press among its foliage; but not for thee, thou seeker after similes, for it tells a worldly tale. This is the aromatic tansy—a name long since supplanted in my mental botany by the more significant if less general title of "Aunt Huldy's favorite," an herb whose steeped infusion, otherwise ycleped "a blessed mixtur," this aged crone believed to possess the talisman of earthly immortality. But Aunt Huldy was a fickle "creetur," and had many favorites among the "yarbs." Sweet-fern and yarrow in their various potions, soups, etc., she literally fed upon; and then there was the boneset, and the snakeroot, her chief godsend, of whose mysterious habitat she alone possessed the secret. This latter plant, season after season, it is believed, supplied the coffers of this village simpler to the tune of a whole year's necessities. Every handful of this herb meant to her a precious equivalent of coin at the village store, for the Virginia snakeroot was, and is to this day, a drug in great demand, and a trusty stand-by in most New England villages.

He is no New-Englander, certainly, who has never heard of "snakeroot tea"; but who is he that has ever seen aught of the vegetable but the black and wiry roots? There are probably few of our native plants, represented in the materia medica, and so commonly in use, that are as little known in their natural state of growth, and judging from the revelations of my own native town, the explanation is not a difficult one. At best this plant is far from common in New England. It is notably fastidious in its selection of habitat, and those possessed of the knowledge of this hunting ground are seldom prone to ventilate their botany. Indeed, the village botany class is usually narrowed down to one—the simpler.

Like its cousin the wild ginger, the blossoms of this herb are insignificant affairs, small bashful things that hang their heads and hug close to the ground at the skirts of the parent stem. As a flower it is almost a curiosity, and is rarely seen except by herbalists or students of botany; and its leaf—well, in those days I never could discover that it *had* such a thing as a leaf. How often did I seek for some such glimpse among my newly purchased package!—something tangible, a hint that should guide me in my daily search in wood and field; for I knew full well that of all the native drugs at the village store the snakeroot was the chief desideratum, and I also knew that the prescription trade in this commodity was entirely supplied by the vigilant Aunt Huldy. Day after day her familiar stooping figure, with scarlet hood, might be seen at the medicine counter, as with knowing wink she unfolded her apron, and disclosed those bunches of fibrous roots. And more than once an eager small boy, I remember, pressed close upon her elbow in hopes of a glimpse of something green among that tangle: *roots*, but never a sign of stem, leaf, or flower. These tell-tale signs, you may be sure, were carefully eliminated, even to the last shred. And when I saw that daily stipend passed over the counter to the miserly old dame, and saw the precious lucre rolled carefully in the old red handkerchief, and stowed away next her heart, as she mumbled her incantation, witchery, or what not, I became suddenly convinced that this sort of thing was an imposition. Anti-monopoly became my cry, and I organized myself a party of one, to put down this great injustice. I determined to unlock the mystery. But this



THE MYSTERIOUS ERRAND.

was impossible without a key. Could I but get a leaf! Then a happy thought struck me, and I sought assistance from my botany—almost my first impetus to turn its leaves; and while I am conscious that in this early essay those pages seemed little less than Greek to me, I remember feeling as I read that, with its petioled, hastate-cordate leaf, and apetalous flower, with gynandrous stamens, sessile, adnate, extrorse anthers, and trilobate, truncate stigma, etc., the Virginia snakeroot ought to make considerable of a sensation in its neighborhood, and I sallied forth with renewed confidence of success. I sought out several suspicious-looking plants that seemed to look rather extrorse, or gynandrous, or otherwise formidable; but it availed me little; and after making sad havoc among the weeds on right and left, tugging at stalks of bugloss, spikenard, ginseng, and a long companion list, turning up a tap-root here, a bulb or tuber

there, I at length gave up the search in disgust, and, still undaunted, resolved upon a more practical course.

It was well known that Aunt Huldy made her walks daily. No one seemed to know whither she went, and to those curious ones who watched for her return there was little satisfaction, for she always came home empty-handed, or at best with a sprig of yarrow, tansy, or equally common herb, while on the following morning, bright and early, she would appear at the village store and empty an apronful of these aromatic roots upon the counter.



DUSK.

This gave rise to the general belief that the snakeroot was one of her garden crops. But I knew differently. It was a crop that was gathered somewhere among the mountain woods. Just where, she only knew, and there was but one way of finding out her secret, and this way I had resolved to take at the first opportunity. And here fortune favored me, for while walking home in the dark, returning from a swim at "the willows" with the village boys, taking a short-cut through a lonely wood, I heard an ominous crackling of twigs some yards ahead. I stopped and listened; it became more and more distinct, until at length a shadowy form emerged from the bushes, and crossed my path only a few feet in advance of where I stood. It was the figure of a woman bent with age, and in the light of a favoring moon-ray I detected the scarlet of the hood. It was Aunt Huldy, and her face was set toward the mountain path. Here was my golden opportunity, and I embraced it. She led me a long chase, and more than once I trembled in my shoes as I crouched behind some tree or dropped among the weeds, observing her stop, motionless as a statue, while she listened, with the opening of her hood turned directly at me. Her low mumbling voice was an incessant accompaniment, and every now and then I could almost catch a word or two in higher cadence among the weird monotone. At length she led me across a scrubby pasture lot, from this into a dark wet wood road, and out again into an open clearing. Here she paused, seated herself upon a stump, and I watched for developments. But she was immovable, and apparently had only stopped to rest and reconnoitre. Satisfied that all was well, she resumed her walk, varying her mumbling monotone by a quiet grating laugh that seemed less like a human utterance than the distant laughter of a loon hoarse with age.

I thus dogged her footsteps for nearly a mile, when she suddenly seemed to slacken her pace. She had approached the edge of a wood bordered with dark hemlocks, beyond which the moon shone at its full. The jutting tips of the evergreen foliage were sharply cut in the moonlight, but all below was lost in a deep dark shadow thrown far out upon the chaparral. Into this shadow my mysterious guide disappeared, and more than once I thought I had lost her in its glamour, until at last my curiosity met its reward, as I saw her emerge into a moon-ray and pause before a large flat stone, where she stood and listened as before, looking toward me out of the eloquent shadow of that hood. Then she stooped, grasped the edge of the stone, and with a wild unearthly croak rolled it from its place. In a moment more she was down upon her knees before it, and I could plainly see



AUNT HULDY.

the eager motion of her busy hands. Now she is up again; she replaces the stone, hobbles to a clump of weeds and plucks a handful, and turning again upon her path, begins her homeward journey.

I can plainly recall my breathless suspense as she hurried by and almost brushed against me in my retreat beneath the elders, and I remember well the startling pallid face, with its sharp-cut shadows of the moonlight. There was something intensely weird and uncanny in this aged figure prowling by herself on this lonely mountain-slope, and those mumbling broken utterances here seemed more than ever like the mystic incantations of the sorceress which nearly every one supposed them, until upon this eventful night I caught their import from the grin of those withered lips. How quickly did that mysterious spell vanish beneath the revelation!

"Find 'em, kin they? Well, let 'em try on't. Ha! ha! ha!"—the closing refrain being prolonged in a loon-like laugh in a high broken voice that found me listening for an answering challenge from the sleeping lake that lay silvered in the moon in the valley below. "Aunt Huldy knows whar to git 'em," I heard her say as she swept by.

Ah, my deluded dame, be not too loud in thy exultation, for shadows have ears, and this night thy monopoly shall end! There are sermons in stones, neither does the cunning artifice of these loose-lying sprigs of tansy and yarrow

half conceal the rounded weight in the apron below.

I sometimes wonder how I could have withstood the temptation of jumping out upon Aunt Huldy and frightening her half to death with a wild war-whoop, but when I consider further I am conscious of that overawing suspicion as to the exact status of this old crone. I remember she shed an atmosphere of chill from her garments on that night, and I dare say I entertained a sense of dread lest with a point of her skinny finger and an accompanying hiss she should change me to some toad or lizard on the spot.

But soon she was lost to eye and ear. I crawled from my concealment, and sought that stone with an eagerness almost akin to her own, and the evidences which I found beneath told conclusively the story of this shrewd scheme of duplicity and profit, for here lay the withered stalks and leaves of the precious herb, safely concealed, and a single tell-tale cluster of the spicy roots, which in some unaccountable way had escaped her clutches.

Of course the spot was visited on the following morning by an exultant small boy with a big basket. But perhaps it is unnecessary to add that its returning weight never proved a burden. For even with his "key" in hand, no opportunity offered for its use. No single plant had escaped the clutches of those gleaning fingers or the fate of that flat rock. Small boy, thou couldst have done better on that morning, for even then, not half a mile away, another stone was "loading up" for a nightly pilgrimage!

Here comes to mind among my "waving lines" a twinkling nest of diamonds among the bogs, bathed in flashing aureoles of emerald and ruby, birth-place of a million sunbeams. Who has seen the scintillating sun-dew hung full with beads of crystal? Let such bestow their charity upon him who should think to call its faintest semblance from his pencil-tip.

See this dazzled fly, that with hovering buzz alights upon those tempting drops. Why this eager clutch, this clinging touch of the hungry filaments that hold their struggling prisoner dying in their grasp? Who cast this cruel spell upon our delicate drosera that impels this life of carnage, and yet bedews its fringes with incessant weeping?

Near by, perchance—a fit companion—the bacchanal sarracenia lifts its fated cup. Strange tyrant! How livid the downcast face of that hideous flower, that stalks among its lairs, and seems to gloat upon the victims of its poisoned cups! Here is a pit whose depths are yet unfathomed, a fated leaf whose deadly secret has been sought in vain, a charnel-house from which no voice has yet been heard, and yet how readily do we "tread on it with our clouted shoon," and dismiss it with a mere smile of humor and curiosity, that ready refuge of the superficial mind! By such the rose is cherished for its sensuous loveliness. In its fragrance and its beauty there is reason for its being. To such, the noisome hermit of the marsh, the swamp-cabbage flower, but blooms for the gaze of toads and frogs and creatures of the boggy ooze, fit companion for the lizard and the dwellers of the mud. Uncouth children, such as these are called, conceived by Mother Nature in her trespasses of revelry, outbursts of her latent playfulness and waywardness, eccentricities for the idle amusement of humanity, or, in fine—why not?—manifestations of a certain sort of divine humor!

Who has not seen this lowly tenant of the bogs, and wondered at its worthless life? Many of us, no doubt, have had our little laugh at the tiny eager fist of the catchfly closing upon its captive; the quaint pendent pitchers of nepenthes, and the strange inflated calyxes of aristolochias, have doubtless brought a smile as we have passed them in the tropic of the conservatory; but how often have we glanced behind, and detected their parting look of pitying compassion at our shallowness and ignorance! To such a retina as this, nature must forever remain a blank; a close-lipped shell, even though with a fair exterior, yet shielding close the pearl within; a story without a beginning, instead of a story without an end. Nature is "a jealous goddess," and demands the homage of the "inward eye." No pedant need expect a revelation from her fair page. Approached in such a spirit, and, like the sensitive mimosa rudely touched, she shuts her leaves. No flower of hers is born to the predestined martyrdom of a superficial eye. Has this snowy petal a spot upon its whiteness, it has its correspondence and its deep significance. There are no accidental blots on nature's book. Seek and ye shall find its hidden truth. Does the trefoil fold its

palms at night-fall, or the primrose light its lamp at dusk? It is not their fault that they bequeath no blessing to you, but because ye are blind. For there are eyes and eyes—eyes that merely look, and others "made for seeing," "windows of the soul." Else the world of nature had never known the heritage of such names as Darwin, Huxley, Agassiz, Huber, Swammerdam, Sprengel, Linnæus, White of Selborne, and the rest of their great fraternity. The vital mission of our "humble-bee," the lessons of the ant, the wonders of the orchid, and the deeper, more mysterious errand of that

"painted populace
That live in fields and lead ambrosial lives,"

had yet remained in obscurity. The humble earth-worm had still lain buried beneath our feet, sole mask for the luring fish-hook, prey of robin on the lawn, or quarry of dark-dwelling moles beneath the sod, and we above as darkened and as blind as they.

Philosophical astronomy may picture to horrified humanity the resultant chaos and annihilation of a sun extinguished, or indeed of the merest deviation in the orbit of a single planet, but who could foretell the direful consequences that might obtain from the extermination even of a single species of these tiny "meadow tribes," yea, even the mosquito, forsooth! when, most humble of them all, the lowly earth-worm rises to such lofty proportions of importance in the world's economy?

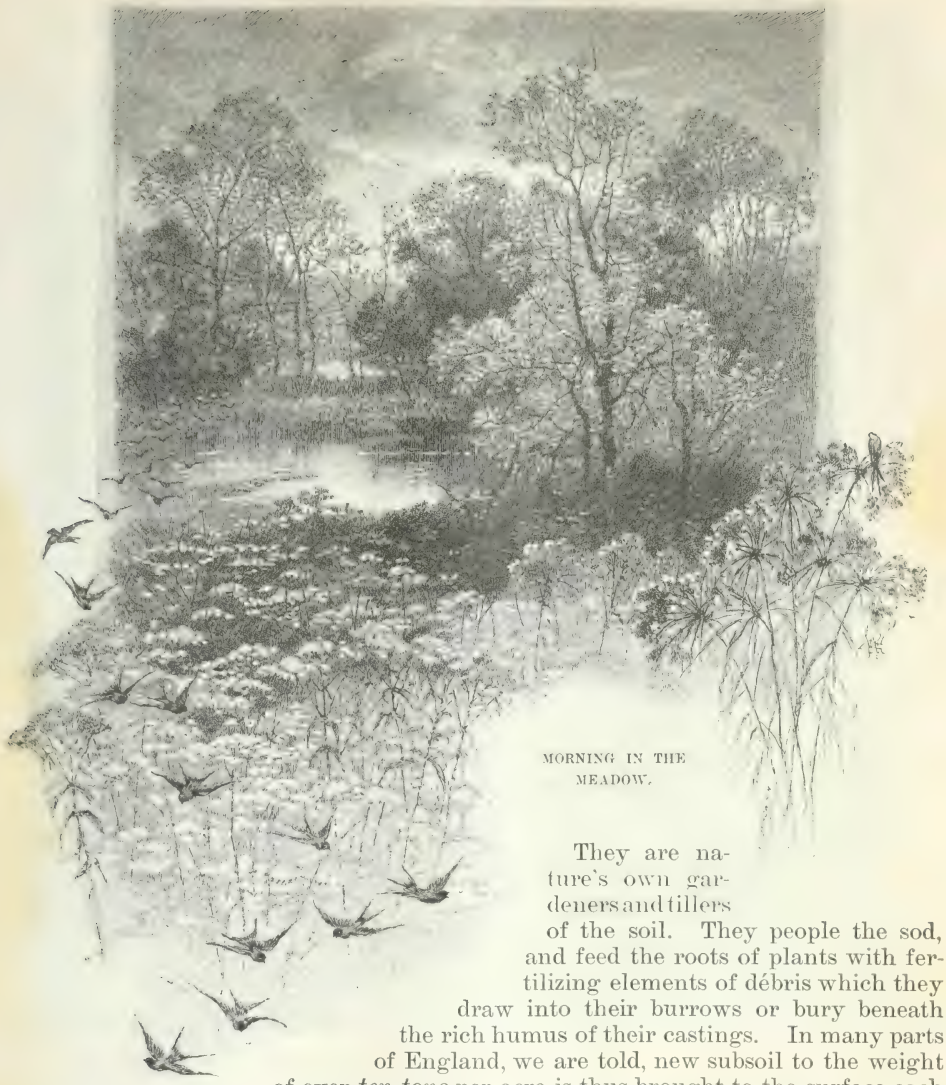
Thanks for this last token of a life of meek devotion, a humility that could stoop to learn even at the burrow of the earth-worm, and which should find a period of thirty years too short a time in which to plead the cause of this most despised and lowliest of animated creatures. The lawn and meadow, the mountain and the mighty river, take on a new significance and a new religion beneath the lessons of this last volume of our lamented Mr. Darwin.

"When we behold," he remarks in its conclusion, "a wide turf-covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms. It is a marvellous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will again pass every few years, through the bodies of worms. The plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions, but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed, and still continues to be thus ploughed, by earth-worms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly-organized creatures."

That charming naturalist, White of Selborne, from whom Mr. Darwin received his earliest inspiration in this field of study, has declared, as a result of his own investigations, that "without worms the earth would soon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation, and consequently sterile."



HAUNT OF HERON.



MORNING IN THE MEADOW.

They are nature's own gardeners and tillers of the soil. They people the sod, and feed the roots of plants with fertilizing elements of débris which they draw into their burrows or bury beneath the rich humus of their castings. In many parts of England, we are told, new subsoil to the weight of over *ten tons* per acre is thus brought to the surface each successive year. Nor is this all. Washed by rains, this vast accumulation of mould is swept from the sloping hill-sides, denuding the surface, and at length even affecting the contour not only of hills but of mountains; thus it is poured into the streams, thence into great rivers, which finally may be turned from their natural channels by this gradual deposit, and the consequent raising of their beds to the level of the adjacent land.

Under the ministry of such books as these one may well look upon his path with solicitude of his foot-prints, and well reproach the memory of those rampant boyish days when nature seemed a vast menagerie sent for him to tame, when every bird was but a living target, every insect a gewgaw for a pin, and every flower a gaud to pick and throw away. Perchance he may recall that emblematic picture of a tiny apron filled with wilting blossoms of the meadow, of the dimpled fists that scarce could hold the overflow, and of the idle tears that fell because whole fields of beckoning bloom must still be left behind—fields wherein he shall walk in after-life longing vainly for wings if only to lift him from the carnage of a crushing foot.

His Cavalier



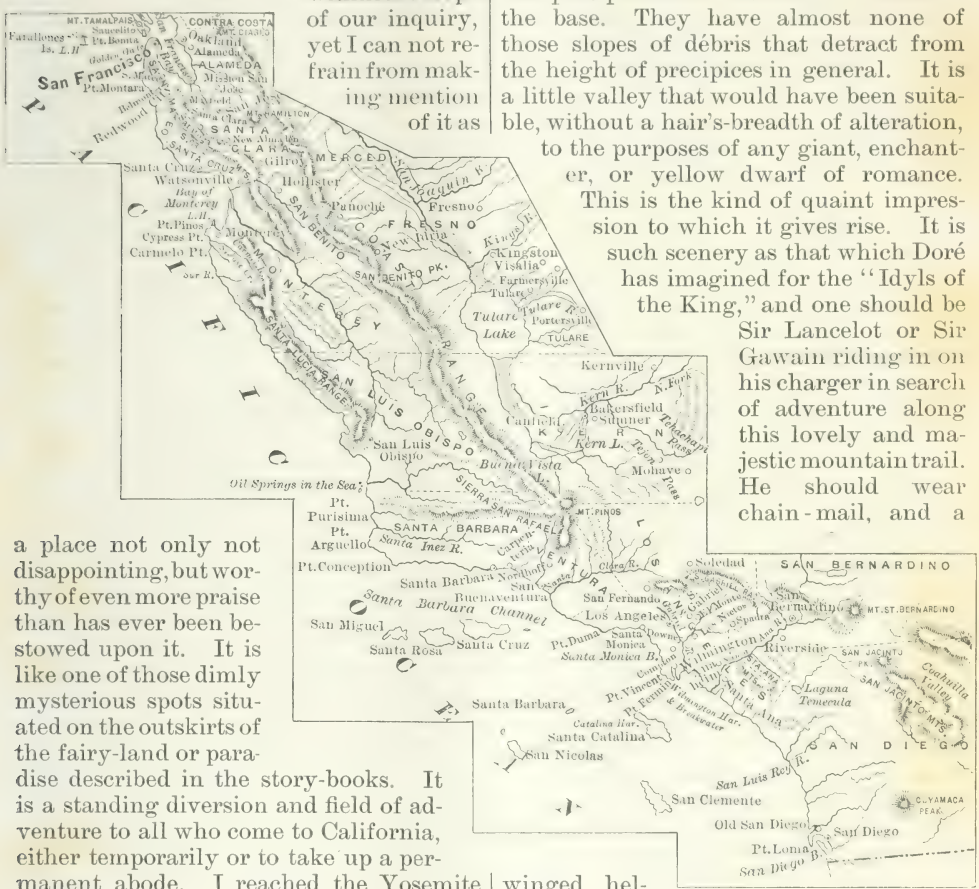
Gille me that Man, that dares bestride
The active Sea-horse & with pride
Through that huge field of waters ride.
Who, with his looks too can appease
The ruffling winds and raging seas
In midst of all their outrages
This, this a virtuous Man can doe
Saile against Rocks and split them too;
I! and a World of pikes passe through.

II.

FROM MONTEREY TO THE TEHACHAPI PASS.

THE Yosemite Valley, currently spoken of as the "Valley" simply, is included in a belt formed by drawing lines across the State from San Francisco and Monterey respectively. It is a wild, strange nook, far to the eastward among the wintry Sierras. It perhaps hardly comes within the scope of our inquiry, yet I can not refrain from making mention of it as a place not only not disappointing, but worthy of even more praise than has ever been bestowed upon it. It is like one of those dimly mysterious spots situated on the outskirts of the fairy-land or paradise described in the story-books. It is a standing diversion and field of adventure to all who come to California, either temporarily or to take up a permanent abode. I reached the Yosemite by a stage ride of sixty miles from the Southern Pacific Railroad, at Madera, to Clark's Station, and thence by a stage and horseback journey of twenty-five miles further.

The autumn days were lovely there. The foliage, turned by a local climate quite as severe as that of New England, glowed with a vivid richness. A gentle stream, pausing in mirror-like pools, meanders among it, along the bottom of the valley, which is as level as a floor. Walls of rock rise on either hand to an incredible height. The place is rather a chasm than a valley. At night a full yellow moon irradiated it and invested its wonders with heightened enchantment. The cliffs here are what it seems that cliffs should be, but seldom are. They are of the hardest granite, pleasantly gray in color, and terminate in castle and dome like forms. The precipices are sheer and unbroken to the base. They have almost none of those slopes of débris that detract from the height of precipices in general. It is a little valley that would have been suitable, without a hair's-breadth of alteration, to the purposes of any giant, enchanter, or yellow dwarf of romance. This is the kind of quaint impression to which it gives rise. It is such scenery as that which Doré has imagined for the "Idyls of the King," and one should be Sir Lancelot or Sir Gawain riding in on his charger in search of adventure along this lovely and majestic mountain trail. He should wear chain-mail, and a winged helmet on his head, and a good sword by his side, upon the cross of which he had sworn to do deeds of redoubtable valor.



MAP OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

It was the coast valleys and some coast towns, it will be remembered, that we explored in our first journey. This time we have come down the main line of the Southern Pacific Railway along the great central basin of the State. The railway is traced along the great central valley known as the San Joaquin, on a line near-

ly midway between the Sierra Nevadas to the east and the Coast Range to the west. The road is still comparatively new, and the settlements along it have not yet attained great dimensions. It did not as a rule touch at the older towns already existing, but pursued a direct route through a country where all had to be opened up, and town sites established from the beginning. As some of the places thus passed by were of considerable size, no little dissatisfaction ensued, of which some mutterings are still heard. Very frequent mention of this grievance is heard by the traveller through Central and Southern California. Some of the neglected places even maintain that they would have been better without any railroad at all. References are thrown out to their former possession of glories of quite a dazzling sort. It is sometimes difficult to credit these stories, though a railroad naturally effects great innovations in the course of trade. The complaints occasionally come from persons who have an exaggerated idea of the speed with which it is their natural right to make a fortune, and who are unable to understand any benefits in which they are not personally very much included. To an ordinary observer it would appear that the introduction of such a splendidly equipped railway, even if in the natural imperfection of all things human it distribute its blessings a little unequally at first, and its tariff be high, must inevitably be a great and permanent advantage to everything in the State near to it, as well as remote. For the first time an adequate means is afforded for the transportation of immigrants and supplies through the whole length of the country. The Central and Union Pacific railways across the continent are most notable instances in point. Who can have seen the chain of towns and cities that have sprung up across the once barren waste, and the stir of activity branching out from every one of them into adjacent mining and stock-raising and agricultural districts, without the warmest feeling of admiration for the means that can produce such marvels, and without deeming it cheap at almost any cost?

The Southern Pacific Railway has completed connections which give it a transcontinental route from San Francisco, across Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, to New Orleans. It is promised that this is to introduce a new era in the prosperity of the State. Immigrants are to be brought in by steamer from Liverpool to New Orleans, and thence by rail at a rate not higher than that which it costs to reach the central West. The fares to California heretofore have been almost prohibitive of immigration. We find a wonderfully rich country, equal in extent, it is estimated, to New York, Pennsylvania, and all of New England put together, but containing as yet less than a million of people. The languid movement hither of the same valuable class of immigration which pours so rapidly into the West is ascribed by some alarmists to the presence of the Chinese. It is much more probably due to the heavy cost of travel across the continent, and, large as the territory is, to the lack of cheap lands suitable for settlement. The Chinese are not rivals in the matter of taking up the land. They acquire little or none of it. As to wages, the prices of white labor, even with Chinese competition, remain higher on the Pacific slope than at the East.

The new opportunities opened in the way of transportation, the depression of the mining interests, and the rapid increase in numbers of the Chinese, have awakened an exceptional interest in the subject of white immigration. A committee, comprising some of the most prominent men in the State, has been appointed, and has opened an inquiry into the most effectual means of promoting it. It will no doubt set forth more clearly than it has ever been done before an account of such territory as is open to settlers, whether it is offered by the government, the railroads, or the great ranches, and its advantages and the methods of reaching it. It seems a little singular at first sight that a lack of suitable lands can be adduced as a principal reason for the lack of population in so vast a region, of the climate and other natural advantages of which so much has been said the world over. It can only be understood when we take into account the unusual atmospheric dryness, and the important part which has to be played by water brought upon the soil by artificial and costly means. The locations where there is sufficient natural moisture for the maturing of crops are of comparatively small extent. They were among the first taken up. In much of the central and southern portions of the State the annual rainfall is almost an infinitesimal quantity.

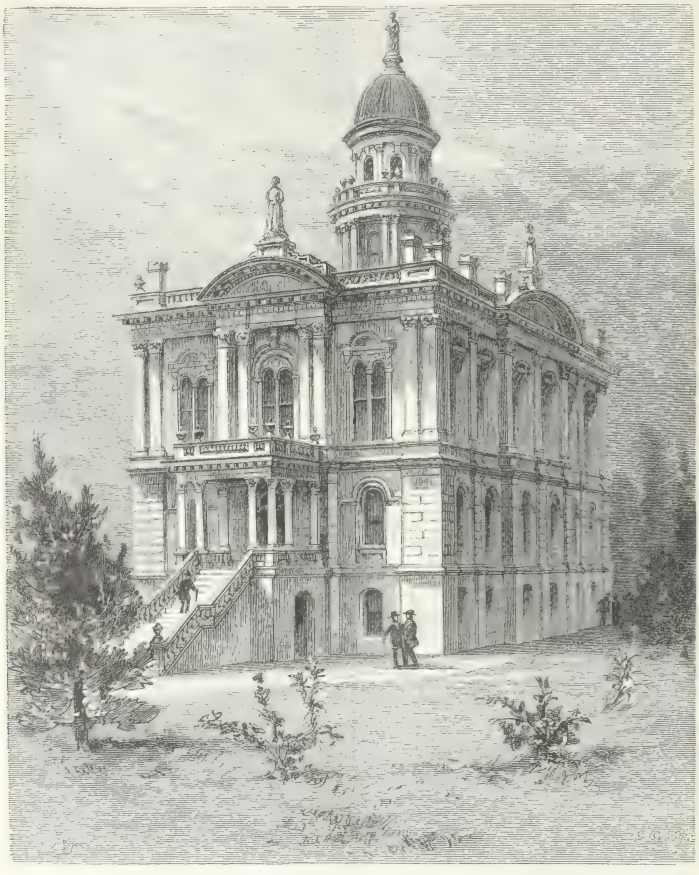
At Bakersfield, the capital of Kern County—whither our journey southward will presently lead us—it is no more than from two to four inches. It is found that light crops of grain and pasturage for stock may occasionally be got even under these conditions. The only certain reliance in cultivation, however, is in artificial irrigation. Works of the requisite importance would heretofore have been beyond the means of a simply hard-working and thrifty class of immigrants like those who have gone into Iowa, Wisconsin, or Minnesota.

The springs and small streams in the country were early appreciated at their full value, and seized upon by persons who control with them great tracts of the surrounding country, almost valueless except as watered from these sources of supply. These tributary tracts are used chiefly as cattle and sheep ranges. A person owning five thousand acres of land will often have for his stock the run of twenty thousand. Cultivation is confined about the springs and water-courses, and is seen in a succession of charming oases in the midst of a desert the superficial sterility of which is something phenomenal. The tenure of land in tracts of thousands of acres under a single ownership is a tradition descending from Spanish and Mexican times. It has been much decried as a great evil. It is said that the State would be much more prosperous if divided into a series of small farms. This is probably true, and the system as it exists may be ascribed in part to the overweening greed of individuals. At the same time it arises in considerable part, as we have seen, out of the natural features of the country. The wealth and enterprise of the large farmers, too, enable them to undertake works of improvement, such as canal-making, drainage, and tree-planting, on the only scale that could be effectual. It may be that the State will have to lend its assistance, and establish a public system of irrigation and drainage, before the land to any very great extent can be prepared for the purposes of the small settler. Water! water! water! How to slake the thirst of this parched, brown country, and turn it over to honest toil and thrift, is everywhere the great problem as we go southward. The processes of irrigation, and its distinctive marks upon the landscape, are the most salient peculiarities that greet the eye.

It is in early November that we begin to traverse the long San Joaquin Valley from Lathrop Junction, just below Stockton, southward. The side tracks of the railroad are crowded with platform-cars laden with wheat for the sea-board. The "elevator" system is not yet in use, and the grain is contained in sacks for convenient handling. Hereabouts are some of the largest of the famous wheat ranches. A man will sometimes plough but a single furrow in a day, but this may be a furrow fifteen or twenty miles long. There is sufficient rain-fall for the cereals, but not enough for the more exacting crops. The land gives but few bushels to the acre under the easy system of farming, but there are a great many acres. The stubble of the grain fields is whitened now with flocks of wild fowl. At a way-station we see a small rustic in an immense pair of boots go over to a pool and blaze away with a shot-gun. Presently he returns, dragging by the necks an immense pair of wild-geese, almost beyond his strength to pull. The tawny color of the fields, and the great formal stacks of straw looming up in them, recall some aspects of the central table-land of Mexico. Many and capacious barns and out-buildings are not necessary in the mild, dry climate of California. The prosperous ranches have, in consequence, a somewhat thin and unfurnished appearance as compared with Eastern farms.

The most prominent object at each successive railroad station is a long, low warehouse provided by the company for the accommodation of grain. Like the station buildings generally, it is painted of a dark Indian red, in "metallic" paint. The station of Merced is one of the two principal points of departure for the Yosemite Valley, Madera the other. At Merced an immense wooden hotel for the accommodation of travellers bound for the valley quite overshadows the small town. It rises close beside the track, while the town is scattered loosely back on the plain. At Madera is seen the end of a curious V-shaped wooden aqueduct, or flume, which brings down lumber from the mountains fifty miles or more away, and terminates in a planing-mill. Some of the hands employed in this work occasionally come down the flume also in temporary V-shaped boats. As the speed is prodigious, these voyages abound in excitement and peril. The structure, sup-

ported on trestles of greater or less height, according to the formation of the ground, stretches away in an interminable perspective toward the mountains. These mountains turn to rose-pink, and then to solemn purple, at sunset. The scene is somehow suggestive of the Roman Campagna, with this slight and essentially American work as a whimsical parody upon its broken aqueducts and temples of



COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, FRESNO.

solid masonry. The lumber flume, however, is a very bold and costly enterprise, though we appear to smile at it.

By degrees we draw away from the wheat ranches, and journey more and more on the uncultivated plain. The town of Fresno, two hundred miles below San Francisco, and about midway between two important streams, the San Joaquin and Kings rivers, is in the midst of a particularly desolate tract, which, up to a very recent period, was known as the San Joaquin Desert. One should alight here by all means. There is no better place for examining the really marvellous capabilities of a soil which appears at first sight inhospitable and unfruitful to the last degree. Fresno is in the hands of enterprising persons, who push and advertise it very actively. We heard at San Francisco of the Fresno Colony, Central Colony, the American Colony, the Scandinavian Colony, the Temperance Colony, the Washington Colony, and of others of similar names clustered around Fresno. It was advertised as one of those genial places, alluring to the imaginations of most of us, where one could sit down under his own vine and fig-tree, secure from the vicissitudes of rigorous Northern climates. It was promised, too, that he could find a profitable



CHINESE QUARTER, BAKERSFIELD.

career open to him in the cultivation of the fruits of the soil, and need not live a mere life of indolence; and furthermore, that all could be secured at a moderate cost. The promise seems strictly true. The aspect of things is very different from what had been expected, as is so often the case, but all the substantial advantages claimed are found within the reach of moderate purses. The process of founding a homestead and a tenure and position in the world may be witnessed in all its stages.

The town has a population of two thousand, most of which it has gained in the past five years. It is set down on the east side of the railroad highway, with but a thin scattering of foliage to veil the squareness of its outlines. It consists of a few streets of two-story wooden and brick buildings. The streets cross one another at right angles, and have planked sidewalks. A slight eminence above the general level has been chosen as the site of the county court-house, which somewhat resembles an Italian villa in design, and has Italian cypresses in front of it. The court-houses of half a dozen counties down the line from Modesto, the capital of Stanislaus, to Bakersfield, are identical with this in pattern, so that it is both typical of its kind and evidence of a conservative and economical spirit. A sharp distinctness of outline is characteristic generally of these cities of the plain. Separated from the main part of Fresno, as by a wide boulevard, is seen a long row of low wooden houses and shops, as clearly cut out against the encompassing desert as a row of bathing-houses on a beach. This is the Chinese quarter. Its isolation tells the story of the peculiar people who tenant it; and of the feeling of social ostracism entertained toward them on the one hand, and their own unconquerable clannishness on the other.

There is now hardly any hamlet so insignificant, even down in the wastes of Arizona, that the Chinese have not penetrated

to it, in search of labor and opportunities for profit. Almost every settlement of the Pacific slope has its Chinese quarter, as mediæval towns had their Ghetto for the Jews. It is not always set without the rest of the place, as at Fresno; but wherever it be, it constitutes a close corporation and a separate unit, unencroached upon by any other. Its people, in dress, language, and habit of life, adhere as closely to Oriental tradition as their new conditions will permit.

Whoever is gifted with an eye for the picturesque very soon puts the Chinese in the foreground in almost every prospect in California. They have not introduced a national style of architecture, and build little but shanties themselves. They rather adapt what they find to their own purposes, distinguishing their handiwork with such emblems and devices that the character of the dwellers within can not thereafter be mistaken. There is a great incongruity between the common little Yankee wooden dwellings tenanted by the Chinese in this rural life and the tasselled lanterns, gilded signs, and hieroglyphics upon red and yellow papers with which they are so profusely overspread. Here are Ah Coon and Sam Sing, keeping laundries like the usual Chinese laundry the world over. Yuen Wa advertises himself as a contractor for laborers. Hop Ling, Sing Chong, and a dozen others have miscellaneous stores. In their windows are junk-shaped slippers, opium pipes, bottles of saki (a rice brandy), dried fish, goose livers, gold and silver jewelry, and packets of face-powder, and hair ornaments for the women. The pig-tailed merchants sit within on odd-looking chests and budgets, and gossip in an animated cackle with friends, or figure gravely in brown-paper books, using a pointed brush as a pen. Some women—who are much more numerous in proportion to the men than is commonly supposed—occasionally waddle by. Their black hair is very smoothly greased, and kept in place by long silver pins. They wear wide jackets and pantaloons of cheap black "paper cambric," which increase the natural awkwardness of their short and uncomely figures.

Upstairs in some unpainted, cobwebby second stories are found the joss-houses or temples, which the rustic Chinamen, even with the disadvantages under which they labor, do not neglect to establish. Here the hideous but, it must be confessed, extremely decorative idols grin as serenely as if in the centre of their native Tartary, and as if there were no snug little spires of Baptist and Methodist meeting-houses rising in severe reproach across the way. There are pastilles burning before these idols, and some crimson banners draped about; and there are usually a few pieces of antique bronze upon which the eye of the connoisseur can not but rest enviously.

Other interiors are cabarets, which recall those of the French working classes in the great air of animation reigning within. The air is thick with tobacco smoke of a peculiar Chinese odor. Games of dominoes are being played with a magpie-like chatter by excited groups of men clustered around long stout wooden tables. Most of those present wear the customary blue cotton blouse and queer little black felt hat, and all have queues, which either dangle behind them or are coiled up like the hair of women. Some, however—teamsters perhaps from place to place, and here only temporarily—are dressed in the slop clothing and cowhide boots of ordinary white laborers. The Chinamen are servants in the camps, the ranches, and the houses of the better class; they are track-layers and section hands on the railroad, and laborers in the factories and fields. What Southern California, or California generally, could do without them just at this time it is difficult to see. They are found, for the most part, capable, industrious, honest, and neat. One divests one's self rapidly of any prejudice against them with which he may have started. Let us hope that laborers of a better class, by whom they are to be succeeded, may have at least as many praiseworthy traits.

Fresno town is as yet chiefly a supply dépôt and market point for the numerous colonies by which it is environed. These colonies straggle out in various directions, beginning within a mile or two of the town. The intervening land still lies in its natural condition, held for settlement. It is difficult to convey an idea of the arid and seemingly hopeless barrenness of the plain. Instead of complaining of a dry and brown vegetation here, one would be grateful for so much as a blade of grass of any kind. The surface is like that of a gravelled school-yard. It is even worse, for it is undermined with the holes of countless gophers, owls, jack-rabbits, and squirrels, who here form sociable communities. To ride at any speed is certain

to bring one to grief through the entangling of his horse's legs in these pitfalls. As the traveller passes, there is a scampering movement on all sides. The gray squirrels speed for their holes with flying leaps, the jack-rabbits with long kangaroo-like bounds. They even run toward us as we approach, if they chance to have been absent from home in an opposite direction. Not one considers himself safe from our clearly malicious designs till he has dived headlong into his own proper tenement.

Here and there tracts are seen powdered white with alkali. Flakes of this substance, at once bitter and salt to the taste, can be taken up in an almost pure condition. Elsewhere for variety we pass through some tracts of wild sunflower, a weed growing tall, and quite charming when in flower, but now, in the long dry season, thoroughly desiccated, and rattling its stalks together like the bones of skeletons. It is not abusive nor ungenerous to present this picture of the condition of the land as it really is. It is a description that applies, for the greater part of the year, not only to the vicinity of Fresno, but in an almost equal degree to that of Bakersfield, Los Angeles, and the whole of Southern California down to San Diego at the Mexican frontier. Nothing less would be just and fair either to the region itself or the intending visitor. And nothing less would adequately explain the marvels and wonders which have been produced upon the late San Joaquin desert and its like by human agency. The face of nature in all this district was a blank sheet of paper. Everything was to be put upon it. The cultivator had absolutely everything to do. Fortunately he discovered on trial that he had a soil of remarkable capacity, and that with the aid of water and the genial climate he could draw from it whatever he pleased.

Water is the salvation of the waste places, and makes the desert blossom like the rose. One's respect for this pleasant element in nature is, if possible, increased upon seeing what it is here capable of. It almost seems that, if used with sufficient art, it might draw forth a crop from a surface of cast iron. The vegetation of Southern California is mainly artificial. It consists, as has been said, of a series of scattered plantations created by the use of water. In these the traveller may find his flowers, his palms, his vineyards, and orange groves. Ensconcing himself among them, like the ostrich when it buries its head in the sand, he may refuse to recognize the existence of everything else; but it seems that at this stage in the development of California a franker policy is in every way more desirable. What has been done in the past is but an earnest of what can be done in the future. It is found that, according as irrigation is practiced, the land stores up part of the water used, so that less is needed each succeeding year. In wells, too, the water is found nearer the surface, proving that the soil acts as a natural reservoir. As time goes on, and canals and vegetation increase, no doubt important climatic changes are to be looked for in this part of our country. In the end Southern California may be as different from what it is at present as can possibly be conceived.

The several Fresno colonies for the most part join one another, and form a continuous belt of cultivation. On entering their confines, the change in the appearance of things is startling. Close alongside the desert, the home of the gopher and jack-rabbit, and only separated from it by a narrow ditch of running water, are lovely vineyards, orchards of choice fruits, ornamental flowers and shrubs, avenues of shade trees, fields of corn, and refreshing green pastures of alfalfa—a tall and strong clover, which gives half a dozen crops a year. Embowered among these are the homes of happy families. Here and there larger establishments for the drying of fruits and the converting of the munificent crops of grapes into wine arise. Many of these homes are as yet but modest wooden cottages. Others, of a better sort, are built of adobe, or sun-dried brick, which is treated in an ornamental way with wooden piazzas and Gothic gables. The best is that of a late member of the San Francisco Stock Board, who has taken up his residence here for the cultivation of grapes on a large scale as a speculation. It is a handsome villa that would do credit to any older town priding itself upon dwellings of the sort. The improvements on this, the Barton place, were in but an incipient state at the time of our visit. A great acreage of young vines brightened the recently sterile soil with a timid smile, as if not quite certain of approval. Young orange and lemon trees in the door-yard were muffled in straw till they should have gained a greater hardihood to withstand the autumn frosts. Elsewhere water was

being run out from the irrigating ditches over fields in course of preparation for the first time. It is the custom to soak them thus in order that they may be perfectly levelled. Knolls or any other inequalities must not be left which might hinder the equal distribution of moisture to the crop when planted. A wide canal stretched back from the rear of the numerous outbuildings toward the horizon. On the verge of the wide plain were visible the blue Sierras, veiled by a slight chronic dustiness in the air.

In the more established portions of the colonies some charming bits of landscape are found. The Chinese farm hand, in his blue blouse and a wide basket hat which he calls *mow* (and pronounces, with a grin, "heap good," if complimented upon it), is such as we see him in representations of his native tea fields. His occupation is to prune the vines or collect the generous clusters of grapes they bear. Or he weeds a vegetable garden by the side of a canal in which he, his vegetables, his cabin, a row of poplar-trees, and the blue sky overhead are all reflected together. Poplars, willows, and cottonwoods are planted along the canals to strengthen their banks. At Eisen's wine-making place, for a considerable distance, oleanders in flower are seen spaced between the trees. The water runs clear and swift. At Eisen's it turns a mill. No doubt devices for bathing in it might be managed.

The long symmetrical lines of trees have a foreign, or at least an un-American, air. It is not difficult to recall to mind the rows of mulberries and elms that bend over the irrigating canals of Northern Italy, and drop their yellow leaves upon them in the autumn in the same way. One might persuade himself that it was Lombardy again, and the glimpses of blue through the pleasant vistas were the Alps and not the Sierras. The locks, gates, and division works for the water are of an ephemeral structure as yet. They are made of slight planking instead of the substantial brick and stone in use in Lombardy. The smaller ditches are often stopped with bits of board let down piecemeal into grooves, instead of with gates with regular handles. It is urged in excuse for the practice that handles offer too much inducement to idlers to lift up the gates out of pure mischief, waste being caused thereby.

The colonies are not colonies in the usual sense of the term. That is to say, they were not founded by groups of persons who combined together and went out at one and the same time. The lands which they occupy were originally distributed into parcels by the owner or owners, and after being provided with water facilities by an irrigation company, were put upon the market at the disposal of whoever might wish to buy. No doubt a certain general consistency has been adhered to through the influence of the names in the make-up of the several settlements, but it is not rigorous. Probably nothing need prevent a native American from joining the Scandinavian Colony, or a Scandinavian the American Colony, should either desire to do so. As to the Temperance Colony, its principle of organization would constitute in it a valid difference. It must be sorely tried in a spot of which the most liberal and profitable yield is the wine grape. It seems hardly a propitious place to have chosen. Scoffers say that in some of these temperance colonies, while certain settlers will not consent to make wine directly, they sell their grapes to establishments for the manufacture of wine. This, if true, would seem a distinction with but a very slight difference.

The standard twenty-acre piece or lot, as prepared for market in the Fresno district, is bordered with a main irrigating ditch of perhaps four feet in width, connecting with the general irrigating system. For a payment of twelve and a half dollars a year this land receives a water-right entitling it to the use of whatever water it may need. The buyer must make his own minor ditches, and prepare his ground from this point. He usually aims to establish in his fields a number of slightly differing levels, that the water may be led to one after the other. For ground in the preliminary condition described, about fifty dollars per acre is demanded. Most of the earlier settlers bought for less, and the price named strikes one as high, considering the newness of the country, and that excellent farming land is to be had in all the older States of the Union for less. Prices are lower here than in the Los Angeles and Riverside districts or at San Diego, all much further south. It is argued in answer to objectors everywhere throughout Southern California that if the land be



PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN FRESNO.

not nominally cheap, it is really cheap in consideration of its extraordinary productiveness. It is held that an investment here gives much better returns than elsewhere, and that at the same time the climate and other conditions promise a much more pleasurable existence than could be enjoyed elsewhere. This Fresno land, for instance, gives four and five crops of alfalfa a year. Vineyards planted but two and a half years are shown which already produce five tons of grapes to the acre. Five years is the period required to bring the vines into full bearing. It is estimated that an acre of vines arrived at this condition will have cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars, allowing fifty dollars as the price of the ground. But it is then counted upon for an annual yield of ten tons of grapes, and these find a ready sale at twenty dollars a ton. The rate of growth in vegetation is one of the important things to note. Fruit trees are said to advance as far in three years in this earthly paradise as in seven at the Eastern sea-board.

The personal stories of some of the colonists are interesting, as the stories of colonists of intelligence, who have generally had some previous hard experience of the world, are apt to be. Such a man, whom we saw working sturdily in the fields preparing the ground around a brand-new cottage, had once been a person of large fortune. He had lost it on the San Francisco Stock Board. The funds for his present enterprise were provided by a devoted wife, who had turned her talent to the keeping of boarders. She was sending him her small profits each month until he should have made ready the place by the work of his own hands for their joint occupancy. Some instances were heard of where nice properties had been secured with no other original capital than the labor of brawny hands. These, however, were exceptional instances. The country appears to be one where it is desirable that the new-comer should begin with some small capital.

In the Central Colony a comfortable estate is owned by four spinsters of San Francisco, who are school-teachers by occupation. They have combined in the purchase of eighty acres. One of them lives on the place, and manages it. The others contribute from their earnings, or were in the habit of doing so until it had arrived upon a paying basis—the needed money for its proper development. They come and pass their vacations only at present, but look forward to their property as an ultimate retreat. The idea seems both a praiseworthy new departure in the direction of female emancipation and a charming enterprise in itself. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the resident manager of this experiment. Her detailed experiences, if written out, would, I think, be interesting and instructive. There was an open piano in the pleasant



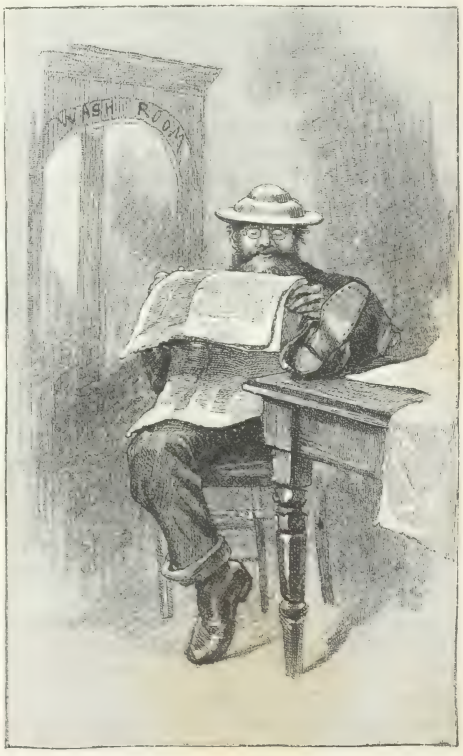
MOONEY'S BREWERY, VISALIA.

cottage interior, and late books and magazines were scattered about, showing the occupations indulged in during the intervals of active labor. It was a bit of refined civilization dropped down into the very midst of the desert.

This lady manager had come, she said, because she desired rest. She took pleasure in the country, and in seeing things grow. She thought she had made mistakes in her management at first, mainly through trusting to others, but now had everything in good control. Four farm-hands — Chinamen — were employed on the place. The eighty acres were distributed into vineyard, orchard, and alfalfa patches. About one-half was devoted to the vineyard. Its product was turned not into wine, but raisins. Apricots and nectarines had been found up to this time the most profitable orchard fruits. Almonds were less so, owing to the loss of time in husking them for market. There was a field of veritable Egyptian corn. This is a variety which grows tall and slender, and runs up to a bushy head instead of forming ears. The sight of it carries one back to the Biblical story of Joseph and his brethren, and to the picture-writing in the Pyramids. The grapes for raisin-making were of the sweet Muscat variety. There was a "raisin-house" piled full of the neat boxes in which this delicacy is traditionally bestowed. The process of raisin-making is very simple. The bunches of grapes are cut from the vines, and laid down in trays in the open fields. They are left here, being properly turned at intervals, for a matter of a fortnight. There are neither rains nor dews to dampen them and delay the curing. Then they are removed to an airy building known as a "sweat-house," where they remain possibly a month, till the last vestiges of moisture are extracted. Hence they go to be packed and shipped to market. It is a simple process, this raisin-making, but it requires climate and proper fruit.

One must walk rather discreetly at Fresno just at present not to discern through the young and scattering plantations the bareness beyond, but in another ten years the scene can hardly fail to be one of rich and far-extending luxuriance. The site is flat and prairie-like. Some might prefer to locate their earthly paradise, if possible, nearer to the hills. Still the fancy of the times runs toward earthly paradises which are at the same time shrewd commercial ventures, and it is well known that the cultivation of the soil is easier on the plain than the slopes.

Visalia, capital of Tulare County, thirty-four miles south of Fresno, is one of the older towns which existed at the advent of the railroad, and were left aside by it.

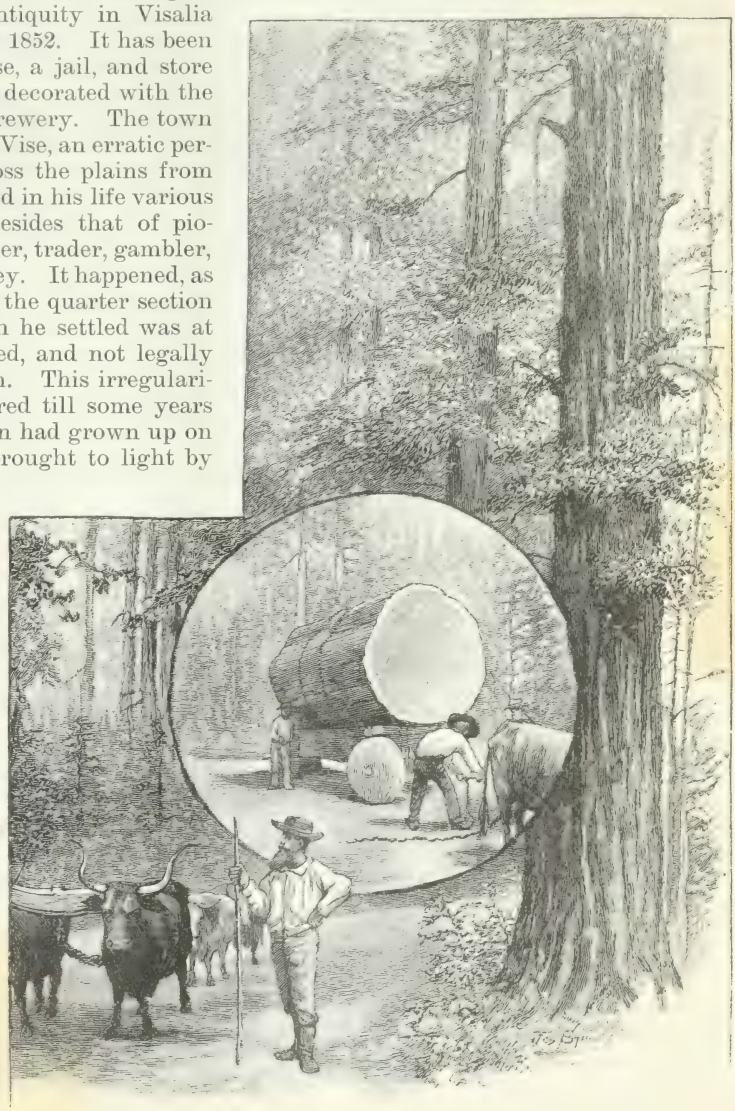


AN OLD-TIMER.

It is reached now from a junction at Goshen by a short branch road of its own. It is larger than Fresno, but less animated. It has perhaps twenty-five hundred people. Patriotic Visalians, however, asseverate that it is not Visalia that has been left out by the railroad, but the railroad that has been left out by Visalia. So, they say, in the sequel it will prove. Visalia has a court-house of the pattern described already, and a United States land office. When the epithet "old" is used of any California town not of Spanish origin it simply means an approximation toward the year 1849. The building of the most hoary antiquity in Visalia dates from the year 1852. It has been a government house, a jail, and store in turn, and is now decorated with the sign of Mooney's Brewery. The town was founded by one Vise, an erratic person who came across the plains from Texas. He followed in his life various other professions besides that of pioneer, such as preacher, trader, gambler, foot-racer, and jockey. It happened, as the story goes, that the quarter section of land upon which he settled was at the time unsurveyed, and not legally open to pre-emption. This irregularity was not discovered till some years later, when the town had grown up on this site. It was brought to light by an ingenious employé in the land-office, who thereupon undertook to pre-empt the ground in due form for his own benefit. "And what came of this attempt upon vested interests?" you inquire.

"The party was fired out of town immediately," a citizen explains, "and that put an end to the scheme."

Visalia is a rather prolific place in stories. If an "old-timer" of the right sort can be got hold of, he will be sure to have a fund of interesting reminiscences to draw upon. Certain ex-cattle kings, whose sway was enjoyed at a time when the whole San Joaquin Valley was filled with herds little less than wild, have retired here from business. The old-timer will tell you, perhaps, how Cattle King "Pat Murray" won his wife. She was a fascinating person, it seems, in her youth. She was the daughter of the landlady with whom Pat Murray, then a struggling and impecunious person, boarded in company with a number of his mates. There was a great aspiration and rivalry among



LOGGING BACK OF VISALIA.

the boarders for the hand of the landlady's daughter, but Pat Murray stole a march upon the rest in this wise. As he was setting off with a number of them upon some expedition, he took occasion to say at the last moment: "The trip is to be a rough and dangerous one, boys. I propose that we leave our money and valuables with the old lady for safe-keeping." The rest agreed, and handed over to him as agent their property of the kind described. The shrewd Pat Murray, however, represented the whole budget to be his own. He obtained in this way such consideration in his landlady's eyes as a person exceptionally well to do in the world that she advised her daughter to "set her cap" at him above all the others. This counsel being followed, the matter was happily concluded before the ruse was discovered.

On another occasion, whether during the same courtship or not, Pat Murray disposed of a number of rivals, who visited in their leisure evenings a comely damsel of the general acquaintance. It is said that he soft-soaped a log serving as a bridge on which they were accustomed to cross a small stream to her cabin. Having thus arranged the approach, he sat calmly enjoying the fair one's society, and listened with appreciative ears to the splashes and profanity as the successive rivals slid off into the stream.

Stories are told of Spanish bandits, and treasures of the precious metals in the mountains, and the wild administration of justice in early times, when offenders were occasionally executed first and sentenced by a form of trial afterward. The first treasurer of the county is said to have been without an office, and to have carried his official records in his hat. Being a person much given to travel, and of a somewhat absent-minded habit, he scattered these documents behind him as far as the confines of Utah and Arizona.

At Visalia we have our first view of "Spanishtown," a community which begins to appear regularly alongside of "Chinatown" as we go southward in the State. It is composed of persons of Mexican blood and appearance, who are poor, shiftless, and not always of the most reputable character. Charming views of the high Sierras, now powdered with the first snows of winter, are had from this place. The surface is more rolling than at Fresno, and is strewn with fine clumps of chestnut oaks. There are big trees back in the great mountains equalling in size those in the vicinity of the Yosemite. Lumbermen at work there cut down numbers which, though insignificant as compared to the very largest, are monstrous in themselves.

The water for the irrigation of this district is drawn out of Kings, Tule, and Kaweah rivers by companies who give to their principal canals such names as the People's Ditch, the Last Chance Ditch, the Mussel Slough Ditch, the Lower Kings River Ditch, and the like.

The main ditches or canals range from twelve up to forty feet in width. Wing dams set up at the points of junction confine and direct into them portions of the wide, meandering rivers. A California river of the southern plains is something of a curiosity. It is extravagantly wide, but then in compensation it is preposterously shallow. Only a few of the most exuberant last over the dry season at all; the rest evaporate and wholly disappear. Their dry beds then, only variegated by a few islets studded with sycamores, are more like wagon-roads than the beds of rivers. Sometimes these exhausted water-courses differ in color from the surrounding soils, and are seen stretching as rivers of gray or silvery sand through the yellow desert.

Though irrigation is yet in its infancy, its belongings have attained great dimensions. There are three hundred miles of canals of the requisite size in Tulare County, and in all California more than three thousand miles. One main canal, the San Joaquin and Kings River, has a length of seventy-four miles by a width of nearly seventy feet.

A branch road westward from Goshen, a continuation of that going eastward to Visalia, conveys the traveller to the bustling, fast growing little towns of Hanford and Lemoore, in the Mussel Slough country. This district, adjoining Tulare Lake, was recently part desert and part swamp. It has been redeemed so as to rank now among the best farming land in California. Its chief product is wheat. The inhabitants hardly raise the vegetables needed for their own use. Malaria is known, but it is said to arise, as in many other irrigated districts, from the careless use of the water rather than the fundamental constitution of things. The water, instead of being carefully drained off, is too often allowed to lie in stagnant pools on the soil. This district was the theatre of



GYPSY CAMP, BAKERSFIELD.

a bloody conflict in May, 1880, which has become famous throughout the State. Officers of the law, acting for claimants under a railroad title, attempted to dispossess actual settlers who conceived themselves to have pre-empted the land. Legally in the wrong, though perhaps morally in the right, the settlers organized to resist. They threw out stirring manifestoes, which read like declarations of oppressed peoples struggling for liberty, and they called on gods and men to bear witness to the justice of their cause. In the fight in question five of the settlers lost their lives, all, singularly enough, at the hands of one man. This person, one Crowe, a United States marshal, displayed a prowess and a coolness under fire not surpassed in any of the narratives of sensational literature. He was himself dispatched in the end. A number of the surviving settlers were tried for their part in the affair, and condemned to eight months' imprisonment. They served out their term in Santa Clara jail. They had been released about a month before our arrival, and received by their brethren and well-wishers on their return home with an ovation the noise of which was yet in the air.

Bakersfield, the capital of Kern County, seventy-five miles further south, and somewhat smaller than Visalia, could boast at one time the unusual distinction of a malady peculiar to itself. The Bakersfield type of malarial fever, whatever the fine difference was that distinguished it from others, had a position apart in the medical works.

The sanitary condition of the place, however, has been greatly improved by the extension of drainage and irrigation works, and can no doubt be made still better. Of the three lakes, Tulare, Buena Vista, and Kern, which make so large a

showing on the map, the latter two, with their surrounding marshes, have been dried up, and the former is on its way to extinction also. These lakes have worn on the map a mysterious as well as important air. One is glad to seize the first opportunity to penetrate their mystery, which little has been done by former travellers to dispel. We ride down to Tulare Lake on horseback. We find that we can not approach the margin for fear of miring. Nor is the approach much easier on foot. The tules, or rushes, rise high above our heads, and the tules are infested with a dangerous breed of wild hogs, strayed originally from the droves on the ranches. In what fragmentary glimpses are had between and over the tules an expanse of dreary surface is seen which may either be water or simply the alkali-whitened bed from which the water has receded. The vicinity swarms with wild fowl. Their multitudinous chatter has a kind of metallic clang in it. Now white, now dark, according as they are before or against the sunlight, they rise and fall above the tawny rushes and stubble fields like floating leaves.

The drying up of the lakes has been occasioned by the diversion of the surplus waters of the Kern River above for the redemption of lands which were formerly desert. This gave rise to a controversy which has lately been settled by a decision which is an important step toward the crystallization of a system of water jurisprudence for California. The great firm of real-estate owners and ranchmen, Miller and Lux, owned the lands below; the almost equally great firm of Haggin, Carr, and Tevis, those above, for the improvement of which the water was taken out. The former proprietors complained of the diversion of the waters as a detriment to their lands, and an infringement of the doctrine of riparian right. This is the English common law doctrine, which declares that the resident on a stream has the right to have it flow as it was wont through his grounds without diminution or alteration.

The contest was at first a show of physical force. Men were sent up by Miller and Lux with orders to close the sluices by which the water was taken out. The retainers of Haggin, Carr, and Tevis were mustered in opposition. They were the hardy *vaqueros*, or herdsmen, whose business it is to look after the great droves of cattle with which the ranches abound. They had orders to lasso and throw into the canal anybody who should dare interfere with the gates. When the case came into the courts it was held that the doctrine of riparian right is not that which prevails in California, but the doctrine of "prior appropriation for beneficial uses." That is to say, the tendency is to consult the greatest good of the greatest number. The same point had been raised before in controversies about the diversion of water for mining purposes. In these cases the ruling had been that the doctrine of riparian right is "inapplicable, or applicable only in a very limited extent, to the necessity of miners, and inadequate for their protection," and furthermore that all of the English common law is not in force in California, but only such portions of it as are adapted to the peculiar conditions of the State. The agricultural and mining interests, therefore, are now to be put in this respect on the same footing.

Bakersfield takes its tone from live stock, and not from farming operations. The town has special resorts for drovers and sheep-herders. Its streets are generally full of horses, caparisoned in the Spanish style, tied to the hitching posts, and awaiting their owners in the stores and taverns. The sheep-herders are a lonely class, who become morose and melancholy through long wanderings with their flocks far from the habitations of men and human speech. They are far enough removed, indeed, from the type of shepherds of Boucher and Watteau. Some of them are said to go insane through the monotony of their lives. It is an occupation only taken up as a last resort, and which unfits its pursuer for any other. Strangely enough, there is a rather English tone among the herders, and young prodigals of good family are found in it, who have come here after trying their fortunes in Australia and India, and they eat their husks of repentance in true Scriptural fashion.

The principal shops in Bakersfield, as throughout the greater part of the area of our travels, are kept by Jews. Chinatown is a district of compact little streets, of an extent that indicates for it a population almost equal to that of the rest of the place. An irrigating ditch surrounds it like a moat. The cabins along this, and picturesquely reflected in it, are gray and weather-beaten, variegated with patches



A TYPICAL RANCH-HOUSE.

of bright-colored Orientalism, and overshadowed by a line of tall poplar-trees. Spanishtown, close by, is a cluster of small dance-houses and corrals, in which a swarthy José and Juanita or two are seen lounging about.

As if this were not foreignness enough, we stumble upon a camp of strolling gypsies, who have pitched their tents on the borders of Spanishtown, resting briefly from their travels. They are English, and have come last from Australia, dropping their "h's" all along the way no doubt. The figures are like types in Cruikshank's illustrations to Dickens. There is an apple-faced, Mrs.-Jarley-looking woman in a large bonnet with plumes. There is a very tightly dressed, slender individual with a weed on his hat, who might pass for Sam Weller, but proves to be a horse-tamer and jockey. At his heels follows a belligerent-looking bull-dog. Behind a tent a child of nine, one Cassie by name it appears, who has fine large dark eyes, is making her toilet before a bit of cracked mirror. She is pasting down her wetted hair into a semblance of the "water waves" of fashionable society. When interrupted with a compliment upon the arrangement, she tosses her black locks all abroad again, but it is with a native coquetry and not displeasure. The Mrs.-Jarley-looking woman tells fortunes. She declares with a professional blarney that there are persons whose fortunes she would not tell for twenty—no, not for fifty—dollars; but ours, on account of a fancy she has taken to us, she will tell for two.

The possessions of some of the great land-owners of this section are prodigious. It is a favorite story that certain men are able to drive a herd of cattle from the northern counties of the State to San Diego at its extreme southern limit, and quarter the animals every night upon their own territory. Haggin, Carr, and Tevis, whose property I was privileged to examine considerably in detail, have some four hundred thousand acres. Much of this was secured for a mere trifle while in the condition of waste land, and after-



A RODEO.

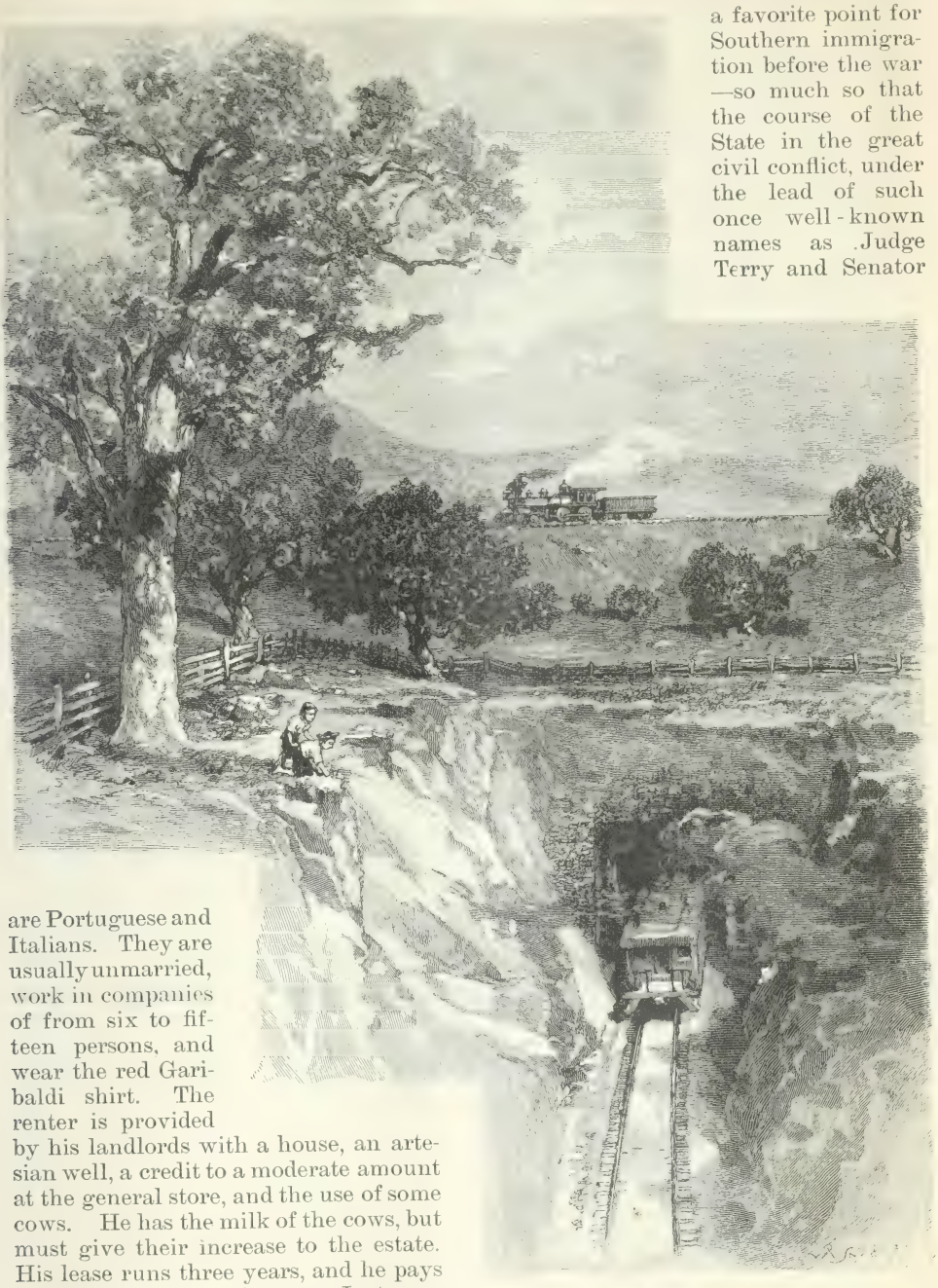
ward redeemed. A neighbor who had acquired a great estate of a similar kind, mainly while holding the post of surveyor-general of the United States, drew forth one of the best *bonmots* of President Lincoln. "Let me congratulate you," said Lincoln, as this gentleman was retiring from office under his administration. "You have become monarch of about all you have surveyed."

The owners do not often live upon their estates, but leave them in the hands of managers, and draw the revenues. The Haggin, Carr, and Tevis property is divided into a number of separate ranches, each with its resident superintendent. The Bellevue Ranch, so called, is the centre and focus of authority for the whole. Here is the residence and office of the general manager, and here are assembled a force of book-keepers, engineers, and mechanics, who keep the accounts, map, plan, supervise, construct, and repair, and give to the whole the clock-work regularity of a great commercial enterprise. The numerous buildings constitute a considerable settlement. There is a "store" of general merchandise and supplies. A dormitory and a dining-hall have been erected for the laboring hands. A tower-like water-tank, surmounted by a windmill, and accommodating a milk-room below, rises at one side. There are shops for the mechanics, capacious barns, and long sheds filled with an interminable array of agricultural implements. It is worth while to take a walk past this collection of reapers, threshers, sulky ploughs, and rakes, and study out their uses. The immense "header and separator" rises from the rest like some awe-inspiring leviathan of the deep. A whole department is devoted to the "road scrapers," "buck scrapers," and ploughs of various sorts used in the construction and dredging out of the irrigating ditches. The soil is fortunately free from stones, and the work is for the most part quite easy. One enormous plough is seen which was designed to be drawn by sixty yoke of oxen, and to cut at once a furrow five feet wide by four deep. Like the famous steamship *Great Eastern*, it has defeated itself by pure bulk, and is not now in use.

More than $500,000 has been expended on the great estate in the item of fencing alone. An average of four hundred laborers is employed, and in the harvest season seven hundred. The rate of wages is quoted at from two and a half to three dollars per day to mechanics, and one dollar per day to common hands. This seems low as compared with information from other sources, and that which appears in the chronic complaints of the scarcity of farm labor in the California papers.

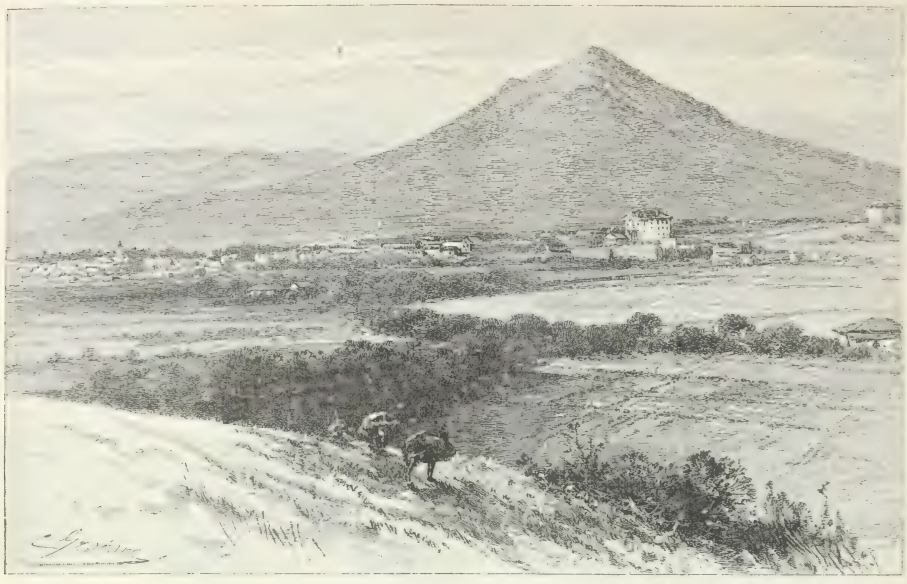
No great portion of this domain appears to be now in the market at the disposal of settlers of small means, though the intention is avowed of offering some of it in this way when all shall have been thoroughly reclaimed. Numerous tracts, however,

are occupied on very favorable terms by renters, as they are called. They take from 120 to 600 acres. Very many of them are Portuguese and Italians. They are usually unmarried, work in companies of from six to fifteen persons, and wear the red Garibaldi shirt. The renter is provided by his landlords with a house, an artesian well, a credit to a moderate amount at the general store, and the use of some cows. He has the milk of the cows, but must give their increase to the estate. His lease runs three years, and he pays as rent one-third of his crop. Instances of large profits are frequent among these persons, and no doubt the same opportunities are open to others who may wish to follow their example.



THE TEHACHAPI PASS.

The division superintendents and upper employés on the place are found to be largely Southern. California, it will be remembered, was a favorite point for Southern immigration before the war —so much so that the course of the State in the great civil conflict, under the lead of such once well-known names as Judge Terry and Senator Gwin, was at one time considered problematic. These, however, are hardly of



SAN LUIS OBISPO.

that time. They are gentlemen who have come here to repair their fortunes at a later period. They have titles from the land and naval service of the extinct Confederacy, and they speak in the gentle voices and conduct themselves with the friendly courtesy characteristic of the best Southern type.

The typical ranch-house of the best class, such as that of our friend Major McClung, with whom we pass a night on his section of the subdivided property, is a long two-story dwelling, painted of the Indian-red tone which seems so popular throughout the country. It is raised on posts considerably above the ground, to allow a free circulation of air underneath. There is left an open space through the centre for the same purpose. An irrigating ditch resembling a moat passes in front, and is crossed by a little rustic bridge. Traces of alkali yet show white in the soil of the orchard and garden, but this does not prevent a plentiful growth of oleanders, roses, pear, peach, cherry, almond, and apricot trees. The young orange-trees are now put up in their mufflings of straw for the winter. The weather is very hot at noonday, but so cool at morning and evening that wood fires are burned. The chill in the air is of a kind that penetrates to the marrow, being felt the more by contrast with the heat of the rest of the day, and fire is imperatively necessary. The servants in the house are clean, white-aproned Chinamen, those out-of-doors Mexicans. One of these latter had trained a tame goose—Dick—which followed him about as a pet dog might have done, strutting with a ridiculous air of pride and content in his servitude.

Cattle-raising is the leading industry on the estate. Alfalfa, for carrying the stock over periods of scarcity in pasture, is the leading crop. Stacks of alfalfa of great size, one containing as much as seven hundred tons, are scattered about. It is of the ordinary color of hay externally, but when cut into, though completely dry, is found green. A successful experiment has been made in the raising of cotton. We see the hands in the fields going among the white pods for a second picking. It is out of the season, but a *rodeo* is organized for our benefit, that we may see the method of handling the roving cattle on a large scale. A number of vaqueros ride out in various directions till they are lost to sight. Presently there are traces of dust on the several horizons. The plain, on which but a few cows were peacefully feeding, begins to fill up with stamping and lowing herds, driven in by the careering vaqueros, and urged toward a central rendezvous. When they are gathered in sufficient numbers, feats of lassoing, either by the horns or leg,

separating out special animals or classes of animals, and the like, are undertaken, and carried through with marvellous dexterity. As a culmination, we are treated to the sight of hats and ropes picked up from the ground while the rider goes at full speed. A silver half-dollar, placed on edge, is finally seized by a swarthy Aztec from the dust of the road, under the same conditions. The herders are usually Mexicans, that is to say, of the original population of the State before its conquest by the Americans. They are equipped in the Mexican style, with the greater part of the finery, however, left out. Their bosses, who often even excel them in horsemanship, are generally pure Americans.

The ranch known as the Livermore borders Kern and Buena Vista lakes, and is the southernmost in the series. The herds are gathered here in early spring, and driven hence to the ranch of San Emidio, in the mountains to the westward. They pick up their subsistence at San Emidio till the middle of September, when they are conducted back again. This transmigration from plain to mountain pasture recalls the movements in Norwegian peasant life described in Boyesen's charming pastoral romance of *Gunnar*.

When at the Livermore Ranch we had come to the apex of the San Joaquin Valley. Here the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range effect a junction, and become henceforth one. They form a natural barrier to further progress. The railroad crosses this barrier by a wonderful piece of engineering over the Tehachapi (pronounced Te-*hatch*-a-pi) Pass. At the most unique place five different lengths of track are seen passing and repassing each other at as many different levels. In the famous Loop the road enters a tunnel, and then emerging and twisting spirally around the mountain, re-appears directly above itself.

At San Emidio we are on the line of San Luis Obispo County, and might make our way to its pretty mountain-encompassed capital. This is more easily reached, however, as is the attractive point of Santa Barbara, in the county below, by steamer, or the stage-road along the coast.

Returning to Bakersfield, we ride west to the wild cañon of the Kern River, and toward the mining towns of Kernville and Havilah. The mining industry has never taken the same development south of the San Joaquin River as to the north of it. It is probable both that there is less ore and that the ventures have been managed with less skill. At Kernville is found a quartz mill provided with a hundred stamps, which after many vicissitudes has fallen into the hands of its former workmen for debt, and is now run by them on the co-operative principle.



IN THE KERN RIVER CAÑON.

The rolling country over which the Kern River cañon is approached is, if possible, more desolate than the plain below. There seems almost a necessary connection between hills and trees, so that when

foliage is missing from hills, the lack of it is doubly notable. The utterly baked, verdureless, brown and yellow surface, with a texture like that of gravel, extends over all the inequalities of the ground, up hill and down dale, to the savage, splintered granite rocks of the river gorge.

We fall in with an isolated sheep ranchman, one Captain Jack Barker, an enterprising person, who has already created a garden spot in the waste, and shown what it is capable of. He is engaged upon a great project, that of conveying water, by means of a flume and ditches, from the high level of the river at the cañon's mouth, several miles above his place, and thus bringing some thousands of acres of land under cultivation. In the brief spring-time all this bare ground is hidden from sight by wild flowers, notably a certain small orange-scarlet poppy, which makes it a delight to the eye.

The Kern River comes tumbling in alternate falls and rapids down the bottom of its gorge for four miles in length, between granite walls of an average height of six hundred feet. Its waters are here of a translucent green in some deep untroubled pools, and again churned into floods as white as milk among its black bowlders. The cañon is dark, gloomy, and all but impassable. It acts like a funnel, and produces a violent commotion in the atmosphere. While all around is still, a column of air is driven out of it, which, striking the table-land like a cannon-ball a quarter of a mile away, raises a chronic dust-cloud. Driving across the front of the pass in a wagon at this place, the wind assails us furiously, and all the while we are passing seems likely to upset the vehicle. Upon this experience we go back to Captain Jack Barker, and dine upon ribs of his Angora goats. Then we return again to Bakersfield, take the railway, and cross the picturesque Tehachapi Pass.

HER TOUR.

Yes, we've been travelling, my dear,
Three months, or such a matter,
And 'tis a blessing to get clear
Of all the clash and clatter.
Ah! when I look the guide book through,
And see each queer place in there,
'Tis hard to make it seem quite true
That I myself have been there.

Our voyage? Oh, of course 'twas gay—
Delightful! splendid! glorious!
We spurned the shore—we sped away—
We rode the waves victorious.
The first mate's mustache was so grand!
The ocean sweet, though stormy
(I was so sick I could not stand,
But husband saw it for me).

At Queenstown we saw land once more—
Ground never looked so pretty!
We took a steam-car near the shore
For some light-sounding city.
A very ordinary stone
We had to kiss at Blarney;
The beggars wouldn't let us alone
That half-day at Killarney.

The Giants' Causeway? 'Tis arranged
With no regard to science;
It must somehow of late have changed—
At least we saw no giants.
Some little funny scrubs of folks
Sold pictures, and were merry;
The men were full of yarns and jokes,
The women barefoot, very.

Old Scotland? Yes, all in our power
We did there, to be thorough:
We stopped in Glasgow one whole hour,
Then straight to "Edin*borough*."

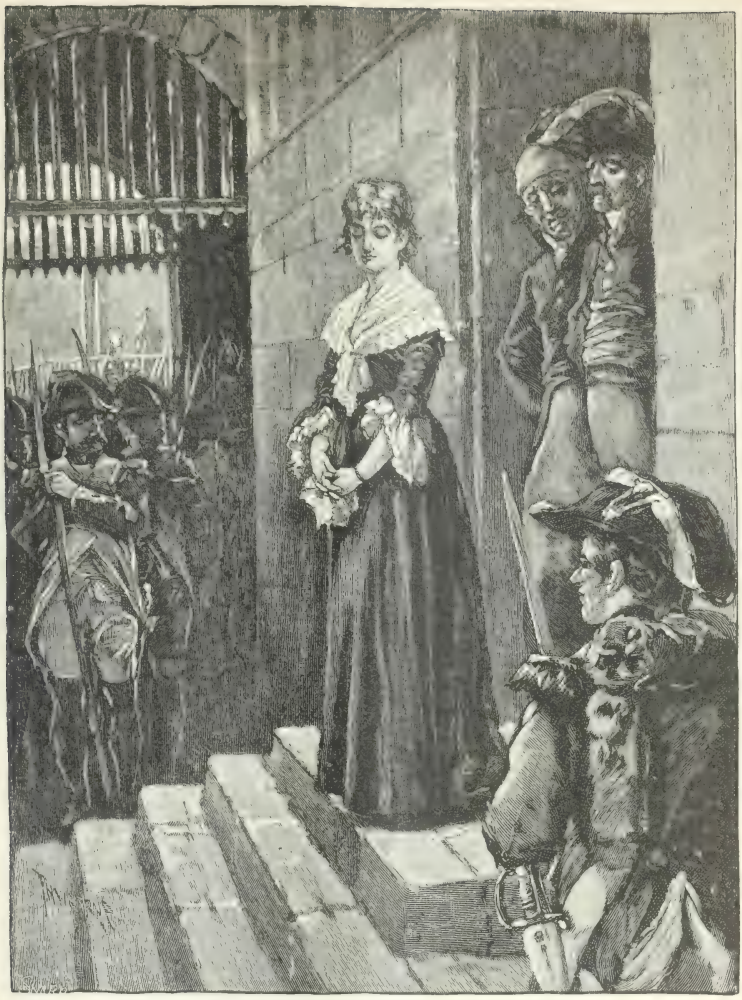
At Abbotsford we made a stay
Of half an hour precisely
(The ruins all along the way
Were ruined very nicely).

We did two mountains in the rain,
And left the others undone,
Then took the "Flying Scotchman" train,
And came by night to London.
Long tunnels, somewhere on the line,
Made sound and darkness deeper.
No; English scenery is not fine,
Viewed from a Pullman sleeper.

Oh, Paris! Paris! Paris! 'tis
No wonder, dear, that you go
So far into the ecstasies
About that Victor Hugo!
He paints the city, high and low,
With faithful pen, and ready
(I think, my dear, I ought to know—
We drove there two hours steady).

Through Switzerland by train. Yes, I
Enjoyed it, in a measure;
But still the mountains are too high
To see with any pleasure.
Their tops—they made my neck quite stiff,
Just stretching up to view them;
And folks are very foolish if
They clamber clear up to them!

Rome, Venice, Naples, and the Rhine?
We did them—do not doubt it;
This guide-book here is very fine—
'Twill tell you all about it.
We've saved up Asia till next year,
If business gets unravelled.
What! going? Come again; and, dear,
I will not seem so travelled.



THE BRIDE'S TOILETTE.

(*The Conciergerie*, 1793.)

"DAME! how the moments go,
And the bride is not ready!
Call all her tiring-maids—
Paul, Jean, and Thédie.
Is this your robe, my dear?
Faith, but she's steady!
The bridegroom is blessed who gets
Such a brave lady.

"Pardi! that throat is fair;
How he will kiss it!
Here is your kerchief, girl;
Did you not miss it?
Quick! don these little shoes,
White as your foot is.
Ho, Jean, Saint Guillotine
Loves these fine beauties!

"Now these long locks must go—
Monsieur is waiting;
Short is the hour he gives
To wooing and mating.
Thédie, you fool, the shears!—
Time this was ended."
Down falls the golden hair,
Once lovingly tended.

So from her prison doors
Forth went the lady;
Silent the Bridegroom stood,
Not a sound made he.
Oh, but he clasped her close!—
'Twas a brave lover.
"Dance, dance La Carmagnole!
The bridal is over!"



THE DESERTED GARDEN.

AUTUMN SKETCHES.

TO those who linger by the sea until the leaves fall is vouchsafed a richer largesse of light and color than is dreamed of by the mere summer sojourner. Even on the bold rocks of our somewhat stern Cape Ann does the autumn glow often hold a mild and tender beauty. The swallows have long since gathered in winged clouds, and after holding full concourse, vanished into the southern sky; but the great gulls have come back from Labrador, and circle about the little rocky islands lying in the deep blue water. The flowers have gone from the garden, excepting the brave chrysanthemums that defy the frosty nights, and melancholy heaps of dirt record their loss.

"From the thicket of thorn whence the nightingale calls not,
Did he call, there were never a rose to reply."

But in the woods, under the pines, is woven a rich green carpet of partridge-vine;

in the fields still cling the bright clusters of wild-rose berries; and wandering on the rocks we may find a belated golden-rod shining like a jewel in the gray cleft.

These rocks were never so red and black and soft gray before; the sea besieges us with intensest blue; and the atmosphere is all pure gold. We take a book and shawl, and choosing a sunny, sheltered place, we think to read. There is a bloom spread over the horizon which summer does not give, that seems like the meeting of the sunrise and the glow of the early twilight; it lies like a benediction over sea and land. The gulls hover and dip and rest on the water, and the distant sails keep their own secret. The sea sings, and the heavens answer, and other men's thoughts are as nothing. We gradually melt into it all, and the hours go by unheeded.

But it is not all dreaming, for much work must be superintended. The storm-winds of winter will visit the place all too roughly, and the roots of the hardy plants must be well protected, and the vines wrapped from the cold. The geraniums must be hung by their toes to the cellar ceiling, and other loved blossomers huddled into unsightly boxes with scant elbow-room.

And then the drives. The roads are all our own again, as in early spring, and we are besprinkled with no dust of foreign equipages, but only meet the honest country wagons, full of the village families that never seemed to drive in summer. We do not even see any longer our two dear friends, whose neighborhood has been one of the best circumstances of our summer, and whom it always does one good to encounter. This question of neighborhood is a more subtle one than some people think. Some adjuncts of summer life might deter one from choosing a dwelling-place, however delightful in itself. Freedom would seem to be the only perfect counterpart of the sea, the fields and woods, and yet that freedom should not degenerate into a solitary and selfish type. So there must be a sweet and occasional companionship, varied with uninterrupted hours consecrated to nature and to work.

There are many kinds of neighbors. There is the variety which we might call the casual neighbor: it has nothing special to do, and so is always dropping in to see what you are doing; it does not stay long enough to be consecutive or interesting, and comes much too often to be welcome; it breaks the thread of the letter you are writing, and scatters the seed of the flower you are planting. Then there is the unavoidable kind: it is continually coming with invitations to dine, or to tea, or to drive; it is angry if you do not accept them, and deeply hurt if you do not very shortly return them. Then there is also the inevitable or relentless, whose coming is like Fate, foretold by note or message. This variety usually lives at some distance, and so comes early in the day, puts up its horses, takes off its hat, and settles down with a bit of work, lest its thrifty fingers might be idle. For this there is no remedy. You may flee from the others sometimes to the fastnesses of the rocky caves, whence no seeking servant can hunt you forth; but here there is nothing to do but give up your walk or drive, let your paint dry upon the palette, knowing that just that study of color would have been the best of your life, and sit smiling, and be as pleasant as possible.

A real Utopia would be where the neighbors were neither too near nor too distant; their rules of life should be broad and charitable; their hours should be too precious to waste in futile going and coming; and their hospitality and comradeship should be unvarying and true. I have known some whose coming was a festival, and their going was a grief.

But we have wandered far from our drive. The air is fresh and free, the horses feel the exhilaration of it as we do, and we can start betimes and go far through wooded roads, with the yellow leaves whirling about us like so many August butterflies, and coming through a wonderful bowlder-land, we emerge where the lonely marshes of Essex stretch out to Ipswich sands. Then home through sweet Essex woods, where in the spring we picked the dainty polygala and wild violets. Sometimes we alight and wander into little by-paths where wheels can not go; the sun glints at us with warm smiles through the clearings, and we find belated branches of scarlet and yellow and bronze, which seem far more precious than the plenty that was offered to us earlier in the autumn. Another day we take our lunch with us, and eat it sitting on the wild sand-dunes of Coffin's Beach, where the tall gray grass blows in billows like the sea.

We all know how the sense of but a short abiding enhances the joy of these

last days; how we hold the hours with a miser's grasp, and how they slip, swift and golden, from our unwilling fingers. I think we can speak our best thoughts out under that broad and quiet sky, and the answering note of sympathy is never so surely struck as then. But the milestones of our life stand along these autumn ways, and we count the seasons sadly. The shadow on the dial points always to afternoon in this mellow glow, and we know that the morning has gone.

And at night. The still, cold, bright moon is more solemn than any midsummer shining. It mars no frivolous talk of summer idlers, it sees no summer lovers sitting close; but it clings to the great silent cliffs and makes them white, and their shadows full of mystery; it stoops to the sea lying beneath it dark and lonely, and leads it on a silver path to another continent. You can not make friends with it, and sit in the light of it. It tells already of winter, of dreary, snow-bound fields, and wind-tossed pine woods. It is Io wandering far off, and incommunicable in the star-lit sky, until she shall find the fountains of the sun.

Then there comes a night of wild winds and gusts of driven rain, and the chimneys howl and groan, full of storm-demons, and through it all the steady roar of many waters, and a day as much like it as a day can be. Our wood fires are burning brightly all over the house, and we are reading and writing and painting as if there could never be any more out-door life, except we take a hurried walk round the long piazzas, wrapped in water-proofs, and avoiding the worst corners. The sea and the sky and the rain are all the same color, and it seems a massed-up heap of gray, with the occasional white gleam of a wave as it breaks on an outlying reef. The sullen loud voice of the heavy water thunders on the rocks under the cliffs, where we can see nothing. A calmer night, when one can sleep, and then what happens? The clouds are all breaking up and away, but the wind still blows from the sea, and the waves are high and white all along the shore, and on the islands the spray is flying high into the splendid sunshine. We can not drive that day, except to see how the surf is rolling in upon the neighboring beach, but stay enchanted and inthralled by the grand ocean so near our own door. We climb down the cliff to a safe coign of vantage, where the torn bits of foam come almost in our faces, and see the whole Atlantic rushing upon the relentless rocks.

After this, when we get into the woods again, there are no more leaves to fall; but the ground is covered with tarnished and sodden gold, and the pines and hemlocks stand solemn, waiting for the snow. We hear only the querulous complaining of the blue jay, and see the little striped squirrel gathering in his latest provision. The days go south with the sun very, very early, and we know that we too must turn our steps away from the sea and the woods, and our thoughts to winter work and a more social life. But we are sad and silent as we make all preparation, and can only say, "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"





The Night-piece to Julia

Her eyes the glowe-worm lend thee
The shooting starres attend thee
And the Elves also
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparkes of fire befriend thee

No Will o' th' Wisp mis-light thee
Nor Snake or Slowe-worm bite thee
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay
Since Ghost there's none to affright thee

Let not the darke thee cumber
What though the Moon doth slumber
The starres of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers cleare without number

Then Julia let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto thee
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My love I'le powre into thee



THE ELEVATOR IN THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE ON MOUNT SINAI.

THE VERTICAL RAILWAY.

THE fascination of applied science is nowhere more directly felt than in our modern methods of transit from place to place. The bicycle, with its premonitory tinkle and tiny signal lantern, the sumptuous steam-ship, the palace-car, the passenger elevator—which of all these is the most interesting vehicle of locomotion it were hard to say. But certainly, in respect of smooth and noiseless movement and general comfort, the elevator (or "vertical railway," as its inventor called it) leads all the rest. It is only some ten or twelve years since the vertical railway began to come into general use in the large cities of this country and of Europe. A score of years ago in the United States buildings were rarely carried up more than four or five stories, and the necessity for freight and passenger elevators was not very great. To-day the great height to which buildings are carried makes the necessity for some kind of rapid and easy vertical transit almost imperative. Cars and platforms hoisted by steel ropes and steam machinery have hitherto supplied this want, and in spite of the popular delusion that a high percentage of risk attends their use, and in spite of the lingering belief of hardy stair-climbers that they are an effeminate and unnecessary innovation, the manufacture and sale of them proceed in a continually increasing ratio.

The story of the invention of the passenger elevator has never up to this time been told, and the present paper is therefore a new chapter in the history of inventions.

Hoisting machines operated by ropes and pulleys are at least as old as Archimedes, the father of the science of mechanics (236 B.C.). Vitruvius gives a description of one of the machines of Archimedes, in which the hoisting ropes were coiled upon a winding drum by a capstan and levers. He describes another similar machine curiously made to rotate by men walking inside the capstan. A good example of a primitive passenger elevator is that at the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. It is a capstan-worked hoist, used to lift passengers and stores to the second floor—a mode of procedure made necessary by the depredations and outrages of robbers.

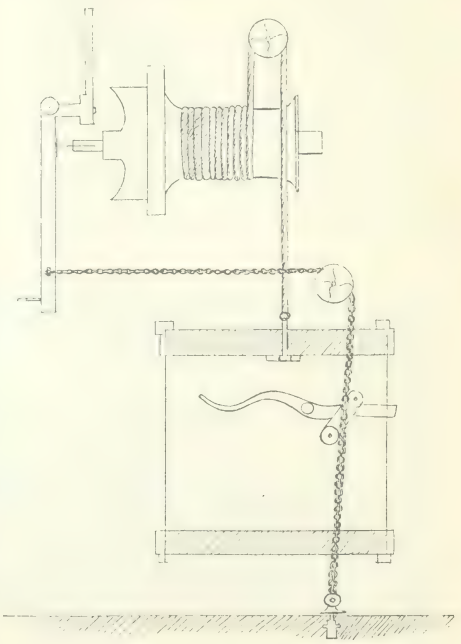


OTIS TUFTS.

Steam hoists of one kind or another for the lifting of freight have been in use for perhaps a century. In America the first man to manufacture platform freight elevators seems to have been Henry Waterman, of New York city. As early as 1850 one of his machines was in use by Hecker, of New York. The Tathams had them in 1853, and at about the same time either Waterman's machines or some very like them were in use in the establishment of Harper and Brothers. A cut of Waterman's machine, made from a rough sketch, is here presented.* The elevator was operated by means of a lever within the car (or rather within the frame-work of the platform: the first *closed car* was designed by Otis Tufts, of Boston). The lever took the place of the modern hand rope (or shipper rope), and served to throw the driving machinery into or out of gear. Waterman's shop was in Duane Street, near Centre. About the same time that he was making elevators in New York, George H. Fox and Co., of Boston, were also building them and sending them to various parts of the country. The worm gear was used by this latter firm in 1850; wire ropes in 1852, as well as the rack on the guide beams.

In 1857 the firm of William Adams and Co., Boston, put sixteen freight elevators into the then just built granite warehouse called the State Street Block. These elevators were at first worked by hempen ropes, and the shafting that conveyed the power extended continuously through all the stores of the block. Other early inventors and patentees of portions of elevator machinery were Mr. E. G. Otis, of Yonkers, New York, and Mr. Cyrus W. Baldwin, of Brooklyn, New York. The experiments and inventions of the latter gentleman have brought hydraulic elevators to a state of great perfection.

Accidents were continually happening to the early elevators, owing to the breaking of ropes. It was an accident to an elevator of his own make that led Mr. Albert Betteley (of the firm of William Adams and Co., Boston) to the invention of the air-cushion safety-device, considered by many as the best of such devices. The accident alluded to happened at the store of Emmons, Danforth, and Scudder, in the State Street Block. The



WATERMAN'S ELEVATOR.

* The original sketch is in the possession of Mr. Charles Whittier, president of the Whittier Machine Company, of Boston, and thanks are due him for permission to reproduce it here.



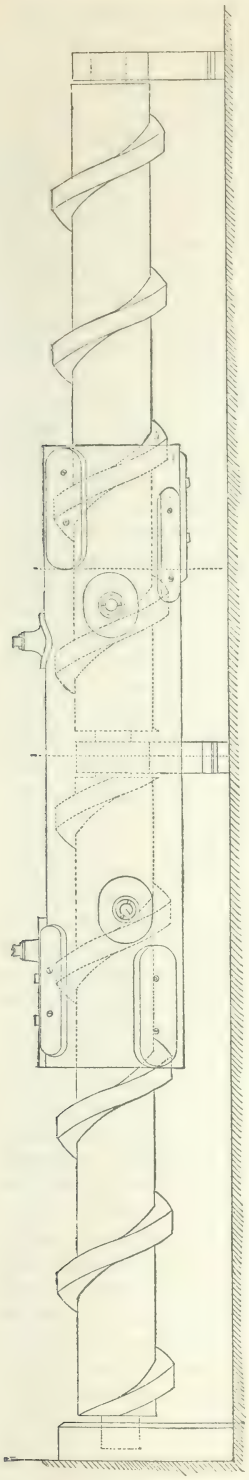
NEW YORK BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF VERTICAL RAILWAYS.

elevator platform, loaded with seven boxes of sugar, had fallen from a great height into the cellar beneath the hoistway, and the pulleys and gearing at the top had been flung clear over on to the neighboring stores. Mr. Betteley was summoned to the scene. He of course expected to find a complete wreck in the cellar; but what was his surprise to find the boxes of sugar scarcely injured! He set his wits to work, and soon reached the conclusion that, as the cellar was nearly air-tight, the rapidity of the descent of the platform had compressed the air so as to form an *air-cushion*, which had broken the violence of the fall. After experimenting with a model, and satisfying himself of the truth of his surmise, Mr. Betteley took out a patent for an air-cushion. Otis Tufts used to jocularly call this "patenting a hole in the ground," in allusion to the air reservoir formed beneath the elevator. The object of the invention was to gradually check the momentum of a falling car by making the hoistway nearly air-tight, excavating an air reservoir at the bottom, and, if desired, building the bottom of the car in a parachute form. This air-cushion device is now universally used in connection with dumb-waiters, and also somewhat extensively in connection with passenger elevators. It will be alluded to again when we come to speak of elevator perils.

To return to the elevator proper. The name of Otis Tufts has just been incidentally mentioned. It is to the brilliant genius and energy of this Boston inventor (now deceased) that the credit is due of inventing and constructing the first passenger elevator in the world driven by steam-power. His "Vertical Screw Railway" was patented by him August 9, 1859, and the first one constructed was put up in the same year in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. The hotel was then in process of construction (William Washburn, architect; Paran Stevens, Hiram Hitchcock, and others, lessees). An exactly similar screw elevator was soon after put into the Continental Hotel in



NEW YORK, 1882.



THE VERTICAL SCREW RAILWAY.

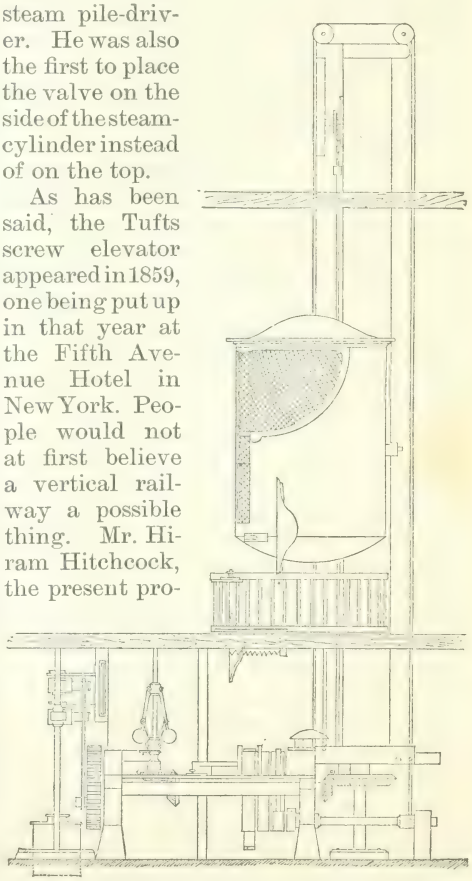
Philadelphia — a hotel also leased by Paran Stevens. These two machines were the only screw elevators for passengers ever constructed.

Before describing one of these curious structures, a few facts concerning the inventor will not be out of place.

Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1804, Otis Tufts graduated at the school of adversity in his twenty-first year, at which time he obtained employment at a machine-shop in Lowell, and entered upon his career as inventor and machinist. His first work in Lowell consisted in finishing iron on the grindstone at seventy-five cents a day. This was before the era of iron-planing machines. He came to Boston about 1836, and lived in its neighborhood for the remainder of his life. In 1837 he perfected the first steam-power printing-press in America, although the London *Times* had used such a press since 1814. He was the first to place an entire steam-engine on a solid iron frame. This was done in the brass foundry of Henry N. Hooper and Co., on Causeway Street, Boston, in 1839. He was the first to take off power by a belt from the periphery of the fly-wheel, instead of from a wooden pulley by the side of the fly-wheel. In 1845 he turned his attention to the construction of iron steam-ships. He invented the double iron steam-ship, *i. e.*, a ship with two entirely separate skins, trussed and braced throughout. The *Great Eastern* was constructed by Brunel the younger upon plans identical with the patented plans exhibited by Mr. Tufts both in England and in this country. It seemed a clear case of pirating. Mr. L. A. Bigelow, a son-in-law of Mr. Tufts, went over to England, boarded the *Great Eastern*, and served an attachment upon her. Brunel became frightened, but escaped prosecution by putting in a demurrer, and demanding a guarantee sum of £10,000 for costs of court—a sum which the plaintiffs were unable to furnish.

Another invention of Mr. Otis Tufts was the first steam pile-driver. He was also the first to place the valve on the side of the steam-cylinder instead of on the top.

As has been said, the Tufts screw elevator appeared in 1859, one being put up in that year at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. People would not at first believe a vertical railway a possible thing. Mr. Hiram Hitchcock, the present pro-



THE FIRST PASSENGER ELEVATOR.

prietor of the hotel, says, in a private letter to the writer, that "hundreds, even thousands, of persons visited the elevator daily. Men of note such as the Prince of Wales, the Prince de Joinville, and others, as well as eminent foreign engineers and scientific persons, were greatly interested in it." The object of the inventor was to produce a machine which should be perfectly safe, and he succeeded in doing so. The screw consisted of a great solid iron shaft twenty inches in diameter, and cast in sections. It extended to the top of the building, and was not inclosed in any hoistway. A huge iron nut with screws encircled the shaft. Within the nut were rollers running upon the upper side of the thread of the shaft screw. In the language of the inventor, "The rollers were virtually carriage-wheels travelling upon a rail wound spirally along a cylinder." Upon the nut rested the car. The nut did not turn round, being prevented from doing so by a spur attached to it, and moving vertically with it along one of the guide rails. When the shaft was rotated the rollers inside the nut wound upward around the great spiral thread of the shaft, and thus by a continuous movement elevated the nut, and the car with it. A slot in the nut enabled it to pass by the stays that held the shaft to the wall. The car was square and closed. The governing rope passed through the car. There was an automatic stop, a friction brake, automatically closing doors, a fluid retarder, and a second set of rollers travelling directly upon the body of the cylindrical shaft in order to steady the movement of the nut. The fluid retarder requires a word of explanation. The descent of the car was effected by its own gravity, but the descent was subject to continual acceleration. To correct this the fluid retarder (also called pitcher-pump) was invented. It was made on the principle of water escaping from an aperture. When the car reached the top of the building, the gearing which automatically reversed the movement also set in operation the fluid retarders. The elevator was perfectly safe, since the car could not get off the screw. But it was very expensive (costing $25,000), and was, moreover, rather slow and clumsy. Letters patent of this invention, with specifications and drawings, were filed by Mr. Tufts in the Great Seal Patent-office, in London, on the 19th of March, 1860, through the patent agent Richard A. Brooman, 166 Fleet Street. But no more than two screw elevators for passengers were ever constructed, at least in America. In 1875, the Fifth Avenue screw elevator gave place to a modern and more roomy rope elevator, to the regret of many who had for thirteen years admired its massive proportions, its stately movement, and its perfect safety. When removed, it was still in excellent condition. Mr. Darling, one of the present proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has invented a rotary retarder, which is used with their rope elevator, and works admirably.

We now come to the passenger rope elevator. The screw elevator was evidently not the thing. On May 28, 1861, Mr. Tufts patented an improvement on the old rope elevator which, combined with various previous elevator patents of his, formed the passenger elevator substantially as it now exists. His great and radical improvement consisted in providing *a number of ropes, each of which would sustain five times the weight of the car*, the strain on these ropes being equally distributed by a system of levers. Previously there had been but one rope, which was continually breaking. To-day there is hardly a passenger elevator in the world without two or more ropes "yoked" to the car. The first one constructed for Mr. Tufts, and placed in the American House, in Hanover Street, Boston, in 1868, has its car suspended by six steel ropes, each tested to a ten-ton strain. The elevator with its engine was constructed by Moore and Wyman in the most solid style, and has run for fourteen years without an accident. A brass plate in the car has upon it the words "Vertical Railway," as well as the dates of Mr. Tufts's various patents. At the end of the first seven years of the running of this elevator a new steel rope was substituted for one of the old ones, but the old one was found to be uninjured.

The intervention of the civil war put a complete stop to the introduction of the new invention, and it was not until about 1870 that rope elevators began to come into general use. A good many of the old patents have been allowed to expire, *i. e.*, they have now become common property. Europe is behindhand in the use of this invention. Many elevators are, however, in use there, and quite a number of American make are annually sent over to France, Germany, and England. The

Charing Cross Hotel and the Langham Hotel in London have direct-acting hydraulic elevators, *i. e.*, the car rests directly upon a piston working in a water-cylinder. This simple form of hydraulic elevator is much used in this country also. The machines are operated by water-pressure from a city main, or by tanks in the top of the building. A great many have recently been put into the houses of wealthy residents of the Back Bay region in Boston, as well as in Providence and New York city. The huge tower at the Paris Exposition in 1878 contained a single piston elevator, a tube being sunk (as usual) to a depth equal to the height to be traversed — in this case 283 feet. The triple wire cables were eight inches in diameter. The upward flight of the great wingless bird was performed in two minutes. A passenger hydraulic elevator costs about $2500, and one for freight about $1600. A steam elevator costs (engine, hoistway, and all) between $5000 and $7000.

Passenger elevators travel at a speed of from 100 to 250 feet a minute. The total distance travelled in a year is often as much as 3000 miles. Cars lighted by gas have attached to them long rubber gas tubes which rise and fall with the car. A wire suspended in the same manner carries the electric current to the annunciator in the car. Some elevators have indexes which show one waiting to ride just where the car is at any given moment. There are also registers to show the number of trips made. Many elevator engines are constructed on the principle of the worm and worm gear. The winding-drums are scored to prevent friction of the ropes against each other. If the motive power is supplied by a stationary engine, the governing rope in the hands of the operator shifts the belt from one pulley to another to reverse the movement of the car; in case the motive power is supplied by a reversible steam-engine, the governing rope is attached directly to the valve of the steam-chest. The counter-balance weights attached to cars save expenditure of power on the part of the engine.

There have been some curious experiments in the way of elevators. One of the most curious was that tried in the present New York Post-office Building. Reference is had to the twelve huge telescopic hydraulic machines in use for a few years—eight of them to handle the mails, and four for passengers. They were much like a sliding spy-glass, with the car on the small end. The three polished wrought-iron slides worked through water-tight stuffed boxes. By means of a rope passing through the car, water was admitted through a valve to the lower end of the tubular structure—the car then rose. Descent was effected by permitting the water to escape. The irremediable defects of the machines were, first, that the pressure of water in such long tubes was continually bursting and deranging the stuffed boxes; and second, heavy loads could not be lifted to the top of the building, owing to diminished pressure in the small upper tube. These structures are now supplanted by the machines of Otis Brothers, of New York city.

It is an instinct of men to feel a peculiar horror about falling from a great height. Perhaps our anthropoid ancestors were troubled by falling from trees; hence our nightmare dreams of falling over precipices and the like, inherited from early times. As to elevator accidents, it is stated by the best authority that only one man in all New England was ever killed while in a closed passenger car. Everywhere accidents occur through people heedlessly falling down elevator wells, or by persons trying to climb on moving elevators, or by their putting their heads where they have no business to be. A negro was once sent upstairs to bring down an elevator; he found its door locked. In trying to climb through the transom into the car he took hold of the guide-rope; the car started; when people came upstairs, they found his head on the floor of the car, and his body in the hall outside. At the Mechanics' Fair in Boston in 1881, an elevator boy left his station to get a drink. When he returned he supposed the elevator to be where he had left it, and stepped backward into the well, and was killed. The only instance that has come under the notice of the writer of these lines of persons being killed while inside a falling car is the case of the accident to the direct-acting hydraulic elevator in the Grand Hôtel in Paris some three or four years ago. The machine had very heavy counter-balance weights to overcome a very heavy piston. But somehow the iron plate that attached the car to the piston broke; the car flew to the top of the building, breaking the counter-balance ropes, and then fell to the bottom, killing four persons. This is an exception.

Most accidents occur, as has been stated, through carelessness; yet many of them are due to unprotected hatchways, and other kinds of neglect to provide safety apparatus. The law obliges owners of elevators to protect their hoistways by hatches and railings on each floor. But too often there is laxity in these matters on the part of inspectors of buildings.

As a matter of fact, however, there is a remarkably small percentage of accidents connected with the vertical passenger railway—not one tithe of those occurring on horizontal steam railways. Most elevator accidents occur in connection with unsafe and flimsy freight elevators. In one year there were in Boston only sixteen accidents all told, and only 124 in all the New England States in the same time. The fact is that there are in use so many brakes, extra steel ropes, clutches, automatic stops, and air-cushions that it is next to impossible for a well-made elevator to fall.

Some years ago a Chicagoan (Colonel A. C. Ellithorpe) patented some improvements on Mr. Albert Betteley's air-cushion, such as an air-valve, rubber apron, etc. On the occasion of one of the first tests of the colonel's improved air-cushion, namely, at the Parker House in Boston, in the year 1880, a serio-comic fiasco occurred, which came unpleasantly near being serious alone. All things being in readiness for the experiment, eight persons walked into the car, among them the Boston agent of the air-cushion. The ropes were cut; the elevator fell with a thunderous rush and roar that were heard a block away; the pressure of the compressed air sent the glass of the doors flying into the halls; the dust raised obscured the sight; and the eight men were soon "laid out" in the office, one of them being also "laid up" for some two months, another having his neck cut, and all being considerably "shaken up," to say the least. The trouble was that the air reservoir at the bottom had not been excavated deeply enough, and no provision had been made for the partial escape of the air by means of valve or wire grating. These things were soon remedied, both at the Parker House and elsewhere. Many hundred air-cushion reservoirs have since been constructed beneath elevators, and many marvellous tests have been made, almost all others being as conspicuously successful as the Parker House experiment was conspicuously a failure. At the Chicago Exposition in 1880 the ropes of a car weighing 2800 pounds were cut, a number of visitors having first entered it. The car fell 109 feet; the passengers walked out smiling, and the crowd cheered with wild enthusiasm. In other experiments baskets of eggs taken into the car were unbroken, and persons held in their hands glasses of water, not a drop of which was spilled. When a car falls on such occasions as these that have been mentioned, it stops somewhat suddenly, although gently, when it reaches the air-cushion, and then settles slowly to the bottom of the well.

The vertical railway has made a great change in the appearance of New York. Twenty years ago the city, when seen from the water or from adjoining places, presented an outline that was comparatively flat and uninteresting. To-day it is very different. The towering masses of its great buildings and the variety of their architectural forms give to its contour a much greater interest, and impart to it a picturesqueness that no other American city enjoys. Passengers crossing from the Jersey side early enough to see the sun rise behind the city can not be insensible to the beauties of the scene. Exalted in the haze of the morning, towering in impressive outlines dimmed and softened by the vapors of the awakening city, New York puts on an aspect far more poetical and beautiful than one-half of her inhabitants could imagine.

Like results are found in the streets, in the great height of the buildings, and the modifications and novelties in the matter of architectural detail that have been effected. To the real-estate owner in New York the vertical railway has proved a priceless boon. The value of land in the crowded centres of different branches of commerce has been materially enhanced by it. In order to derive the highest available income from such property it has become incumbent on the land-owner to build as far up toward the sky as brick and mortar, stone and iron, would permit. Without the vertical railway this would have been impracticable, in a business point of view. As it is, the best offices are those that are highest up. They enjoy light, air, and ventilation, and they are reached without the least inconvenience by that revolutionary but now indispensable device, the vertical railway.

BY the famous bull of the infamous Pope Alexander VI. the whole of North America was given for evermore to Spain. But our forefathers in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth had little respect for popes, and still less respect for their bulls. England, though not esteemed in those days the equal in military strength of France or Spain, nevertheless occupied an impregnable position; and when such a monarch as Philip II., with the papal blessing on his enterprise, sent an Invincible Armada to her shores, with declared intent to enrich her polity with an Inquisition, and to enliven the monotony of her social life with periodical *autos-da-fe*, she possessed ample means of proving practically that the invincibleness of the royal armada was as much a matter of doubt as the infallibleness of the papal decree. Our doughty ancestors had a theory of their own about these things, and one of the ways in which they sought to carry their theory into practice was by hampering and forestalling the Pope and his lieutenant the Most Catholic King in the occupancy of the New World. Of course they had no idea of the immensity of the victory their proceedings were destined one day to achieve. But they were guided by a very sound instinct, and they builded better than they knew.

After the exploring voyages of the Cabots—which were not diligently followed up—the earliest expeditions of English mariners to the American coasts were undertaken in great part as measures of hostility to Spain. Here was an excellent poaching ground for them. Elizabeth's valiant sea-kings, with swift and sudden attack invading the harbors of the West Indies and the Spanish Main, carried off many a richly laden galleon. Sometimes they were even bolder than this. In 1587, Sir Francis Drake sailed with flying colors into the port of Cadiz itself, and burned, sank, or captured more than a hundred vessels designed for the service of the Invincible Armada of the following year. Such dangerous exploits used to be quaintly called "singeing the King of Spain's beard." But these great men—the fathers of the English navy, and as hardy mariners as ever existed—were not mere privateers. A spirit of scientific curiosity and enthusiastic dreams of commercial empire were joined with their adventurous courage. In 1576, Sir Martin Frobisher set sail for the Arctic Ocean in search of a northwestern passage to India. In a vessel of twenty-five tons burden—not much larger than the barge of a modern man-of-war—he penetrated as far as the entrance to Hudson Bay. In 1579, Sir Francis Drake, having singed the Most Catholic beard all along the coasts of Chili and Peru, struck across the equator, and sailed as far as the coast of Oregon, in the hope of finding a passage northeasterly into the Atlantic. Failing in this, he crossed the Pacific, after having named our western coast New Albion, and returned home in 1580 by way of the Cape of Good Hope. This was the second circumnavigation of the earth, sixty years after Magellan. In 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert conducted a small company to Newfoundland, and took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth. As they then proceeded southward toward the New England coast in search of a favorable place for a settlement, their principal vessel crushed its bows against a sunken rock, and nearly all hands were lost. The other two vessels, which in size were hardly superior to modern pleasure-yachts, set out to return to England; but on the way they were overtaken by a terrible storm, and Gilbert's tiny craft was swallowed up in the waves.

The enterprise in which Gilbert thus unfortunately perished was prosecuted on a much wider scale by his half-brother, the still more famous and still more unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh. Gilbert's colony was designed for little more than a station from which to worry the Spaniards. Raleigh's plan included the founding of a state, the development of agriculture, and the acquisition of immense revenues. He obtained from Elizabeth a grant of a vast territory, to be called Virginia, extending vaguely from the Hudson River to the confines of what is now Georgia. Though he did not visit his new domains in person, his vessels explored the coast below Chesapeake Bay, and made on Roanoke Island the first English settlement in America. Raleigh had learned the art of war in France under Coligny, and it was the terrible story of Ribaut and Menendez and Dominique de Gourgues that first turned his attention to this part of

the world. He thought that he might succeed where Ribaut had failed; and indeed he aroused such interest in England through his explorations and the descriptions of them by Hariot and Hakluyt, that it is hardly improper to regard him as the first founder of the colony of Virginia. Nevertheless, his immediate attempts at making a self-supporting settlement were so disastrous that, after five years of incessant labor, and having lost £40,000 in the enterprise, he made up his mind that such an undertaking was too great for the resources of a single individual, and in 1589 he assigned his rights and privileges to a joint-stock company of merchants and adventurers.

Raleigh's subsequent career shows of how little avail are the brightest talents and most faithful services to insure their possessor against ruin if he happen to have incurred the ill-will of a despotic and unscrupulous ruler. In 1595 Raleigh conducted a voyage of exploration to the Orinoco. In 1596 he was rear-admiral in the fleet which captured Cadiz, and it was chiefly to his sagacity and bravery that the victory—such a humiliating blow to Philip II.—was due. In 1597 he commanded the fleet which captured Fayal. Yet, in spite of all this, one of the first things James I. did on succeeding to the English crown was to arrest Raleigh for high treason, on the charge that he (of all men!) had been plotting with Spain. One of his friends, Lord Cobham, had, in fact, engaged in a conspiracy to dethrone James in favor of his cousin Arabella Stuart, and he had endeavored to obtain money from the Spanish king in aid of his undertaking. On the discovery of the plot, Raleigh was at once suspected, partly because of his acquaintance with Cobham, partly because his old rival the Earl of Essex had years before so poisoned James's mind against him that the king now gladly seized upon the first opportunity to get him into trouble. In seeking to clear himself, Raleigh made some statements which reflected upon Cobham; and when Cobham, who was a selfish and cowardly creature, heard the report of what Raleigh had said, he flew into a rage, and accused Raleigh of having been the prime instigator of the plot. This accusation Cobham soon afterward retracted, and, besides this, the utmost diligence of the crown lawyers could discover no evidence whatever against the great admiral.

But in reading the state trials of the Stuart period, one often has occasion to feel that the common-law maxim, that a man must be presumed innocent until he is proved to be guilty, was read backward, as witches read the Lord's Prayer when they wished to summon the devil. Too often the maxim practically in vogue was that the prisoner must be presumed to be guilty until proved to be innocent; with the further proviso that no amount of evidence could possibly be held to establish his innocence. The bench in England was then as corrupt as it was in New York under the rule of the "Tweed Ring." Judges, and jurymen too, were quick to detect the bent of the royal mind and act in accordance therewith. The scenes at Raleigh's trial were such as to disgrace the memory of the famous Attorney-General Coke, as well as of the time-serving judges who refused to confront Cobham with the prisoner, and without any further evidence, and in spite of the absurdity of the whole charge, condemned him to die the death of a traitor. But the wrath of the people was such that James did not venture to carry out the sentence. The grand old knight was kept shut up in the Tower for more than twelve years, and solaced himself by writing that delightful *History of the World* which has given him a foremost place among the worthies of English prose literature. In 1616, on the intercession of Buckingham, he was at length set free, and placed in command of an expedition to Guiana for the purpose of opening a gold mine. Raleigh had some misgivings about starting on a doubtful adventure without first obtaining a pardon in set form. But Lord Bacon is said to have assured him that the king, having under his broad seal made him admiral of a fleet, with power of martial law over sailors and officers, had substantially condoned all offenses, real or alleged. But in this case I doubt if the worldly-wise and selfish Bacon came much nearer than the sincere and generous Raleigh toward sounding the unfathomable perfidy of the Stuart character. James always cherished a perverse fondness for Spain, and now in particular he had taken it into his head that his son Charles ought to marry the daughter of Philip III. So the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, wormed out of him all the minutest details of the Guiana expedition, and sent the intelligence without delay to

Madrid. So when the English fleet reached the Orinoco, their exploring party was attacked by the Spaniards, and in the fight which ensued Raleigh's son Walter was slain. Though the English were victorious, the approaches to the mines were too strongly guarded to be carried by the force they had at command; and in such wise was this expedition defeated through the treachery of its own sovereign. Nothing was left for the baffled and broken-hearted admiral but to make his way back to England. His friends the earls of Pembroke and Arundel had guaranteed his return in any event; and he could not run the risk of getting them into trouble. After reaching England, his wife, keenly alive to the danger he was incurring, prevailed upon him to escape to France; but just as the escape was successfully achieved, his chivalrous scruples overcame him, and he returned with sweet serenity to meet the fate which was but too surely threatened. The Spanish court now clamored for Raleigh's death, on the ground that he had undertaken a piratical excursion against a Spanish colony; and now it is worth our while to observe the desperately complicated villainy of the king. It would never do for James to admit this claim of the Spaniards, because he regarded the country about the Orinoco as his own, on the strength of Raleigh's own discoveries twenty years ago. But Gondomar's influence was now supreme, and Spain must be propitiated at whatever cost. So, in utter defiance of common decency, Sir Walter Raleigh was seized and beheaded on the old charge of complicity in the Cobham conspiracy — a charge of which he had already been virtually condoned, and of which, doubtless, neither the king nor any other man in England had ever really believed him to be guilty. Thus, at the hands of the treacherous and cowardly son of Elizabeth's archenemy and rival, perished the last and greatest of the sea-kings who had made her reign illustrious—the statesman whose far-seeing genius first directed the efforts of England toward the colonization of the Western world.

The enterprise which had proved too arduous for Raleigh's unaided powers was nevertheless carried out during Raleigh's lifetime under the leadership of a man who has immortalized the homeliest of names, not only by solid work which no one can fail to rate highly, but also by romantic adventures of the most astonishing sort, for which we have only his own word to go by. The life of Captain John Smith reads like a chapter from *Gil Blas* or *The Cloister and the Hearth*. If half of what he says is true, we may fairly call him the American Roland or Cid, albeit many critics, more shrewd than genial, have felt more like characterizing him as an American Munchausen. Perhaps it is well that it should be so. Perhaps it is well that, even in American history, which for the most part began under the blazing midday sun of historical testimony, there should be left at least one little trace of the twilight of heroic legend. At all events, the historic basis of Smith's career is such that he can never in the remotest future run any serious risk of getting identified with Odysseus, or Indra, or Jack the Giant-Killer; and his historical importance is great enough to justify us in recalling for a moment some of the scenes of his autobiography. Born of a good family in Lincolnshire, he ran away from his studies at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and served some three years in the Netherlands against the Spaniards. Returning to his native place, tired of the society of his fellow-creatures, he made himself a tent of boughs by a brook in the woods some distance from any town, and lived there awhile as an anchorite, not meditating on his sins, however, but on the political affairs of Europe and on the art of war. As the result of these meditations, he made up his mind to go and fight the Turks. In passing through France he was robbed of all he had about him, but his life was saved by a peasant who found him lying, half starved and half frozen, in the forest. He made his way to Marseilles, and embarked with a company of pilgrims for the Levant; but a violent storm arose, which they attributed to their having a heretic on board, and so, like Jonah, the young adventurer was thrown into the sea. He swam ashore, however, and made his way to the Austrian camp in Hungary, near Limbach, which the Turks were besieging. Here he invented a sort of fire-work, called the "fiery dragon," which so annoyed the barbarians that they withdrew. In single combat, for the amusement of the ladies, says the narrative, he slew and beheaded three Turkish champions, one after the other; but in a bloody battle which ensued he was taken prisoner, carried to

Adrianople, and sold as a slave in the market-place, and finally carried off to the Crimea. Here he was dressed in the skin of a wild beast, had an iron collar fastened about his neck, and was cuffed and kicked about like a dog; but one day he rose in rebellion, broke his master's skull with a threshing-stick, dressed up in his clothes, mounted his horse, and fled through the Russian wilderness to Poland, whence he made his adventurous way, with various disguises, through Germany, France, and Spain, to Morocco, where he was at last picked up by an English man-of-war, and after taking part in a fierce battle with two Spanish galleons, made his way back to England just in time to start in the first squadron sent out in 1606 by the London Company for the colonization of Virginia. Through the incompetency of the first two governors, Wingfield and Ratcliffe, the management of the enterprise fell naturally into Smith's hands, and it was only through his sagacity and energy that the colony was prevented from perishing within the first three years through privation and mutiny. In the course of an exploring journey up the Chickahominy, which it was thought might be a strait leading into the Pacific Ocean, an incident occurred which throws some light on our adventurer's character for truthfulness. It is clear that he was captured by the Indians, and was set at liberty or escaped. But he has left two accounts of the affair, one published in the following year, 1608, the other published in 1624. These two accounts are inconsistent with each other in many details, but in particular the first one makes no mention of any danger incurred by Smith, and says nothing whatever about Pocahontas; on the contrary, the Indians are described as having been extremely kind and courteous toward their prisoner. In 1613, Pocahontas was married to an Englishman, and three years afterward she accompanied her husband to England, and at once became the principal object of interest to the fashionable world by reason of the absurd misconception which saw in her an Indian princess, daughter of the "mighty emperor" Powhatan. After a year of fashionable excitement she died; and it is to be observed that in all the frequent contemporary allusions which refer to Pocahontas, down to the time of her death, there is not a word which relates to her heroic rescue of the English explorer. But in Smith's second account of his adventures in Virginia, published in 1624, seven years after the death of the Indian girl, the full story of the rescue is to be found. The natural inference from all this is hardly favorable to the author's credit as a historian. The story in itself, however, is not only not extraordinary, but it is substantially in accordance with Indian usage, so much so that the romance with which it has always been invested is the outcome of a misconception no less complete than that which led the fair dames of London to make obeisance to the dusky squaw as to a princess of imperial lineage. Where a prisoner was about to be put to death, not from any feeling of personal hatred or revenge, or from considerations of savage policy, but merely from the spirit of wanton cruelty in which the Indians' tiger-like nature delighted, it was no very uncommon thing for some one of the tawny gang, moved by pity or admiration, or some unaccountable freak, to interpose in behalf of the victim. Many a poor wretch, already tied to the fatal tree, while the firebrands were heating for his torment, has been rescued from the jaws of death, and adopted either as husband or as brother by some laughing young squaw, or as a son by some bereaved old wrinkled warrior. In such cases the new-comer was allowed entire freedom, and treated like one of the tribe, and opportunities for escape were usually not difficult to find.

Smith left the Jamestown settlement in 1608, ascended Chesapeake Bay, and explored the Potomac, Patapsco, and the Susquehanna, travelling some two thousand miles in an open boat with half a dozen companions; and, first of Englishmen, meeting in friendly parley the invincible Mohawks, whose fleet of bark canoes encountered him upon the Chesapeake. In the following year he was badly wounded by an accidental explosion of gunpowder, and obliged to return to England for surgical treatment. The colony which he left at Jamestown, numbering some five hundred souls, relapsed into anarchy after his departure. Famine and desertion thinned their ranks until scarcely a hundred were left. The fate which had overtaken Raleigh's colony of Roanoke seemed to be awaiting them, and in their despair they were even about to abandon the country, when, in June, 1610, Lord Delaware arrived with re-enforcements. In the

following year Sir Thomas Dale brought over more men and supplies, the thieves and mutineers were checked with a high hand, and systematic cultivation of the soil was begun in earnest. It was not long before negro slaves were introduced. The land was laid out in large plantations, and the tobacco crop became a prolific source of wealth. Emigrants began to come over at the rate of more than a thousand a year; and so strong had the colony grown by 1622 that a terrible massacre, directed by the successor of Powhatan, in which nearly four hundred persons lost their lives, produced but a slight and temporary effect.

By this time the prosperity of the colony had begun to excite the jealousy of the king. With his perverse friendship for Spain, James was not inclined to look favorably upon the attempts of his subjects to colonize America, but one consideration had prevailed upon him to allow such attempts to proceed. It was generally understood that colonies founded in America were to be under the direct control of the king, and that Parliament had no authority to meddle with their affairs; and from this the king was not unnaturally led to infer that in course of time the crown might gain assistance from its loyal colonies in carrying on its perennial struggle with the representatives of the people at home. Accordingly James had consented to the formation of the Virginia Company with ample powers; but by 1623 he had come to regard these powers as too extensive to be intrusted to any private company, and so he ordered the directors to give up their charter. On their refusal the king brought suit against the company on a writ of *quo warranto*, and at the same time illegally seized upon their papers, so that they might have no means of defending themselves. Commissioners were sent to Virginia to collect evidence against the good management of the company. No such evidence was procured. But in those evil days of Stuart tyranny one of the worst features was the subserviency of the courts, whereby the king could generally obtain almost any decision upon which he had set his heart.

So the company was dissolved; and henceforth the affairs of the colony were administered by a governor and two councils, one sitting in Virginia and the other in England. The governor and the members of both councils were all appointed by the king, and in the absence of a charter the colonists had no security whatever against arbitrary government. This suppression of the Virginia Company was the first high-handed act of tyranny perpetrated by the English crown in relation to American affairs; but events turned in such a way that it probably favored, instead of checking, the independent spirit of the colony. For the next sixty years the Stuart kings had so much to occupy their attention at home, and found it such hard work to keep on the throne, that the Virginians were left pretty much to themselves, and probably enjoyed a greater share of liberty than they would have done under the continual supervision of a private company interested in making money out of the colony. Indeed, in 1639 they expressed themselves as unwilling to have the company revived. Unlike the settlers of New England, the Virginians were in the main loyal in their feelings toward the Stuart kings. But after the execution of Charles I. they submitted without remonstrance to be governed by a Parliamentary commission. In fact, they cared very little by whom they were technically governed, so long as they were allowed practically to govern themselves. The internal political constitution of Virginia at that time was in some respects the most liberal the world had yet seen. As Mr. Bancroft observes, "Virginia was the first state in the world, composed of separate boroughs, diffused over an extensive surface, where representation was organized on the principle of universal suffrage."* The colony taxed itself, and enjoyed practical freedom of trade; and under such conditions it flourished so that by the end of the seventeenth century it had become a really powerful state, as colonial states were then reckoned, with a white population of nearly 60,000, and perhaps 2000 negroes. During the first half of the eighteenth century, however, the growth of the colony became still more conspicuous. At the time of the Seven Years' War the population exceeded 400,000 souls, of whom more than half were negroes.

From the beginning the white population of Virginia was almost entirely English, and such it seems to have remained. A few Huguenots came over from France toward the close of the sev-

* Bancroft, *Hist. U. S.*, i. 175.

enteenth century, and these were followed, within a few years, by a considerable number of Scotch Presbyterians from the north of Ireland, who made for the frontier, and began to settle upon the eastern slope of the mountains. Some Germans, too, came in from Pennsylvania. But all these foreign elements taken together can hardly have amounted to two per cent. of the white population, and in no way produced any appreciable effect upon the character of the colony, which was thoroughly English in blood, as well as in manners and laws.

The first colonists, who came over with Smith, were for the most part idle adventurers, like the Spaniards who in the preceding century had flocked to the standards of Cortez and Pizarro, drawn thither mainly by the belief that America was a sort of fairy-land, where great riches could be obtained without labor. It was not these adventurers, however, that laid the foundations of the greatness of Virginia. As soon as it had become apparent that solid wealth was to be obtained from large plantations of tobacco, a very different class of people began to come in. The great planters of Virginia were for the most part men of high social position—younger sons of noble and powerful families, such as England from that day to this has been continually sending forth to play a prominent part in all the outlying regions of the world. The smaller planters were mostly recruited from the ranks of that self-reliant, indomitable yeomanry which for so many ages was the pride and strength of the mother country. Many of these settlers were Puritans; but after the overthrow of Charles I. the royalist party sent out an increasing number of emigrants, until the Cavaliers acquired the ascendency in the colony. In 1651, the Governor, Sir William Berkeley, even suggested that Charles II. himself should seek a refuge among his loyal Virginians.

The tendency toward an aristocratic type of society, thus already faintly manifested in these early days, was made irresistible by the economic conditions under which the colony was established. Not only was the labor of Virginia purely agricultural, but the only agriculture worth speaking of was the raising of tobacco. In this pursuit the entire energies of the colony were absorbed to an extraordinary degree; and from this fact have flowed many of the peculiarities by which Virginian society has always been characterized. The cultivation of tobacco on a great scale required immense plantations and an abundance of cheap labor; and as among the white immigrants cheap labor was not forth-coming in sufficient quantity, recourse was at once had to the slave-trade. The first negro slaves were brought into the colony in 1619. For some time their numbers increased but slowly, but toward the end of the seventeenth century the increase became very rapid, until in the middle of the eighteenth, as already observed, they had come to outnumber the white population. At this time the rapidity of the increase had begun to awaken serious alarm, and it was felt that something must be done to restrict the importation of slaves. At the time of the Revolutionary war projects of negro emancipation were freely discussed in Virginia; but nothing came of the discussion, and after the abolition of the foreign slave-trade in 1808 had increased the demand for Virginia-bred slaves in the States further south, the very idea of emancipation faded out of memory. It is generally admitted that the treatment of the slaves by their masters was mild and humane. The cultivation of tobacco in Virginia did not work such a terrible drain on human life as the cultivation of sugar in the West Indies, or the raising of cotton in the Gulf States after the invention of the gin. It was more profitable to take care of the slave than to work him to death. At the same time the negro was not regarded as having any rights which the white man was bound to respect: he was regarded simply as a beast of burden. Slaves were not allowed to leave their plantations except with passports duly signed by the master. Absconding slaves were formally outlawed, and a price was set upon their heads; or, if caught by the sheriff, they were to suffer death or nameless mutilation at his good pleasure. There was no penalty attached to the murder of a slave by his master, but if he were killed by any one else, the master could recover his value, just as in case of damage done to a dog or a horse.

Viewed in connection with the generally mild treatment of slaves by their masters, the ferocious character of these legislative enactments bears witness to the alarm with which the rapid increase of the colored population was regarded. Until the end of the seventeenth century,

as already observed, there were but few negroes in Virginia, and cheap labor was obtained from other sources. Convicted criminals were sent over in great numbers from the mother country, as in later times they were sent to Botany Bay, until the system was made the subject of serious complaint on the part of the colony. On their arrival they were indented as servants for a term of years. Kidnapping was also at this time in England an extensive and lucrative business. Young boys and girls, usually of the lowest class of society, were seized by press-gangs on the streets of London and Bristol and other English ports, hurried on board ship, and carried over to Virginia to work on the plantations or as house servants. These poor wretches were not, indeed, sold into slavery, but they passed into a state of servitude which might easily be prolonged almost indefinitely by avaricious or cruel masters. The period of their indenture was short—usually not more than four years; but the ordinary penalty for serious offenses, such as were very likely to be committed, was a lengthening of the time during which they were to serve. Among such offenses the most serious were insubordination or attempts to escape, while of a more venial character were thievery, or unchaste conduct, or attempts to make money on their own account. Their lives were in theory protected by law, but where an indented servant came to his death from prolonged ill-usage, or from excessive punishment, or even from sudden violence, it was practically impossible to get a verdict against the master. The lash was inflicted upon the indented servant with scarcely less compunction than upon the purchased slave; and in general the condition of the former seems to have been nearly as miserable as that of the latter, save that the servitude of the negro was perpetual, while that of the white man was liable to come to an end. For him Pandora's box had not quite spilled out the last of its contents.

In the majority of cases, however, it may be questioned whether the release of the indented white servant brought with it any marked improvement in his fortunes. In England, indeed, there was an impression that the aristocracy of Virginia was recruited from the ranks of these kidnapped paupers and convicts, as is shown not only in the writings of Defoe and Mrs. Aphra Behn, but even in works of a more serious character, pretending to scholarly research. Malachi Postlethwayte, author of several works on commerce, wrote, in 1750 or thereabouts: "Even your transported felons, sent to Virginia instead of Tyburn, thousands of them, if we are not misinformed, have, by turning their hands to industry and improvement, and, which is best of all, to honesty, become rich, substantial planters and merchants, settled large families, and been famous in the country; nay, we have seen many of them made magistrates, officers of militia, captains of good ships, and masters of good estates."* A few years ago, in the time of our great civil war, one used to meet with illustrations of the survival of this false impression in occasional statements of English newspapers to the effect that "the citizens of the United States were the offspring of the vagabonds and felons of Europe."† It is needless to say that the worthy Postlethwayte had been grossly misinformed. Now and then one of this wretched class of indented white servants recruited from the jails and slums of London may, through superior ability and under exceptional circumstances, have succeeded in working his way up to the ownership of a plantation, so that his descendants would be reckoned in with the good society of the colony; but such instances must have been extremely rare. As a general rule, these persons on their release from servitude became irreclaimable vagabonds. The fact that manual labor was a badge of servitude, while they were by nature and experience unfitted to perform any work of a higher sort, was of itself sufficient to prevent them from doing any work at all, save when compelled by actually threatening starvation. And as manual labor came to be more and more completely relegated to an inferior race of men, this wretched position of the mean white men became worse and worse. They were a lazy, shiftless set, whom even the negroes regarded with contempt. The negro slave might at least take a certain sort of pride in belonging to the establishment of a powerful or wealthy master, and from this point of view society might be said to have a place for him, even though he possessed no legal rights. But

* Postlethwayte's *Dictionary of Commerce*, vol. ii., p. 319.

† Whitmore, *The Cavalier Dismounted*, p. 17.

the white freedman was little better than an outcast. The negro might be like a Sudra, but the mean white was simply a Pariah. On the frontier he relapsed into savagery, if such a change could in his case be properly called a relapse. In the midst of the colony he was wont to earn a precarious livelihood or a violent death by gambling, betting, and thieving, now and then engaging in bolder enterprises of arson or highway robbery. At his best he was but a lounger in taverns or at horse-races. Crimes against person and property, which were much more frequent in Virginia than in the Middle and Northern colonies, were usually committed by men of this class. In these characteristics we may easily recognize the attributes of an order of humanity which has not yet become utterly extinct on American soil, though its days have for some time since been numbered. This order of humanity, as I shall show hereafter, grew up in the other Southern colonies as well as in Virginia, and from precisely the same causes. These felons from Newgate and these victims of the kidnappers, sent over to be flogged and starved for a while on tobacco plantations, and then turned adrift to prey upon society, were undoubtedly in great part the progenitors of the most degraded portion of the English race—the so-called "white trash" of the Southern States.

The great planters, the small planters, the negro slaves, and the half servile, half outlawed "white trash" may thus be regarded as constituting four classes of society in the colony of Virginia. But between the upper two classes it would be difficult to draw a hard and fast line. In origin, as already observed, the great planters were mainly English rural gentry, the small planters were mainly English yeomen. Even in England these two classes shaded into one another; there was not so very much difference between a small country squire and a wealthy farmer. What difference there was might consist in the fact that the squire's great-grandfather might have been fourth or fifth son of a peer, while the yeoman's ancestry would be reckoned back to some Saxon or Danish freeholder; but both alike were descended from men who had never known what it was to bow down before a task-master or a despot. In Virginia both alike became land-holders and owners of slaves, they mingled together in society, and their families intermarried. It was otherwise with those middle-class Englishmen who came to the colony to engage in trade. Like all rural aristocracies, the Virginia planters despised tradesmen and manufacturers, and looked upon the management of country estates as the only occupation worthy of gentlemen. But the tradesmen and merchants were few in numbers, and of manufacturers there were none. The absorption of the people in tobacco-planting was so complete that there was no room for the development of manufactures and commerce.

One principal result of this devotion to tobacco culture was the absence of town life. In 1765 there was nothing like a city in the colony. The largest town was Norfolk, with about 7000 inhabitants; Jamestown consisted of half a dozen houses; Williamsburg, which was at once capital and university town, contained some 200 wooden houses, and its streets were unpaved. Richmond had hardly a more substantial existence than Martin Chuzzlewit's "Eden." The Legislature, thinking this state of things hardly creditable to the colony, labored assiduously to cure the evil; but its attempts met with no better success than ordinarily awaits the efforts of legislatures to guide the progress of society. Neither bounties nor direct orders to build were of any avail. To make towns on paper was as easy as to make a promissory note; but nobody would settle in the towns. Most of the county seats consisted simply of the court-house, flanked by the jail, the wretched country store, and the still more wretched country inn. As there were no centres of business, the tradesmen were in the habit of travelling about from plantation to plantation and peddling their wares. One would suppose that the necessity for exporting the great quantities of tobacco that were raised would of itself have given rise to a considerable class of thriving merchants. But the manner in which the Virginia planter disposed of his crops was peculiar. Most of the greater plantations lay near the wide and deep rivers of which Virginia has so many; and each planter would have his own wharf, from which his own slaves might load the tobacco on to the vessels that were to carry it to England. If the plantation lay at some distance from a navigable river, the tobacco was conveyed to the nearest creek, and tied down upon a

raft of canoes, and so floated and paddled down stream until some head of navigation was reached, where a warehouse was ready to receive it. The vessels which carried away this tobacco usually paid for it in all sorts of manufactured articles that might be needed upon the plantations. Every manufactured article that required the least skill or nicety of workmanship was imported in this way from England, in ships of which the owners, masters, and crew were generally either Englishmen or New-Englanders. In the colony no manufacturing was done, and such rude carpentry or smithery as was needed was taken in hand either by specially trained slaves on the plantations, or by white mechanics who travelled about the country in quest of jobs. As the traders were mostly peddlers, so the artisans were for the most part tinkers.

We have just seen how the rivers and creeks were used as highways of traffic: for a long time they were the only highways, and the vessel or the canoe was the only kind of vehicle, public or private, in which it was possible to get about with ease and safety. Until after the middle of the eighteenth century there were but few roads save bridle-paths, and such as there were became impassable in rainy weather. There were also but few bridges, and these were very likely to be unsound, while the ferry-boats were apt to be leaky. It was often necessary for the traveller to swim across the stream, with a fair chance of getting drowned, and more than a fair chance of losing his horse. The course of the bridle-path often became so obscure that it was necessary to blaze the trees. It was not uncommon for people to lose their way and find themselves obliged to stay overnight in the woods, perhaps with the howls of the wolf and panther sounding in their ears. The highway robber was even a more uncomfortable customer to meet than these beasts of prey; and in those days, when banking was in its infancy, and travellers used to carry gold coins sewed under the lining of their waistcoats, the highwayman enjoyed opportunities which in this age of railways and check-books are denied him. In 1777, a young Rhode Island merchant, Elkanah Watson, armed with a sabre and pair of pistols, journeyed on horseback all the way from Providence to Charleston in South Carolina, with several hundred pounds in gold quilted into his coat. In seventy days he accomplished the whole distance of 1243 miles, fortunately without encountering any more serious mishaps than being arrested as a British spy in Pennsylvania, and having a fight with a large bear in North Carolina; and he has left us a narrative of his journey, which is as full of instruction as it is of interest.

The Virginian traveller, however, in colonial times, was not likely to carry any very large sums of money concealed on his person, for he dealt in a circulating medium too bulky for that. The current money of the Virginian was tobacco. The prices of all articles of merchandise were quoted in pounds of tobacco. In tobacco taxes were assessed and all wages and salaries were paid. This use of tobacco as a circulating medium and as a standard of values was begun in the earliest days of the colony, when coin was scarce, and the structure of society was simple enough to permit a temporary return to the primitive practice of barter. Under such circumstances tobacco was obviously the most convenient article by which to estimate values. But with the further growth of the colony the financial and social results of the use of such a medium became disastrous. People rushed to the cultivation of tobacco in somewhat the same spirit as that which in recent days prompted the rush to the gold mines of California and Australia; and cereal crops, which might here and there have been introduced with great benefit to the colony, as the example of Maryland well shows, were entirely neglected. But, besides this, tobacco was a highly speculative crop. The returns were usually immense, but they fluctuated considerably from year to year, and this fluctuation affected the value of every article that was bought and sold throughout the colony. No one could estimate from one year to another, with any approach to accuracy, what the purchasing power of his income was going to be. The inevitable result of this was wild extravagance in living, chronic debt, relieved by frequent bankruptcy, persistent evasion of creditors, and the destruction of that trait of character which among a commercial people is known as financial integrity, and prized as one of the cardinal virtues.

This extravagance in living was further stimulated by the regal hospitality for which the great planters early became fa-

mous. Apart from politics, these country squires found but little business wherewith to occupy their time. The direct supervision of the slaves was ordinarily intrusted to overseers, and the masters were thus secured in the enjoyment of ample leisure, which men of noble ambition, such as Jefferson and Madison, could turn to good profit in cultivating their minds. But to men of more common mould this ample leisure became monotonous, and in such a society as that here depicted, with no town life, no roads or inns worth speaking of, and no amusements save horse-racing, the entertainment of guests by the month together was regarded both as a duty and as a privilege. Every planter kept open house, and provided for his visitors with unstinted hand. The style of living was extremely generous, and often splendid. The houses were spacious and solidly built, sometimes of brick or stone, but more often of wood. Panelled wainscots of oak and carved oaken chimney-pieces were common, and the rooms were furnished with the handsomest chairs and tables and cabinets that could be brought over from England. The dress, too, of both men and women was rich and costly, and the latest London fashions were carefully followed. Silver plate, elegant china, and choice wines were commonly to be found at these great manor-houses, and the stables were stocked with horses of the finest breed.

The part of the house that was least amply provided for was, no doubt, the library, which usually contained a few English classic authors, with perhaps Montaigne and Le Sage. The Virginians were not a reading people, and nothing could be much poorer than the sort of education that was provided for the children. The long distances between the plantations, and the absence of towns, made it impossible to establish such a system of public schools as flourished in New England. In 1671, Sir William Berkeley, the friend of the Stuarts, said he thanked God that there were no free schools in the colony, and that there were not likely to be any. In 1692, James Blair, a Scotch clergyman of considerable learning and great energy and public spirit, succeeded in establishing William and Mary College, the second in age among American universities, and so long as he remained its president the institution flourished, and its influence seems to have been good so far as it extended; but it stood quite alone, unsupported by any schools, and it seems to have degenerated sadly as soon as the strong hand of its founder was taken off, until it came to be merely a second-rate high school. There was no intellectual life in the colony, and previous to the Revolutionary war there was absolutely no literature worthy of notice. The first newspaper did not appear till 1736.

The intellectual stimulus which schools failed to furnish to the colony was not supplied by the clergy. The parson in old Virginia belonged to the class of fox-hunting, wine-bibbing parsons, of which there were so many examples in the mother country at the same time. The general tone of the English Church during the first half of the eighteenth century was very low, even in England; and the peculiar conditions of existence in Virginia did not tend to raise the tone of the clergy. The Episcopal Church was supported by the government in Virginia until the Revolution, the governor, as vicegerent of the sovereign, being the head of the Church. The country was divided into parishes, after the English fashion, and the same functions of local government were discharged by the vestries in Virginia as in England. The vestries corresponded to the New England town-meetings as far as was possible in view of the vast difference between the concentrated life of New England and the scattered life of Virginia. Even under the conditions under which they worked in Virginia, the political value of these vestry meetings was very great; and we may point to them as the one great benefit which came to the colony from the attempt to establish the English Church system there. From no other point of view can the attempt be said to have wrought any good. The degraded condition of the Church and its ministers afforded an excellent field for the labors of the Wesleyans, and to such good purpose did they work that by the time of the Revolution two-thirds of the people in the colony had become Dissenters. When the Revolution came, the Dissenters were all to be found on the patriotic side, while in the Episcopal Church were many loyalists; and this contrast was all that was needed to break down the Church establishment entirely, and to cast upon it irredeemable discredit.

The other learned professions in Virginia, before the middle of the eighteenth

century, stood at no higher level than the clerical profession. Medicine was perhaps in the most degraded condition of all, its practice being largely left to itinerant barbers and quacks. The lawyers, too, were at first men without learning or character. But shortly before the Revolution a great change had been wrought in this department; and we find the profession graced by such names as those of Henry and Jefferson, until at last in John Marshall the old colony gave to the United States one of the very greatest jurists that the English race has ever produced.

One chief cause of this rapid and splendid development of legal talent in the colony was undoubtedly the close connection which obtains between legal and political activity. The political life of Virginia was always healthy and vigorous. Unlike the men of New England in many respects, the men of Virginia yielded not a jot to them in their hatred of despotism, or in the value which they set upon self-government. They were fully imbued with all the deep and sound political instincts by the aid of which the English race has learned to rule itself and to guide the world. And the royal government of the colony afforded them an excellent school for political training. The whole political history of Virginia down to the time of the Stamp Act is a dreary history of bickerings between the governor appointed by the crown and the Assembly elected by the people. A dreary history one may well call it, inasmuch as its details can have no more interest, either from a dramatic or from a philosophical point of view, than the details of any petty lawsuit about a breach of contract or a disputed right of way across a field. To mention the names of the commonplace men who were sent over from time to time to govern Virginia, and to recount their paltry squabbles, would be to write history after a fashion which is happily becoming obsolete. Chronological tables and the monographs of local antiquarians are the places where facts of this sort may best be found specifically stated. The value of such facts as materials is very great; but the business of the historian is to set forth their import, not to recount them in detail, unless they possess some human interest of their own. Looking at the matter in this light, the colonial annals of Virginia may be passed over with little ceremony. The point which chiefly interests us to-day is that all these dismal bickerings were of signal use to the people in training them to ascertain what their rights were under the English constitution, and to defend themselves in the possession of these rights with intelligence and dignity. The remarkable advance in political skill achieved by the Virginians during the first half of the eighteenth century is illustrated by the contrast between the management of Bacon's rebellion and the management of the great constitutional struggle which culminated in the independence of the United States. The rebellion headed by Nathaniel Bacon in 1676 is the one conspicuous event that breaks the dead monotony of Virginian history down to the time of the French war. It was a rebellion in which the passions of the people were strongly enlisted, and for good reason, yet it instantly collapsed upon the loss of its leader.

Bacon's rebellion was a consequence of the oppression wrought in the colony by the infamous government of Charles II., and by the hands of that Sir William Berkeley who took such pleasure in the thought that the Virginians were not likely to possess any means of educating themselves. Charles began by enforcing the Navigation Act, prohibiting the importation of any merchandise into the colony except in English vessels navigated by Englishmen. An attempt was next made to do away with the popular election of representatives. Under the influence of the loyalist feeling called forth by the restoration of the monarchy, the Assembly elected in 1661 contained a large majority of friends of the Stuarts—of men who believed in prerogative and in divine right; and the governor, having thus secured a legislature which was quite to his mind, kept it alive for fifteen years, until 1676, simply by adjourning it from year to year, and refusing to issue writs for a new election. The first act of this royalist Assembly was to institute such a vigorous persecution against all Dissenters as to lead within two years to an abortive Puritan conspiracy and the hanging of several of its leaders. In 1669, the king granted the whole of Virginia to Lords Arlington and Culpepper for the remainder of the century, at the same time giving them the right of appointing all public surveyors, so that the very titles of the colonists to the lands which they occupied were thrown into jeopardy. Thus threatened in their religion, in their

trade, and in their homes, the colonists were ripe for rebellion, when all at once the horrors of the tomahawk and scalping-knife were added to their other troubles. In 1672, after a fearful struggle of twenty years' duration, the Senecas of New York had overthrown their kinsmen the Susquehannocks, and driven them from their territory at the head of the Chesapeake. Slowly retreating southward, the defeated savages at first engaged in a war with Maryland, and afterward, in the summer of 1675, invaded Virginia. They spread themselves all over the country, from the Potomac to the James, burning and murdering, and carrying terror to every household. After this state of things had lasted several months, and driven the colonists into frenzy, the sagacious governor, for reasons best known to himself, suddenly disbanded a large force that had been gathered for the purpose of chastising the Indians, and "as a consequence the country was laid waste; one parish in Rappahannock County, which on the 24th of January, 1676, consisted of seventy-one plantations, was within the next seventeen days reduced to eleven."* At last, after nearly four hundred scalps had been taken by the savages, the people raised a small volunteer force without authority from the governor, and by acclamation put it under the leadership of Nathaniel Bacon, a wealthy young Englishman of good family and liberal education, who had but just come over to Virginia. As Bacon marched against the Susquehannocks, Governor Berkeley proclaimed him a rebel, and started with a small force in pursuit of him. This insane conduct aroused the whole country to rebellion, and Berkeley was obliged not only to retreat, but to issue writs for a general election, and to promise a redress of grievances. Bacon was elected to the new Assembly, which was decidedly anti-Stuart in temper, and it was not long before he had come to control it entirely. An eloquent memorial was sent to the king, recounting the oppressions under which his faithful subjects in Virginia had suffered, and Bacon once more marched against the Indians. In the midst of a brilliant campaign he learned that Berkeley had once more proclaimed him a rebel, whereupon, leaving his work on the frontier, he instantly marched upon Jamestown, and took possession of the government, while Berkeley fled in dismay. A third time, after settling affairs at the capital, did Bacon set forth to overwhelm the Indians, and no sooner had he got out of sight than Berkeley came forward and resumed the administration of the colony. Again Bacon returned to Jamestown, captured the sixteen or eighteen houses of which the capital consisted, and burned them to the ground, that the town might no longer afford a shelter to the tyrant. His two principal supporters, Drummond and Lawrence, who owned the best two houses, set on fire each his own dwelling with his own hand. But a few days after this, Bacon was seized with a malarial fever, and died, and so the rebellion instantly collapsed. Virginian politics were still in that undeveloped condition in which everything depended upon the fate of the leader. Bacon's principal followers were tried by court-martial, and hanged as soon as sentence was pronounced. "You are very welcome," said Berkeley, with a low bow, as the wealthy Drummond was brought before him. "I would rather have had a visit from you than from any other man in Virginia. You shall be hanged in half an hour." Drummond and twenty-one others were put to death, and three died of cruel treatment received in prison. On hearing of these troubles, Charles II. issued a proclamation in which Berkeley was roundly censured for his cruelty, and especially for acting too much on his own discretion. "The old fool," observed the king, "has taken away more lives in that naked country than I for the murder of my father."* The too zealous governor was recalled in disgrace, but not a single point was gained by the people of the colony. The political results of the disturbance were rather disastrous than otherwise. Assemblies were henceforth to be called together only once in two years, and were to sit but fourteen days, while the universal suffrage was restricted by a property qualification. All the acts of Bacon's Assembly were repealed, all the old grievances were renewed, and many estates were confiscated into the bargain. The governors who succeeded Berkeley were as a rule no better than he, and from this time down to the passage of the Stamp Act the political history of Virginia is simply the story of a protracted brawl between the governors and their Assemblies. But this brawl-

* Bancroft, i. 545.

* Bancroft, i. 556.

ing, as I have said, afforded an admirable political discipline for the people. The government of England, moreover, was felt to be a continual source of irritation. In the arduous work of securing the independence and providing for the future stability of the American Union her part was second to none.



FOR THE MAJOR.

Chapter I.

EDGERLEY the first lay on the western flank of Chillawassee Mountain; Edgerley the second six hundred feet above. The first Edgerley, being nearer the high civilization of the State capital, claimed the name, and held it; while the second Edgerley was obliged to content itself with an added "far." Far Edgerley did not object to its adjective so long as it was not considered as applying es-

pecially to the distance between it and the lower town. It was "far," if you pleased, far from cities, far from traffic, from Babylon, from Zanzibar, from the Pole. But it was not "far" from Edgerley. Rather was Edgerley far from it, and—long may she keep so! Meanwhile Edgerley the first prospered, though rather plebeianly. She had two thousand inhabitants, cheese factories, saw-mills, and a stage line across Black Mountain to Tuloa, where connection was made with a second line, which went eastward to the railway. An Edgerley merchant, therefore, could reach the capital of his State in fifty-five hours: what could man want more? The merchants were of the opinion that they wanted nothing; they fully appreciated their advantages, and Edgerley. But their neighbors on top of the mountain, who looked down upon them in more senses than one, did not agree with them in their opinion; they infinitely preferred their own village, though it had no factories, no saw-mills, no stage line to Tuloa and no necessity for one, and no two thousand inhabitants—hardly indeed, and with stretching, a bare thousand. There would seem to have been little in these lacks upon which to found a pride, if the matter had been viewed with the eyes of that spirit of progress which generally takes charge of American towns; but, so far at least, the Spirit of Progress had not climbed Chillawassee Mountain, and thus Far Edgerley was left to its prejudiced creed.

The creed was ancient—both towns boasted an ante-Revolutionary origin—but, though ancient, Madam Carroll of the Farms had been the first to embody it in a portable phrase; brief (for more words would have given too much importance to the subject), calmly superior, as a Carroll phrase should be. Madam Carroll had remarked that Edgerley seemed to her "commercial." This was excellent. "Commercial!" Nothing could be better. Whatever Far Edgerley was, it certainly was not that.

Madam Carroll of the Farms, upon a certain evening in May, 1868, was sitting in her doorway, her eyes fixed upon the dull red line of a road winding down the mountain opposite. This road was red because it ran through red clay; and a hopelessly sticky road it was, too, at most seasons of the year, as the horses of the Tuloa stage line knew to their cost. But the vehicle now coming through the last fringes of the firs was not a stage; and it was drawn, also, by two stout mules that possessed a tenacity of purpose greater even than that of red clay. It was the carriage of Major Carroll of the Farms, Far Edgerley, and at the present moment it was bringing home his daughter from the western terminus of the railway.

A gentleman's carriage drawn by mules might have seemed something of an anomaly in certain localities further eastward. But not here. Even Edgerley regarded this possession of its rival with a respect which included the mules, or rather which effaced them in the aroma of the whole, an aroma not actual (the actual being that of ancient leather not unacquainted with decay), but figurative—the aroma of an undoubted aristocracy. For "the equipage," as it was called, had belonged to the Carrolls of the Sea Islands, who, in former days of opulence, had been in the habit of spending their summers at the Farms. When their distant cousin, the Major, bought the Farms, he bought the carriage also. This was as well. The Sea Island Carrolls had no longer any use for a carriage. They had not even mules to draw it, and as they lived all the year round now upon one of their Sea Islands, whose only road through the waste of old cotton fields was most of the time overflowed, they had nothing to draw it upon; so the Major could as well have the benefit of it. This carriage with its mules now came into sight on the zigzags of the mountain opposite; but it had still to cross the lower valley, and climb Chillawassee, and night had fallen before the sound of its wheels was heard on the little bridge over the brook which crossed what was called Carroll Lane, the grassy avenue which led from Edgerley Street up the long knoll to Carroll Farms.

"Chew up, Peter! chew up, then. Chew!" Inches, the coachman, said to his mules: Inches wished to approach the house in good style. The mules, refusing to entertain this idea, came up to the door on a slow walk. Inches could, however, let down the steps with a flourish; and this he proceeded to do by the light of the candle which Madam Carroll had brought with her to the piazza. The steps came down with a long clatter. They had clanked in their imprisonment all the way from Tuloa. But no one in Far Edgerley would have sacrificed them for

such trifles as these; they were considered to impart an especial dignity to "the equipage" (which was, indeed, rather high hung). No other carriage west of the capital had steps of this kind. It might have been added that no other carriage east of it had them either. But Chillawassee did not know this, and went on contentedly admiring. As to the clatter made when the steps were let down—at the church door, for instance, on Sunday mornings—did it not announce that the Major and his wife had arrived, that they were about to enter? And were not people naturally glad to know this in time? They could be all ready then to look.

Upon this occasion the tall girl who had arrived, scarcely touching the unfolded steps, sprang lightly to the ground, and clasped the waiting lady in her arms. "Oh, mamma, how glad I am to see you again! But where is my father?"

"He felt very tired, Sara, and as it is late, he has gone to his room. He left his love for you. You know we expected you two hours ago."

"It is but little past ten. He must be still awake. Could I not slip in for a moment, just to speak to him? I would not stay."

"He has been asleep for some time. It would be better not to disturb him, wouldn't it?"

"If he is asleep—of course," answered Sara Carroll. But her tone was a disappointed one.

"You will see him in the morning," said the elder lady, leading the way within.

"But a whole night to wait is so long!"

"You do not intend, I presume, to pass this one in wakefulness?" said Madam Carroll.

Sara laughed. "Scar, too, is asleep, I suppose?"

"Yes. But Scar you can waken, if you like; he falls asleep again readily. He is in the first room at the head of the stairs."

The girl flew off, coming back with a bright face. "Dear little fellow!" she said, "his hands and cheeks are as soft as ever. I am so glad he has not grown into a great rough boy. It is a year and a half since I have seen him, and he seems exactly the same."

"He is the same," answered Madam Carroll. "He does not grow."

"I am delighted to hear it," replied Sara, answering stoutly the mother's implied regret. And then they both laughed.

Judith Inches, sister of the coachman, now served a light repast for the traveller in the dining-room. But when it was over, the two ladies came back to the doorway.

"For I want to look out," Sara said. "I want to be sure that I am really at home at last; that this is Chillawassee, that the Black Range is opposite, and that there in the west the long line of Lonely Mountain is rising against the sky."

"As it is perfectly dark, perhaps you could see them as well from a comfortable chair in the library," suggested Madam Carroll.

"By no means. They will reveal themselves to me; you will see. I know just where they all ought to be; I made a map from the descriptions in your letters."

She had seated herself on the door-step, while Madam Carroll sat in a low chair within. Outside was a broad piazza; beyond it an old-fashioned flower garden going down the slope of the knoll. All the earlier summer flowers were out, their presence made known in the warm, deep darkness by perfume only, save for a faint glimmer of white where the snow-ball bushes stood.

"And so, as I told you, I have decided to give an especial reception for you," said Madam Carroll, returning to a subject begun in the dining-room. "It will be on Monday; from five to eight."

"I am sorry you took the trouble, mamma. It is pleasure enough for me simply to be at home again."

"My receptions are seldom for pleasure," said Madam Carroll, thoughtfully. "In this case it seemed proper to announce the fact that you had returned to us, that Miss Carroll would be henceforth a member of her father's household at the Farms."

"Happy girl!" interpolated Sara. She was leaning back in the doorway, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes looking into the soft darkness of the garden.

"This was, in my opinion, a not unimportant event," continued Madam Carroll. "And it will be so estimated in Far Edgerley. There are, you know, in every society certain little distinctions and—and differences, which should be properly marked; the home-coming of Miss Carroll is one of them. I suppose you have without doubt an appropriate dress?"

"All my gowns are black, of course.

There is one I call best; but even that is severely plain."

"On the whole, you will look well in it," answered Madam Carroll, after a moment's consideration of the figure in the doorway. "And it will have the added advantage of being a contrast. We have few contrasts in Far Edgerley, and, I may say, no plainness—no plainness whatever. Rather, a superabundance of trimming. The motive is good: I should be the last to underrate it. But even with the best intentions you can not always construct new costumes from changes of trimming merely; there comes a time when the finest skill will not take the place of a little undoubted new material, no matter how plain it may be. The Greers, for instance, have made over their green poplins twice a year now for five years, and have done it well. But, after all, we remain conscious that they are still the same green poplins. Miss Corinna Rendlesham, too, and her sisters, have accomplished wonders with different combinations of narrow black velvet ribbon and fringe on their black silks—so much so, indeed, that the material is now quite riddled with the old lines of needle holes where trimmings formerly ran. They wear them to church with Stella shawls," pursued the lady, meditatively, "and to receptions, turned in at the neck, with white lace."

"Does any one else give receptions, then?" asked Sara from the door-step.

"They would never dream of it," replied the elder lady, with soft serenity.

But was she the elder? No sign of age was visible in all her little person from head to foot. She was very small and slight. Her muslin gown, whose simple gathered waist was belted by a ribbon sash, had a youthful, almost child-like, aspect, yet at the same time a pretty quaintness of its own, like that of an old-fashioned miniature. The effect of this young-old attire was increased by the arrangement of the hair. It was golden hair, even and fine, and it hung in curls all round her head—long curls that fell below the waist. These curls were distinct and complete spirals, each one perfect in itself, not intertwining with the next; a round stick passed through any one of them would not have been visible from bottom to top. "Now *that* is what I call a curl!" old Senator Ashley was wont to remark. But though this golden hair curled so definitively when it once began to curl, it lay smooth and straight as the hair of a nun over the top of the little head, and came down smoothly also over the corners of the forehead, after that demure old fashion which made of every lady's brow a modest triangle, unambitious alike of a too intellectual height or a too pagan lowness.

What was it that this little grande dame, with her curls, her dress, and her attitudes, resembled? Some persons upon seeing her would have been haunted by a half-forgotten memory, and would at last (if clever) have recalled the pictures in the old *Annuals* and *Keepsakes* of fair ladies of the days of the Hon. Mrs. Norton and L. E. L. The little mistress of Carroll Farms needed but a scarf and harp, or a gold chain round her curls, with an ornament reposing classically in the centre of her forehead, to have taken her place among them. But upon a closer inspection one difference would have made itself apparent, namely, that whereas the lovely ladies of the *Annuals* were depicted with shoulders copiously bare (though much cloth had been expended in sleeves), the muslin gown of little Madam Carroll came up to her chin, the narrow ruffles at the top being kept in place by a small old-fashioned child's coral necklace which fitted closely over them.

Madam Carroll's eyes were blue, large, and in expression tranquil; her features were small and delicate, the slender little lips like rose leaves, the upper one rather long, coming straight down over child-like teeth of pearl. No; certainly there was no sign of age. Yet it might have been noticed, also, by an acute observer, how little space, where such signs would have been likely to appear, was left uncovered: the tell-tale temples and outside corners of the eyes, the throat with its betraying line, the subtly traitorous back of the neck, the texture of the wrists and palms, all these were concealed by the veil of curls and the close ruffles of the dress, the latter falling over the hands almost to the knuckles. There was really nothing of the actual woman to be seen save a narrow curl-shaded portion of forehead and cheek, two eyes, a little nose and mouth, and the small fingers; that was all.

But a presence is more than an absence. Absent as were all signs of age in Madam Carroll, as present were all signs of youth in the daughter who had just arrived. Sara Carroll was barely twenty. She was tall and slender; she carried herself well

—well, but with a little air of pride. This air came from the way she held her head: it was as noticeable when one saw her back only as when one saw her face. It seemed a pride personal, not objective, belonging to herself, not to her surroundings; one could imagine her with just the same air on a throne, or walking with a basket on her arm across a prairie. But while it was evident that she was proud, it would have been difficult to have stated correctly the nature of the feeling, since it was equally evident that she cherished none of the simple little beliefs often seen in girls of her age before contact with the world has roughly dispelled them—beliefs that they are especially attractive, beautiful, interesting, winning, and have only to go forth to conquer. But she herself could have stated the nature of it accurately enough: she believed that her tastes, her wishes, her ideas, possessed rather a superior quality of refinement; but far beyond this did her pride base itself upon the fact that she was her father's daughter. She had been proud of this from her birth. Her features were rather irregular, delicate. Ordinarily she had not much color. Her straight soft thick hair of dark brown was put plainly back from her oval face, and this face was marked by the slender line of her dark eyebrows, and lighted by two gray eyes, which were always in their clear light color a sort of surprise when the long dark lashes were lifted.

"I wonder that you take the trouble," she said, referring to the proposed reception.

The blue orbs of Madam Carroll dwelt upon her for a moment. "We must fill our position," she answered. "We did not make it; it has been allotted to us; its duties are therefore our duties."

"But are they real duties, mamma? May they not be fictitious ones? If we should drop them for a while—as an experiment?"

"If we should drop them," answered Madam Carroll—"if we should drop them, Far Edgerley, socially speaking, would simply disappear. It would become a miscellaneous mountain hamlet like any other. It would dissolve into its component parts, which are, as you know, but ciphers. We of the Farms hold them together, and give them whatever importance they possess."

"In other words, we of the Farms are the large figure One, which, placed before these poor ciphers, immediately turns them into an income," said Sara, laughing.

"Precisely. The receptions are part of it. In addition, the Major likes them."

Sara turned her head quickly. "If my father likes them, that is enough. But I thought he did not; he used to speak of them, when we met at Baltimore, as so wearisome."

"Wearisome, perhaps; but still duties. And of late—that is, since you last saw him a year and a half ago—he has come to make of them a sort of pastime."

"That is so like my father! He always looks above everything narrow and petty. He can find even in poor little Far Edgerley something of interest. How glad I am to be at home again, mamma, where I can be with him all the time! I have never met any one in the world who could approach my father." She spoke warmly; her gray eyes were full of happy pride.

"He appreciates your affection. Never doubt it, in spite of what may seem to you an—an increase of reticence," said Madam Carroll.

"Father was never talkative."

"True. But he is more easily fatigued now than formerly—since his illness of last winter, you know. But it is growing late; I must close the house."

"Do you do that yourself?"

"Generally. I seldom keep Judith Inches up after half past nine. And on ordinary occasions I am in bed myself soon after ten. Your home-coming is an extraordinary one."

"And extraordinarily glad it makes me," said Sara. "I wonder, mamma, if you know how glad? I have fairly pined during this last year and a half at Longfields—yes, in spite of all Uncle John's kindness. Do you think me heartless?"

"No," said Madam Carroll, as they went up the stairs together. "You loved your uncle, I know. You did your best to make him happy. But your father, Sara—your father you have always adored."

"And I continue to do it," answered the daughter, gayly. "I shall be down early, early in the morning to see him."

"He does not come to breakfast at present. His strength has not yet fully returned. I have written you of this."

"Not that he did not come to breakfast, mamma. That is so unlike him; he was always so cheerful and bright at the

breakfast table. But at least I can take his breakfast in to him?"

"I think he would rather see you later—about ten, or half past."

A flush rose in Sara's face: no one would have called her colorless now. She looked hurt and angry. "Pray who does take in his breakfast, then?" she asked. "I should think I might be as welcome as Judith Inches."

"I take it," replied Madam Carroll, gently.

"Very well, mamma; I will not begin by being jealous of you."

"You never have been, my daughter. And I—have appreciated it." Madam Carroll spoke in low tones: they were approaching the Major's door. She pointed toward it warningly. "We must not waken him," she said. She led her daughter in silence to the room she had fitted up for her with much taste and care. They kissed each other, and separated.

Left alone, Sara Carroll looked round her room. As much had been done to make it pleasant as woman's hands, with but a small purse to draw upon, could accomplish. The toilet table, the curtains, the low lounge with its great cool chintz-covered pillows, the hanging shelves, the easy-chair, the writing-table—all these were miracles of prettiness and ingenuity. But the person for whom this had been done saw it but vaguely. She was thinking of only one thing—her father; that he had not waited to welcome her; that she should not see him until half past ten the next morning. What could this mean? If he were ill, should not his daughter be the first to see him, the first to take care of him? She had told Madam Carroll that she would not begin the new home life by being jealous of her. But there was something very like jealousy in the disappointment which filled her heart as she laid her head on the pillow. She had looked forward to her home-coming so long; and now that she held it in her grasp it was not at all what she had been sure it would be.

Upon this same Saturday evening, at dusk, light was shining from the porch and windows of St. John in the Wilderness, the Episcopal church of Far Edgerley. This light shone brightest from the porch, for there was a choir rehearsal within, and the four illuminating candles were down by the door, where stood the organ. Two of the candles illumined the page of the organist, Miss Rendlesham the second, that is, Miss Mellie; the others lighted the high music stand, behind which stood the choir in two rows, the first very crowded, the second looking with some difficulty over the shoulders of the first at the lighted books which served for both, little Miss Tappen indeed, who was short, being obliged to stand on four unused chant-books, piled. In the front row were the soprani, eight in number, namely, Miss Rendlesham the elder, and her sister; the three Misses Greer; Miss Dalley and her two cousins, the Farrens, who were (which was so interesting) twins. In the back row were the two contralti, Miss Bolt and the already-mentioned Miss Tappen on her books, together with the tenor, Mr. Phipps; and the basso, Mr. Ferdinand Kenneway, a bachelor of amiable aspect, but the possessor also, in spite of amiability, of several unexpectedly elusive qualities which had tried the patience of not a few.

The music stand was no doubt very much too short for this company. But then it was intended for a quartette only, and had served without question for four estimable persons during the long, peaceful rectorship of good old Parson Montgomery, who had but recently passed away. As, since the advent of his successor, the Reverend Frederick Owen, three months before, the choir had trebled its size without trebling that of the stand, the result was naturally that which has been described.

The Reverend Frederick Owen was an unmarried man.

St. John in the Wilderness had as its rector's study a little one-story building standing in the church-yard not far from the church. On Saturday evenings the rector was generally there. Upon the present evening Miss Rendlesham the elder, that is, Miss Corinna, sent the juvenile organ-blower, Alexander Mann by name, across to this study for the numbers of the hymns, as usual. But the rector did not return with Alexander Mann, as usual, bringing the hymns with him: he sent the numbers, written on a slip of paper. Under these circumstances the choir began its practicing. And its practicing was, on the whole, rather spiritless; that is, in sound. But not in continuance; for two hours later they were still at work. The time had been principally filled with "Te Deums." During the past three months

the choir had had a new "Te Deum" every Sunday, to the discomfiture of Senator Ashley, who liked to join in "old Jackson."

This gentleman, who was junior warden, had dropped in, soon after Alexander Mann's departure with the hymns, to talk over some church matters with the rector. The church matters finished, he remained awhile longer to talk over matters more secular. The junior warden had a talent for talking. But this gift (as is often the case with gifts) was not encouraged at home, Miss Honoria Ashley, his daughter, not being of a listening disposition. The junior warden was therefore obliged to carry his talent elsewhere. He was a small old gentleman, lean and wizened, but active, and even lively, in spite of his age, save for a menacing little cough, which could, however, end with surprising versatility in either a chuckle or a groan. The possessor of this cough wore an old-fashioned dress-coat, with a high stock and very neat, shining little shoes. He had always in his button-hole a flower in summer, and in winter a large geranium leaf.

The chanting of the choir came through the open windows. "I should think they would be exhausted over there," he said. "How long do they keep it up? Ferdinand Kenneway must be voiceless by this time. He has only a thread of a voice to begin with."

"He sings with unusual correctness, I believe," said the rector.

"Oh yes, he's *correct*—very! It's his only characteristic. I don't know of any other, unless you include his health: he lives principally for the purpose of not taking cold. Your choir is rather predominately feminine just now, isn't it?" added the old gentleman, slyly.

"Choirs are apt to be, are they not? I mean the volunteer ones. For the women everywhere come to church far more than the men do. It is one of the problems with which clergymen of the present day find themselves confronted."

"That the women come?"

"That the men do not." The rector spoke gravely. He was but little over thirty himself, yet he had been obliged more than once to put a mildly restraining pressure upon the somewhat too active gay-mindedness of his venerable junior warden.

"What's that thing they're trying now?" said this official, abandoning his jocularity. "Dull and seesaw it sounds to me."

"It's a 'Te Deum' for Trinity-Sunday. I selected it."

"Ah! if *you* selected it— But it can never equal old Jackson's—never! That's Sophia Greer on the solo: she can no more do it than a consumptive wren. But I'll tell you who can, sir—Sara Carroll. They expect her to-night."

"Madam Carroll's daughter?"

"No, the Major's. Madam Carroll is the Major's second wife—didn't you know that? Sara Carroll, sir, can never hope to equal her step-mother in beauty, grace, or general charm. But she is a fine girl in her way—as indeed she ought to be: her mother was a Witherspoon-Meredith."

The rector looked unimpressed. The junior warden, seeing this, drew up his chair. "The Witherspoon-Meredith, Mr. Owen, are one of our oldest families." (The rector resigned himself.) "When Scarborough Carroll married the beautiful Sara of that name, a noble pair they were indeed as they stood at the altar. I speak, sir, from knowledge: I was there. Their children—two boys—died, to their great grief. The last child was this daughter Sara, whose accomplished mother, however, passed away soon after the little thing's birth. Major Carroll, sir, your senior warden, has always been one of our grandest men; in personal appearance, character, and distinguished services one of the noblest sons of his State. Of late he has not, perhaps, been *quite* what he was physically; but the change is, in my opinion, entirely due—entirely—to his own absurd imprudences. For he is still in the prime of life, the very prime." (Major Carroll was sixty-nine; but as the junior warden was eighty-five, he naturally considered his colleague still quite a boy.) "Until lately, however, he has been undeniably, I will not say one of nature's princes, because I do not believe in them, but one of the princes of the Carrolls, which is saying a great deal more. His little girl has always adored him. He has been, in fact, a man to inspire the strongest admiration. To give you an idea of what I mean: a half-brother of his, much older than himself, and broken in health, lost, by the failure of a bank, all he had in the world. He was a married man, with a family. Carroll, who was at that time a young lieutenant just out of West Point, immediately shared

his own property with this unfortunate relative. He didn't dole out help, and keep watch of it, or give so much a year; he simply deeded a full half of all he had to the brother, and never spoke of it again. Forty-five years have passed, and he never has. The brother is dead, and I doubt if the children and grandchildren who profited by the bounty even know to whom they are indebted. Such is the man, sir, generous, noble, and true. In 1861 he offered his sword to his State, and served with great gallantry throughout the war. He was twice severely wounded. You may have noticed that his left arm is stiff. When our Sacred Cause was lost, with the small remains of his means he purchased this old house called the Farms, and here he has come, sir, to pass the remainder of his days in—in the Past, the only country left to him, as, indeed, to many of us." And the old gentleman's cough ended in the groan.

"And Miss Carroll has not been with them?" said the rector, giving the helm of conversation a slight turn from this well-beaten track.

"No, she has not. But there have been good reasons for it. Wait: I must make my narrative connected. At a military post in Alabama, when Sara was about seven years old, the Major met the lady who is now Madam Carroll: she was then a widow named Morris, with one child, a little girl. You have seen this lady for yourself, sir, and know what she is—a domestic angel, yet a very Muse in culture; one of the loveliest women, one of the most engaging, upon my word, that ever walked the face of this earth, and honored it with her tread." (The junior warden spoke with enthusiasm.) "She is of course very much younger than her husband, thirty-three or four years at the least, I should say; for Carroll was fifty-six at the time of his second marriage, though no one would have suspected it. I saw Madam Carroll very soon afterward, and she could not have been then more than twenty-three or four; a little fairy-like mother! When she married the first time she must have been not more than sixteen. Her own little girl died very soon afterward. Later they had a son, the boy you know, who is now, save Sara, the only child."

"Ah, I see; I now understand," said the rector.

But the junior warden didn't; his understanding was that there was more to tell. He drew up his chair again. "Sara Carroll, sir, is a rather remarkable girl." (The rector again resigned himself.) "She is, as I may say, one-ideaed. By that I mean that she has had from childhood one feeling so predominant that she has fairly seemed to have but the one, which is her devotion to her father. She had scarcely been separated from him (save, as it happens, during the very summer when he met and married the present Madam Carroll) until she was a tall girl of thirteen. This was in 1861. At that time, before the beginning of hostilities, her uncle, John Chase—he had married her mother's sister—offered to take her and have her educated with his own daughter Euphemia during the continuance of the troubled times. For John Chase had always been very fond of the little Sara; he fancied that she was like his wife. And, cold New-Englander though he was, he had worshipped his wife (she was Juliet Witherspoon-Meredith), and seemed to be always thinking of her, though she had been dead many years. The Major at first refused. But Madam Carroll, with her clear perception, perfect judgment, and beautiful goodness" (the junior warden always spoke in at least triplets of admiration when he mentioned the Major's wife), "explained to him the benefit it would be to Sara. Her own lot was cast with his: she would not have it otherwise: but in the wandering life she expected to lead, following his fortunes through the armed South, what advantages in the way of education should she be able to secure for his little daughter, who was now of an age to need them? Whereas her uncle, who was also very fond of her, would give her many. The Major at last yielded. And then Sara was told. Well as they knew her, I think they were both alarmed at the intensity of her grief. But when the child saw how it was distressing her father, she controlled it, or rather the expression of it; and to me her self-control was more touching even than her tears had been, for one could see that her heart was breaking. The parting was a most pathetic sight—her white cheeks, silence, and loving, despairing eyes that never left her father's face—I don't know when I have been more affected. For I speak from personal remembrance, sir: I was there. Well, that little girl did not see her father again for four long years. She lived

during that time with her uncle at Longfields—one of those New England villages with wide, still, elm-shaded streets, silent white houses with their green blinds all closed across their broad fronts, and an atmosphere of—of a general interrogative conscientiousness, which is, as I may say, sir, strangling to the unaccustomed throat. I speak from personal reminiscence: I have been *personally* there."

"I don't think there is quite so much conscientiousness, of the especial nature you mention, as there once was," said the rector, smiling.

"Perhaps not, perhaps not. But when I was there you breathed it in every time you opened your mouth—like powdered alum. But to ree-vee-nir (I presume you are familiar with the French expression). In those four years Sara Carroll grew to womanhood; but she did not grow in her feelings; she remained one-ideaed. Mind you, I do not, while describing it, mean in the least to commend such an affection as hers; it was unreasonable, overstrained. I should be very sorry indeed, extremely sorry, to see my daughter Honoria making such an idol of me."

The rector, who knew Miss Honoria Ashley, her aspect, voice, and the rules with which she barred off the days of the poor junior warden, let his eyes fall upon his well-scrubbed floor (scrubbed three times, under the personal supervision of Mrs. Rendlesham, by the Rendleshams' maid-of-all-work, Lucilla).

"But the Ashleys, I am glad to say, are of a calm and reasonable temperament always," continued the warden—"a temperament that might be classified as judicial. Honoria is judicial. To ree-vee-nir. Sara was about seventeen when her father bought this place here, called the Farms, and nothing, I suppose, could have kept her from coming home at that time but precisely that which did keep her—the serious illness of the uncle to whom she owed so much. His days were said to be numbered, and he wanted to have her there beside him. I am inclined to suspect that his own daughter, Euphemia, while no doubt an intellectual and highly cultivated person, may not have a natural aptitude for those little tendernesses of voice, touch, and speech which to a sick man, sir, are far beyond rubies—far beyond." The old man's eyes had a wistful look as he said this; he had forgotten for the moment his narrative, and even Miss Honoria; he was thinking of Miss Honoria's mother, his loving little wife, who had been long in paradise.

He went on with his story, but less briskly. "Sara, therefore, has remained at Longfields with her uncle. But every six months or so she has come down as far as Baltimore to meet her father, who has journeyed northward for the purpose, with Madam Carroll, the expense of these meetings being gladly borne by John Chase, whose days could not have been so definitely numbered, after all, since he has lingered on indefinitely all this time, nearly three years. During the last year and a half, too, he has been so feeble that Sara could not leave him, the mere thought of an absence, however short, seeming to prey upon him. She has not, therefore, seen her father since their last Baltimore meeting, eighteen months back, as the Major himself has not been quite well enough to undertake the long journey to Connecticut. Chase at length died, two months ago, and she has now come home to live. From what I hear," added the warden, summing up, "I am inclined to think that she will prove a very fair specimen of a Witherspoon or a Meredith, if not quite a complete Carroll."

"And she could sing the solo for us on Trinity-Sunday?" said the rector, giving the helm a turn toward his anthem.

"She *could*," said the warden, with impartial accent, retreating a little when he found himself confronted by a date.

"Do you mean if she would?"

"Well, yes. She is rather distant—reserved; I mean that she seems so to strangers. You won't find *her* offering to sing in your choir, or teach in your Sunday-school, or bring your flowers, or embroider your book-marks, or copy your sermons for you; *she* won't be going off to distant mission stations on Sunday afternoons, walking miles over red-clay roads, and jumping brooks, while you go comfortably on your black horse. She'll be rather a contrast in St. John's just now, won't she?" And the warden's cough ended with the chuckle.

It was now after ten, and the choir was still practicing. Mr. Phipps, indeed, had proposed going home some time before. But Miss Corinna Rendlesham having remarked in a general way that she pitied "poor puny men" whose throats were always "giving out," he knew from that that she would not go herself nor allow

Miss Lucy to go. Now Miss Lucy was the third Miss Rendlesham, and Mr. Phipps greatly admired her. Ferdinand Kenneway, wiser than Phipps, made no proposals of any sort (this was part of his correctness): his voice had been gone for some time, but he found the places for everybody in the music-books as usual, and pretended to be singing, which did quite as well.

"I am convinced that there is some mistake about this second hymn," announced Miss Corinna (after a fourth rehearsal of it); "it is the same one we had only three Sundays ago."

"Four, I think," said Miss Greer, with feeling. For was not this a reflection upon the rector's memory?

"Oh, very well; if it *is* four, I will say nothing. I *was* going to send Alexander Mann over to the study to find out—supposing it to be three only—if there might not be some mistake."

At this all the other ladies looked reproachfully at Miss Greer.

She murmured, "But your fine powers of remembrance, dear Miss Corinna, are *far* better than my weak ones."

Miss Corinna accepted this, and sent Alexander Mann on his errand. Ferdinand Kenneway, in the dusk of the back row, smiled to himself thinly; but as nature had made him thin, especially about the cheeks, he was not able to smile in a richer way.

During the organ-boy's absence the choir rested. The voices of the ladies were in fact a little husky.

"No, it's all right; that's the hymn he meant," said Alexander Mann, returning. "An' I ast him if he warn't coming over ter-night, an' he says, 'Oh yes!' says he, an' he get up. Old Senator Ashley's theer, an' *he* get up too. So I reckon the parson's coming, ladies." And Alexander smiled cheerfully on the row of bonnets as he went across to his box beside the organ.

But Miss Corinna stopped him on the way. "What could have possessed you to ask questions of your rector in that inquisitive manner, Alexander Mann?" she said, surveying him from the head of the row. "It was a piece of great impertinence. What are his intentions or his non-intentions to you, pray?"

"Well, Miss Corinna, it's orful late, an' I've blowed an' blowed till I'm clean blowed out. An' I knewed that as long as the parson staid on over theer, you'd all—"

"All what?" demanded Miss Corinna, severely.

But Alexander, frightened by her tone, retreated to his box.

"Never mind him, dear Miss Corinna," said little Miss Tappen, from behind; "he's but a poor motherless orphan."

"Perhaps he is, and perhaps he is *not*," said Miss Corinna. "But in any case he must finish his sentence: propriety requires it. Speak up, then, Alexander Mann."

"I'll stand by you, Sandy," said Mr. Phipps, humorously.

"You said," pursued Miss Corinna, addressing the box, since Alexander was now well hidden within it—"you said that as long as the rector remained in his study, you knew—"

"I knewed you'd all hang on here," said Alexander, shrilly, driven to desperation, but still safely invisible within his wooden retreat.

"Does he mean anything by this?" asked Miss Corinna, turning to the soprani.

"I am sure we have not remained a moment beyond our usual time," said Miss Greer, with dignity.

"I ask you, does he *mean* anything?" repeated Miss Corinna, sternly.

"Oh, dear Miss Corinna, I am sure he has no meaning at all—none whatever. He never has," said good-natured little Miss Tappen from her piled chant-books. "And he weeds flower beds *so* well!"

Here voices becoming audible outside, the ladies stopped; a moment later the rector entered. His junior warden was not with him. Having recollected suddenly the probable expression upon Miss Honoria's face at this hour, the junior warden had said good-night, paced down the knoll and up Edgerley Street with his usual careful little step, until the safe seclusion of Ashley Lane was reached, when he laid aside his dignity, took its even moon-lit centre, and ran, or rather trotted, as fast as he could up its winding ascent to his own barred front door, where Miss Honoria let him in, candle in hand, and on her head the ominous cap (frilled) which was with her the expression of the hour. For Miss Honoria always arranged her hair for the night and put on this cap at ten precisely; thus crowned, and wrapped in a singularly depressing gray shawl, she was accustomed to wait for the gay junior warden, when (as had at present happened) he had forgotten her wishes

and the excellent clock in her parlor that struck the hours. Meanwhile the rector was speaking to his choir about the selections for Trinity-Sunday. He addressed Miss Corinna. At rehearsals he generally addressed Miss Corinna. This was partly due to her martial aspect, which made her seem the natural leader far more than Phipps or Kenneway, but principally because, being well over fifty, she was no longer troubled by the flutter of embarrassment with which the other ladies seemed to be oppressed whenever he happened to speak to them—timid young things as they were, all of them under thirty-five.

Miss Corinna responded firmly. The other ladies maintained a gently listening silence. At length the rector, having finished all he had to say, glanced at his watch. "Isn't it rather late?" he said.

And they were all surprised to find how late it was.

Like a covey of birds rising, they emerged from the pen made by the music stand and organ, and moved in a modest group toward the door. The rector remained behind for a moment to speak to Bell-ringer Flower. When he came out, they were still fluttering about the steps and down the front path toward the gate. "I believe our roads are the same," he said.

As indeed they were: there was but one road in Far Edgerley. This was called Edgerley Street, and all the grassy lanes that led to people's residences turned off from and came back to it, going nowhere else. There were advantages in this. Some persons had lately felt that they had not sufficiently appreciated this excellent plan for a town; for if any friend should happen to be out, paying a visit or taking the air, sooner or later, with a little patience, one could always meet her (or him); she (or he), without deliberate climbing of fences, could not escape.

The little company from the church now went down the church knoll toward this useful street. Far Edgerley was all knolls, almost every house having one of its own, and crowning it. The rector walked first with Miss Corinna; the other ladies followed in a cluster which was graceful but somewhat indefinite as to ranks, save where Mr. Phipps had determinedly placed himself beside Miss Lucy Rendlesham, and thus made one even rank of two. Ferdinand Kenneway walked by himself a little to the right of the band; he walked not with any one in particular, but as general escort for the whole. Ferdinand Kenneway often accompanied Far Edgerley ladies homeward in this collective way. It was considered especially safe.

Flower the bell-ringer, left alone on the church steps, looked after their departing figures in the moonlight. "A riddler it is," he said to himself—"a riddler, and a myst'rous one, the way all womenkind feels itself drawed to parsons. I suppose they jedge anything proper that's clirrycal." He shook his head, locked the church door, and went across to close the study.

Flower was a Chillawassee philosopher who had formerly carried the mail on horseback over Lonely Mountain to Fox Gap. Age having dimmed somewhat his youthful fires, lessening thereby his interest in the bears, wolves, and catamounts that diversified his route, he had resigned his position, judging it to be "a little too woodsy," on the whole, for a man of his years. He then accepted the office of bell-ringer of St. John's, a place which he had been heard to say conferred a dignity second only to that of mails. He was very particular about this dignity, and the title of it. "Item," he said, "that I be not a sexton; for sexton be a slavish name for a free-born mountaineer. Bell-ringer Flower I be, and Bell-ringer Flower you may call me."

Now the bell of St. John's was but a small one, suspended rustically, under a little roof of thatch, from the branch of an old elm near the church door; to ring it, therefore, was but a slight task. But Flower made it a weighty one by his attitude and manner as he stood on Sunday mornings, rope in hand, hat off, and eyes devotionally closed, beside his leafy belfry, bringing out with even pull the one little silver note.

He now re-arranged the chairs in the study, and came upon a framed motto surrounded by rose-buds in worsted-work, a fresh contribution to the rector's walls from the second Miss Greer. "Talk about the mil'try—my! they're nothing to 'em—nothing to the unmarried reverints!" he said to himself as he surveyed this new memento. He hung it on the wall, where there was already quite a frieze of charming embroidery in the way of texts and woollen flowers. "Item—however, very few of them *is* unmarried. Undoubtedly they be drove to it early, in self-defense."

THE PROBLEM OF LIVING IN NEW YORK.

IN no considerable, thoroughly settled city on the civilized globe is material living attended with so many difficulties as in New York. Even in London, to which alone we are second in commercial importance, it is not hard to find a house or rooms within the municipal limits at any season. The same may be said of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg—of any of the Old World capitals, or of any social centre in the Western Hemisphere. But one of the greatest troubles of the average New-Yorker is to secure a roof to shelter him and his. He has no expectation of a home—anything like a home is reserved for the very prosperous few; the most he dares to hope for is a sojourning place for six months, or a year or two at furthest. The effort he makes to this end, the anxiety he suffers, are incalculable. Where and how he is to live is an ever-present, carking thought. He never passes a dwelling marked To Let, in whole or in part, without wanting, even in his busiest moments, to stop to inquire when, how long, and for how much it may be had. He is seldom settled anywhere; he is simply staying in such a street, at such a number, until he may discover another street and number where he may stay. Moving from place to place is his custom and his curse: he is a kind of Aristeas, for whom there is no rest, on whom the inexorable spirit of Manhattan has inflicted the doom of disquietude. Years and years he has been waiting for a better, or less bad, order of things: there have been promises of such periodically, but the promises have never yet been redeemed. He tries to become resigned to what seems the inevitable; he buys a lot in Greenwood or Woodlawn, and comforts himself with the reflection that, once a tenant there, he need not move—that he has at last secured a home.

The difficulty of living here is due, of course, to the fact that the bulk of the city is built on an island, and that the island is long and narrow, causing land, from its numerous occupation, to be so dear that every square foot is naturally turned to the utmost profit. Small houses or reasonable rents are, as a consequence, unattainable; there is, indeed, no such thing. There have been but two ways of living here, presuming one does not board—either in a tenement or in an expensive dwelling. Americans will not, and can not, as a rule, occupy tenements. They who are poor, therefore, are forced out of town. Formerly, persons of ordinary means who felt constrained to stay here had recourse to leasing large houses, often at double or treble their own incomes, and to taking lodgers in order to make up the sum for which they were liable. This was a desperate shift, for lodgers were uncertain; they, after having been got, might vacate their premises any day, leaving the lessee, who had counted on them, irretrievably in arrears. Still, many persons, by force of circumstance, including no little luck, contrived to rub along in this manner; but many more fell into every sort of financial perplexity, and were rendered doubly wretched in their struggle for existence.

This species of household tragedy continued for many years, when a break was seen in the darkness, the break coming from the erection of flats, or apartment-houses, so universal in Paris, and so common in most cities of continental Europe. The first of these, a reconstructed club-house at Fifteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, was small, inconvenient, and very expensive; but it was all leased long before completion by persons delighted with the novelty. Others were built, also in fashionable quarters, and were so dear as to be beyond the reach of moderate incomes. They who owned them said they must get high rents while they could, for in a short while there would be so many apartments that rents would be reduced beyond a point of satisfactory profit. That time was eagerly looked for and longed for, but it has not yet arrived. It ought to have arrived, it would seem, years since, for many apartment houses have been erected on ground not very valuable, notably in the region of upper Broadway, above Forty-second Street, and in the Nineteenth Ward. Such neighborhoods were not thought desirable for private residences, and single-family houses of the better kind could not have been leased there at all. But by the putting up of comfortable and elegant flats high rents were obtained.

A number of families will live under the same roof where one family will not, because, no doubt, if there be any objection to the quarter, the objection is believed to be less, if not wholly removed,

by a numerous sharing of it. This peculiar though common feeling of human nature has been repeatedly exemplified in the construction of flats of an ambitious order. Scores of them in different parts of the city, near stables, rum-shops, tenement-houses, rookeries, are occupied by refined, fastidious people, and with entire content, who would no more have thought of living there as a single family than they would of living in the Fourth or Seventh Ward.

The land on which those houses are was comparatively cheap, but the rents are the reverse of cheap. There is no prospect, in fact, of desirable flats—that is, apartments of any size, convenient, light, and airy—being other than expensive in this city. It is twelve years since the first apartment-houses were built; hundreds of them of divers grades have been put up all over town; but those capable of accommodating a small family, with an elevator, and pleasant, well-ventilated rooms, can not be had for less than from $1500 to $2000. There are flats in poor quarters that rent for from $600 to $800; but they usually have dark chambers, they are ill arranged, and are seldom really wholesome. As a generalization, it may be said that reasonable apartments are not good, and that good apartments are not reasonable. The fond anticipations cherished eight or ten years ago that a nice, healthful apartment might be procured for from $500 to $600 annually have long been dispelled. They who have no more than that to spend for a home, so called, are obliged to put up with sundry discomforts, and to jeopard their health more or less by sleeping in dark, close chambers.

It would seem as if economy of any kind were impracticable in this the costliest of capitals. The mere decencies of life are well-nigh beyond the reach of men dependent on salaries or ordinary incomes. The average earnings here of men even of education and taste are not, it is alleged, in excess of $1500 to $1600, and as the majority of them have families (the unwritten law of Manhattan demands that no couple, unless financially independent, shall have more than two children), they are forced into a ceaseless contest for self-sustainment. They toil through life, endure vexation, disappointment, tribulation, pain, and quit the world leaving no provision for their families, but generally in debt. Comparatively few men who can command credit die, it is said, with all their liabilities discharged. The proportion of New-Yorkers of whom this is true must be larger than of other citizens, for credit here is easily got, and the cost of living is far greater than elsewhere.

What can be expected of a husband and a father who can earn no more than $1500 or $1600? How is it possible for him to stem the current always running so strong against him, especially against the refined and sensitive poor of Anglo-Saxon strain? It is clear that he can not live in the city proper; he must pitch his tent, as it may justly be styled, in the rear of Brooklyn, along the lines of the New Jersey railroads, among the sand knolls of Long Island, or amid the pastures of Westchester. He must come and go daily to and from his business in every sort of weather, keeping mind and nerves on the stretch lest he miss the boat or train. His wistful life is regulated by schedule time; he is ever hurried, planning to save a few minutes, and yet wasting, from the perpetual stress of circumstance, his entire years. He has no leisure, no repose; he is absorbed in town, feverish in the country; he sees little of his family, nothing of his friends; he is engrossed with his petty affairs, which he may despise, but which he can not afford for an hour to neglect. His life is a dull, wearisome round, his most serious thought how he shall get on, and while still thinking of it, the cord snaps and the end comes. He has done his work. True; but was it worth doing? After years of grinding labor, what has he achieved? where is his recompense? He has been striving faithfully for his family, and at the close he leaves them the discouragement of his example, and probably a legacy of debt. Such is the inspiring destiny of the average New-Yorker. Verily is honesty its own and only reward!

Although flats have proved a partial failure in solving the problem for the mass of Americans, they have been warmly welcomed by people of liberal incomes. They have become the fashion, and in a certain way are very convenient. Some of those that are very elegant bring from $2500 to $4000, and are readily taken. One might not believe that an apartment could be leased at such a price, when whole houses, and handsome ones, may be had at those figures. But it should be remembered that very expensive apartments are a saving, in that they require less furni-

ture and fewer servants, a smaller outlay of every kind, than an entire house, and at the same time enable their tenants to present an equally fair appearance in the eyes of the world. This last point is one of grave consideration with New-Yorkers, who will, as a rule, keep up appearances at almost any sacrifice. They save, too, by the new method of living, much trouble, much friction. A flat simplifies housekeeping greatly, and they feel that they can safely leave it and go to the country, or abroad, for an indefinite period. If they had a house they would continually be afraid, and with reason, of its being entered by burglars; and to people who travel so frequently as New-Yorkers do, freedom from such fear is not to be disesteemed. Thus, socially and practically, there are arguments in favor of flats, and arguments of weight. As respects the mass of the native population, likewise, apartments have been a gain, notwithstanding the financial disappointment they have caused. They have enabled those to have something akin to a home of their own; they have largely done away with the hazardous experiment of leasing houses in the hope of covering the rent by sub-letting; they have materially reduced the number of boarding-houses.

The cheaper flats are far from what they should be, but they are a marked advance on what preceded them. The poorest flat, provided it be not unhealthful, is preferable to the best boarding-house, which is as necessarily hostile to true comfort as it is to domesticity. A decent flat may be procured for from $400 to $500, and however unattractive it may be to persons of dainty or exacting disposition, it will furnish a very small family with a wholly separate habitation and a certain kind of independence. That such a shelter and retreat may be had to-day—it was impossible ten years ago—is testimony that the city is slowly advancing. If an apartment is not strictly a home (perhaps it deserves the name of a genteel tenement) it is an approach to a home, which the boarding-house is not, and never will be.

When the elevated railroads had been constructed they were greeted with wide approval, despite their manifest invasion of private rights, their obnoxiousness in the vicinity of their lines, and their serious disfigurement of the streets, because, in addition to their rapid transit, they promised to be the forerunner of small dwellings in the upper part of the island. Small houses have been wanted for a generation, but were not built, for the obvious reason that large ones were more remunerative. The elevated roads, it was argued, would make them remunerative, and would bring back to town thousands of its citizens who had been expelled by lack of city roofs at moderate rents. Numbers of small houses were built, countless citizens were brought back, but the old trouble was encountered. Rents were nearly double what had been anticipated, and many citizens who had moved in moved out again. The roads that had hurt real estate down town helped it up town, making it so valuable that landlords declared they must get certain rents in order to meet increased taxation and the like. Once more the lower middle class were disappointed. Reasonable rents, they said, will never be; and who shall contradict them? Year after year New York seems to justify the painful, dispiriting averment that it is a city of paupers and millionaires. Are not the rich growing richer and the poor poorer as time moves on? Will there ever be a period when the distance between them will be less? Hope answers, "Yes;" Reason answers, "No."

The latest—let us trust it will not be the last—attempt to secure moderate rents was made some three years ago by the promulgation of a plan to build co-operative apartment-houses. The plan was for six or eight or more persons, the number to be regulated by the size of the house, to form a club or association, and for each member to contribute a given and equal amount for the purpose. It was maintained that many of the dearer apartments had been made superfluously expensive by garniture and decoration in order to recommend them to well-to-do Americans, who might naturally have a prejudice against them by association with common tenements, and who would therefore wish to see a marked outward distinction between the two. The assertion was well based. The costliness of the earliest apartments was often deliberate, measurably attributable to excess of ornamentation for the sake of show and effect, with a view to incurring the favor of appearance-loving New-Yorkers. At the same time actually important things, such as plumbing, ventilation, and drainage, which could be kept out of sight, were inferior or slighted.

An intelligent economy, a substantial

improvement, was proposed by the architect who had broached the co-operative scheme. Gilding, glitter, all redundancies, were to be avoided, and convenience, comfort, and health were to be substituted therefor. The circulars and pamphlets issued by the architect declared that a man might be certain of a refined, every way desirable home by adopting his plan, at less than half, possibly at a third, of what he would be obliged to pay otherwise. The promise was very tempting, the statements were plausible, and in a few months eight citizens of less income than culture, who wanted a roof of their own, and to be independent of the whims and exactions of landlords, were found ready to enter into the enterprise. The house was to be, and is, built in Fifty-seventh Street, and has now been occupied about a twelvemonth. The estimated cost to each of the owners was to be about $5000, some $60,000 to be raised on mortgage, making the value of the house, including real estate, $100,000. Estimates are never correct; they are always below the actuality. When completed, the house cost about $130,000, or some $9000 to each owner. In it were studios and apartments, common property, whose rents go toward defraying the current expenses of the building, such as coal, gas, engineer, janitor, elevator boys, taxes, interest on mortgage, etc. After appropriating such rents, the eight partners, each of whom owns an apartment in the building plus one-eighth of the common property, have reason to believe that $500 each, independent of the money invested, will suffice to meet the annual running expenses.

The house was contracted for when mechanics' wages were much lower than now; the ground was bought to great advantage—it would bring at present nearly double the price paid; and consequently, despite various drawbacks in one way or another, the house is decidedly cheap. It stands on two lots, 25 by 100 feet each; contains ten apartments and eight studios, the larger apartments having eleven rooms, counting the bath-room, and the smaller apartments, with the bath, eight and nine rooms. The owners consider the house worth $200,000 easily, and that their rent is not, at most, more than sixty per cent. of what they would have to pay were they not their own landlords. Some of them say that their rent, considering the present high figures, is not above forty-five per cent. of the rents generally charged. All of them agree that if they wished to rent their apartments, their investment would yield them in all probability from twelve to fifteen per cent. per annum. It must be borne in mind, however, that their building is exceptionally cheap, owing, as I have said, to the lower prices of wages and real estate some three years ago. The same building, put up now, would cost fully forty per cent. more.

Various other co-operative apartment-houses, in Fifty-eighth Street, Fifty-ninth Street, Fifth Avenue, Seventh Avenue, and Madison Avenue, have been built, and are building, since the initial one in Fifty-seventh Street; but only two or three are as yet occupied. Most of them are far more expensive and more pretentious than the first. Some of them have apartments owned by the partners together, aside from the apartments owned by the individual partners—these are less expensive to the owners—and other houses have no common property at all. It is computed that original owners (there has naturally been a good deal of speculation in these enterprises, men going into them and selling out for a premium) have generally secured an investment paying from ten to twelve per cent. per annum, and that their apartments, when occupied by themselves, save them at least thirty to forty per cent. in rent. It is impossible to be exact, since the houses are so different in size, cost, and arrangement, and the rules governing the co-operative associations are so dissimilar.

All these associations are stock companies, made such for more convenient handling, the owners holding all the stock, and declaring dividends to one another—the dividends go toward the general expenses—and paying nominal rent, merely for form's sake, in order to comply with the requirements of a corporation. Each owner is a trustee. A president, secretary, treasurer, and a house committee consisting of three are elected annually. No owner is privileged to rent or sell his apartment without the concurrence of his associates, and such rules and regulations are binding upon each and all as serve for the protection alike of the association and its members. An apartment may be held, transferred, or sold—an act of the State Legislature has been passed to this effect—precisely as a whole house may be held, transferred, or sold, so that there is small

danger of legal complication or financial loss through partnership in the co-operative houses. Many sales have been made already, and without the slightest trouble or hinderance. It is desirable, of course, that parties entering into such a scheme should be well acquainted with one another personally and professionally, and in nearly all cases they have been so acquainted. The opinion that many difficulties would be encountered in carrying out the plan has deterred not a few from sharing in it, but as none of the anticipated difficulties has as yet occurred, nor is likely to occur, fears on this score are passing away.

The objection to co-operative houses in many minds is not legal but personal. He who participates in such a project can not tell how long his associates will remain with him, or who will succeed them. Men, particularly New-Yorkers, are forever changing their investments and mode of living. A certain proportion of any number who would co-operate to secure a home would be likely at the end of three or four years to withdraw from the company. Their successors might be inharmonious with the others, thus marring if not subverting the primary condition which had been the inducement to enter into the enterprise. Satisfaction with the scheme, if not its success, must depend on the reciprocal relations of the owners. The very moment they should become antagonistic, or even very uncongenial, to one another, co-operation would virtually cease to co-operate. While many of these companies will prosper, and the members be delighted with their connection therewith, other companies may have trouble, and the members express regret at the imprudence of their action. Everything must hang on the individuals, and their disposition to one another. That there is a degree of risk from the causes named in the co-operative project is evident, and it is not strange, therefore, that many persons who believe in the theory are skeptical of its desirableness. The whole matter is thus far tentative. It will be ten years at least before any correct general conclusion can be reached on the subject.

If $2000, or $3000, or even $4000, were sufficient for ownership in a co-operative house—and there is no reason why it should not be—a large number of very small families in humble circumstances could be provided with far more comfortable abiding-places than they have had hitherto. It is this class that need domiciliary benefit and relief in New York. Those who can readily put $10,000 and upward into a habitation may manage for themselves; they are beyond the range of philanthropic sympathies.

But apartments at best are not and can not be, in any accurate import, homes. They are abodes where persons stay until they can find an opportunity or the means to go somewhere else. There is no idea or association of permanence with them. How can there be in any place that has no cellar, no nursery, no storeroom, no closets worthy the name? An apartment is simply a suite of rooms, seldom more than eight, where a man and his wife may live with tolerable convenience and comfort, and where one or two children may, if absolutely unavoidable, be squeezed in. An apartment is not intended for children; but if they will insist on being born, they must take their chances, as they are forced to do everywhere in this city. Home means the habitation of a family; family means a married couple and their offspring, who, if capable of understanding the adverse conditions of Manhattan Island, might feel tempted to spring off it into the water with which it is so suggestively surrounded. There has never been a city whose situation and construction are more unfavorable, not to say inimical, to progeny. They seem to be regarded here as interlopers, certainly as impertinences. They do not belong, as everybody knows, in hotels or boarding-houses, and parents always experience difficulty in having them received there. In leasing houses, apartments, or rooms, the landlord or agent invariably asks the applicant, "Have you any children?" very much in the tone and manner that he would ask, "Have you committed murder?" or, "Are you afflicted with leprosy?" If obliged to plead guilty to one or two children, even though they be very small, he obviously does not regard smallness either of number or size as any mitigation of your offense: he insults you with a glance of hatred or contempt, and if he fails to reject you altogether, accepts you with an air of protest, but only at an advanced rate.

New York is a Malthusian city. It almost constrains the conditions which the English political economist considered essential to repressing population. His pos-

itive and preventive checks are ever in action here—the former, by shortening human life among adopted citizens in the hideous tenement-houses; the latter, by hindering marriage and increase of family among native citizens. Food is abundant here, but places to live are for Anglo-Saxons totally inadequate. In Manhattan there enters into the theme of propagation a factor which Malthus had not taken into account. Who would suppose that the shape of a city would seriously interfere with natural laws? The New-Yorker looks upon wedlock and its usual accompaniments at a financial angle, and very naturally, under the circumstances. Why should a perfectly sane man assume connubial or paternal responsibilites when he is conscious that there is no room for them? New York may be an Elysium for bachelors, but for a husband and a father with an ordinary income it is next door to Hades. Every street, every house, every provision, says to him: "If you would tarry here, remain single! Transgress celibacy, and we cast you out! This island is reserved for the very rich and the very poor, for the heedless and the homeless. Being none of these, go elsewhere!

Every way of living, except in a home proper, is amply furnished here. There are innumerable hotels of all grades, and countless boarding-houses; there are apartments of every sort, from the finest to the shabbiest; there are rooms in private residences and over shops; rooms with meals and without meals; but there are no quiet, comfortable, attractive places for a family except at prices which the average New-Yorker may not afford. Within a few years nice family hotels, as they are called, have been opened, and they are admirably kept. But besides being very dear, they are not desirable for children. A suite of rooms, furnished or unfurnished, may be hired there for a length of time, generally not less than a year, meals being served in the restaurant at a fixed rate, generally fifteen dollars a week per person. A man and his wife may be delightfully accommodated for from $100 to $200 a week; but with an income to justify such expenditure, they could, perhaps, afford babies and a real home. There are six or eight such hotels in Fifth Avenue now, and there are others elsewhere. They are increasing, though they do not meet the urgent want; they do not aid in the solution of the problem of living.

Rooms are frequently rented, and meals sent in from the outside by professional caterers at prices ranging from five to fifteen dollars a week per head. Not less than twenty caterers make this either their entire business or a feature of it. They serve customers at considerable distances, having wagons especially designed for the purpose, and serve them well. This is plainly anti-domestic, a gypsy method of living, a rather genteel form of Bohemian existence in no wise suggestive of home. Introduce children into any of these novel devices, and the objections to them become insuperable.

New York, doubtless, grows steadily away from the Lares and Penates, for which, indeed, there is no room in our narrow homes. If set up, however often, they would be continually knocked down with the rush and drive of our feverish life, and so disfigured as to be unrecognizable. In truth, they have not been recognizable for years. The present generation has no acquaintance with them; could not even tell how they look. Our fathers and grandfathers were familiar with and honored them, for they had a place to keep them in their spacious, delightful, old-fashioned homes—homes in fact as well as name—happily destitute of household artifice and all the modern improvements. We have no reverence for those deities; we fancy we have outgrown them because we have grown away from them. They have nearly ceased to be a memory. If we should discover them among any dusty remnants of ancestral possessions, we should be pretty sure to exchange them for broken china and Japanese idols. The Lares and Penates do not belong to the period of rampant bric-à-brac. Imagine them in a house of eighteen to twenty feet front, or, worse still, in an apartment! They would be as incongruous with the surroundings as the early Dutch settlers would be with the stock-brokers and speculators of Broad Street.

Why is it, may naturally be asked, that people should continually pour into New York when there is not room enough for half of those already here? Why should they persistently seek to live in a city where, with hosts on hosts of houses, there are no homes save for the prosperous? There is abundant space in most of the towns a hundred miles distant. Why do not people swell the census there instead of crowding into an overcrowded capital

where the chance of success, of competence even, are ten thousand to one against them? They come in such numbers because so many have come before them, because New York is the commercial centre of the republic, because it is immensely rich and strong, because, in short, it does not need or want them. Great cities, like all great bodies, attract by the fact of their greatness. There is something here for everybody—everything, indeed, except a home, with what befits it, independence, freedom, and a fair chance, which most men are thought to value supremely. Having every reason to be deterred, they refuse to be deterred; they obstinately swell the hordes of the homeless, and pit themselves, sanguine with expectation, against fearfully overwhelming odds.

A great city always exercises a strange, well-nigh inexplicable fascination on the multitude not less than on individuals. The former like it for its bigness, its bustle, its movement, its variety, its fluctuations. Where there is so much of everything, they are likely, they believe, to get their share. At any rate, they want to be in the tumble and the tide. Having no inward resources, they hunger for tumultuous externals. What will they not endure to be zeros among the high figures they can never hope to touch? They will strive and toil and agonize, they will pinch and starve, will bear every degree of privation, to whirl in the maelstrom of the metropolis.

Thousands and thousands of men who have no regular employment, and no special prospects, who are materially and mentally out at elbows, whose whole life has been a spiritual tragedy, could not be persuaded to-day to leave the city where they have been so constantly baffled and tormented, where they have suffered so intensely, were they assured of a regular and respectable livelihood in some quiet town of the interior. Myriads of inmates of the squalid, distressing tenement-houses, in which morality is as impossible as happiness, would not give them up, despite their horrors, for clean, orderly, wholesome habitations in the suburbs, could they be transported there and back free of charge. They are in some unaccountable way terribly in love with their own wretchedness.

As to the individuals—the educated, thoughtful, self-disciplined—New York has its allurements for them also, its libraries, its pictures, its parks, its architecture, its cultured society, its delightful haunts. They may be poor, they may be even shifting from pillar to post, they may be in endless worry. But there is a reverse side to the painting, and in its contemplation they find recompense. For the money-getting and the pleasure-loving, Manhattan is full of seductions—no city more so. It furnishes commercial and sensuous stimulants all the year round. Whatever may fall upon them, there are still schemes and joys untried and enticing. Who has not heard hundreds of well-balanced, intelligent men and women declare, after living elsewhere, that they would rather be crowded into rear fourth-story rooms here than own a handsome home beyond the smell of the sea?

It is estimated that a man and his wife, with one or two children, can not possibly live here in any degree of comfort on less than $5000 a year. As $1500 is the limit of the average citizen's earning, what an amount of friction the mass must endure—and they endure it silently in the main—for the incomprehensible privilege of staying in New York! No wonder there is such a ceaseless struggle for betterment of condition! Homilists call it the haste to get rich. Observers know that it is merely the dread of debt and dependence, the tendency manifest throughout the universe of every particle of matter to place itself in a state of rest. It is the desire, intense though vague, and rarely fulfilled, to secure some time the possession of a home. New York is a great, a most opulent city, a marvel of enterprise and progress, in all likelihood the future capital of the world. When it has achieved its highest destiny, let us hope that amid its splendors and its blessings may be included a few more homes.

PERSPECTIVES.

I.

Living, he threads the maze below,
And looking beyond, he saith,
"Ah me! to penetrate and know
The greatest of mysteries, Death!"

II.

Dead, he wanders the phantom-land,
And viewing, behind, the strife
Of the world, he cries, "Ah, to understand
The greatest of mysteries, Life!"

FACING a lonely lane which leads from our quiet village street stands a deserted and ruinous house. Its gambrel roof is mossy and rotting, the rain soaks through it into the chambers beneath, and fills them with mildew. An enormous grape-vine, encircling one of the carved pillars of the front porch like a gigantic serpent, has wrenched it from its foundation, and now supports it at a distance of some inches above its base. The front of the house is heavily curtained with this vine, and the vacant upper windows peer through it at the old burying-ground across the way, and seemingly find a companionship in its grassy hillocks and sunken hollows, its head-stones of slate and sandstone standing awry or toppling to their fall. They are rude monuments for the most part, with uncouth sculptures of grisly death's-heads and spade and scythe; only one fair marble stone amongst them, a stone bearing the inscription, "Beata sedes." Happy home! Strange whim, I thought, to place such words over a grave. On the reverse of the monument were names and dates, and the names were those of the former occupants of the Doctor's house.

I never pass the old mansion but its windows look at me with a desolate and sad-eyed expression through the vines, which seem a veil of crape partly withdrawn, and through blinding cobwebs which might well suggest a mist of tears called up by musings on the fleeting romance and lasting tragedy of human life.

The front door and short path to the gateway are effectually barricaded by a thicket of mock-orange and lilac bushes, but the pathway to the side door in the L was so thoroughly trod sixty years ago that no weed encroaches to-day upon the compact earth. This side door bears an ancient iron knocker in the shape of a funereal urn with encircling drapery, and a door-plate with the name Dr. Galen Pillsbury. This was the Doctor's office. The ground is marked still by the tracks of his chaise, a low-set comfortable vehicle, now falling to pieces in the carriage-shed, and the door-sill is worn hollow by the feet of nearly all the former inhabitants of the village, for the Doctor's skill was in good repute, and the Doctor himself a kindly, sympathetic man, who entered heart and soul into the troubles of his patients.

The garden is overrun with old-fashioned flowers and herbs, used formerly for medicine, and prescriptions still exist written in the Doctor's cramped hand which show that he was a believer in their virtues. One lies before me: "An odoriferous Balsam for the Apoplectick: Rosemary, sage, betony, lilies-of-valleys, lavender, vin. Benedict, et finita ebullitione." My great-aunt Debby remembers him well, and has no faith in the degenerate representatives of the profession of to-day.

We drove by the place the other day, and I drew rein before the house, saying: "I suppose you remember calling here on Mrs. Pillsbury many a time in your young days, Aunt Debby? It would be hard to force an entrance to that front door now."

"'Twas pretty much the same in Mrs. Pillsbury's day," replied Aunt Debby. "Nobody ever went to the front door, and I don't know as any one ever called on her. I never heard of a quiltin', or a dinner, or a meeting of the sewing society, ever being held in that house."

"Why was that, Aunt Debby? Wasn't she fond of gossip? I should think a doctor's wife would be the repository of all the secrets of the town."

"If she was, she was a safe person to have 'em: she wa'n't no great hand to gossip. She couldn't, you see; for she was deaf and dumb. The Doctor undertook to teach her the language of signs when she was a girl, and people did say that he made out so well that she understood him to say that he wanted to marry her, and he hadn't the heart to undeceive her. I don't know what call they had to say so, for the Doctor was always as polite to his wife as a man could be, and he never would have breathed such an idee. Most probably 'twas some other girl that tried to catch him that started it. He always looked contented, and I don't see why he had any cause to regret his choice. She was amazin' neat, kept the house as tidy as a pin, and she was no gadder abroad, though she went to church every Sunday, and looked the preacher straight in the eye, as if she took in every word from the 'Old Hundred' to the benediction. Come to think of it, the front door

was blocked up before her time. The *old* Doctor, he that was Dr. Galen's father, had an uncommon handsome wife, and the old Doctor was most inordinate proud of her. I've heard my mother say that folks said he neglected his profession after he married, for he set such store by her that he couldn't bear to leave her. The house was built for her, and their wedding day he had a front door-step laid of white marble, because he said that day deserved to be marked with a white stone. They used to admire to sit on that stone of an evening, he a-reading, and she knitting, and little Galen playing round. When she died, the old Doctor took on dreadful. He had that door-step prized up and set up for her tombstone, and he set out a lot of trees and shrubs just where it had been, 'n' said that since her body had been carried out, no one should ever go in or out of that door from henceforth forever. It was sort of sentimental, but then again it was no end inconvenient. It seemed a providence like that Galen's wife hadn't no call to be sociable; 'twould have been sort of embarrassing to take all her company traipsing through the Doctor's office, or else round by the wood-house, when like as not she was doing her wash, or churning, or something."

"Do you know, Aunt Debby," I asked, "whether that inscription 'Beata sedes' was on the marble slab when it served as a door-step?"

"I shouldn't wonder. I've heard tell that the old Doctor had some Latin stuff carved on it, and that it was the botheration of every one that came; for strangers mostly thought that it was the name of the person who lived there. One recruiting officer, who was around to see about the draft for the war of 1812, never knocked, for he concluded that there wa'n't no men about the house, but that a widow woman by the name of Betty something or other lived there. The house was gay enough in the time of the old Doctor, but in that of his son it was lonesome as the grave. Galen never had any children, and he was always away looking after his patients, and driving the country over from Dan to Beersheba. Most always he had one or two boarding in the house; for his wife was as good a nurse as he was a physician, brave and patient and kind. They had crazy people there sometimes, and consumptives, and people with dreadful contagious disorders, but Mrs. Pillsbury never failed him. Some they cured, and some they buried, but they did their best by all. Sometimes overworked city people came who needed quiet, and who couldn't have complained but that they got their money's worth of it in that house. Then the Doctor was always bringing in old people to die who belonged by good rights in the poor-house, but for whom it would have been worse than death to go there. He always kept their self-respect up by saying that he would take his pay out of the estate, even when all the estate there was was a parcel of debts. His wife she nursed them all alike; pay patients or charity patients it made no difference to her. And that was how they died at last. A tramp knocked at the door and inquired the way to the pest-house, saying that he was a sailor who had run away from his ship at Rivermouth, and that he believed he was coming down with the black plague. 'We have no pest-house,' says the Doctor, 'and I'm not going to give you permission to enter the poor-house, and give the disease to the paupers.' 'Then I suppose I must die on the road,' says the tramp. 'No,' says the doctor; 'come right in here, and I will take care of you.' And so he did, till he took the disease himself. And then Mrs. Pillsbury nursed them both till her husband died and she came down with it, and there was only the tramp, who was getting better, to crawl to the well for water, or to the gate for the victuals that people brought and left there. He wasn't strong enough to dig a grave, but he carried the Doctor's body over to the burying-ground in a wheelbarrow, and left it there. Some of the townspeople buried him. And a few days after, he carried the body of the Doctor's wife over too, and laid it on her husband's grave. And after all, the tramp got well and went away. Things are ordered just so curious in this world. I've often wondered what became of that man afterward, and whether his life was really worth that of the two people who died for him."

This was all that Aunt Debby could tell me, but my interest in the old house was now thoroughly excited. It had stood empty for over half a century; the frosts of fifty winters and the winds of as many wild springs and autumns must have swept it clean of every germ of disease. The dread which kept it, while still habitable, from being occupied was rather a superstitious fear of appearances from

beyond the grave than from any well-grounded doubts as to its sanitary condition. For the past twenty years it had been too dilapidated to tempt the poorest tenant. The floor of the dining-room had fallen into the cellar, the stairs were considered unsafe, and the chimney-swallows and the squirrels were its only inmates. Distant relatives had carried away everything which they considered valuable, but the house might still be called furnished, and but for the heavy coating of dust, it bore the look of a dwelling from which its occupants could not have been long absent. From the moment that I obtained from the owners the key to the Doctor's office, the fascination which the mansion had always exercised over me grew stronger, and when it turned gratingly in the lock, and I stood within the quiet room, I felt that from the old house itself I could best obtain every detail of the heroic lives passed beneath its roof. The Doctor's bulky arm-chair, nail-studded and upholstered in worn leather, opened its arms wide as the Doctor himself might have extended his own to a little child whom he wished to tempt to his knee. The desk beside it—too simple an affair to tempt a lover of antique furniture—had such a knowing look that I was sure mighty secrets must once have nestled in its rifled pigeon-holes. The corner closet as I opened it breathed a faint suggestive odor of jalap, elixir pro, Hiera picra (or holy powder, composed principally of aloes), of sickening asafœtida, and long-enduring musk, with other unknown unguents and medicaments. There was a row of old books on a high shelf above the door. Schmucker's *Wundarzeneikunst*, published in Heidelberg in 1784; *A Summary View of the whole Practice of Physick;* the *Observationes Medicæ Caroli de Mertens, de febribus putridis, de peste, nonnullisque aliis morbis;* and other antiquated medical works, some on Madness and Melancholy, on Hypochondriack Fits, on Fascinations and Inchantments (treated seriously), Depraved Memory, Cælius Aurelianus on the Distempers of the Mind, on Ætiology, or the Accounting for the Causes of Distempers, the Aphorisms of Boerhaave, and various Latin treatises beginning "Nova et optima methodus .... curandi."

As I dusted these books, and noticed the annotations in quaint script upon their margins, I felt "a sense of nearness" to the Doctor. No other hand had turned these pages between us; his fingers had lingered here last, and turned down this leaf as his attention was called away, or placed this little sprig of southernwood between the leaves to mark the place. It was like a hand-clasp across the century; and as I wandered through room after room, and came upon trivial indications of their daily life, and the prevailing tastes and habits which gave a color to it, I felt like an explorer before a newly opened dwelling at Pompeii. The old house had kept its secrets well, but it was only because no one had come to it caring to learn them. To the observant, to a person who cared to put two and two together, it was full of circumstantial and written evidence. It almost seemed as if it had waited and longed for a listener, so anxious was it to tell.

Falling to pieces in the best room was a spinet, which must have belonged to Dr. Galen's mother, for the silent woman who had presided during his time in this haunted mansion could never have waked or taken pleasure in the ancient melodies and love songs with which the yellow and crumbling music-books were filled. I climbed the rickety staircase, and stood in the chamber where Dr. Galen and his wife had both died. The four-post bedstead stood in the centre, but its hangings and bedding had been carried away and burned. This seemed to be the only change in the room, for the floor was still strewed with withered sprigs of rosemary, bayberries, and juniper, some of which had evidently been burned in a foot-stove that stood on a light stand near the bed. On a hook near the head of the bed hung a silken gown, worn and old even when last placed there, and now falling into a mass of fluffy tatters. It was the dress which Mrs. Pillsbury had worn while nursing her husband and their doom-bringing guest. I knew that her wearing such a fabric was not to be ascribed to habits of luxury, but of caution, for a worm-eaten book lay on the window-sill—*Diemerbroeck on the Plague.* It lay open at a marked page: "Thick woollen Cloathes are apt to take the Infection soon, and retain it for a long while, wherefore Vestments made of thin Silk or Sattin are to be preferr'd in such times."

On the same page I read the following wise preventives, which my ill-fated friends were too humane to employ:

"Art. 174. The best and most certain Prophylactick from the Plague is *to fly from it, trusting in the Lord.*

"Hæc tria tabificam tollunt adverbia Pestem,
Mox, longe, tarde, cede, recede, rede.
(To avoid the Plague the way is to be gone
Immediately, far off, and stay there long.)"

A broken vinegar cruet lay on the hearth, as though they had tried what efficacy there might be in the fumes of vinegar, and on a chest of drawers near by there was an inkhorn and goose-quill, with a scrap of scribbled paper containing observations and directions, evidently made out by the Doctor, when he suspected that he might be stricken down with illness, for the assistance of his wife. Among other bits of advice were the following:

"3d. To smell constantly to a Spunge dipt in Treacle Vinegar.

"4th. To make breakfast of a little Bread and Butter and green Cheese of Sheep's Milk, with a draught of Ale or of Wormwood Wine.

"5th. Not to give way to Frights and Fears, Melancholy or Sadness.

"6th. There is no Simple in the vegetable Kingdom that has Virtues equal to Camphire. To this is owing the great Efficacy of that most noble Antipestilential Oil of Heinsius, an Italian Physician, who by the means of it did such marvellous Cures that after his Death a Statue was set up in Verona in honour of him. Wherefore bathe freely in Camphire.

"Lastly. As the very Heathens acknowledged that the Plague was first sent by God to chastise Men for their Sins, therefore for the extirpating of it be fervent in intercession with God for forgiveness of your unworthy husband."

It struck me as I read these directions that they were dictated more by the desire of preserving his wife from contagion than from any hope of saving himself. Even the last clause, the only one in which he referred to himself, seemed to do so merely to take all blame upon his own life, and to infer that hers had been spotless.

I was greatly touched by this evidence of his considerate love. The room grew suddenly dim, and a light breeze stirring the silken gown seemed to change it to a woman's figure, stretching out yearning arms to the empty bed. With the Doctor's last written words in my hand I descended to the office, determined to search the desk more thoroughly, in the hope of finding something more bearing upon his life and character. Other searchers had evidently supposed that they had emptied the desk, but behind a sliding panel I found a packet of two or three letters addressed to Dr. Galen Pillsbury in faded ink, and carefully tied with black ribbon. It seemed sacrilege to open them, but curiosity was strong within me, and I carried them with the key to the owner of the house, who told me that I was welcome to whatever I found, provided it was not worth money.

The first which I opened was postmarked Cambridge, June, 1780. It was from an old college friend, and rallied him on an attachment of his college days to a reigning belle of the old university town.

"I little thought, my dear Galen," the letter ran on, "that a flame which began with such ardor, and burned with such excess of smoke and noise, should have so soon reduced itself to ashes. I verily thought when we were graduated two years since that another six months would have finished your career as a bachelor, and I should see you attain to the dignity of the degree of Magister Familiæ as the happy husband of our queen of hearts, the lovely Arabella Pigeon. What we heard from you from time to time, that you are devoting yourself to the study of medicine under your father, and had already begun to practice, served in a certain manner to confirm our suspicions. But as time went on, and the lovely Arabella first drooped, the obvious prey to melancholy, and latterly has flung herself with renewed zest into society, the adored of the Freshman and Sophomore classes of our day, now come to the dignity of Juniors and Seniors, and the particular object of devotion to a certain Joshua Lothrop, which Joshua used to employ his leisure hours in scouring your shoe-buckles and tallowing your shoes (after the manner of respect paid in our day by the lower to the upper class men), it has become borne in upon the mind of certain of your old friends that your reputation for constancy is perhaps not as richly deserved as it is abundantly bestowed.

"I have also bethought me of a chance remark of a cousin of mine, that you were deep engaged in the teaching of an unfortunate young woman, a daughter of a friend of hers, who was born without

the gift either of speech or hearing. She added that you had had marvellous success therein, insomuch that she that was deaf could in a measure comprehend, which was a great boon to her and all that knew her, inasmuch as she was comely of person and gentle and amiable of mind. It may be that I am fantastical, but I could not but connect the two in my mind, and I make bold to guess that it is the loveliness of your fair patient rather than the cause of science which has attracted you to her case, and which may also stand as accountable for your manifest fickleness toward Mistress Arabella Pigeon."

The letter ran on upon other matters, but there was a later one from the same writer which interested me still more strongly:

"My dear Galen,—Pardon the inconsiderateness of my last epistle. Truly, if I had suspected that your affection for Mistress Arabella Pigeon were other than the light and passing fancy which it seemed, I would not thus have rated and harried you. Of a surety I know not that I have read in any novel of a man being placed in more lamentable plight than yourself, and yet methinks you have rightly descried the path of honor.

"Mistress Arabella, though haughty and accomplished, is not worthy that you should die for her, as you profess yourself willing to do; neither, as I judge, is her affection for you of the killing sort, inasmuch as her approaching marriage with Joshua Lothrop is now confidently spoken of, as soon as he shall have been graduated. You have, you say, spoken no word to her of the love you bear her, and if you have inadvertently looked and acted it, well, others have done the same, and there is nothing binding in law, according to Blackstone, as I read him, in a lackadaisical bearing, or even in a courteous caress. Some may say that the same rule applieth to your converse with your present patient. But here I make a difference, since looks and actions take the place with her of words, and if she has so comprehended them as to signify a tendance of your affection and troth to her, as an honorable lawyer I hold that you are right in considering yourself bound to her even as though you had voluntarily and wittingly made offer of yourself, and that in eloquent language or by written contract.

"I doubt not, also, that in the path of duty which you have chosen you will find as much solace and true happiness, as undoubtedly more of peace of conscience, than as if you had wedded the lady of your first love, for she is reputed to be of an arrogant temper, as well as petted and spoiled as she is beautiful. You may trust me to keep your secret to the grave; and as to conveying your message to her, that you will love her unceasingly, and pray only for opportunity to lay down your life for her sake, that will I not do. For, however much you may feel them in the present smart of your disappointment, such sentiments are but love-sick twaddle, as you will come to confess before another year has gone over your head.

"And so, come weal or woe, I rest your friend, Amos Clarke."

There were no more letters, but several clippings from old newspapers. One bearing a date some twenty years later contained the intelligence of the capture of the brig *Arabella*, with Captain John Lee, Mate Joshua Lothrop, and crew, by Barbary corsairs. The news came through a British sailing vessel, witness of the seizure, but whose captain dared not or cared not to interfere. On the margin of the paper, opposite the name of the mate, the Doctor's hand had penciled the words, "Her son."

There were other newspaper clippings, all having reference to affairs with Barbary, and showing that the Doctor took an intense interest in Decatur's expedition to chastise the pirates and rescue the captives. One ran as follows:

"The brig *Commerce*, of Hartford, Connecticut, was cast away on coast of Africa, off Cape Bajador, on 28th of August last. Crew made prisoners by the Moors, who carried them across the Sahara. They made known their sufferings to their countrymen on the Mediterranean coast, and appear about to be ransomed for nine hundred and twenty dollars and two double-barrelled guns.

"Tobias Lear,
"U. S. Consul at Algiers, 1808."

On the margin was written:

"Wrote to Tobias Lear, seeking tidings concerning the fate of the young man Joshua Lothrop and the brig *Arabella*, but have received no answer."

A slip from the Providence *American* announced:

"Arrived here last evening, brig *Brazilian*, 42 days passage from Gibraltar. The American squadron (under Decatur) fell in off Cape de Gat with the Algerian frigate *Mashonda*, June 17, commanded by Rais Hammida, and carrying 46 guns and 600 men. She was engaged by the *Guerrière* alone, and, after an action of 1½ hours, captured by her, with 24 killed and 24 wounded.". . . .

"The American prisoners in Algiers were released without ransom."

Across this was written: "All praise to Decatur, Champion of Christendom! Now we shall hear tidings concerning the crew of the *Arabella!*"

Alas! the only further clipping was one heavily lined in black by the Doctor:

"The prisoners sent forward in brig *Epervia*, Lieutenant commanding, John Shubrick. No news after passing Gibraltar, 12th of July."

Apparently the unhappy captives had escaped the hands of the corsairs only to find a watery grave. This was all that the little packet contained, only the secret of his early love, and the proof of his continued devotion and sympathy through later years. I was vaguely dissatisfied; I had learned much, but not enough. Somewhere, I felt sure, there must be a clew to all this suffering, a knitting up of the ravelled threads of life, which else seemed so fragmentary and purposeless. I asked Aunt Debby if anything further was known of the tramp who was nursed back to life in the old house, and left such poor return for the kindness done him.

"Nothing," replied Aunt Debby. "The Lord don't undertake to explain to us why He does things. If only Eve had been cute enough to have eaten of the tree of life *before* she helped herself to the other, maybe we might have seen further into the doin's of Providence; but as it is, it strikes me life's a good deal like the stories you get to reading: just when you reach the most interesting part, and you want to know who marries who, and what happens to the villain, slap comes Death, and says, 'To be continued.'"

I was not content to wait for the sequel, but searched the Doctor's house still more eagerly for some scrap of evidence. I found a bedroom in a remote part of the house, where I was sure the Doctor had first nursed his guest, striving to keep the contagion from his wife. Medical works lay on an old-fashioned bureau, books which he had consulted while still in doubt as to his patient's disorder, for one leaf was turned down to the following paragraph:

"A Calenture is a Fever peculiar to Mariners. Those that are taken with this Distemper are affected with a singular sort of delirium. For they say they will walk into the green Fields which they always seem to have in view, imagining they are just entering into them: And unless they are detained by Force, they leap into the Sea; and this Symptom is the Pathognomonick Sign of this Disease. It often happens in the Mediterranean Sea. Young lusty Men of a sanguine Complexion are most obnoxious to it. They are most commonly relieved by plentiful Bleeding."

Evidently he had afterward become convinced that the disease was in reality the plague, and had treated it accordingly, but something in the paragraph, perhaps the mention of the Mediterranean Sea, struck me forcibly, and I looked closely for some trace of the unknown sailor. On the same bureau lay a pocket Testament. It opened to a marked passage, "Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Who had marked it, the Doctor or his patient? There was no clew. After all, the story was still "to be continued." Like the tuneless spinet in the best room, some cords were snapped, and the complete melody could not be wakened. I had a theory of my own that would set all right to my own convictions. If only I could discover the name of the plague-stricken sailor, and it should prove to be the lost son of the Doctor's early love, there would be a certain beauty as well as poetic justice in his laying down his life at last for her sake, as he had long ago gallantly professed himself willing to do. I looked through family records and endless Lothrop genealogies, hoping to light upon some scrap bearing upon the history of Mistress Arabella and her son, but without the least success. I haunted old burying-grounds, having a very distinct image in my mind of the inscription I wished to find. It should read something like this:

"In memory of Joshua Lothrop, born ——, 1782; died ——, 18—, while engaged

as an engineer in the exploration of Africa, after daring exploits and remarkable achievements in the cause of civilization.

"His attention was drawn to the need of that land by his own experience during captivity among the Moors; and he was led to devote his life to the service of humanity by the loving-kindness of God, manifested in his escape from slavery, in his rescue from shipwreck, and in his well-nigh miraculous recovery from the plague.

"He took as his watch-word, 'Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'"

This was rather too long an epitaph to hope for, but I could have filled in any hiatus. Aunt Debby was right; it was not for presumptuous mortal to connect the electric circuit by which God causes Disaster, Death, and even Crime to run his errands. The grave held its voiceless dead securely, and as for the epitaph, I never found it.

AT THE KING'S GATE.

A BEGGAR sat at the king's gate,
And sang of summer in the rain—
A song with sounds reverberate
Of wood and hill and plain,
That rising bore a tender weight
Of sweetness, strong and passionate;
A song with sigh of mountain pass,
Ripple and rustle of deep grass,
The whispering of wind-smote sheaves,
Low lapping of long lily leaves,
Red morns and purple-moonèd eves.

The king was weary of his part,
The king was tired of his crown;
He looked across the rainy land,
Across the barren stretch of sand,
Out to the rainy sea;
He heard the wind beat loud and free
The gilded casement, sullenly
Falling away with mist and rain.
"But oh! it is a weary thing
To wear a crown and be a king,
Unending war with care and pain;
O for one golden hour and sweet,
To *serve* the king with willing feet!"
But he would sleep, and from his heart
The jewelled silken girdle loose,
And give it room to turn and choose
An easier measure for its beat.

Into the gilded chamber crept
A breath of summer, blown with rain
And wild wet leaves against the pane.
The royal sleeper smiled and slept.
"I thought that all things sweet were dead!"
They heard him say, who came to wed
The crown again to the king's head.

HOW ALUMINIUM WON THE GRAND PRIX.

OF course I must take the reader into my confidence in this affair now, or forever afterward hold my peace about the matter. Let me trust that it will not go any further, as what I am going to disclose is a secret of the French turf, and unknown to any of the "knowing ones" of the French capital, whose name is "Legion," and consequently should be kept strictly *entre nous*.

Let me begin at the beginning. "O that the leopard *could* change his spots!" I sighed to myself as I took my usual four-o'clock walk along the Avenue des Acacias. The vernal sun that causes the violet and the snow-drop to blossom had also brought out the traces of the entire winter's table accidents on the only frock-coat I possessed. The sun and the dust are bad enough; but then there are the April showers, which often extend far into the month of May, and it would often seem that the much-abused clerk of the weather becomes confused even in the leafy month of June, and turns on the April tap. All the forces of reviving nature in spring-time seem combined to crush the impecunious man of modern times—I mean the man of the world—and awaken him to a sense of shame and ridicule after an expensive winter of folly and fashion.

Only yesterday I was standing on the curb-stone, and the beautiful refreshing rain came down in sheets, as the fascinating Comtesse De X. sailed past in her gorgeous landau. I was constrained to suddenly open my neatly folded umbrella, displaying two woful rents in the same that had hitherto escaped my vigilance. I have tried sleeping upon my unmentionables, but it fails to renovate them as to a certain "bagginess" at the knees, which "bagginess" my tailors, Messrs. Schneider and Clippertape assured me could never occur in trousers of their "build," generally acknowledged to be the *knee plus ultra* of fashion. Perhaps I have lost flesh too. It is unfortunate that my social position requires that I should keep up appearances.

I endeavored to obtain an engagement at the Musée Grévin to pass as a wax-work figure. I thought that in this way I might get a little rest, and at the same time be making some of the "needful." The manager damped my hopes on this score, however. He said that while fully admiring my *distingué* appearance and aristocratic bearing, the resemblance I bore to any celebrity, past or present, was not sufficiently striking to warrant his placing any niche at my disposal. Thus, gentle reader, appearances are against my waxing great in this line. Are great men *always* insignificant-looking? Hem!

Since that time I have been living on expectations and invitations to dine out, chiefly the latter. When I see the *nouveaux riches*, and people who have more money than they know what to do with, and nothing in particular to "keep up," except, perhaps, a reputation for being easily sold, it makes my heart ache. I don't mean to say that I am envious; but merely that I should like to be in their shoes for a while, especially as their heels are usually quite correct, and are not worn off at the back, as mine are. Should this go on much longer, I shall soon have to show a clean pair of heels; not from any motives of fear, but from sheer inability to cover them. Indeed, I often feel that if expectations do not "result" soon, I shall be obliged to take to my bed on account of my linen, or rather on account of a plentiful lack of it. I had thought of borrowing; but one naturally feels a sort of pride or reserve that makes it difficult to postulate for trifles when one already owes a few years' arrears. I have a friend, however, from whom I *might* borrow, but I never could. This arose from simple impecuniosity. He is a great genius, however, and was evidently destined to make his mark in the world, as the reader will probably learn before he finishes this veracious narrative. I once asked Joe (that's my friend's name, Joe Hook; he is, of course, an American, from the State of—well, the other States might be envious of such a genius, so I won't say where he hails from)—I once asked Joe for a louis, hoping that this request might elicit a smaller sum; but he only folded me in his arms in a warm embrace and wept. Whether it would have affected him as much had I at the time asked him fairly and squarely for a dollar is a question I have not been able to solve. I can assure the indulgent reader, however, that, as a point of honor, I have never asked any living soul for less than a *louis*. I felt, nevertheless, that the time had come when to passively permit myself to be strangled by the octopus

Penury, without a last frantic effort for freedom, would be unworthy of the great future I felt was in store for me. I had been promised an ushership, with free access to the refreshment-room, by the "Shoddy Ladies' Committee" at the great fair that was shortly to be given for the benefit of disappointed office-seekers.

I must tell you that my friend Joe was an artist as well as a great inventor. So I communed thus with myself: "Joe *is* an artist, and it is almost within the bounds of possibility that he has sold a picture. There are a few fools left in the world yet." On this faint hope I regaled myself. But, alas! poor Joe was far ahead of this century—too far, perhaps—yet his genius was startling. He painted a canvas for the Salon, and brought it before the approving committee. At first the work set forth a glowing sunset upon a placid summer sea; but the committee whose duty it was to approve did not view the sunset in the proper light, and disapproved. He, nothing daunted, then inverted the picture before their very eyes, turning it upside down, when, lo! it was now seen to represent the red sands of the Sahara Desert under a sky of ardent blue. This miracle—may I not call it so?—he had wrought to prove to these prejudiced and ignorant individuals what an unduly born genius of the twentieth century could do.

It was with a certain vague feeling of apprehension not unmingled with melancholy that I rapped at Joe's door on the beautiful morning of the 1st of June, 1882. My summons was at last answered, but I was not admitted at once. Joe opened the door only wide enough for me to catch a glimpse of one of his eyes through the aperture.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

I answered in the affirmative.

He then opened the door a little wider, and peered about as if he thought that some one might be concealed behind me. At last his suspicion was allayed.

"Come in," said he, in an assured tone of voice; and I accordingly followed him into the atelier.

We stood before a huge upright mass, covered with a green dust sheet, that occupied the centre of the room. Joe fixed his deep, penetrating gaze upon me for an instant, as he laid one hand on the dust sheet. At that instant he looked positively dramatic. He was grand.

"You will now see," he said, in deep, sepulchral tones. "what no other mortal yet has seen, save myself who gave it being."

With this he tore away the covering, and displayed to my astonished gaze what appeared to be an ordinary-sized horse.

"What a joke!" I exclaimed. "How on earth did you manage to make him come up the stairs?"

I must own that although I was greatly surprised, still I felt relieved, as from Joe's impressive manner I had feared it was something dangerous he was about to show me.

"This is my creation," continued Joe, stroking the animal's mane. "It is I who have breathed life into his nostrils."

"Is he mad?" I thought to myself. "What!" I asked, aloud, "do you mean to say that he is not alive?"

"Look!" said the sorcerer, as he opened a trap in the side of the figure, displaying to my astonished eyes a most intricate mechanism.

"I have never seen the like before," I exclaimed, in confused wonder.

"It has been the secret study of my life," said he, "my one absorbing ambition, to animate inert matter—to give it life and being."

I now remembered that some years ago he had invented a flying-machine that was to have been exhibited at the International Exhibition, but which, at least according to his own account, through some carelessness on somebody's part, broke loose the night before the opening, and was not heard of for weeks, when it was discovered flapping and floundering about in a wild manner on the "steep brow of the mighty Helvellyn" by some unsophisticated natives of the "North Countree," who supposed it to be alive, and from whom it experienced some rough treatment in its capture. It was brought back to Paris in a ruinous condition, but after a renovation from the master hand of Joe, being of an erratic disposition and impatient of any trammels, it again broke bounds, and flew off, body and bones—*abiit, erupit, evasit*—and nobody has been able to discover its *hic jacet*. Poor Joe! I endeavored to console him with the little joke, "*Sic itur ad astra*," but he refused, like Rachel, to be comforted, because his machine was not. "It's just my in-*fernal* luck!" said he.

But let me attempt to give my reader some idea of this wonderful automatic horse, and in as few words as possible, for

a detailed description is out of the question.

The machine resembles a horse in every detail, being a perfect skeleton, composed of aluminium, covered with a horse-hide. This is most ingeniously contrived, and will bear the closest inspection. Aluminium (thus named by my friend on account of the metal of which it is chiefly composed) weighs only eighty pounds. The motive power is highly compressed air confined in four brass cylinders of equal dimensions concealed within the carcass, connected with each other and by a complicated machinery with the four articulated legs of the machine. Aluminium is set in motion by pressing gently forward in the saddle, a trot, canter, or gallop being obtained by working the reins as with a living animal. Turning is contrived by causing the limbs of the machine to move more or less rapidly on one side or on the other. This is done by the rider's knees, and drawing in the proper rein at the same time. Joe says that one of the advantages which Aluminium possesses over his brethren in the flesh is that, like a railway locomotive, his motion is reversible, and he can go the pace backward as well as forward. This his inventor considers one of his strongest points. Should the rider desire or should occasion require that the metallic steed be ridden backward, it can be very easily managed, thus: The saddle is reversible, and the rider guides the horse by the tail, which is cunningly divided into two braids, as whilom English ladies did their back hair. As regards the "looks" of this steed, the only fault I could find in his points was the neck, which appeared unnecessarily straight and clumsy. I ventured to hint this little detail to my friend, who only answered by a wink accompanied with the words, "Looks are not everything, my boy."

The very night of my visit we tried the machine in the Champ de Mars. The movements of Aluminium were very natural, and far less jerky than one might have been led to suppose. Speaking of running time, his marks compared very favorably with the contemporary species he was destined to personify on the turf. It was evident that in long distances he was bound to be the master.

I felt now that the only thing left for me to do was to come to an understanding with Joe, who seemed to desire nothing better than the proposal I made.

The Grand Prix de Paris, that was to come off at the Bois de Boulogne in three days, was discussed, and it was agreed that I should be backer, while Joe was to play the part of trainer.

"Well," said Joe, in his new rôle, "suppose you take him over the three thousand mètres while I watch his pace."

I mounted accordingly, and commenced a lively gallop round the field. I got over the ground in good time, but, as ill luck would have it, something went wrong with the apparatus for stopping the beast, and to my surprise and terror he went round and round at the rate of an express train for nearly an hour and a half, until all the air in the cylinders was exhausted. Ugh! the brute. I felt like Mazeppa, with this exception, that he was tied on, and had no fear of falling and breaking his neck, which at times seemed no remote contingency with me.

"Aluminium must be entered at once," said I, as soon as I recovered breath, "and a jockey must be found—a suitable jockey."

Ay, here lay the difficulty. He must not only be a clever and willing servant, but his discretion must be like a sealed tomb. If I would go about to find a jockey at once, Joe agreed to spend the remaining days in initiating him into the mysteries of the machine.

I felt that I had my hands full, but in less than twenty-four hours I had entered Aluminium for the Grand Prix, and found a man who I thought would do to ride him. His name is Bill English, a jockey well known on the British and French turf as always doing his best to win, and quite incorruptible. He pulled rather a long face, however, when he was presented to his mount; but Joe's persuasive eloquence, and the promise of a substantial share in the "spoils of the enemy" we looked forward to for replenishing an exhausted exchequer, overcame whatever prejudice he had entertained against our metallic racer.

I now had to turn my attention to another most important matter, on which the success and honor of our undertaking greatly—indeed, wholly—depended.

It was impossible to let Aluminium himself pass inspection at the *pesage* on the day of the race, for however perfect he might be to the casual observer, minute inspection would infallibly unveil the trick. A substitute must be found for

that ordeal. Armed with a piece of horse-hide of the same complexion as that with which Aluminium was covered, as a sample, and having the automaton's measurements in my pocket, I rushed about Paris to find an exact counterpart. I finally lighted on a horse that pulled fiacre No. 7817, that perfectly matched the machine, color and all. I told the driver to hold himself in readiness on the night before the Grand Prix to place himself and his horse and fiacre at our entire disposal. I thought it good policy that Aluminium should not be seen before the eventful day. It was not that my conscience pricked me in the least because Aluminium was mineral instead of animal that I took so many precautions, but because in these old countries there are such prejudiced and narrow-minded people that are always ready to war against new ideas as if they were culpable innovations. According to my opinion, a horse is no less a horse because he is not made of the old-fashioned conventional flesh and blood. Look at the wooden horse of Troy, the loadstone horse of the *Arabian Nights*, the bronze horses of the blind Doge Dandolo, and last, and not least, the

> "famous horse of brass
> On which the Tartar King did ride,"

celebrated in immortal verse by Chaucer and Milton! These last were metallic horses like Aluminium, and everybody will admit that a horse of mettle is an accepted and honored term as well on the turf as at the Jockey Club. Nevertheless, it is well to guard against malicious persons.

I felt myself quite worn out with the mental strain and anxiety to which I had been subjected even with the trifling preliminaries I have sought to describe. Still more arduous labors were in store for me. I felt that the greater part of the responsibility devolved upon me, as the machine, I felt certain, was all right, and bound to win.

I now turned my attention to the book-makers. Rymil's horse, Bruce, and the Duke of Hamilton's Fénelon, were the only opponents I feared in the least, according to Aluminium's time. I went continually to the Jockey Club to endeavor to persuade my most intimate friends to back my quadruped. I had some trouble, by the-bye, the day before the race. Although I had recorded Aluminium's pedigree as sired by Invention and dammed by Cheek—this is *not* profane—yet I had entirely forgotten to inscribe on the committee's books the exact sex of my "entry." However, as this was rather more a matter of taste than one of conjecture, I gallantly put down "filly," with a sublime indifference for the Latin gender of the name—by-the-way, *is* it Latin? They then requested me to sign a paper guaranteeing that Aluminium was not more than three years old, to which I also cheerfully complied with alacrity, as I knew she had been riveted together only last autumn.

In going the rounds of the book-makers in the evening I met Monsieur Druot, a member of the French Academy, a mild, scientific old gentleman, decorated with a commandership of the Legion of Honor. He stated that having heard that I had made an entry for the Grand Prix, he took the liberty of begging me to use my influence with the guardians of the course in order that he might be permitted to place a recently perfected photographic instrument under the judges' stand, or at the winning post—anywhere, if it were only on the line—so as to enable him to reproduce instantaneously the last struggle. I returned that I should only be too proud to assist him in any way that lay within my power in the furtherance of his scientific researches, and gave him a rendezvous on the course for the morrow.

In the mean time, while I had been engaged in arranging the last preliminaries in town, Joe and Bill English, under cover of the darkness, had proceeded to the Bois with Aluminium and the fiacre 7817. Some time after midnight I went out and joined them in a little isolated building opposite to the course, to the left of the grand stand, that had been hired by Joe for the occasion. The strictest incognito had been successfully maintained. Bill English had taken advantage of the dim starlight to ride Aluminium twice over the course, about three thousand mètres. The "time" made could not be more promising, the only thing wanting being another touch of oil. I found the fiacre horse I had so carefully selected for his resemblance to the machine quietly munching his oats: it must have been a treat to him, for his usual fare could not have been better than hay at the best of times.

Joe had disposed of the driver, who was evidently fresh from the provinces, by promising to pay two francs an hour, and

keeping the horse an indefinite length of time.

I watched the quiet enjoyment reflected in the poor animal's confiding eyes by the flickering light of a badly trimmed oil-lamp, and could not help feeling a twinge of conscience at the thought that I had taken him from the pursuit of his honest calling to make a "guy" of him, shortly after sunrise, before some of the first "thorough-breds" of France and England.

We had agreed that it was safer to replace Aluminium by No. 7817 in the usual early morning canter, as the "knowing ones" would be there, and our jockey thought it unwise to run the risk of minute inspection.

I must confess that on retiring to a little low loft above the stable I scarcely slept a wink, though half dead with fatigue, until early dawn, when I was aroused from a confused vision of phantom jockeys on skeleton horses, and demons brandishing pitchforks on the judges' stand, by the six-o'clock bell of the great stables. As I glided down from my perch, No. 7817 was leaving the stable, saddled and mounted. I joined Joe, who, after double-locking the stable door, told me that he had sat up all night, fearing that some one might steal into the stable and discover the machine. A great many people had come out from town to see the morning canter—sporting characters, book-makers, and the simply curious, who often show as much interest in such matters as if they had thousands at stake. Many of the other horses were already out. No. 7817 neighed as he stepped on to the course; but Bill English looked sullen and depressed.

"I'll give yer five francs for 'is 'ide!" shouted one individual close to us.

"Put some salt on 'is tail!" roared another.

"Chalk 'is beak!" said a third.

"Don't you mind what they say," whispered Joe.

But these little incidental remarks of the by-standers were nothing to the shouts of laughter that greeted our unfortunate "bogus," as the jockey called him, after the canter, when he came in thirty lengths behind all the others.

"I'll make 'em laugh out of the other side of their mouths, sir. I'll show 'em a trick or two before the day is done," remarked Bill, sullenly, but with a gleam in his eye which showed that he meant mischief. It was evident that the chaffing he had undergone had not agreed with him, and that he was now more determined than ever to pay them out. "I'll eat him, saddle and all, s'elp me bob, sir, if I don't!" said he, as he passed me on his way back to the stables.

There was nothing now for us to do but to await the grand event, and abide by the issue of the day. The odds were now five hundred to one against Aluminium. Of course, at such a price, we risked all that we possessed and all we could borrow—a matter of about one hundred and twenty louis. Joe appeared perfectly calm and confident about the matter. This greatly re-assured me, and helped to keep up my spirits, that had begun to droop, perhaps from the unconscious effect of the unsympathetic welcome the unfortunate No. 7817 had received in the morning.

Many carriages had remained in the open on the other side of the track ever since the early canter, in order to secure good places. Pedestrians now began to flock toward us from over the fields. Even at twelve, eager amateurs could be seen wandering about with a *pesage* ticket hung to the button-hole. At a little past one, all Paris seemed to be issuing from the different outlets of the wood just in front of us. The avenues and roads were black with all manner of vehicles—barouches, victorias, brougham coaches, dog-carts, all pressed their way toward the doors of the enceinte. The *grand monde* and the *demi-monde* mingled their exclamations and murmurs on the tiers of the grand stand. A little later M. Grévy and his suite made their appearance at the Presidential tribune. Then came the ex-King and Queen of Naples, followed shortly after by Isabella of Spain.

I caught sight of M. Druot the Academician, whom I have already casually introduced to the reader, struggling through the crowd, with an assistant bearing an apparatus that looked something like a breech-loading cannon mounted on a diminutive-looking barrel organ. His eye lighted when he recognized me. "Quelle foule! mon Dieu! quelle foule!" he exclaimed as he mopped his forehead with a huge red silk handkerchief. I showed him the place that had been reserved for him, and left him, to see what was going on at the stable. There were three races before the Grand Prix, which was to take

place at half past three o'clock. At the termination of the last of these races I was in readiness with No. 7817, and I managed to pass the formalities exacted at the *pesage*—by-the-bye, I forgot to mention that No. 7817 was of the gentle sex—before the other "entries." This ordeal satisfactorily passed through, our jockey descended to the track before any of the others were out, and galloped off, as if to warm his animal, to a bend in the course beyond the limits of the crowd, where the machine and Joe were awaiting him, on the inner side of the track, where there is no railing. Bill dismounted as if to tighten his girth, and this was the signal for Joe, who was partially disguised in a cap and blouse, to come close to him with Aluminium, and pretend to aid him. Thus the exchange was successfully effected. Some time elapsed before all the competitors were in the field. Bruce was the last to make his appearance, mounted by Archer. The excitement of the crowd, that had only been lukewarm during the minor contests, was now roused to the highest pitch, and cries of "Fénelon!" "Bruce!" "Archer!" "Marden!" rang from the crowd, and were echoed by the grand stand.

"I have only one word to say to you," whispered Joe to Bill English, as he galloped Aluminium to the starting-place, "and that is to mind the neck valve. God bless you!"

I had no time to ask Joe for an explanation of this mysterious injunction, for in another instant the bell rang, the flag commenced to fall, and they were off.

Fénelon led, closely followed by Alhambra, then came Bruce and Aluminium hugging the inside of the track, followed by Marden and Grande Princesse, with all the rest huddled together in one indistinct mass, showing all the colors of the rainbow. They were gone like a flash; out of sight in a moment, leaving us thrilled with excitement and rooted to the spot, straining eyes through double barrels, on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of them round the bend of the course. A breathless silence, a subdued hush, had come over the multitude in every direction, as it swayed to and fro in eager expectation. Soon a murmur was wafted back to us from the outer limits of the crowd. "Les voilà! les voilà!" soon became audible. Then the cries broke out all along the line. Some clapped their hands, others threw up their hats; and shouts and cries like the confused roar of the surging sea arose from the great multitude.

"Aluminium! Aluminium!" I shrieked, my heart thumping against my ribs, and my very knees knocking together.

Bruce and Fénelon were nose to nose, and Aluminium between them, only a neck behind, Bill English looking triumphant, and riding with the motionless ease of a perfect jockey. "Aluminium! Aluminium!" I roared.

Fénelon's jockey was already lashing him with all his might.

"LOST!" I thought to myself. "Aluminium can never make up that neck." But at the crucial moment, just as they passed the judges' line, I thought I saw, like the mocking phantom of by-gone dreams, the nose of Aluminium dart out like a flash from between the heads of Bruce and Fénelon. Yet no. Could it be? The body was still behind. I not only felt that all was lost, but that my reason had tottered from its throne. I made a rush for the judges' tribune, maddened by the thought, and quite beside myself, knocking over several people, and climbing over the shoulders of others, in my wild, impetuous career to rejoin Joe.

Joe was leaning against the tribune, hatless, with his shirt torn open, weeping like a child, in the same helpless convulsive way that he had done when I had been so rash as to solicit the loan of a louis.

"Lost! Lost! We've lost!" I cried, clutching at him.

He could not speak; he only slowly lifted his arm and pointed to the electric dial on the tribune overhead. I guessed his meaning, and looked up.

The blood stood still in my veins. I was dumfounded as I read:

Aluminium 1re,
Bruce 2me,
Fénelon 3me.

Was I asleep or awake? I rubbed my eyes.

"Wh-a-a-at!" I exclaimed, bewildered beyond measure.

Joe put out an arm and drew me to him. "The neck! It was the neck!"

A light like the beautiful clear sun of heaven shining on a wicked world burst upon me.

A fortune was ours.

Just then M. Druot toddled up to us,

holding in his hand a negative taken at the very *instant psychologique* of the race.

"What a phenomenon! I will lecture on it at the next meeting at the Academy," said the enthusiastic Academician, full of a sort of aged glee. "Just look here!"

Joe took the negative in his hand, but almost instantly let it fall, breaking it into a thousand fragments. He expressed his sorrow, and afterward we compensated the old man for his loss by making him a present of the finest collection of lepidoptera we could find in Paris.

During the wild symposium which of course followed the terrible strain of the day, Joe explained the "neck secret" to me. My ideas of its mechanical construction are vague: Veuve Cliquot is excellent; but I *do* remember Joe placing his two hands affectionately on my shoulders and saying to me, while appealing to Bill English, who behaved like a trump all through, and rode the race like a Centaur, "Why, my dear boy, Aluminium's neck can telescope nearly two yards! Waiter, another bottle of '72."

SUB LUNA.

SUPPOSE that we could read as in a book
The moon's enchantments—all romantic lore
Learned by the heart in her bewitching look—
And every secret of her charm explore:

What legends of sweet dreams would sate our eyes,
And sumptuous pictures of untold desire!
What miracles of tenderness surprise,
And hopes ablaze with Pentecostal fire!

What pages writ in ecstasies and tears,
And yearnings that have never had a tongue!
What loves, ambitions, lamentations, fears,
What hymns of Beauty that are yet unsung!

Into what realms of wonder, what strange bowers,
What palaces of pleasure, would we go!
What music lull us, and what flowers
Of unknown incense would about us blow!

What seas of mystic splendor would we sail,
Enchanted isles and fairy shores along,
And muse in gardens where the nightingale
Interprets the o'erloaded heart in song!

Even now I hear youth's passionate appeal,
Pleadings of parchèd lips that thirst to meet,
Great sobs of joy that years of anguish heal,
And Love's first kiss that makes a lifetime sweet.

And beauteous beings follow shapes that fade,
And white hands droop that sacred treasures bore,
And some in ghastly landscapes grow afraid,
And find the paths that once looked bright, no more.

O wistful faces! rapt uplifted eyes!
Poor feet bewildered with a tearless pain!
And still earth's long processions rise and rise,
And dream their moonlight dream of bliss again.

Tell me the charm, dear girl, this balmy eve,
That makes the luscious languor of thy trance:
How do the moonbeams with thy fancies weave,
And common things transfigure to romance?

No wonder infants, seeing things unseen,
Reach rosy hands to clasp thee, shining sphere;
That pure-eyed maidens at their casements lean,
And hear a voice that only virgins hear;

That something in thy lustre overflows
From heaven, like echoes of a low-breathed prayer,
And lovers' lips cling closer, till life's rose
With perfect sweetness blossoms everywhere!

White on the valley slopes the splendor lies,
Touching a holy mound where pansies blow;
And in my heart, from depths of viewless skies,
Burns one soft beam that lights the way I go.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STORM AND CALM.

THIS was a strange setting out to go and see Kitty. Where was the gladness of it? Why should there be fear, and a touch of shame, and a hundred horrible distractions and suggestions, instead of the simple joyousness of the thought that soon he would have Kitty's love-lit eyes regarding him? He had not slept much that night. Long before there was any need he had dressed and gone out, making his way to the station through the dark empty streets. In the cold railway carriage he sat distraught; the spectacle of the gray dawn disclosing itself over the sleeping landscape had no interest for him. He was as one in a dream.

And then sometimes he would ask himself sharp and angry questions. Supposing this rumor to be true, had he not himself to blame? Why had he ever left Cork? What had the wretched ambition to play a part in literature to do with the happiness of his life? Why had he been content to live in a fool's paradise in London, when he ought to have been by Kitty's side? Was it not his place? But he must needs go and leave her alone—she young and tender-eyed, and wandering from one town to another. How could that fool of a woman be a proper guardian for her? And what more natural that here or there some one should wish to pay Kitty some attention, she was so quick in sympathy, so gentle-hearted, with "her young eyes still wounding where they looked"?

And then again he reproached himself for entertaining for a moment the monstrous supposition that his faithful Kitty, who had sworn her love to him over the brook on that wonderful moon-lit night, should encourage the attentions of any one. And how was he going to approach her? How make an excuse for appearing in Audley Place? Should he play the spy, then? This was a strange setting out to go and see Kitty.

But when he got near to Holyhead the first glimpse of the sea made his heart leap up. Had not these gloomy fancies and forebodings been the product of a town life? The cold sea air seemed to drive them away. Of course he should meet Kitty as of old; and they would talk about Inisheen; and if the winter roads were rather too muddy for country walks, they would be quite content with the wide pavements of the town, and would be happy enough in the South Mall, or in St. Patrick's Street, or the Mardyke Parade. Kitty's warm little hand would be on his arm. They would talk about their future life together. Would she look up trustingly, or look down shyly, when he told her of the quaint little house by the river with its wood-work of white and green?

He grew so hopeful that he had even time to think of John Ross, and to wish that he also were on board this great steamer. Would not these wonders be sufficient for him? For at one moment they were slowly steaming through a fog that was suffused with a yellow sunlight—the fog-horn booming and answering similar warnings from ships that were invisible—and then again they would emerge suddenly into perfectly clear space, the sea quite smooth and glassy and blue, perhaps some massive brig or heavy schooner lying motionless on the mirror-like surface with all its idle sails accurately reflected. It was a tedious crossing on the whole. Sometimes they stole out from one of these encircling fogs to find another steamer, or motionless sailing vessel, most dangerously near. But before they reached Kingstown they had left the fogs completely behind them, and the sun was shining pleasantly on the harbor and shipping and houses, as if his native country were giving him a friendly and smiling welcome.

In the long journey, moreover, away to the south, he had distraction in the society of a middle-aged priest, a person of meagre aspect and of sallow complexion, who had gray eyes with black eyebrows and eyelashes. Fitzgerald very soon found that these gray eyes were capable of expressing a good deal of passionate feeling—especially anger. The priest was a perfervid politician, and his language was far from temperate. Now Fitzgerald was scarcely a politician at all. The *Cork Chronicle* had not seen fit to take the affairs of the Empire under its care. At Inisheen, again, he had generally preferred to the Tim or Pat who skulked out of the town for midnight drill (frightening the wild fowl besides) the Tim or Pat who worked contentedly at his little farm, and had a pleasant "good-morrow" for

the passer-by, and knew whereabouts a hare was to be found. He had his doubts about the wonderful magic to be wrought by "Repeal," and had a vague sort of belief that, even under the present system, an Irishman, if he condescended to work, had just as good a chance of getting on as a Scotchman or an Englishman. It will be seen that these were not very definite convictions; and this good father got himself into white heat in showing Fitzgerald how shameful it was of an Irishman to be so indifferent. Fitzgerald took no shame to himself. Politics had not been much in his way. A young man who has to earn his own living must think of that first before proceeding to look after the affairs of the country (unless, indeed, he is the younger son of a nobleman, when he may have an opportunity of accomplishing the former at the expense of the latter), and though Fitzgerald was quite willing to listen to this impassioned clerical—and rather glad, perhaps, to have the tedium of the long railway journey so relieved—it was not to be expected that he should suddenly acquire an intense interest in party strife. Indeed, it may afford an illustration of certain influences that had been at work on him to say that while the priest was denouncing the action of the government as having been the direct and obvious cause of Irish disaffection, Fitzgerald, regarding the gray eyes, was wondering whether any color or any artistic skill could convey to canvas the curious light that glowed there.

But as they drew nearer and nearer to Cork—it was now the middle of the night—neither political discussion nor artistic contemplation was sufficient to distract his mind. He scarcely heard what the good man said. He assented to anything. He was thinking of his meeting with Kitty in the morning, and his heart was heavy with fear—fear of he scarcely knew what. It was so strange that he should be afraid of meeting Kitty! Would she believe that? Would she see it? What explanation could he make?

Then he thought of her recent letters. It is true that, once or twice, she had seemed to grow despondent, and perhaps even a little bit tired of waiting; but for the most part she had written as cheerfully and kindly as ever. What reason, then, could he give for this sudden visit? Could he confess to her that he had formed suspicions of her, and that on the authority of a rumor brought by such a messenger as Andy the Hopper?

"You don't believe my letters, then?" would she not say? "You consider I have been playing the hypocrite? My affection for you was a pretense. You can not trust what I say; you have to come over and see for yourself; it is thus you recognize the sacredness of the vow that we swore in the glen? That is the importance you yourself attach to it; that it is so slight a tie it can have melted away already; you come over to see who it is that has so soon come between us two!"

How could he withstand the reproachful look of Kitty's eyes? How could he show to her how weak had been his faith in her? If it were so easily snapped on so slight a strain, how could it withstand the rougher usage, the long wear and tear of the world?

But then Kitty was so honest and so kind. If he were quite frank with her, and told her that his better reason knew how groundless these fears were, and that only to show himself how absurd they were had he taken this long journey; if he were to throw himself on her mercy; if he were to say, "Kitty, laugh at me as you like, but lonely living in London has weakened my nerves, and I can't hear anything about you but my heart jumps, so here I am, just to have a look at you, and to laugh at myself, if you like, for my idle fright"—would Kitty laugh? Not she. She was too kind for that. Her warm and gentle heart had no malice in it at all. She would say: "Then look at me. Look down into my eyes. Can you find anything but love, and truth, and constancy?"

On arriving at Cork he went to the Imperial Hotel; it was between two and three in the morning. He was very tired, and he slept well. On awaking, he could not understand where he was—for a second; the next second his heart almost stood still: he had to face Kitty.

Then, if so, the sooner the better. When he went out into the wide thoroughfares on this quiet Sunday morning, they were shining just as cheerfully in the sunlight as on that former Sunday morning when his life seemed to be rejoicing within him at the thought of his climbing the steep little thoroughfare at the top of which Kitty lodged. Now he kept his eyes about him, as if people might be watching him. Would they know what

had brought him to Cork? There might be a friend of Kitty's somewhere about, who would wonder to see him. Perhaps—But no; he could not consider that possible.

And yet it was wonderful to him that perhaps so late as even yesterday Kitty had been looking at these very quays and boats, and had crossed this bridge, and had been opposite yonder house. That was the interest of the scene to him. John Ross's teaching was forgotten; he was not thinking of the color of the sea, or of the greens and grays and whites of this steep little thoroughfare. He had scarcely a look for Shandon tower when he had climbed the hill; he did not notice the hoar-frost on the ground where the sun had not reached it, nor the extent of wintry landscape, with its leafless trees and hedges. He only knew that not a soul was visible along the little terrace, and that he dared not go near the house. He must see Kitty alone, and here.

He waited and waited, walking this way and that, but not passing the house. The clock in Shandon tower over there struck half past ten; but still she did not come. Why should she? No country walks were possible now; no doubt the wet weather had left the lanes full of mud. And if she were not to stir forth at all—bright as the morning happened to be?

Then the whole aspect of the world changed: Kitty was there. The day seemed fuller and richer; delight took possession of him; he lost fear. Kitty did not see him at first; she looked abroad over the country as she came down to the little iron gate; and as she came along he noticed that she carried a prayer-book in her hand.

"Kitty!"

She looked up—with something of fear, as he thought, in her startled glance.

He seized her hands, and kissed her.

"You are not glad to see me, then?" he said, cheerfully.

"Well, but—but—" she said. "But nothing has happened?"

"Nothing," said he. "I have come to see you, that is all."

"You have given me a great fright," said she, and she was still a little pale. "Why did you not write to me? What is the meaning of it?"

He was so delighted with regarding her—the pretty outline of her cheek and chin, the soft, timid blackness of her eyes, the bits of curls that were around her small ears—that he scarcely heard what she said.

"You have not altered a bit, Kitty," said he in his gladness. "You are just as much my Kitty as ever—and ever so much nicer to look at than your portrait. It hasn't been satisfactory, Kitty, trying to get that portrait to speak to me of an evening when I was quite alone. It looked at me, but not as you look now. But still—why do you look so—so—so— Kitty, are you not glad to see me?"

"Well, of course," said she, but not with the greatest cordiality. "You need not have frightened me. It is a Jack-in-the-box kind of way of coming to see one. Why did you not write?"

"Well, the surprise—" He could not tell her the truth; nay, there was happily no need for him to tell it her. He had looked in her eyes; that was enough.

"And the cost, too, I suppose," said she. "Do you think it is very wise, Willie, to throw away money like that? I did not understand you were getting on so very well."

He stared at her in astonishment; not hurt or vexed, but simply wondering.

"Kitty, you talk as if you really were not glad that I have come to see you. You don't talk like my Kitty at all."

"Of course I am glad," she said. "But people can't always have what they like. I really don't see that it is wise to go throwing away money on these constant trips—especially in the case of people whose future doesn't look overbright."

"Constant trips, Kitty! This is the second since I went to London; and the first was eight or nine months ago—"

"But what is the use of it?"

"There is no use in it—there is no use in it, Kitty," said he, rather bewildered. "And if I had thought that this was to be my reception—"

"Oh, but we are not going to quarrel," said she, with something more of her ordinary kindness in her manner. "If you have been extravagant, we must make the best of it. I am going to church; I suppose you will come with me?"

She put her hand in his arm, in the old familiar way; he could not but take it and pat it.

"I will go to church with you if you like, Kitty; but might we not have a walk and a chat instead? There must be a lot to say after such a long separation."

"We can not walk about," she said:

"the roads are too wet. Besides, I told Miss Patience I was going to church. And besides," she added, with a little laugh, "we have not been quite idle in letter-writing, Willie; there can not be so very much to say."

"Oh, very well, Kitty. I will go to church with you; I don't care much where we go, so long as I am by your side. And when you have been to church, Kitty, you will be a little more gentle and civil in your manner."

"But I am gentleness and civility itself," she remonstrated. "It is you who are reckless and wild. You don't care what any freak costs you. I believe I was mad when I engaged myself to you."

"No use saying that now, Kitty, it is past praying for."

"I suppose so."

They were on much more friendly terms now. Perhaps Kitty had only resented her having been frightened. It was quite like old times for them to be walking arm in arm; and the bell in Shandon tower was tolling, and the people were coming along the various thoroughfares to the church.

"By-the-way," said he, "we have never settled in what church we shall be married, Kitty."

"That's being rather too particular. That's looking rather too far forward, isn't it?"

"I am not so sure about that," said he.

"You have discovered the gold mine, then? Is that what you came to tell me about, Willie?" she said, with an odd kind of smile.

But they were entering the church porch, and there was no possibility for further speech. Sitting there beside her, indeed, he did not complain of the enforced silence. To be near her was enough; to have tight hold of her hand; to hear the sweet voice join in the singing. Perhaps he did not listen too attentively to the service or the sermon. Dreams of what the world might hold for him and her together would come in from time to time. The imaginations and ambitions of youth are stimulated rather than retarded by the hushed and mysterious repose of a sacred building; the vague dim background is convenient for the painting of wonderful pictures. And it seemed to him that that beautiful future, which he could adorn and color at will, had once more and suddenly been presented to him. These horrible doubts had been left behind. They vanished when he took Kitty's hand in his. There was no need for explanation or confession; Kitty and he were together again; life had grown full again of joy and hope. And London, with its struggles and mortifications and disappointments, was also forgotten. Shandon church, with Kitty's hand in his, left him no memories of the Fulham Road. It was as if it had only been the other night that he and she pledged their vows to each other over the running stream.

When they came out again she said:

"Now you will come and have some dinner with us, Willie; and you must try and be civil to Miss Patience."

"I would rather go for a walk, Kitty," said he. "We have said nothing to each other yet."

"What is there to say that we have not said before?" she answered, somewhat saucily, "or that we can't say in letters?"

"Your letters are very nice, Kitty, but they don't speak as well as your eyes."

"Oh, I assure you," she said, gravely, "I am going to take my eyes with me wherever I go. Don't be afraid. I shall have my eyes as much with me when we are sitting down at the table as if we were wandering through these muddy lanes."

No, she would not be persuaded. She thought there would not even be time for a stroll down to the river-side and back. It was too cold for walking. She was rather tired.

"Tired!" said he, in amazement; "what can have tired you?"

"You are so pertinacious!" she said, with a touch of impatience. "You want to argue. You want explanations. When I tell you I am tired, isn't that enough?"

"Well, yes, it is enough," said he, gently. "And I think you must be tired."

The subtlety of this reproof reached her. She colored a little.

"I want to be kind to you, but you're always quarrelling!" she said.

And then she laughed, and looked so pretty and confused and merry all at once that he could have kissed her there and then, though all Cork might stare.

"I declare it's enough to put anybody out of temper," said she, with all her ordinary frankness and audacity. "Here am I supposed to be cultivating the greatest admiration for somebody who is away in London, working hard on my account.

It is so self-denying, don't you see; and you ought to remember the absent; and all the rest of it. And all at once he turns up on a holiday trip—frightening you, to begin with; and not a word of excuse or reason."

"I have quite sufficient reason, Kitty," said he. "The delight of listening to your impertinence is quite enough."

"I am not impertinent at all; I am talking common-sense—and that's a thing you don't know much about, Master Willie. The fact is, these people at Inisheen spoiled you. You think you should have everything you want. Now that isn't quite possible in this fine world."

"Kitty, you have been studying the *Poor Man's Annual*, or whatever the book is. You are fearfully wise this morning. This is the second time you have informed me that people can't get everything they want; and the truth of the aphorism is more remarkable than its novelty—"

"Oh, dear me, is that the way we talk in London?" said she.

"There's only one thing I want," said he, not heeding her; "and I've got it, hard and fast."

"But you need not break my fingers with your arm. I sha'n't be able to practice to-morrow. What is that in your breast pocket that hurts so?"

"That?" said he. "It would be odd if that could hurt anybody. It's your portrait, Kitty. I had a case made for it."

"Let me see it."

He took out the case and showed it her. She only looked at the outside.

"Well, I do declare! The extravagance! And this is the way we are supposed to be saving money in London—buying anything that touches our fancy, or rattling away on a holiday? That is just like you Irish people. I see more and more of it every day. You can deny yourselves nothing. You must always spend more than you've got, and then expect the government to keep you—"

"Who has been giving you lessons in political economy, Kitty?" he said, as he took the case from her and put it in another pocket. "You have become fearfully practical—"

"That's what you will never be," she said, with a little sigh—real or affected.

"I did not think you would consider that much of an extravagance," said he, "getting a nice cover for your photograph."

"But coming away over here—"

"That seems quite to distress you—"

"Oh dear no," she said—they were now going up to the door of the house, and she spoke in a more matter-of-fact way. "Perhaps I ought to be glad. It shows you can afford it."

As he entered the little passage he caught a glimpse of a female figure flying upstairs; then Kitty asked him to go into the adjacent parlor and wait till she had put off her things; then he was left alone.

This meeting with Kitty had not been like that other meeting that he so clearly remembered. Then she had clung to him, crying; she had begged of him never to leave her again; she had offered to live on nothing rather than that he should go away from her. Now she had grown so practical; she seemed to wish him back in London; it was the cost of his visit, not the surprise and delight of it, that seemed to occupy her mind. But still, here he was in the little chamber that was so familiar; there was Kitty's piano, and the dishevelled mass of music that she never would keep in order; there were the books he had sent her (he knew better than to look whether the edges were cut; disappointments come easily enough without people hunting after them); there was the crystal paper-weight in which Kitty had put his photograph, saying the while: "Well, so long as that is before me while I am writing, I guess I shall look sharp after my grammar. I can see the scowl beginning already. '*None of your impertinence, miss. Can't you spell the English language yet? You think that is clever, do you?*' So there's a place for you, Mr. Schoolmaster Killjoy; and when I want a scolding I'll come for it."

The little maid-servant came in and laid the cloth; and then Miss Patience appeared.

Miss Patience received him with much placid civility. She seemed more mysterious and hawk-like than ever, and seemed to take it for granted that he, having been so much longer in London, should know proportionately more of the secret things going on in politics. Fitzgerald had to explain to her that he had had but little to do with politics; even the one editor he had met in London he had not seen since last he had visited Cork.

"I heard you were not succeeding," remarked Miss Patience, calmly.

"Succeeding!" he exclaimed, with a sort of start (for he had not looked at his struggles in London in that way). "Well, I have been trying many things, and it is impossible to say whether this or that may succeed. I can not expect everything at once. There are many openings in literary and newspaper work; of course one must wait. I can't say I have either succeeded or not succeeded."

"Ah," said Miss Patience, complacently. "That is all so unlike commerce. Commerce is secure. Just think of sending a telegram to Odessa—a few words; you get a reply back the same day; you walk down to the Exchange and buy something; and you have earned £2000. Two thousand pounds!—with so little trouble—"

But here Kitty came in; and she had dressed so prettily and neatly! He could not help regarding her with admiring looks; and Miss Kitty was a little bit shy and conscious; and so they sat down to this middle-day dinner—London, black phantoms, and disappointments all shut out and forgotten.

"It seems to me, Kitty," said he, lightly, "that a commercial spirit has come over this neighborhood since I was here last. You have been lecturing on political economy all the morning; and now Miss Patience tells me how easy it is to make £2000 by merely sending a telegram to Odessa. It appears to me that it might be just as easy to lose £2000 by the use of the same machinery."

Kitty glanced at Miss Patience with a sort of apprehensive look he could not understand.

"I was observing to Mr. Fitzgerald that I was sorry he had not been successful in London," answered that lady, calmly.

"And I was saying that I had neither been successful nor non-successful," said Fitzgerald, cheerfully. "Of course there are a great many things to be tried—"

"Oh, of course, of course," said Kitty, hastily, and with a touch of color in her face. "Of course Miss Patience meant so far only—only so far. We know that it is difficult to—to—to succeed in literature—of course Miss Patience quite understands—"

If Miss Patience understood, Fitzgerald did not. Why this embarrassment, and this talk about the advantages of commerce, and this assumption that he had tried literature in London as a means of livelihood and failed?

Miss Patience said, with a gentle smile:

"But when once you have that commercial machinery of which you speak, Mr. Fitzgerald, how nice that must be! It goes on making money for you; you can go away and see the world; your agents are enough. That must be very nice, that independence and security. The literary man, even the most successful, is in so precarious a position. A tile from a roof knocks him senseless; his means of livelihood vanish. No one else can do his work for him; it is like an artist becoming blind; there is no machine that can go on independently of him to make money for his wife and children. Ah, there is nothing so safe as that. Commerce in a commercial country is a natural occupation. And it is so safe."

But was it so safe? argued Fitzgerald, somewhat hotly — though he scarcely knew why, for certainly commerce had never done him any harm. If it were so safe and natural and easy to make £2000 by telegraphing to Odessa, wouldn't everybody be at it? Then look at the common failures. Look at the multitude of commercial men who were living on the very edge of bankruptcy. It was all very well to have such a piece of machinery as that that had been mentioned, but what if it happened to work the wrong way? What if it came back and burst you? No doubt it was a good thing if the commercial man could lay by a provision for his wife and children; but could not the successful man of letters do that too? And as for the tile from the roof, where would the commercial man be if that hit him! Accidents were always possible. What was not possible was that life should be based on idle calculations. And success or no success, machinery or no machinery, as for himself, he said proudly, he would rather earn the plainest living by literature than revel in all the riches that could be procured from Odessa or anywhere else.

Kitty was the peace-maker.

"Oh yes, no doubt," said she (though she seemed anxious to get away from the subject altogether). "One would like to be what you say—I mean, it must be a great thing to be a great man of letters; but there are so few, and it must be so difficult. I am sure that all Miss Patience

meant was that it must be nice to have a business going on that leaves you free and gives you no anxiety—"

"I should say there were very few of those," said he. "Leave a business, and it leaves you—the proverb is common among business men themselves. You wake up some fine morning and find yourself a bankrupt."

"Ah, very well," said Kitty, with a sigh, "those at least are very well off who begin life with a fortune ready made for them, and have no anxiety about it."

"I don't know that," said he; "the enjoyment of life is work. I don't see that people who are securely rich are any the happier for it. And I should not think much of the woman whose views of life were colored by the presence or absence of money."

This was getting more serious. Kitty said, with a pleasant laugh:

"There is not much use in our talking about it anyway; for all the money that you and I have, Willie, or are likely to have, won't make nations fight about us. I want you to tell Miss Patience about all the people you have seen in London. And is that old lady really so nice as you say? And what part of Bantry Bay is the house you told me of, that her nephew had? I looked in a map for Boat of Garry, but could see nothing of it. I suppose it is a small place."

So there was nothing further said about the advantages of commerce over literature, or the reverse; and presently Fitzgerald found himself being drawn by the humor of the situation into giving Miss Patience such dark hints about the ways and manners of the great politicians then in power as would no doubt have astonished those much-canvassed persons. Kitty seemed greatly relieved; she listened pleasantly; content reigned over the modest banquet. And as for Fitzgerald, it was of little account to him what nonsense he talked or listened to, so long as Kitty was in the room. Miss Patience was treated with the gravest respect. From time to time he could steal a glance at Kitty's eyes.

The middle-day dinner was long over, and they had gathered round the fire, when a step was heard on the little pathway outside, and then a loud knock at the door. Kitty started, and looked apprehensively at Miss Patience. There was an absolute silence; then some sounds in the passage, and presently the maid-servant appeared.

"Mr. Cobbs, miss."

Fitzgerald was fairly stupefied when he saw this young man come into the room with the air of one who was perfectly acquainted with both Kitty and Miss Patience. He had never heard a word of him. Who could he be? The next moment he found himself being introduced to the stranger; and these two regarded each other with scrutiny, though the newcomer had the advantage in calmness. He took a chair, put his hat and cane on the table, and asked Kitty if she had been to church that morning.

He was apparently about twenty or one-and-twenty; stout, rather; of middle height; with a fair complexion and close-cropped yellow hair; he was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and his hands and feet were small. Anybody else would have said he was an ordinary-looking, good-looking, well-dressed young man, with perhaps too obvious a taste for jewelry. What Fitzgerald thought of him and of the circumstances need not be put down here.

In truth, he was too bewildered to have any clear notion of what he was thinking. But he knew that, whatever the truth of the matter, he could not openly insult Kitty by presuming that anything was wrong. He resolved to be quite courteous to this stranger. Why should not an idle young gentleman pay an afternoon call? He resolved to be quite courteous, and clinched his hands behind his back to keep him in remembrance.

Kitty, who appeared to have lost her usual self-confident, half-satirical manner, seemed extraordinarily eager to get these two to talk together. Mr. Fitzgerald had just come over from London: had Mr. Cobbs been in London recently? Both seemed inclined to talk to her or to Miss Patience, but not to each other; and the embarrassment of the situation was obviously increasing, when Fitzgerald determined to end it. He saw his poor little sweetheart frightened and troubled, and he could not have that. With much frankness he began to speak to this new-comer; and as men find politics their common ground of conversation, he asked Mr. Cobbs if he had noticed any symptoms of disaffection since his stay in the country. Now this was a friendly overture, but the young man with the fat fair face and the blank

gray eyes chose to be rather uncivil. He began to say things about Ireland and the Irish, which was not quite fair, seeing that there were three English people to one Irishman. Moreover, he talked the ordinary nonsense that is talked by the well-fed, heavy-pursed Englishman, who lays down economical laws about Ireland without any knowledge whatever of the people or of the agricultural conditions of the country. And he was a conceited creature; he liked to hear himself talk; his platitudes were dictatorial in tone.

Fitzgerald was getting wilder and wilder, but he kept his hands tightly clinched. And he would not answer this follow at all. He spoke to these other two. He told them what he knew, what he had seen. He described the haggard denizens of the bog-land, living amid ague and starvation; he described the poor devils on the hill-sides, trying to scrape a living off rocky soil not fit to support rabbits; and then, when the bit of sour bog-land had been slowly reclaimed, or the potatoes beginning to do a little better in the stone-walled inclosure, the agents stepping in to demand impossible rents, and the landlord, in London, or Venice, or Monaco, knowing nothing about it, and caring less; and then the eviction of whole families—the shivering wretches without a bit of fire-wood, let alone a bit of bread. And this was the system under which you hoped to get a loyal and contented peasantry! With the mass of the people believing that the landlords were leagued against them; that the law was against them; that the soldiers and the police were against them—

But indeed this is no place for a full exposition of the picture that Fitzgerald drew; it is enough to say that a few minutes had been sufficient to turn the Gallio whom the priest had remonstrated with into a politician as violent as the priest himself. Moreover, his vehement declarations were now addressed to Kitty, and Kitty timidly assented. She was staring into the fire, not at all in a contemplative mood.

"But why don't they go away?" said Miss Patience.

"God help them, they are going away," said he, "in thousands, though there's many a breaking heart leaving Queenstown Harbor. And it's the young ones that are going; and the old ones, who can do nothing, are left at home to starve."

"Well, if they can't earn a living, they must suffer," said the young Englishman. "If you can't live, you must die; it's the law of nature. All I know of them is that they're a set of mean, snivelling wretches, who will fawn upon you if you give them charity, and shoot you from behind a hedge the minute after."

"Only after you have given them charity? Then I should say you were pretty safe," was the somewhat too fierce reply.

Clearly the air was becoming surcharged, and Miss Patience prudently left the room. What astounded Fitzgerald, however, most of all was that this young stranger seemed so much at home—so familiar with the apartment and its contents, and so familiar in his manner with Kitty. He sat down to the piano and opened it as if he had been quite accustomed to do that. He overhauled the music as if it were his own. And at last he said, as he carelessly ran his fingers up and down the keys:

"Won't you sing something, Miss Romayne, and let me play the accompaniment? Oh, I know what will tempt you."

He rose and went to the other end of the room and fetched a book of music back to the piano. He opened it; played a few bars, and then turned round.

"Won't that tempt you?"

"I would rather not sing," said Kitty, without looking up.

"Really? Oh yes, come along."

"I would rather not sing," said Kitty, again.

He turned to Fitzgerald, his fingers still wandering lightly over the keys.

"Do you play?" said he.

The question was innocent enough, but Fitzgerald considered it impertinent.

"No I don't," said he. "I don't consider it man's work."

"That is because you can't do it, I suppose," said the other.

Now there was just a trifle too much of a sneer in this little speech. Fitzgerald rose, and passed him on the pretense of going to look out. As he passed he said, in a low and clear voice:

"I can't play the piano, but I can throw puppies out of the window."

Now whether this was meant exclusively for the young gentleman's ear or not can not be said, but at all events, as he happened to cease playing for a moment, it sounded so distinctly that Kitty must have overheard it. Fitzgerald walked on to the window, shoved his hands in his

pockets, and stared out. The young gentleman, after a second or two of silence, rose from the piano, took his hat and cane, and said to Kitty, with much formal politeness:

"Good-afternoon, Miss Romayne. I shall do myself the pleasure of calling some other time, when you are not occupied with visitors."

He left.

"Who is that fellow?" said Fitzgerald, turning angrily from the window.

"What fellow?" said Miss Romayne, with quite as much temper. "He is a gentleman. You have no right to insult him. He is as much entitled to civility in this house as you are. You have no right to insult him. A pretty opinion he will have taken away of you!"

"I don't care about his opinion. I want to know what he is doing here."

"He called, like yourself," said she, stubbornly.

"Called? Yes. And his calling has made your name a by-word."

Her eyes flashed.

"Now I see. You have heard some miserable talking, and that is why you have come over so suddenly. Well, I am ready to be cross-examined. I will tell you what you want to know, if that is your purpose."

He looked at her, and knew her mood. It was not the first of their quarrels.

"We will take it that way," said he, coldly. "Who is the young gentleman, if one may be permitted to ask?"

"You have heard his name. He belongs to a firm of merchants in Liverpool."

"Oh, I perceive," exclaimed Fitzgerald, a light breaking in on him. "That accounts for the hymns of praise in favor of commerce—"

"I did not say a word about it," she said, hotly. "If you want to insult Miss Patience also, call her in. We ought all of us to have a share of your politeness."

"But he is not looking after the machinery that turns out two thousand pounds in a few hours. He is not telegraphing to Odessa from Cork, is he?"

"How can I tell?"

"Do you know what he is doing in Cork?"

"He is travelling. He is on his way to Killarney."

"Killarney! Killarney at this time of year! And how long has he been in Cork on his way to Killarney?"

"How can I tell?"

"Some time, however?"

"Yes. Some time."

"And he has called here several times?"

"Yes, he has; what harm is there in that?"

"Oh, I did not say there was any harm—"

"But why are you talking to me like that?" said she, and she threw the book she was holding on to the table. "I will not be spoken to like that. I have done nothing wrong. I will not be spoken to as if I were a child. It is you who ought to apologize. You have insulted a friend of mine under my own roof—"

"A friend?" said he, in the same cold way. "Have we come to that, then? But I thought you were willing to have a few questions asked, that was all."

"Yes, I am," said she, though rather sullenly. "You can find out what you like; and then see whether you have any right to come here with your insulting suspicions."

"Have I mentioned any suspicions?"

"You would not be here if you did not suspect me."

"I would like to know a little more about this young gentleman, Kitty."

"Very well."

"Where were you introduced to him—or were you introduced to him at all?"

"I *was* introduced to him," she said, quickly, and with her cheeks burning. "I was introduced to him in Dublin."

"In Dublin! And so he has followed you all the way from Dublin?"

"How dare you say such a thing? He can travel where he pleases; he is well off. He may be here on business for anything I know."

"Oh no, Kitty, not on business; he is going to Killarney in the middle of winter! And isn't it strange that, since you've known him all the time since you were in Dublin, you never thought of mentioning his name in any of your letters to me?"

"I don't see anything strange in it," she said, pertly. "I could not mention every trifle. I wrote of the things that were of real interest to you and me."

That phrase "you and me" rather softened him. His anger and indignation were fast oozing away. It was so pitiable to see Kitty standing before him there, with her eyes cast down like a culprit.

"I should have thought," said he, in a

more gentle way—"I should have thought that anything that affected your good name would be of interest to you and me."

"If—if anybody," she said, with her lips becoming tremulous, "has been saying anything—anything against my good name, I did not expect it—it—it would be you, Willie."

And here she broke into a passion of tears, and threw herself sobbing into his arms, and clung to him.

"Willie, there's nothing wrong; I can not bear to have you speak like that to me. You break my heart. I would rather die than have you angry with me. There was nothing wrong, Willie—there is no harm in anything I have done—he—he is only a boy—and he was so good and kind when—when they gave me a benefit—and everybody spoke so well of him—"

"But why didn't you tell me all this before?" said he.

"It would only have worried you," she sobbed. "You were so far away. You could not understand. But now I hate him for coming between you and me. Why should he have caused such trouble? Nobody asked him to come here—"

"Well, Kitty," said he, taking her small head in his hands in the old way and kissing her, "I think no harm has been done; but you have been so imprudent—"

"Oh, I will confess anything, if only you speak to me like that," said she, gladly, as she looked up through her tears.

"There would have been no trouble if only you had let me know. Of course what I said about their taking away your good name was perhaps too serious. They have been talking, though; and I should not have heeded one moment what they said if only I had known beforehand—"

"I am sure I don't care what they say," said she, taking his hand and kissing it, "so long as you don't quarrel with me, Willie. And I ought to have known. Miss Patience told me something like this would happen. 'But,' I said to her, 'surely he can't object to any one paying us an afternoon call; there's no harm in that.' And if you only knew how lonesome it is for us two, Willie, sometimes, you would understand how glad we were to have an occasional visitor. Then he was very kind about the benefit; he took £20 worth of tickets—that was from me, not from the agents, so we did not lose the commission; and I have saved so much this winter that if it were only summer weather now, I'd treat you and me and Miss Patience to a trip to Killarney."

"Kitty," he said, sharply, "that fellow is humbugging you. He is not thinking of Killarney at all. He is dawdling after you, and people have noticed it. Now for your own sake, and for mine, and for the sake of what has been between us in bygone days, you will have to be a little more—more circumspect, Kitty."

"Oh," said she, cheerfully, "I am willing to take any amount of scolding—that way. If only you hold me in your arms, you can scold away. And I believe it all then. I believe I am very bad. Of course I don't believe it when you provoke me, and make me feel hurt and injured; then it's you who are in the wrong. And now you know how to make me do just as you like."

Making up a quarrel with Kitty was very nice; and it generally lasted a good long time between these two. There was a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Kitty, quickly putting a considerable distance between them.

"Please, miss, Miss Patience wants to know when ye'd be for having your tay."

"Oh, now, at once, tell her." And then she turned to Fitzgerald: "And now, Master Willie, will you help me to light the gas? And we will have the blind down; then tea; then you shall read to us 'The Battle of Ivry,' and it will be all like old times again. How odd it is," she proceeded, as she laid the cloth, "that we are always glad to have something like something that has happened to us before! I suppose in a year or two we shall be saying, 'Come along, now, and let us have tea snugly, like the old times, like the Sunday after the quarrel. And it will be better than if we had nothing to look back to."

"And where will *that* tea take place, Kitty?" said he.

"Where, indeed?" said she, cheerfully. "Who can tell? I suppose in London."

Miss Patience came in, looking rather frightened. But she was greatly relieved to find that her two companions were on excellent terms; indeed, when they all sat down to the tea table, she had to rebuke Kitty for facetiously referring to Mr. Cobbs as the "fat boy."

"He is in an important position," said she, with some dignity. "He has it in his power to do a great deal of good. He can afford to be charitable. He has not to think of himself."



"SHE WAS SEATED ON THE HEARTH-RUG BEFORE THE FIRE, HER HEAD JUST TOUCHING HIS KNEE."

"That is fortunate, at least," said Fitzgerald, ungenerously, "for he would have little to think of, and little to do the thinking with. Now it seemed to me that he thought a great deal of himself."

"He is a very elegant-mannered young man," said Miss Patience, with precision. "He is in an enviable situation—free from care, and able to attend to others. The country needs such persons; not adventurers who make money out of their politics, but gentlemen—educated gentlemen—who are above bribes, and can help to govern the country disinterestedly. He belongs to the class of men to whom we have to look for proper government—"

"God help us, then!" said Fitzgerald, inadvertently.

"And I am glad to say that his opinions on public affairs—"

"His what?"

"His opinions," repeated Miss Patience, with dignity.

"Well, to call the ignorant prejudices of a conceited young donkey like that opinions is, at all events, courteous. But no harm is done by the existence of such creatures. They go circling about the world, aimless, placeless, with no more influence on real politics than the pointers and setters of the United Kingdom. I dare say these young gentlemen encourage the importation of third-rate cigars from Havana; and they add greatly to the profits of the producers of bad champagne; and so there is a kind of reason for their existence."

"He is a very nice boy, and I won't have such things said about him," interposed Kitty; but she was laughing, for Miss Patience looked offended.

"One thing you can't help admiring about him," continued Fitzgerald, talking with familiar contempt about Mr. Cobbs, as if he were some insect before them, "is his forbearance. Just fancy! Most men who could make £2000 in twenty-five minutes by remaining in Liverpool would think twice before coming away over to Cork and doing nothing. Look at that forbearance! He might affect the currency by draining such masses of gold from Odessa and elsewhere into England. Or is it his imagination that is most to be admired?"

"Willie!" Kitty said, reproachfully. "You seem to have caught up the London way of believing in nothing."

"Oh no," said he; "I am pursuing a philosophical investigation. I want to know which part of his character to admire the most. I think it must be imagination—or prudence?—he departed quickly."

"I thought he behaved very well, and you abominably," said Kitty, with her accustomed frankness. "And you have never yet apologized to me for your rudeness."

"Well, I do now, Kitty. I shall never be so rude again before you."

She touched his hand beneath the table.

"You shall never have occasion again," said she, in a low voice.

It was a long afternoon and evening; but no afternoon and evening was half long enough when he and Kitty were together. And Miss Patience was kind; she went away occasionally—perhaps to her politics—leaving them together in the hushed warm little parlor, all thoughts of the dark world of London shut out, and only present to them the memories of summer rambles and of moonlight walks along the coast at Inisheen. Kitty was as pleased and pretty and fascinating as ever; you would not have thought that, but a few hours before, she had been standing opposite him with her eyes flashing and her cheeks pale with anger. She was now so gentle, so winning; the touch of her warm little hand was soft as velvet.

"And must you really go away again to-morrow, Willie?" she said. She was seated on the hearth-rug before the fire, her head just touching his knee.

"I must indeed. I wrote to Mrs. Chetwynd, begging her to let me off to-morrow night; and to-morrow night I shall be neither there nor here, but on the wide sea that separates us, Kitty."

"It is such a long journey to take for merely a little talk like this."

"For more than that, Kitty."

She blushed somewhat, but said nothing.

"I am coming to the station to see you off to-morrow," said she at length.

"Would you?" said he, with great delight. "Would you take the trouble?"

"The trouble!" she exclaimed. "And I am going to do more than that, if you will let me. I want to get a proper kind of luncheon for you in a little basket, because—because it is a woman's place to provide such things," said Kitty, with a trifle of self-conscious pride. "And I know what you men do: you stuff a lot

of sandwiches into a piece of paper, and take them out and eat them when they are like leather."

"Not I," said he. "I have had a warning. An Academician's wife told me that sandwiches were most pernicious."

"An Academician's wife!" said Kitty. "And yet you deny you go out among those great ladies in London! Why don't you make haste, and make me a great lady, and take me about with you, instead of gallivanting about by yourself?"

"Am I not making haste, Kitty?"

"Yes, sitting by a fire in Audley Place, and letting me stroke your hand, while you ought to be fighting tooth and nail in London, with all your armor on, careering everything down before you."

"If it was that kind of fighting, Kitty, perhaps it would be easier," said he, absently; for he was thinking of the lonely room to which he was returning, with no Kitty to sit by him on the hearth-rug, and stir the fire when it was getting low.

Next morning he thought she had forgotten her promise, for it was near the time of starting, and yet no Kitty had put in an appearance. Then he saw her come quickly along, alone; and she was breathless when she reached him.

"Oh, Willie, I thought I was too late; but here is the basket, and if the pie is a little warm still, it will be cold by the time you want it. I made it myself," she said, with a laugh and a blush, "last night after you were gone—"

"Last night!" he said. "After twelve?"

"What was that, compared to your comfort?" said she, boldly. "And I thought you would like to know that my hands could do something besides—besides kissing a good-by to you. And I was up this morning by six to get it in the oven. Oh, Willie, I have had so little time," she added, breathlessly; "I could not quite get all the sawdust off the grapes, so be a little careful—"

"Oh, never mind these things," said he, for the guard was impatient. "But it is so kind of you, Kitty. You are always kind. And now I am going away again—who knows for how long?"

"That depends on you," she said, with a smile; and she kissed him, and she kept waving her handkerchief until the train was quite out of sight.

He was alone in the carriage; and he was gazing out of the window, seeing nothing. His whole visit this time had been so rapid and so strange. And he was so glad to take away with him the renewed assurance of Kitty's faith and constancy and love that he could scarcely admit to himself the presence of a consciousness that it was now become more urgent than ever that he should seek to win his way in London.

The day wore on with these imaginings, until at last the base claims of hunger reminded him that he had been so ungrateful as to forget all about Kitty's parting gift. You may imagine the interest and delight with which he opened the pretty little basket, and bethought him of how Kitty's own fingers had placed such and such things there for him. Indeed, a woman's hand was visible everywhere in the neatness with which everything was wrapped up and arranged. There was a small table napkin, as white as snow. The knife and fork and spoon were all brilliant; and there was a tiny tumbler along with the half-bottle of claret. There was the pie that she had waited up in the night-time to make for him; and had she dressed the salad, too? He could see no sawdust at all on the bunch of grapes. And then his eyes and thoughts wandered away altogether from the materials of the little banquet; and he thought what a pretty housewife Kitty would make, filling the rooms with light, and singing and hurrying up everybody in her fearless, independent way. And the rooms through which he saw her moving were the rooms of the little green and white house at Chelsea.

He had a beautiful night for crossing. The stars were extraordinarily brilliant. As the huge ship ploughed her way through the black waves, all the interest of the night was centred in the clear dome above, where the myriad eyes throbbed or gazed steadily. There was the resplendent Jupiter, not far from the misty Pleiades; Mars was unusually high in the heavens; Orion's jewels flashed; the great world above was lit with a million fires, while the one below was but a mournful sound of unseen water. And perhaps this young fellow sitting there on deck in the cold night (with his heart very warm with love) may have laughed to himself when he imagined what the scientific folk who came to Hyde Park Gardens would think of his way of looking at the stars. He had no anxiety to know whether there was any chloride of sodium in

them. When he regarded their brilliancy he thought of Kitty's eyes; their patient re-appearance night after night, year after year, only reminded him of Kitty's faithfulness; and the far-reaching and luminous heavens themselves seemed really to belong to Inisheen, and to him, and to her, and to their secret walks along the shores in the nights gone by.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PROSPECT.

THE first thing that Fitzgerald did on returning to London was to hunt up Andy the Hopper, and transfer him from Limehouse to the Fulham Road; and during these next few days, while Andy hung about and acted as general servant as well as he could, and while John Ross and his neighbor made successive experiments with the wild fowl and game that had come from the south of Ireland, things went cheerfully enough. The woodcock were Inisheen woodcock, and he was proud that Ross approved of them highly. Then he took Andy to see one or two of the sights of London; but Andy was somewhat of a failure. He merely gaped. Fitzgerald (so desperate was his need) thought he might induce some editor to accept a paper descriptive of a wild Irishman's first impressions of the great city; but he could not make much out of the staring eyes, the open mouth, and the occasional muttered exclamation which were the only evidences of Andy's amazement.

At last, when Andy was going away, Fitzgerald said to him,

"Look here, Andy, I have a word for you."

"Av ye plase, sir."

"You may as well know that I am going to marry the young lady who was at Inisheen that time you remember."

"Baithershins, Masther Willie!" exclaimed Andy, with a vast and capacious grin. "'Twas the divil's own diversion for ye to go sporting about with the gyurl, and thin to go and lave her like that—"

"Hold your tongue or I'll pitch you down the stair," said Fitzgerald, angrily; and Andy's face changed instantly, for he perceived that this was no joke at all.

"Is it thrue, Masther Willie?" said he, with great concern.

"It is true. She is going to be my wife: now you know."

"'Tis the proud gyurl she'll be, thin!" said Andy. "Oh, didn't I suspect that same now, for all the jokin'? 'Sure,' I said, 'Masther Willie wouldn't be afther takin' the throuble to walk about wid the English young lady if 'twasn't a coortin'?' Oh, the beautiful young crayture, now! Sure a purtier young lady ye wouldn't find betwixt the Blackwater and the Shannon. She's the flower o' faymales, and that's thrue."

"The what?"

Andy glanced at the young master anxiously.

"'Tis what they say in poethry," said he, with some hesitation.

"Well, attend to me, Andy. There has been some gossiping going on in Inisheen, I gather. Well, now, attend to this: the first that you hear say anything about that young lady, you take your hopping-pole and lay it over his head. Do you understand that, now?"

"Faix, it might be my own head I'd have to break, thin," said Andy. "For wasn't it mesilf that brought the story of what Corney Malone—the divil swape him!—was saying? But sure, Masther Willie, when they know you're going to marry the young lady—the beautiful crayture she is!—do ye think they'd be afther saying anything more?" Then Andy, after a second, added, valiantly: "No matther, Masther Willie; if the laping-pole will do, 'tis at your sarvice; and divil the man or boy in Inisheen has a head so thick that it won't break—glory be to God!"

But Fitzgerald also knew that there would be no more gossiping after this authoritative announcement; and why should it not be known that he was going to marry Kitty?

So Andy went away back to Ireland; and the days passed; and spring came in mild and humid weather to Chelsea; and the old hard fight was continued, now with illusive hopes, now with keen disappointments, always with a terrible anxiety. For that was what he had definitely brought away with him from Cork—a haunting consciousness that it was necessary he should get on at once. And how could he bring editors to understand that? They knew nothing about Inisheen. They would keep his MSS. for indefinite periods; sometimes lose them; sometimes return them after the subject of which they treated had passed from the public mind.

For Fitzgerald, having brought his burlesque of pot-house politics to an end, had begun to try his hand at real politics; but the difficulty was to get an opening for these carefully prepared articles of his. More than once the conductor of a journal took the trouble to write to him in returning one of these, to explain that he approved of it, and might have used it in his paper but that all such subjects were treated by the regular members of his staff, which at the moment was full. Fitzgerald found most encouragement from the projectors of new magazines, who were prepared to put him on their staff at once; but as his payment in most cases was to be contingent on some future share of profits the arrangement did not seem satisfactory. By some extraordinary chance, which he himself could scarcely understand, he got one article inserted in the monthly magazine which at that time was far and away ahead of all its fellows; and as his name was attached, he had at least the pride of sending it to Kitty. But his subsequent efforts in that direction only resulted in heart-rending delay and disappointment. In short, he had to learn, as many an unfortunate wretch has had to learn, and will have to learn, that fugitive writing of this kind is valueless as a means of living.

"Ye are trying too much, laddie," said John Ross to him one evening when they were having a smoke together in the hollow-sounding studio. "Ye are writing about everything in the universe. Is it politics or leeterature ye're after?"

"I don't know," said Fitzgerald. "What I do know is that I ought to have been learning short-hand when I was shooting snipe. Then I could have got on in newspaper work by the usual stages. Now I can't get my foot on the first rung of the ladder—unless it's the tread-mill: that's the only occupation in this country that you can get hold of without any introduction or training. Oh, of course, what I should like would be literature," he added, remembering the dreams with which he had set out for London. "But I don't see any permanent work in that. What they seem to like best is my verses; and these you can't manufacture at will. I have once or twice tried writing a novel. That is no use: I found myself imitating somebody else in spite of myself. No, the only constant occupation for a writing man I see is newspaper work, and all the newspaper offices are full. Never mind," said he, cheerfully, as he struck another match, "I can live. I can always earn my living as a gamekeeper. Perhaps it was too cheeky of me to come away from Cork and attempt to fight my way single-handed in London litérature. I had no introductions, no influence. I got some helps at the beginning; but I had to pay for that pretty heavily. Well, I have not quite given in yet. I mean still to try for a time. And then, if I am beaten—well, I shall have had the experience; that is something."

He had been talking very contentedly and even cheerfully; but now a slight shadow seemed to come over the square forehead and the clear and thoughtful eyes.

"Life would be a simple matter—it would be easy enough," said he, "if one had only one's self to consider. But it is different when you have to ask some one else for the sacrifice of expectations."

Ross glanced at him.

"That depends on the young lass herself," said he; "that depends on what *she* is like."

Fitzgerald was too deeply occupied to resent the imputation or inference.

"Ross," said he, eagerly, "you've never told me what you think about women. You've talked about everything else in the world, I believe, except that."

The other laughed.

"What I think about women?" said he. "The laddie's cracked. What chance has any man o' forming a judgment on the half o' the human race? Ye may get to know two women, or three women, or maybe even half a dozen women, in the whole course of your life; and ye're well off if they happen to be decent sort o' creatures, for it's from them ye are likely to form your opeenion o' the whole lot."

"You remember me telling you about Hilton Clarke?"

"I remember the meeserable wretch," said Ross, plainly.

"Oh, but I bear him no grudge," said Fitzgerald. "At least, not for the money part of the business. I don't believe he meant to swindle anybody. It was merely that he was lacking in a kind of sixth sense that keeps most people straight about money. I dare say, if he had money to-morrow, and I wanted it, he would let me have it."

"I dare say he would do nothing of the kind," said Ross, severely. "And the sixth sense ye speak of—do ye mean common honesty?"

"Well, it isn't that that I remember against him; but he had a most pernicious habit of putting things into your head—"

"Put them out again, then, for God's sake. Would ye listen to the teaching of a man like that?"

"But it is not so easy to put them out. You keep asking yourself whether his theories are true or not; and then life is so much of a mystery; and people who are older than you yourself are must have had so much more experience of human nature—"

"That ye should believe them? No. I say no!" John Ross said; and whatever he did say he said emphatically, even if it involved the knocking off the head of his pipe. "I say no. I say, ask first of all with what sort of spectacles they have been looking at human nature."

"For example," said Fitzgerald—but why did he avert his eyes, and pretend to be busy with the stove, to hide his shamefacedness?—"he had a theory, or a conviction rather, that there were many women who were really too affectionate—too kind and generous—who really could not help falling in love with anybody who was near them. He said they would keep quite faithful and true so long as you were beside them; but in absence they could not help letting their tenderness of heart begin to suggest possibilities; until, perhaps before they quite knew themselves, they grew fonder and fonder of the new-comer; and then you see what the world would call the breaking of a troth: heartlessness, or something like that, had really come about because the woman had too much kindness and affection in her nature—"

"What kind of a woman do ye call that?" said Ross, with harsh contempt. "What kind of affection do ye call that? I call it the affection that exists between rabbits. God be thanked, that's no the kind o' women I have met—"

"Then you don't think there are such women?" said Fitzgerald, eagerly, and he raised his head at last—"women whose excess of kindness would always be keeping one in anxiety? You think that was merely a fantastic theory?"

"I mind one poor lass," said Ross, absently, "that had too much love in her heart; but that was not the way it went. A winsome bit lassie she was; so jimp and neat and blithe; and I think half the laddies in the school where I was at Beith were head over ears in love with her; and mony's the sair fight there was amongst us about her. She was to be married to a young fellow—a sailor-lad he was, I think—though she was but sixteen or seventeen; and what must he do one night at Greenock but get fuddled, and go out capering in a boat in one of the docks, and get drowned in the dark. The poor lass never held up her head. She had some money, too; for her father had left her some bits of cottages at Beith; and many a one came after her; but she had not a word for any of them. She just dwindled away—though she had been as healthy a lass as any in the parish; and in three or four years' time they put her in the kirk-yaird; and though folk say that nobody ever dies o' a broken heart, I do not know what else it was that Jean Shaw died o'. Ay, that was one. Then there were two more—I may say three—that never married because they could not get the man they wanted. That's four—a good number in one man's experience. Oh, but I've known the other side too—young lasses changing their mind—giddy creatures, for the most part, wanting to cut a dash with more money than their first sweetheart had. And there's one," said he, with a grim smile, "that I would like to know more about now. She was in a place in Glasgow—I mean she was a servant-lass—and her sweetheart was a working plumber—a roaring, swearing, drunken sort o' fellow. Then she must needs take up with some shop-keeper laddie, as being more genteel, d'ye see; and there was some quarrelling, until the plumber got hold o' the young fellow, and smashed him almost into bits. That was a seven years' business for him. So as soon as he was safe out o' the way, she married the shop-keeper; and no doubt everything went well until the seven years began to come down to six and five and four and three. The last I heard was that the husband and wife were living in daily fear o' their lives; for the plumber was soon to be out, and he had sworn to murder the pair o' them. Man," said Ross, bringing down his fist on his knee, "why dinna you leeterary people go where ye can see human passion in the rough, where ye

can see the real tragedy of life? That is no among the fine people—the nobeelity; for there money lets an ill-assorted couple go different ways; and at the worst, if the wife goes to the bad, the husband is too much of a philosopher to bother himself into a rage about it, for he has run through all the experiences of life long before he ever got married. And it's no among the middle classes; they are too well-conducted and circumspect; they fear the talk o' their church-going and chapel-going neighbors. No, it's among the lower, or even the lowest, classes, that the passions are simple and intense. When the woman is faithless, the man murders her, or tries to, regardless of consequences. Starvation, the madness o' drink, the pitiableness o' the weak, the fight for bread—these are the things that show ye what the struggles, the passions, the bigness, the littleness, o' human nature are. Leave your books, man, and get out to Bermondsey, or Spitalfields, or Shadwell, and study the men and women there—"

"Oh, I am not a dramatist," said Fitzgerald. "Besides, I think you are quite mistaken." Ross was continually dogmatizing about his own profession; why should not he about his? "You may find brute force there, and violent jealousy; anything else you must take with you. And when you begin planting your literary theories—your noble sentiments that are the product of refinement—into that coarse soil, the crop is merely affectation. The bully who suddenly bursts out crying when he hears a canary is a mere sham—unless he is drunk, when he would probably get up and strangle the canary. Passion in the rough? Yes, the rough sometimes has a good deal of passion—when he kicks his mother. Thank you; but before I go and try to paint a picture of the coster-monger—with a pewter pot in his hand and love and innocence in his heart—I shall wait to see what effect a course of lectures on lime-light will have on him."

Ross regarded him for a second.

"Ye're a deep young fellow," he said, "for all your frank face. Or is it pride? I'm afraid the young lady up there and you don't get on very well together."

"Oh, I think she means to be very civil to me. I think, from little suggestions, that she has been talking to her aunt about sending me over as bailiff to an estate they have at Bantry. Well, I don't wonder at it. My present post is rather too much of a sinecure."

"Other people manage to live on sinecures happily enough," said Ross, bluntly. "I wish to Heaven I had half a dizzen o' them!"

"And then," continued Fitzgerald, with some tell-tale color in his face, "the other people about that house are all such hard-working people—I mean those you sometimes meet by chance—that one feels such an idler. I do believe at this minute," he said, in desperation, "if they were to give me a decent salary as bailiff at that farm, I'd take it, and have done with literature. I can enjoy literature without trying to make any; and I should be in my own element over there. But what were we talking about?" He pretended to make a cast back. "Oh yes; about Hilton Clarke's theories about women. Well, here are other two women—these Chetwynds—who, I am sure, are perfectly honest and upright and believable. My experience has not been very great; I can scarcely remember my mother, and I had no sisters. But most of the women I have been more or less acquainted with have been, as it seemed to me, a good deal better and more honest and more unselfish than the men; and—and in short you wouldn't be inclined to doubt your own experiences even when a man who has seen more of the world than you have tries to make you less believing?"

"I would send him to the devil," said Ross, decisively. "Believe in the honesty of men and women, and in the wise providence and justice o' things, as long as ye can; and when ye can not, put it down to your personal bad luck, and dinna accuse everybody of stealing because the majority o' the folk ye have met have disappointed ye. The truth is, ye are anxious about that young lass in Ireland."

Fitzgerald started, and was inclined to be angry. But what was the use? His friend had guessed the truth, much as Fitzgerald had tried to conceal it from him, and also from himself. Yes, he was anxious; it had come to that.

"Is she a braw lass?"

"I think you mean handsome? No, she is not imposing, if that is what you mean. But she is exceedingly pretty. I can talk to you about her with impunity, for you don't know her name. She is very pretty, and very winning and tender-hearted, and clever too. Think of her be-

ing content to wait on and on like this, while I am floundering about without any certain prospects whatever!"

"Content to wait!" exclaimed Ross. "Goodness me, what would be the worth of her if she were not content to wait! A fine kind of lass to have that would be! And ye have two pounds a week as a certainty, with constant small addeetions? Get her over, man, and marry her. Two pounds a week! The great majority of the human race live on far less; and what is good for the muckle is no bad for the pickle."

This bold and sudden challenge startled him; but was not the wild project as beautiful as it was wild? The thought of it! What if Kitty were really to consent? They could take a couple of small rooms somewhere, and work and wait in patience, with love and blessed content their constant companions, until the happier time came. Would it not be fine in after-life, when things had gone well with them, to be able to talk of their early struggle, and of their adventures and their fears and hopes? Kitty's letters had not been very cheerful of late: might not this sudden challenge deliver her from the bond of despondency?

But he dared not make so fateful a proposal without much anxious care; and, as it turned out, on the very next evening something happened that promised to aid him most materially. When he had got through his appointed hour, and had risen to leave, Mrs. Chetwynd said to him—obviously with a little embarrassment:

"Mr. Fitzgerald, I—I want to explain something. You know you are on such friendly terms with us—at least I hope so—I hope you feel quite at home in the house—it is rather difficult to speak about money matters. But they have to be spoken about; for every one must live, I suppose. And—and, in fact, Mary was saying that a great deal more of your time was being occupied than appeared to be the case—"

"Oh, I hope you won't speak of it," said he. "My time is not so valuable."

"Everybody's time is valuable," said the old lady, with a smile, "for it is easy to make it so. Mary was saying you must spend a great deal of time in looking over these new books—"

"That is a pleasure to myself."

"Now, Mr. Fitzgerald, is it fair? I have a frightful task to get through with, and you won't let me alone. If Mr. Scobell were in England, I should have asked him. However, here is the truth; that my conscience won't allow me to occupy so much of your time on the present terms, and I propose to make a difference. If," said she, rather hesitatingly—"if you would kindly take that envelope with you, you will find in it the arrears—a small sum, but my conscience will be clear—and now, not another word—for I've got through with it, and I am quite happy. Now good-night, and not a word."

"Not of thanks?" said he.

"No; good-night; go away," said the old lady, with a light little laugh: she was clearly very well pleased to have got it over.

In this open and unaddressed envelope he found a check, drawn out in Mary Chetwynd's clear and precise hand, and signed by her aunt, for £65. The rapidest of calculations showed him what this meant. He was to have two hundred a year, then, instead of one! The vision that this opened up left no room for those oversensitive perplexities that he had laid before his friend Ross. His heart was beating too quickly. The question was, what arguments, what entreaties, what pretty phrases, would bring Kitty to him from over the sea.

He walked rapidly, he knew not whither. The darkness was pleasant. Never had he struggled so with the composition of any leading article affecting the interests of India, or China, or Peru. He tried to meet beforehand every possible objection. He thought of all the nice things he could say to win her consent. At what hour he got home to his lodgings he did not quite know; but that important letter was yet far from being arranged.

It took him, indeed, the whole night to write it; destroying numberless copies that seemed to him to leave a loop-hole of escape here or there. He felt that Kitty's letters had been somewhat cold and matter-of-fact of late; he was afraid she might judge this one coldly; he had to make everything safe, so that she should feel the future was absolutely secure. And when at last he did go out to post this letter at the nearest pillar letter-box, behold! the wan gray light of daybreak was stealing over the skies, and far away there was the rumble of the first of the carts.

I do not know who was the Postmaster-General at that precise time, but have no doubt that when Fitzgerald dropped the

heavy letter under the metal lid, he was as impatient with him as Juliet was with her nurse.

"Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey—"

Well, the sun was not yet quite so high; but it was slowly spreading abroad its beams, and the world of London was awaking. Fitzgerald was in no humor for sleep; he thought he would rather go away down to the river to have a look at a little green and white house there; and there was a light as of the dawn on his face.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN a letter recently published and written by a man who at the time of publication was upon trial for swindling—a crime of which he was universally believed to be guilty—the writer says that reform is best represented by "a bribe-taker and a bribe-giver who tries to shield his own criminality behind the holy look of his heavenward turned eyes, and continuously asserting through the public press that he is a reformer." With the same feeling, a machine politician declared that when Dr. Johnson defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel, he had not learned the infinite possibilities of the word "reform." There is no doubt that from Walpole's time the word "patriot" in English politics had come to mean merely opposition to the government, and opposition which contemplated personal advantage, and Johnson's indignant definition may well stand as the vigorous expression of a wholesome contempt of cant and hypocrisy.

But as every virtue may be simulated, and become the cloak of vice—"O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"—the rascals find their account in sneering at virtue as if it were vicious. A man has his hand in the public treasury, for instance, either openly and vulgarly in the way of common stealing, or in the form of patronage, which enables him to pay henchmen with the public money for personal services to himself, and when somebody cries, "Stop thief!" and shows that the offender is robbing the public, the bandit, caught in the act, sneers, bitterly, "Look at that Pharisee, that Pecksniff, that Mawworm, that Chadband, rolling up his eyes, and licking his greasy chaps, and slapping his fat belly, and thanking God that he is not as other men are!" This is a strain which produces upon some minds a very great effect. There are echoes of it constantly rolling through the newspapers, and Burns's "unco guid" is drawn into the service to impress upon the popular mind the great truth that to demand common honesty in public affairs, and fair play and progress and improvement, is to "set yourself up as better than other people," and to be afraid lest the pavement of heaven should soil your skirts.

Nevertheless, stealing is still theft, and swindling is cheating, and lying is deceit; and if a man is frightened from saying so because a swindler or a liar calls him a Pharisee, he is only a coward in a good cause. The very frequency and bitterness of the sneer, however, show that it is effective. There is no more familiar appeal in a political speech than that which is directed against the Pharisee. The reason is obvious. The party demand for progress implies a rebuke that the existing situation is unsatisfactory. Yet not only is the party responsible for that situation, but many of its leaders and members are personally interested in maintaining it unchanged. Change involves risk, say they. Let us rest and be thankful. Better bear the ills that we have than fly to the unknown. In whatsoever situation we may be, let us learn therewith to be content. This is not the golden age, perhaps, cries the eloquent orator; it is only the poor nineteenth century. Our country is not Arcadia, or Utopia, or heaven; it is but our new and young America. Yet it has some few advantages. Our party is not the Church triumphant. There are possibly some sinners among the saints. It is a pity that we are not all as pure and superior and perfect as the lofty beings who graciously condescend to call us up higher, who, of course, are wholly disinterested, who want no place or power, and whose heads are not in the least sore. But for us who are humbly content to make the best of the means and the circumstances which Providence supplies, it is enough to remember the old proverb, which of course is much less wise than the wisdom of our self-constituted censors who devote themselves to lamenting the sins of other people, and which declares that sensible men will leave Pharisees to themselves, and let well alone.

This is very effective oratory. It is, indeed, as old as tyranny, and it is the plea of every despotism, and of all reaction and stagnation. But it delights the crowd, because it ridicules those who indirectly reproach their inaction. It is forcible, also, for quite another reason, and that is the fact that in the cry for reform there is often, and especially in politics, the squeak of selfishness. Yet denunciation of

Phariseeism is often the mere angry scream of conscious guilt. Its sarcasm and vituperation, its acrid ill-temper and stormy rhetoric, are but the writhings of David under the stern finger and convicting tongue of Nathan. To the remorseless accusation, "Thou art the man," the savage sneer at Phariseeism is but the foaming fury of the irrepressible reply, "I am."

The way to rob the sneer of Phariseeism of its sting is not to be a Pharisee. The word patriot clung to Lord Chesterfield and Pulteney as a reproach because they were really animated by the same motive with Walpole, namely, desire of place and power. In contests upon the same plane the appeal must be to the same motives. If a man wants another man's place as leader of a government, he must show that his measures are better, more fitting, more reasonable, more economical. But when he aims at the purification and elevation of politics themselves, he is a moral reformer, and he must not forget that the practice of the preacher is with justice sharply scrutinized. Walpole sneered at Pulteney's claim of patriotism because it was merely a cry to turn him out of his place. It was a trick of selfishness, and nobody believes any of the "patriots" to have been more patriotic than the famous minister who, ruling by corruption, was personally incorruptible.

The political reformer, indeed, can not escape the sneer of Phariseeism. But it will not cling to him if it is not deserved. The robber in the dock, conscious that whatever the verdict may be, public opinion, familiar with the facts and evidence, will brand him as guilty, may rail at the reformer who calls theft theft and swindling swindling, and revile him at his will. But to-morrow the world will have forgotten that the reformer was called a Pharisee, while it will never forget that his traducer was a thief.

THE coming of Mrs. Langtry will be different from the coming of Fanny Kemble. Yet Fanny Kemble was a beautiful woman and a striking person apart from her genius as an actress and the interest of her association with what a reviewer of her recent memoirs calls "the late reigning family of the English stage." Mrs. Kemble has always retained a natural pride in her family distinction, touched possibly with a little feeling of defiance arising from consciousness of a certain social ostracism of actors in England, notwithstanding the "great matches" which they sometimes make. "I belong to her Majesty's players," she once said, with a proud and arch humility, and she said it in a circle of distinguished persons, in which she brilliantly led and monopolized the conversation.

But in her earlier *Journal in America*, as in the memoirs published a few years since, there is little trace of pride and pleasure in the actual practice of her profession. Descent from a great and famous family of actors may have charmed her imagination, as the familiar and stately words of Hooker describing the law may be proudly quoted by the young attorney. But when he comes to the police court it is less evident to him that of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God. From her account of her own acting it is evident that, as with Rachel, Fanny Kemble preserved her self-possession, and was not herself involved and swept along by the hurricanes of passion which she simulated. That is to say, she was an artist in the highest sense. Even of Shakespeare Charles Emerson said that "he brooded pensive and alone above the hundred-handed play of his imagination." It is probably essential to the best effects of the actor's art that he should never forget that he is acting, and for the same reason that the painter must not gild the gold in his picture, nor the sculptor color the cheek of his marble Helen.

The tradition of Fanny Kemble's coming to this country still survives. She was in all the bloom of her beautiful youth and the freshness of her fame. Fortunately, also, Talfourd's article describing her first appearance in London is yet accessible. She took the town. It was a sudden and prodigious but merited triumph, and it was the greater because the tradition of Mrs. Siddons had not passed away, and there would be the natural depreciatory doubt and inevitable comparison between the acknowledged Muse of Tragedy and the young aspirant. But it is the quality of genius to dissolve that kind of depreciation. Its effect is unique and indisputable. How can you compare a ruby with a rose? The America that is reflected in Fanny Kemble's *Journal*, and which the gilded youth of nearly half a century ago remember, was a little cozy country, so to speak, compared with that to which Mrs. Langtry comes. When New York still went to the play and the opera at the Park Theatre, opposite the Astor House of to-day, it is plain that it was a manageable city. But the New-Yorker who would see Mrs. Langtry as Rosalind must go by the street car or the elevated railroad two or three miles from the Astor House.

If he may trust the reports, he will not see a Fanny Kemble, but a very charming woman, nevertheless—a woman who among "professional beauties" is distinguished by something more than a Grecian contour and an exquisite complexion. The success of her appearance upon the stage is probably due to a decided talent, and not to her career as a famous London beauty. The latter, indeed, would perhaps interfere with success upon the boards unless the talent was unquestionable, and then the social prestige would be serviceable. A reporter of the indefatigable *Herald* recently "interviewed" Mrs. Langtry at Nottingham, and says that before calling upon her he went to see her at the theatre, and was surprised by the excellence of her performance of Kate Hardcastle. That expression probably fur-

nishes the key to her success. The natural feeling would be that a pretty woman, with her head turned by the notoriety of her social triumphs, had determined to extend her conquest, but would find that on the stage something more is necessary than a pretty face. Indeed, it might be supposed that many persons for many reasons might be glad to see her "taken down." But the event proved this expectation to be unfounded. She was more than a pretty woman: she was an excellent actress.

When Fanny Kemble was "the rage," all kinds of haberdashery were named for her. Kemble ties and Kemble hats, Kemble capes and Kemble cuffs and collars, appeared upon all sides. The dark-eyed Juliet looked at the youth from all the windows, and he was happy who had seen and happier who had spoken with the goddess of the hour. This kind of fashion Mrs. Langtry knew before she went upon the stage. With great plainness of speech she said to the reporter, "I have never set myself up for a beauty." But Mr. J. E. Millais, the artist, saw her at the theatre, and begged her to sit for her portrait, which Prince Leopold bought, and so made her the fashion. Dukes and duchesses and all the nobility welcomed her. The painters and photographers multiplied her portraits. The papers celebrated her charms. People stood on chairs in the street to see her pass.

> "A woman of cloud and of fire,
> It is she—it is Helen of Tyre."

But it costs money to be a fashionable beauty. Retrenchment, economy, became necessary, but money was very desirable. The husband seems to have been of no profession, and the enthusiastic Mr. Millais proposed the stage. Surprise, apprehension, doubt, determination, followed. The stage it should be, and after resolute study the curtain rose one evening last November at the Town-hall in Twickenham upon the *Fair Encounter*, with Mrs. Langtry in the chief part.

It is not a severe public to which she appeals in coming to America, but her peculiar distinction as a "professional" and fashionable beauty will not suffice here for her success. But a charming and lady-like actress, who is also a beautiful woman, will find no welcome warmer than that from the children and grandchildren of those who welcomed Fanny Kemble.

Fifty and sixty years ago, when Fiedler and Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope wrote books about America, and Sydney Smith asked who reads an American book, there was general indignation with the English traveller who wrote about us, and Paulding satirized him savagely in a little work which is no longer read. It is amusing to look back upon that time and its indignation, and to observe that we winced because we were hit in our vulnerable parts. They were not capital parts, indeed, and the blows were neither very vigorous nor very skillful. Second-rate Englishmen could deal a blow to gratify their own grudge against Englishmen who had shaken off British control, by laughing at their peculiarities of breeding, and the want of the manners of Buckingham Palace in the frontier cabin, and the spitting, and the fondness for titles, and the simple curiosity, which were observable on all sides. The books that displeased us were very inoffensive missiles, except in the intention to displease, and their satirical calibre was about that of Burgoyne's farce in Boston during the siege—"Gin'ral Haouw, haouw air ye?" If it was a pleasure to Yorkshiremen and Irishmen to parody the Yankee brogue, it was a pardonable and comical pleasure. But our fathers did not choose to be laughed at, and they scolded and swore hotly. The periodicals fired the small shot of the critics back again in energetic and angry retorts, and Mr. Paulding, as we said, launched his satire.

But when I became a man, I put away childish things. In this year of grace the sly thrusts of clever and agile literary swordsmen do not provoke even a rejoinder, still less any ill feeling. It is three months, says the London *Spectator*, since the issue of Mr. Matthew Arnold's brilliant *Words about America*, and not a single voice has come across to us in reply. The *Spectator* calls upon Mr. Lowell to seize the pen that impaled *A Certain Condescension in Foreigners*, and to do battle for American society. But why? Mr. Arnold has not seen us. He knows of American society only what he has gathered from stories and papers and conversation. Mr. Freeman, who spent last winter in this country, and has just given us some of his impressions of America, says that the chief thing that struck him was its essential likeness to England. When he landed at New York in October, his first feeling was that America was very like England; when he landed at Liverpool, in England, his first feeling was that England was very like America.

Mr. Henry James, Jun., and an anonymous novel called *Democracy* are much cited by English critics as portraying American fashionable and political society. But Mr. James's pictures are those of Americans under foreign social conditions; and as for *Democracy*, there is in America no political society in the sense in which the phrase is understood in England. The knowledge gained from the novel is, *mutatis mutandis*, that which *Vivian Grey*, in the most glittering and flashing way, affords of England. The political life of America is not to be studied in Washington. This country would be the most inexplicable enigma possible if Washington gave the key. In that city the observer sees some conspicuous and clever men, and the ceremonial of the government. But it is not there that he can see or understand the forces that make political America.

In March, 1861, what kind of key was Washington to the real America?

American "society" in the limited sense of the word, and meaning a class of refined and rich and intelligent persons, is very much in America what it is in England, with two signal differences—one arising from the hereditary class element in England, and the other from the larger number of especially accomplished persons concentrated in one great capital. But individual by individual the observer will see as much refinement and grace of manner and delightful and available social cultivation in America as in England. Vulgar rich people of various kinds, Podsnaps and Barnes Newcomes and Lord Steynes, he will find here as there. But if Mr. Matthew Arnold had been in Newport during the summer, and had dined from villa to villa, he would have found more new richness, indeed, because modern Newport is scarcely more than a generation old; the houses doubtless would have been finer than marine villas elsewhere, and the dinners probably better; but the company would have been as used to "clean shirts" and to social elegance and refinement as any to which Mr. Arnold is accustomed. Without the least disposition toward the *tu quoque*, we should say that he would be quite as likely to discover less real want of good manners here than in corresponding circles at home. That taint of English society in every degree which Thackeray stigmatized as snobbery, and which is painfully evident to a foreign observer, he would remark very much less in this country than at home.

But when, leaving this restricted use of the word society, and rising into American society at large, he turned his shrewd eyes around him, Mr. Arnold would discover a general intelligence and courtesy and self-respect, a rustic plainness of speech and manner often, but a freedom from vulgarity, which could not fail to charm him. It would be a very extraordinary "lover of the humane life" who should not find a greater proportional intelligence, knowledge of good books, charitable and literary and artistic activity, refinement of manner and dignity of life, in the United States than elsewhere in the world. The *Spectator* generously concedes, and from the personal experience of the writer, that there is more general kindness and politeness, more of the old *homo sum* spirit, in America than in any of the three greatest countries of Europe. "And what is this, after all," he asks, "but humanization?"

Mr. Freeman, with his strong predilection for the English race, finds us to be only Englishmen on this side of the sea. This is largely true. But it is a much modified Englishism. Doubtless the English tradition has been always most unmixed and powerful in New England, where the population is most homogeneous; and doubtless New England has dominated the national development of the country. But other elements and influences are now very strong, and as power passes to the West, it passes to a more eclectic race. Yet even there the finest force of New England is one of the most vigorous agents; and this can only be cause for satisfaction to all who know that the genius for practical political liberty distinguishes the English race.

If it be true that the English travellers of sixty years ago, since they could not fight the colonies under Cornwallis and Burgoyne and Howe, were glad to revile "the States" to the best of their small ability, it is no less true that there is a strong anti-British popular feeling to-day, to which the political demagogue is always glad to appeal, and appeals in full confidence of a warm response. In the days before the war we have heard the antislavery movement denounced as the work of foreign emissaries paid with British gold, and more recently the free-trade policy has been described as a propaganda of the same abominable agencies. But this is a folly which spends itself with time, and the broader, more generous, humaner view is that which looks upon the two countries, mainly sprung from the same stock, speaking the same language, largely of the same religious faith, and both cherishing the same great forms of freedom, as engaged in a lofty and friendly rivalry to develop those forms to the utmost for the benefit of humanity. If the daughter lacks some graces which make the mother charming, the mother may wisely emulate virtues in which the daughter is proficient. It is in kind the same feeling of race, and a common property and pride and glory, which places the statue of Shakespeare in the Central Park, and the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. Grundy was lately astonished by the remark of a cheerful cosmopolitan whom she proposed to introduce to a very rich man. She seemed to catch her breath as she spoke of his exceeding great riches, and there was the tone of admiring awe which betrays the devout snob. The cosmopolitan listened pleasantly as Mrs. Grundy spoke with the air of proposing to him the greatest of favors and blessings.

"You say he is very rich?" he asked.

"Enormously — fabulously," replied Mrs. Grundy, as if crossing herself.

"Will he give me any of his money?"

Mrs. Grundy gazed blankly at the questioner. "Give you any of his money? What do you mean?"

"Mean?" answered the cheerful cosmopolitan; "my meaning is plain. If I am introduced to a scholar, he gives me something of his scholarship; a traveller gives me experience; a scientific man, information; a musician, plays or sings for me; and if you introduce me to a man whose distinction is his riches, I wish to know what advantage I am to gain from his acquaintance, and whether I

may expect him to impart to me something of that for which he is distinguished."

Mrs. Grundy, who is easily discomposed by an unexpected turn to the conversation, looked confused, but said presently, "Why, you will dine with the Midases and the Plutuses."

"But they are merely the same thing," said the cosmopolitan, gayly. "You know the story: Mr. and Mrs. MacSycophant, Miss MacSycophant, Miss Imogen MacSycophant, Mr. Plantagenet MacSycophant, Miss Boadicea MacSycophant—and more of the same. One MacSycophant is as good as twenty, Mrs. Grundy, and as I know the Midases already, and find them amusingly dull, why should I know the Plutuses, who are probably even duller?"

Mrs. Grundy looked as if transfixed.

"Oh," continued the cosmopolitan, laughing, "I do not deny that money is an excellent thing. I am glad that I am not in want of it. But it is a dangerous thing to handle. If you don't manage it well, it exposes you terribly. Great riches are like an electric light, like a noonday sun; they reveal everything. If a man stands in a ridiculous attitude, or is clad scantily, the intense light displays him remorselessly to every beholder. Great riches do the same. I saw you at the Midases', dear Mrs. Grundy. Did you ever see a more sumptuous entertainment or a more splendid palace? What pictures and statues and vases! what exquisite and costly decoration! what gold and glass! what Sèvres and Dresden! But the more I admired the beautiful works of art, the more I thought of the enthusiasm and devotion of the artist, the more I was touched by the grace and delicacy of color and form around me; and the more I heard Midas talk, the more clearly I saw that he did not see, or feel, or understand, anything of the real value and significance of his own *entourage*. The more beautiful it was, the more plainly it displayed his total want of perception of beauty.

"His house is a magnificent museum. It is full of treasures. But they all dwarf and deride him. They are so many relentless lights turned on to show how completely he is not at home in his own house. He is as much out of place among them as a horse in a library. He has all the proper books of a gentleman's library, and all superbly bound. What does he know about them? He never read a book. He has marvellous pictures. What does he know of pictures? He doesn't know whether Gainsborough was a painter or a sculptor, or whether Giotto was a Greek or a Roman. He has books and pictures merely because he has money enough to buy them, and because it is understood that a fine house should have a library and a gallery. Is it otherwise with his glass and porcelain? What do you think that he could tell you of Dresden china—its history, its masters, its manufacture? You say that very few people could tell you much about it. Granted; but if a man surrounds himself with it, and forces it upon your attention, you have a right not only to ask such questions, but to expect answers. My dear Mrs. Grundy, when I was a young man, and was introduced at a London club, the porter, or the major-domo, or the door-keeper, or whatever he was, seemed to me like a peer of the realm. He was faultlessly dressed, and he had most tranquil manners. Well, our good friend Midas is that gentleman. He is the curator of a fine museum. He opens the door to a well-furnished club. But he is in no proper sense master of his house. The master of such a house, as Goethe said of the picture-owner, is the man to whom you can say, 'Show me the best.' Poor Midas could only show us the costliest. Eh, Mrs. Grundy?"

That excellent lady's eyes had expanded, during these remarks, until they were fixed in a round stony stare at the cheerful cosmopolitan.

"And this, you see, my good lady, is the reason that all this display is called vulgar. It represents nothing but money. It does not represent taste, or intelligence, or talent, in the possessor, and the sole relation between him and his possessions is his ability to pay for them. You drink his superior wines. But even you, Mrs. Grundy, are not quite sure that he could distinguish between the finest Madeira and a common sherry. That is no fault, surely, but there is a great difference between wines.

"When you kindly offer to present me to a gentleman of whom you can say only that he is very rich, and I ask you if he will give me some of his money, you look surprised and shocked. But I am not a misanthrope, and I ask a question which you can answer affirmatively. He will give me some of his money in giving me some of the pleasure which is derivable from what his money buys. For that I am grateful. I tip the curator with my sincere thanks. I bow to the door-keeper with hearty acknowledgment. I shall go again and again with great pleasure. But I shall not make the singular mistake of supposing that he bears the same relation to his possessions that the musician bears to his music, and the scholar to his knowledge, and the traveller to his shrewd observation.

"You think that I am basely looking a gift horse in the mouth. Not at all. I am only declining to believe the porter to be a peer of the realm merely because he wears a white cravat and has tranquil manners. If Midas is a dull man, all the money in the world does not make him interesting. But if he has accumulated beautiful and interesting things, I shall gladly go to his house and see them. Now, my dear Mrs. Grundy, that is very different from going to his house to see the Plutuses. They are not the possessions that make his house desirable. My young friend Hornet says that if the only way to drink Midas's gold-seal Johannisberger is to take Mrs. Plutus

down to dinner, he will not hesitate to pay the price, as he is willing to pay the price of seasickness if he wishes to see the Vatican. Does my dear Mrs. Grundy comprehend?"

—But the good lady was gone. She could draw but one conclusion from such a strain of remark about people with fabulous incomes. The cheerful cosmopolitan must have been dining with Mr. Midas, and must have sat much too long at table. What a pity that so pleasant a man should permit himself such excesses! There was, however, but one course for a self-respecting woman to pursue—Mrs. Grundy had left him alone.

Editor's Literary Record.

THERE has been no lack of histories of the more important epochs in the political progress of Europe from 1815 to 1875; but with scarcely an exception they have been written by partisans or special pleaders, and have been confined to the restricted limits of the specific historical episodes to which they relate. Either defending or extenuating the system of Metternich, who denied the people all participation in the government, and reduced them to a tax-paying and arms-bearing mass, and who regarded princes and monarchs not as the agents or regents of the people, but as the private possessors and absolute governors of their states, subject to no laws, restrained by no constitutional limitations, and having the right of absolute personal rule; or eulogizing the most radical ideas, and advocating the most revolutionary action; or holding a mean between these two hostile extremes, and tracing the evolution of rightful constitutional forms and securities amidst the armed conflicts and exasperating agitations that signalized the early part of the century—none of these histories has given a clear and consistent or an unbiassed view of the entire period, and the amazing political development it has witnessed. Moreover, they have been encumbered with such an oppressive load of detail as regards men and events, and of tedious and hair-splitting disquisition as regards principles and results, as to shut out any comprehensive general view; and thus not only have they been unsuited to popular reading, but have taxed to the utmost the time and patience of the professional historical investigator. It was reserved for a learned and eminently practical lecturer at Tübingen, Professor Wilhelm Müller, to gather together the scattered and detached threads of all these histories, and supplementing them with the fruits of his own independent researches, to weave them into a compact continuous review of the whole course of Continental political history since 1815. His excellent work, *The Political History of Recent Times*,[1] is accurately characterized by President White, of Cornell University, in a prefatory note to the American edition of the work, in which he remarks that "it is not an abridgment; it is a living history; the style is clear, the spirit manly and healthy; pervading the whole is faith in the existence of good on earth, hope in well-ordered liberty, skepticism as to the efficiency of noise and political hysterics, contempt for sham statesmanship, hatred for selfish and stupid statesmanship, yet withal impartiality, though often the impartiality of a just judge reviewing careers and courses of scoundrelism." Professor Müller has divided his history into convenient periods, each of which has a certain natural unity and completeness. In the first of these periods, 1816–30, he delineates the policy of the Restoration on the fall of Napoleon, and traces the history of the struggles of the Continental peoples, especially in Germany, for constitutional guarantees, and the proceedings of the various Continental congresses. In the second, 1830–48, he recounts the events of the revolution of July, which placed the "Citizen King" Louis Philippe on the French throne, and deduces its consequences for Europe. In the third, 1848–63, he narrates the history of the February revolution that unseated Louis Philippe, and describes the events of the French Republic and of the Second Empire under Louis Napoleon, and gives a clear view of the ascendency of the latter in Europe. In the fourth, 1864–69, he supplies an elaborate historical sketch of the usurpation by Prussia of the supremacy in Germany, with the results of driving Austria from Germany, of causing the dissolution of the German Confederation, of forming a North German Confederacy under Prussian supremacy, and of evoking hostile feelings between Prussia and France that were afterward to culminate in war. And in the fifth, 1870–75, he relates with concise amplitude the political and other causes that preceded and precipitated the Franco-German war, the events of the war itself, and its far-reaching consequences—among these being the establishment of the German Empire and the struggle of Germany with the Vatican. The American translator, Dr. Peters, has added several sections, covering the additional period from 1876 to 1881, and bringing the history down to the present year, the materials for which have been derived principally from Professor Müller's annual records published since the completion of his history, and are arranged in accordance with the compre-

[1] *The Political History of Recent Times.* 1816–1875. With Special Reference to Germany. By WILHELM MÜLLER, Professor in Tübingen. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. Translated, with an Appendix covering the Period from 1876 to 1881, by Rev. JOHN P. PETERS, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 696. New York: Harper and Brothers.

hensive general method observed by Professor Müller in the preparation of his work. Dr. Peters has further enhanced the value of the work by the incorporation of several important notes, prominent among which are those on the influence that Kossuth's negotiations with Louis Napoleon, relative to a rising in Hungary, may have had in inducing Austria to consent to the peace of Zürich; on the essential features of the re-organized Prussian army system, prior to the Franco-German war, in 1867; and on the states that form the United German Empire, their population, and their representation and voting power in the *Bundesrath;* and by the addition of an exhaustive general index, a complete index of persons mentioned in the text, and an exact index of principal dates. While Professor Müller naturally gives prominence to German affairs in his history of the several periods to which we have adverted, he yet treats the political history of the other European states, so far as they have a bearing on Continental politics, with satisfactory fullness. Pursuing the synchronous method, the development of each nation is kept distinct, yet so as to be easily brought into relations with that of every other. Notwithstanding the patriotic bias and the predilection for constitutional guarantees and orderly law which are manifest in the work, and notwithstanding also the aversion to absolutism on the one hand and to revolutionary frenzy on the other, that are equally visible in it, it is generally fair and impartial, and never unjust. Its view of the political history of Europe in this century is large and yet concise; and, as President White pithily observes, "the events presented in it are those which an American mainly cares to know, unobscured by those he does not care to know."

The Epoch of Reform[2] in England is the subject of an exceedingly able and interesting politico-historical sketch contributed by Mr. Justin McCarthy to Mr. Morris's "Epochs of History" series, and comprises the period from the introduction of Lord Grey's bill for Parliamentiary reform in 1830 to the death of Sir Robert Peel in 1850. This period, justly denominated an "epoch" by Mr. McCarthy, is one of those grave and important historical episodes that will be studied with profound interest by the friends of constitutional government in all parts of the world. The great lesson deduced from it by Mr. McCarthy is that the policy which opens the way to reform is the true antidote to the spirit of revolution, since the facts of the history of the period show that grievances, such as threw France and other Continental nations into anarchy and deluged them with blood, may be relieved, and every change in the political system needed for the welfare of a country can be obtained, under a constitutional government obedient to constitutional methods, by the patient and persistent use of argument and reason, without any thought of an ultimate appeal to force. The group of peaceful constitutional changes which were wrought in England in this brief period of twenty years is without a parallel, whether their magnitude and the infinitude of their details, their orderly, logical, and rapid sequence, or their faculty for further almost indefinite expansion, be considered. The basis of popular suffrage and representation was enlarged and established, representation was given to the great industrial towns, pseudo-representation was pruned of many of its excrescences, old-standing anomalies and sources of corruption were abolished, the tithe system was put an end to in Ireland, slavery and the press-gang were extirpated, the working of women and children in mines and factories was placed under wholesome regulations, the foundation of a system of national education was laid, the penal code and the poor-laws were ameliorated and improved, the corn laws were repealed, penny postage was established, the navigation laws were repealed, and many other changes hardly less important were effected, not the least among them being the change that was made in the relation of the sovereign to Parliament, and of Parliament to the people, by which the majority of the House of Commons was first made a truly representative institution, and then became practically supreme over the sovereign as well as over the ministry. The history of these various important political and constitutional changes, without any admixture of political or historical allusion not having an immediate bearing upon the movement of reform, is given in lucid detail by Mr. McCarthy, accompanied by statesman-like accounts of the principles, abuses, and institutions that were displaced, and of the reforms that were instituted, with spirited pictures of the leading men on both sides of politics during the epoch of reform.

THE naval war of 1812 has not so much lacked able as dispassionate historians. James on the British side, and Cooper on our own, have treated the subject with fullness and ability. Their accounts of it and its most striking episodes are invariably vigorous and plausible, and often graphic; but they unmistakably betray the bias of their authors for or against one or the other of the combatants. Both permitted the ardor of their patriotism to degenerate into partisanship, and besides, both lived so near the occurrences they described as to participate in the animosities of the times; and thus it happened that each, consciously or unconsciously, colored his version of the events of the war so as to minister to his own national vanity and that of his countrymen. Under the promptings of national feeling, each of these really able and painstaking writers palliated or exaggerated mistakes, excused or cen-

[2] *The Epoch of Reform.* 1830–1850. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. 16mo, pp. 215. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

sured defeats, magnified or undervalued victories, and instituted unfair and even unjust comparisons relative to the force of the respective ships engaged, their complement of men, and the skill, courage, and conduct of their officers and men, with the result not only that their accounts of some of the more important engagements are inaccurate and unreliable, but are as exasperating to one set of readers as they are zestful and flattering to the national pride of the other. Sufficient time has now elapsed to make it possible to give an account of the war which shall do justice to both sides by telling the whole story impartially. And this Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has essayed to do, and has done successfully and with a degree of moral courage that is highly commendable, in a monograph entitled *The Naval War of* 1812; *or, The History of the United States Navy during the Last War with Great Britain.*[3] As the sub-title of his book intimates, Mr. Roosevelt does not undertake to write a history of the war of 1812 on a scale so broad and philosophic as to include an elaborate theory of the causes which led to it, the principles which were involved in it, and the political and international acts, artifices, pretensions, and negotiations that invited it. What he undertakes is a far less complex task than this. After a commendably brief introductory statement of the political causes and results of the war, in which are included a rapid résumé of the general features of the contest, a discussion of the race identity of the combatants and the close similarity between British and American commanders and sailors, and an intelligent inquiry into the comparative systems, armaments, prowess, and qualities generally of the British and American navies, with a glance at the corresponding character and reputation of other European navies, Mr. Roosevelt addresses himself specifically to the task of describing the preparations and operations, on the ocean and the lakes, of the contending navies in each year of the war, and of giving detailed accounts of each particular action, whether engaged in by squadrons or single vessels. These accounts comprehend particular examinations and criticisms of the tactics, methods, and skill of the opposing commanders in each fight, and at every period of it, and carefully prepared summaries, derived from the most authentic sources of information, of the relative armament, complement of men, and loss of the ships in each engagement. Mr. Roosevelt's plan leaves little room for the display of rhetoric. He refrains from anything resembling dramatic descriptions of the vicissitudes of naval fights, and makes no attempt to impart interest to his relation by the introduction of stirring episodes of personal valor and heroism. Throughout, he adheres strictly to a professional account, calm almost to coldness, of each conflict, with a view to the exact facts and an impartial exhibition of them, and also with a view to such deductions as have a practical value as bearing upon the efficiency of navies and success in naval warfare. There will doubtless be differences of opinion as to some of Mr. Roosevelt's data and conclusions, and of this he is evidently fully sensible; but we are confident that these differences will be confined to isolated instances among the great variety of details with which he deals, and further, that any errors he may have committed will not be chargeable either to his partisanship, or to his lack of industry in collecting, or to his want of intelligence in construing, the materials on which he has relied for his facts and opinions. After making due allowance for possible errors and inadvertencies, professional readers will be inclined to accept Mr. Roosevelt's monograph as the most accurate, as it certainly is the most cool and impartial, and in some respects the most intrepid, account that has yet appeared of the naval actions of the war of 1812.

[3] *The Naval War of* 1812; *or, The History of the United States Navy during the Last War with Great Britain.* By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 8vo, pp. 498. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE Messrs. Harper have published in the "Franklin Square Library" a timely volume on Egypt for popular reading, by Mr. Edwin De Leon, late British agent and Consul-General in Egypt. It is entitled *Egypt Under its Khedives,*[4] and was originally prepared in 1877, but since then has been thoroughly revised by the author, and a preliminary chapter added, bearing on recent events in Egypt, more especially recounting the causes and incidents that led to the rise of Arabi Pasha to power, and that finally culminated in the Egyptian revolt. The work is an intelligent and interesting sketch of modern Egypt, comprising descriptions of its topographical features and characteristics, its principal routes of travel and transportation, its population and resources, its chief cities and historic sites, its civil and military establishments, and its political, social, educational, and religious institutions. Besides these there are elaborate accounts of the Suez Canal during its construction and since its completion; of the condition of the fallaheen, or peasantry; of the Egyptian methods of finance and taxation; of the improvements and public works that have been accomplished or projected by the government; and of the events of the reigns and of the private character and lives of the several pashas, from Mehemet Ali, the vigorous founder of the present Egyptian dynasty, to the present feeble and vacillating Khedive, Tewfik Pasha. Under this latter head are some interesting sketches of the sons of Ismail, and of other surviving scions of the royal house. A perusal of Mr. De Leon's timely volume will force

[4] *Egypt Under its Khedives; or, the Old House of Bondage under New Masters.* By EDWIN DE LEON. With Illustrations. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 44. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the conviction upon the intelligent reader that however the present war in Egypt may terminate, the case of the great body of the Egyptian people—its wretched and down-trodden fellaheen—can scarcely be made more deplorable, and may possibly be rendered more endurable.

THE third volume of *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*,[5] by Dr. H. Von Holst, recently published, continues the subject which the author has chosen for study through the administrations of Polk and Taylor, and a portion of Fillmore's administration, covering the period from 1846 to 1850. Like its predecessors, it is noteworthy for the abundance of its details, which are gathered from all possible sources, official and unofficial—from pamphlets, newspapers, private and public correspondence, debates in Congress, speeches of prominent men, and government documents—and there is scarcely a page but affords evidence of the industrious research, the indefatigable industry, and the keen sagacity of its author. The work is specially interesting to Americans, and peculiarly worthy of their scrutiny and study, for its able presentation of the views of a learned and thoughtful foreigner, from a stand-point that is certainly free from any violent prepossessions in favor of our country or its public men, on the practical workings of our constitution and institutions, under the strain of conflicting interpretations and applications of the one, and under the pressure of exciting political questions and ambitions upon the other. Taking no pains to conceal that he is a pessimist as to our form of government and its administration by our public men, Dr. Von Holst is frequently betrayed into undue acerbity when describing the operation of our institutions, and when estimating the motives and the ability of our public men in connection with their dealings with large questions of domestic or foreign policy. He is also habitually disposed to deduce disproportionate and even extravagant inferences from trivial premises. But all this is probably the result of prejudice, or temper, or perhaps of self-conceit, rather than of a lack of candor; and after all these abatements are allowed, it still remains that the work deserves, and will reward, the serious scrutiny of our statesmen and historical students for its vigorous and incisive discussions of the grave historical events that occurred during the period he describes—including among others the Oregon Boundary Dispute with England, the Annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the Acquisition of California, the Adoption of the Wilmot Proviso, and the Compromise of 1850. Equally deserving of studious consideration are Dr. Von Holst's acute if somewhat acid criticisms of the defects of our political system, more particularly as relates to the administrative and legislative branches, and his vigorous exposition of the frictions and conflicts that have occurred between the constitution and the practical politics of the country. We would not intimate that this learned and capable writer is unfriendly to our country and its institutions, since it is apparent, even where he is most critical, that he has a profound admiration for the one, and sees great possibilities in the other. He is severe rather than inimical in his judgments, and belongs to the class of philosophical thinkers in whom the critical faculty is more strongly developed than the constructive, and who are more skillful in dissecting than in building up a body-politic.

IF the popularity among readers of her own sex which Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune) has won by her wholesome and entertaining writings should secure from them a hearing for her latest work, *Common-Sense for Maid, Wife, and Mother*,[6] they will derive from it some vital truths concerning their physical and moral well-being, involving their duties and obligations to themselves, their offspring, and society, which it concerns them much to know, but which, from motives of false or morbid delicacy, are very commonly withheld from them altogether by parents and instructors as improper subjects for conversation, or are dribbled out to them so scantily and under such cunningly devised disguises as to make no sensible impression upon them. Mrs. Terhune has no patience with such motives, however deeply her sympathies may be excited for those who are the victims of the ignorance that results from them, and in this volume she dwells upon their destructive and even criminal tendencies with an earnestness that is never more kindly than when it burns with hottest indignation. In the form of familiar talks with maids, wives, and mothers, she describes with the utmost plainness of speech, and yet with true modesty, the distinctive physiological characteristics of woman, their offices and functions, and their relation to her physical, mental, and moral nature; and while prescribing the proper course to be pursued in the interests of good health and good morals, both as it regards the individual and the race, she specifies in detail and severely reprobates those prevalent practices and devices which are inimical to natural laws, and are not only destructive but immoral and criminal in their tendencies and results. Mrs. Terhune's frank, wise, and kindly talks with her sex should awaken them to the evils of many of the usages which are conventionally received as harmless or justifiable expedients, and if her counsels are heeded as they deserve, reforms

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[5] *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States.* By Dr. H. VON HOLST, Professor at the University of Freiburg. 1846–1850. Annexation of Texas—Compromise of 1850. 8vo, pp. 597. Chicago: Callaghan and Co.

[6] *Eve's Daughters; or, Common-Sense for Maid, Wife, and Mother.* By MARION HARLAND. 12mo, pp. 455. New York: John R. Anderson and Henry S. Allen.

will be induced that will promote the physical and moral vigor of woman, and contribute to the permanent improvement of the race. Incidentally to her discussion of these special subjects, Mrs. Terhune introduces a large amount of eminently practical information relative to household and domestic matters, to regimen, food, clothing, the treatment of children in health or in sickness, etc., and many sensible suggestions and counsels concerning the intellectual and moral training and education of children. The volume is the sympathetic and courageous effort of a thoughtful and loving Christian woman to enlighten the women of America to the needs, the failures, the sins, the capabilities, and the possibilities of the sex, to emancipate them from the thralldom of ignorance, and make them sensible of their religious and social obligations, and to impress upon them the important truth that the fate of the coming race—its deterioration or its advancement—rests largely upon them.

THE union of practical good sense and refined taste that was conspicuous in a little book on *Beauty in Dress*, by Mrs. Dewing (*née* Oakey), is no less noticeable in a companion volume she has just written on the kindred topic of *Beauty in the Household*.[7] More particularly addressed to her own sex, so far as it relates to the technicalities of household management and economies, it is nevertheless affluent of practical hints, suggestions, and directions for rendering a home beautiful as well as comfortable, that may be profited by alike by readers of both sexes. To young housekeepers just beginning life with moderate means her chapters on the selection of a residence, and on the choice, arrangement, furnishing, and adornment of the library, dining-room, drawing-room, nursery, hall, and bedrooms, and the equipment of the kitchen and laundry, are invaluable for their suggestions of simple and inexpensive expedients for investing each with an air of quiet elegance and a sense of genuine comfort, for gratifying the love of the beautiful in form and color, while ministering to all the requirements of practical and commonplace utility.

THE traditional aunts and elder sisters on whom it falls to direct social entertainments for young folk, and one of whose chief cares in life is to devise amusements that will keep the spirits of their protégés up to the point of effervescence till night-cap time arrives, will find a serviceable auxiliary in a collection of *New Games for Parlor and Lawn*,[8] by Mr. George B. Bartlett. The out-of-door games described in the volume are bracing, exhilarating, and thoroughly decorous, and the parlor games are sufficiently varied to suit children of every mood, and, with the exception of a few old favorites in a new dress that have been added at the instance of the thoughtful publishers, so novel as to keep youthful curiosity actively on the alert. All of them are gay and animated, without degenerating into boisterousness.

ALTHOUGH it may not be obvious to the cursory reader, because of the skill with which it is subordinated to the action of the tale and the development of character, Is polite society polite? is the problem which a graceful anonymous author attacks in a fresh and vigorous story of New York society, *A Transplanted Rose*.[9] The answer is not vouchsafed in set terms, but is unconsciously suggested to the reader by the incidents of a tale in which the envy and jealousies, the cold heartlessness and downright cruelties, of what is known as polite society, and its sweetnesses and gracious amenities also, are depicted with fine precision. Without rifling the story of the enjoyable bouquet of freshness, this much of the plot may be revealed: The heroine is a Rose from a far-off Western wild—fresh, fragrant, beautiful, and buoyant with health and intelligence, but thoroughly unconventional and untutored in the usages of refined society. Richly endowed with physical and mental gifts, and with the courage and self-reliance that life in the wild West promotes, a fearless horsewoman and huntress for whom even the "grizzly" of the plains has no terrors, this Wild Rose is transplanted, without any previous training, into the very cream of New York society, and is subjected to its snubs and sneers because of her ignorance of its social canons. Perhaps the author pushes the heroine's ignorance of the details of these canons, especially as relates to her style of dress, her pronunciation, and her table manners, to the verge of caricature, but in the main the portraiture of the beautiful and high-spirited savage is just and relishing. All her courage oozes away under the supercilious stares and mocking smiles of rival beauties and their fastidious cavaliers, and she who had no fears of man or brute is vanquished and made a coward by the stinging slights and covert insults of polite society. How at length under friendly tutelage she overcomes all her social short-comings, and by dint of resolute effort and training masters every social requirement, and how she at last wins the man of her heart and the social distinction she deserves, we leave the reader to gather from this well-told tale and charming manual of the etiquette of fashionable life. A secondary character in the story, which serves as an admirable foil to the heroine, is an underbred rich woman, whose struggles to enter the pale of polite society, and whose vulgar sufferings

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[7] *Beauty in the Household*. By Mrs. T. W. DEWING. 16mo, pp. 183. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *New Games for Parlor and Lawn*. With a few Old Friends in a New Dress. By GEORGE B. BARTLETT. 16mo, pp. 227. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *A Transplanted Rose*. A Story of New York Society. 16mo, pp. 307. New York: Harper and Brothers.

at the rebuffs she meets in the effort, are depicted with humorous effects. The story has many of the materials for an effective drama. Its incidents have the spice of variety, its characters are vivacious, life-like, and finely contrasted, and its scenes alternately sparkle with wit, or glow with feeling, or are shaded by the darker lines of tragedy. If the tale is a first experiment, it is a successful one, and its author may safely venture to throw aside the veil of anonymity.

THE limitations of this department of the Magazine will permit only the briefest mention of the more meritorious novels of the month. These are: *Fortune's Marriage*,[10] by Georgiana M. Craik; *The Slaves of Paris*,[11] by Émile Gaboriau; *Kinley Hollow*,[12] by G. H. Hollister; *Look Before You Leap*,[13] by Mrs. Alexander; *Singleheart and Doubleface, etc.*,[14] by Charles Reade; *The Knights of the Horseshoe*,[15] by Dr. William A. Caruthers; *Heaps of Money*,[16] by W. E. Norris; and *The Talking Leaves*,[17] an Indian story for juveniles, by William O. Stoddard.

[10] *Fortune's Marriage.* A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 59. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *The Slaves of Paris.* From the French of ÉMILE GABORIAU. 8vo, paper, pp. 270. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[12] *Kinley Hollow.* A Novel. By G. H. HOLLISTER. 16mo, pp. 379. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[13] *Look Before You Leap.* A Novel. By Mrs. ALEXANDER. 16mo, pp. 347. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[14] *Singleheart and Doubleface, etc.* Good Stories with no Waste of Words. By CHARLES READE. Illustrated. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 35. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *The Knights of the Horseshoe:* A Traditional Tale of the Cocked-hat Gentry in the Old Dominion. By Dr. WILLIAM A. CARUTHERS. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 80. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Heaps of Money.* A Novel. By W. E. NORRIS. "Franklin Square Library." Two-column Edition. 8vo, pp. 104. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *The Talking Leaves.* An Indian Story. By WILLIAM O. STODDARD. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 336. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of September.—State Conventions met and nominated as follows: Massachusetts Greenback, Boston, August 18, B. F. Butler for Governor, and George Dutton, Lieutenant-Governor; Delaware Democratic, Dover, August 22, Charles C. Stockley, Governor; Maine Independent Republican, Portland, August 22, W. N. Vinton, Governor; Kansas Greenback, Topeka, August 24, ex-Governor Charles Robinson, Governor; Michigan Republican, Kalamazoo, August 30, David H. Jerome, renominated for Governor; Kansas Democratic, Emporia, August 31, George W. Glick, Governor; Nevada Republican, Reno, September 5, Enoch Strother, Governor; Nevada Democratic, Eureka, September 7, J. W. Adams, Governor; Colorado Greenback, Denver, September 9, George W. Way, Governor; New Hampshire Greenback, Manchester, September 13, John F. Woodbury, Governor; New Hampshire Democratic, Concord, September 13, M. V. B. Edgerly, Governor; Nebraska Democratic, Omaha, September 14, J. S. Morton, Governor; Colorado Republican, Denver, September 14, E. L. Campbell, Governor.

Elections were held in three States, with the following results: Arkansas, September 4, Democrats, 28,000 plurality; Vermont, September 5, Republicans, 20,000 majority; Maine, September 11, Republicans, nearly 9000 plurality.

On the 15th of September, just one month from the day General Wolseley landed at Alexandria, the war in Egypt was ended. On the 20th of August the British seized the Suez Canal, and three days afterward began a rapid march from Ismailia for the interior. At Magfar and Kassasin Lock the Egyptians were defeated with great loss. On September 13 the final blows were struck, resulting in the utter rout of Arabi's army and the capture of Tel-el-Kebir and Zagazig. On the 14th the British entered Cairo, where they were received with much enthusiasm by the people. Arabi Pasha, who had fled to the city and been arrested there by the Egyptian police, was handed over to the English.

The steamer *Hope*, which left England in June last in search of the steamer *Eira*, picked up the entire crew of that vessel in Matotshkin Strait, Nova Zembla, on the 3d of August, they having lost their ship off Franz-Josef Land, and journeyed in boats to the strait through the ice.

On August 17 news was received of an insurrection in Corea, instigated by the ex-Regent. All the royal inmates of the palace excepting the King were murdered.

DISASTERS.

August 28.—Violent hail-storm near Pesth, Hungary, destroying vineyards and houses, and killing many workmen.

September 4.—Railroad train running from Freiburg to Colmar left the rails near Hugstetten, Germany. Many passengers killed.

September 9.—British bark *Canoma*, from Sunderland for Java, foundered at sea. Crew, numbering twenty, drowned.

September 14.—Steamer *Asia*, from Collingwood for French River, foundered near Owen Sound, Lake Huron. Nearly a hundred lives lost.

OBITUARY.

August 17.—In Paris, France, General Auguste Alexandre Ducrot, aged sixty-five years.

September 16.—In London, Rev. Dr. Edward B. Pusey, aged eighty-two years.

Editor's Drawer.

BITS FROM BURLINGTON.

SOMETIMES an ounce of prevention is worse than a pound of disease. One day last week the children came running in, shrieking that a big hawk was circling over the poultry-yard. Old Farmer Thistlepod dropped his paper, caught his trusty gun from the rack, and charged for the poultry-yard. He ran right over a bee stand just the other side of the cypress bush, and was stung in thirty places before he jumped over the fence of the poultry-yard, alighting upon the old black hen that was brooding thirteen chicks, breaking her neck, and mashing five hapless "weetles"; the gun caught in the fence as he jumped, and went off, killing a young turkey, and filling the Durham heifer in the meadow nearly full of buckshot; while the hawk, alone calm and self-possessed in the midst of the tumult and confusion, sailed gracefully away with the one spring chicken he had all along intended to levy on.

A Massachusetts man has invented a way of making beer from beans. We always feared it might come to this. It won't be very long now before Joseph Cook's Monday lectures will be brought out in opera.

It is now pretty generally understood that the men of Tarshish refrained from throwing Jonah overboard until he persisted in singing "Nancy Lee," of which he knew only the chorus. Even a Tarshish man couldn't be expected to stand everything.

A correspondent complains because we used "scissors" in the singular number, and cites Webster to prove that even one "scissors" is always plural. Aha? Then we suppose a three-tined fork is a triplet, and should always be mentioned as "they"? And a glove is always plural, even for a one-armed man, because it has four fingers? And a hen is always a plural because, like "a" scissors, it has two legs? And a "saw-buck," is that "it" or "them"? And what do you do with a trestle? Go two, go two; get thee to a nunneries.

There is a newspaper in China, the *Imperial Gazette*, that has been running 1500 years. The beauty of a paper like that is that its present editor can not be bored by the toothless old falsifier who has "taken the paper ever since it was established," and drops in two or three times a week to tell you how much better in all respects the paper was when old Kickshaw, the first editor, was alive.

A Dublin policeman is paid a salary of only five dollars a week, and in a few weeks committees will probably be at work in America raising money for his support. It is shocking indeed that a Dublin policeman should get no more than that. It's not much more than the Board of Education (?) would pay your daughter, citizen of the republic, if she should teach school.

"Antoinette" wants to know why her complexion-improver is called a "powder." Because it goes off so easily, dear.

This year a Harvard graduate said, in his essay, "Journalism is the grave of genius." Some time when the young man has run four miles under the August starlight after a lurid five-hundred-thousand-dollar light in the sky, and has mentally jotted down all his startling alliterative head-lines and attractive sub-heads, and has lost his hat and breath, and worn his office slippers to rags, and has revelled in a sea of perspiration and gloried in a three-column "scoop," to come up to a straw-stack worth about three dollars; or some time when he has unearthed a thrilling scandal and disclosed an awful mystery, listened at key-holes and watched at corners, and has interviewed draymen and servant-girls and stable-boys, and has followed two or three people like a sleuth-hound—whatever a sleuth-hound is—and has got himself kicked down-stairs and dragged out of dark halls, and has been slapped once or twice in the open street for asking impertinent questions, but has at last seen his pertinacity and shrewdness triumph, and has unearthed a dreadful scandal and disclosed a thrilling mystery, and spent seven long hours writing it up, and has brought it into the office only to have the city editor coldly turn over the files and show him the whole thing written up with glaring head-lines six weeks before he came on the paper; or some time when some broad-shouldered politician or Fenian has swept up the office floor with him for some out-spoken article; or some time when he has written a column puff of the circus because the advance agent gave him a cigar and two tickets, and the business manager stops one week's pay on him for the same—then, more than when he uttered those oracular words, will the young man realize their sad, sad truth, and the truth will make him wise.

"Fond of music, Mr. Beflat?"

"I should whistle," replied Mr. Beflat. "I paid $900 for two notes last week, and the cashier says he has another that will cost me half as much more if the other fellow isn't able to take it up."

"See here!" exclaimed an excited individual, striding up to a group of three or four men, with his fists clinched—"see here! you men are talking about me, and it's all an infernal

lie." And the astonished citizens, who had really and only been talking about getting up a donation picnic for the pastor, didn't know what to make of the man, his wild suspicions, and premature denial, until they learned that he was their member of Congress, who had just returned home, after voting for the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill. R. J. B.

CANDOR.

OCTOBER—A WOOD.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall:
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she drooped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer.
Why, *everybody* has seen it here!
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what *you*'re going to say," I said:
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed;
And I'm short of tact—you will say, 'devoid'—
And I'm clumsy and awkward; and call me Ted;
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb;
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

H. C. B.

REVISED ANECDOTES.

UPON the evening preceding the battle upon the Plains of Abraham, in which he was fated to fall victorious, General Wolfe was noticed to be unusually pensive. As the boat on which he had embarked with his staff proceeded slowly up stream, one of the General's aides repeated in a low voice Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard." The General listened in silence to the recitation, and when it was concluded, rousing himself as if by an effort from his reverie, said, in a voice full of melancholy, "Gentlemen, I would rather take Quebec than be the man that wrote that poem!"

When the Danish ascendency in England seemed well-nigh assured, and the fortunes of Alfred the Great were at their lowest point, the unhappy monarch took refuge in the hut of a neat-herd, whose wife had prepared a batch of cakes for the evening meal. Not recognizing her royal visitor, but being aware that he came from the English camp, the good woman entered into conversation with him, explaining how she had always told them so, and it would never have happened if they had taken her advice. So immersed did she become in the cares of state that she was about to let the cakes burn, but the King, perceiving this, fetched her a sound box of the ear, with the remark, "Old woman, just you attend to those cakes, and leave me to run this kingdom." Her husband and the neighbors, entering at this moment, were so moved at the spectacle that, seizing such arms as they could find, they gathered about the King, and followed him to and all round the field, where luckily his swiftness of foot enabled him to elude their pursuit.

The Caliph of Bagdad, having been cured of a dangerous illness by the subtle skill of his physician, and being apprehensive that the man of science might practice against his life, gave orders for the doctor's decapitation.

The physician having obtained a farewell audience of the Caliph, presented him with a handsome book, and desired that after his death the Caliph would cause his head to be placed in a basin filled with a certain powder, and then turn over the pages of the volume, when he would receive a communication of the highest importance.

The Caliph lost no time in arranging for the experiment, but upon opening the book found that the leaves stuck together. Moistening his finger, the Caliph proceeded to separate the pages—a work of no little difficulty—but to his surprise he found one after another to be blank.

When he had reached the last pages the decapitated head was seen to contract one eyelid, and in a hollow voice it spoke as follows:

"Commander of the Faithful, each of the leaves was poisoned with a deadly poison, which you have introduced into your system. This 'll teach you not to wet your forefinger the next time you have to turn over the pages of a valuable book!"

King Canute, being desirous of teaching his flattering and insincere courtiers a lesson, caused his throne to be set up on the sea-shore as the tide was coming in, and summoning them to his presence, where he stood surrounded by all the great dignitaries of the kingdom, including the royal headsman, asked them if they believed the sea would recognize his authority.

"Believe it?" cried Earl Ealfryd. "There can be no doubt of it. Your Majesty has but to command, and he will be obeyed." And the obsequious courtiers joined in a chorus of "So say we all of us!"

"Very good!" said the King; "now do you, each in your turn, take your stand on the steps of yonder throne, and bid the sea retire."

His behest was obeyed, and courtier after courtier essayed the performance, and was fain to retire baffled, amid the jeering laughter of the populace.

In this manner the time was fully occupied until the hour of flood had passed and the tide was upon the ebb, when the King ascended

the throne, and bidding the waves retire, was soon left triumphantly upon dry ground, amid the plaudits of his loyal subjects.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, turning to the crest-fallen courtiers, "there is all the difference in the world between a regular three-ply all-wool King like myself and a lot of insignificant nincompoops like you. Let this experience teach you humility!" G. T. L.

TO MISS M. E. A. FERGUSON.

BETWEEN the window and the fire
I sit and work the evening through,
That is, I work until I tire,
And then lean back and think of you.
Through the red curtains on my right
Faint little shuddering draughts come in;
Upon my left the fire burns bright:
Over your white-kid-glove-like skin
Fain would I see those shadows run,
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

Why, even now I thought I saw
The fire-light tangled in your hair;
I turned with rapture touched with awe,
And felt a chill—you were not there!
Ah, how those sputtering cannel flames
Would leap and dance if you were near!
And I—I'd call you ALL your names:
'Twould be just like a harem, dear—
A harem all rolled up in one—
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

Ah, there, where you will never be,
I'll set an empty chair, and dream
I'm working and you're watching me—
How weirdly jolly it would seem!
My verse might have a clearer ring,
Perchance a deeper note as well
(Such luck do fireside fairies bring);
But you're *not* here, and who can tell?
Good-night—it strikes a lonely One—
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

H. C. B.

SOME years ago an engineer, now prominent in the official management of one of our great railroads, was superintending the construction of a new road in Pennsylvania. After supper one evening he strolled into the "settin'-room" of the country tavern, where some twenty men were seated around the stove, smoking and chatting. A regular down-East Yankee was expounding the remarkable strength of the arch, its use and application in mechanics, and illustrating his remarks by pawing a half-bushel measure.

"You ain't no idee," said he, "how strong the arch is if ye set it right—if ye know how. Now there's the egg—nothin's got a prettier arch than the egg, and if you set it right it's mighty strong. Why, I kin set an egg on this floor in sich shape that ye can't break it with this half-bushel measure."

A general murmur of sneering disbelief ran around the room; but the Yankee was game.

"I said I kin, and I kin, and I'll bet the drinks for the crowd on it."

Our engineer hated a Yankee, and though a reserved man, he could not permit a Yankee to bluff a whole party with such an arrogant and preposterous statement, so he quietly said,

"I will take that bet."

An egg was brought in from the kitchen and handed to the Yankee. He took it and stood it upon the floor in the *corner of the room.*

Our engineer did not even attempt to fill a square corner with a round measure, but paid for the drinks and retired, sadder and wiser.

THERE is a persistent and pathetic wail over lost pig in the following "colored" letter that can not but awaken the reader's sympathy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October* 9.

Mr. John Tompson please send me my pigs and what is before of them. please send me word what is before of them this is the fourth letter I have written I have not got answer. please send me word, or send them home to me. I have been distress about them pigs tell me what has been become of them one thing or another I am afraid something has happen to your little boy the reason you have neglect from sending them. you will give me a spell of sickness night after night and day after day waiting for those pigs. Send me them pigs dead or live give my love to your wife and family, when I receive them pigs I will wright you a letter.

from Mary Brown
direct to Washington, D. C.

I want nothing but the pigs. next time I am going to wright to the church.

AT the opening of a recent term of court in —— County, Maine, a young clergyman was called upon to act as chaplain, who concluded his prayer with this supplication: "And finally may we all be gathered in that happy land where there are no courts, no lawyers, and no judges."

TRUE HONORS.

A BARD lived, once upon a time,
Of good and honest name,
Who frequently dropped into rhyme,
Without a thought of fame,

Until one day an agent trim
Appeared before this singer,
And asked if he might name for him
His patent new clothes-wringer.

And then he heard that far out West
A nursery man of means
Had called for him his very best
Superior kind of beans.

Fast flocked these honors at his feet,
Faster by far than dollars;
And when for him was named a sweet
New thing in paper collars,

He asked, confused by all these brands,
"What is there in a name?"
And all the people clapped their hands,
And answered, "*This* is fame."

B. C.